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GIFT OF

Francis B. Wells



Theodore Sedgwick

Engraved for the U. S. Magazine & Democratic Review

J. & H. G. Langley, New York.

THE
UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,
AND
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.



"THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK :
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SALUTATION PREATORY,

TO THE ELEVENTH VOLUME OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

IN the few words of "PREFACE TO THE TENTH VOLUME OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW," addressed to his readers in the last Number, the Editor stated that arrangements were in preparation for material improvements in its publication, highly creditable as its conduct in that respect had been during the past year to the publishers who had had it in charge; as also, that a considerably increased quantity of matter would be given to its readers. The present Number will exhibit the performance of the promise thus made. Without any increase in the price of subscription, the quantity of matter now and henceforward to be furnished is increased about *seventy-five* per cent., being nearly doubled; the page and print of Blackwood and the leading English magazines being adopted with that view, together with an increase in the number of pages. The charge of publication will continue as heretofore in the hands of the Messrs. Langley; and full reliance may be placed, both on the punctuality of the appearance of the work by the first day of every month, and on the efficiency and completeness of all its mechanical and business arrangements.

With respect to its conduct and management in other respects, the Editor can have nothing farther to say, than that he will endeavor to make the Democratic Review deserve in a higher degree than it has yet known, the kind favor, on the part of its friends, which has heretofore been far more liberally bestowed upon it, both by the press and in other modes, than, as he is perfectly conscious, it has had any right to claim or expect. He will receive most valuable aid to his own efforts, during the course of the coming year, from a number of the ablest pens in the country. On this point he would refer to the Prospectus to the Eleventh Volume, which will be found on the cover to the present Number. And in conclusion he would beg leave to repeat, that, if the severe pressure and distraction of other simultaneous labors and cares have at times within the past year left their traces too manifest upon its pages, he asks for them that indulgence which he trusts not to have to invoke again.

THE EDITOR.

July, 1842.

THE
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JULY, 1842.

No. XLIX.

THE MODERN FRENCH JUDICATURE.

BY AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.

THE proceedings in the French courts of justice are in unison with those traits of national character which are so strikingly developed in public and private life, throughout the *greatest and freest and wisest* country upon the face of the earth. "Greatest and wisest," may pass. It would be lost labor to call the facts in question, or to suggest to a Frenchman any doubts derived from the history of the past or from a comparative examination of the present. But I did venture once to raise a doubt as to the exclusive claim to true "freedom," which was made by a naval officer of some reputation attached to the Department of the Marine, who was disposing very summarily of the pretensions of other nations, and exalting very grandiloquently those of his own. He had visited New York in a French ship of war; and though he had never been out of the city, still he had returned with a perfect knowledge of the country, and a full determination to see in all its institutions that inferiority which a Frenchman finds or fancies everywhere. When he spoke of the greater freedom which was enjoyed in France than in the United States, and when I ventured rather to doubt than deny the proposition, though his contradiction assumed the polite shape of "*pardonnez-moi*," and his language was unexceptionably civil, yet there was no mistaking his

expressive look or manner, which said, as plainly as looks and manners could say, *Voilà un ignorant foreigner, who can't appreciate the character of the Great Nation.*

From pure malice I pushed the discussion from general assertion to particular facts. I asked him if he had found any conscription in the United States? He did not know. Any army parading the streets prepared to repress all movements, political or criminal? He had not seen any. Any armed police, municipal guards, *gensd'armérie* or other force, under whatever names it abounds in French cities, towns, villages and fields? It was a subject of which he knew nothing. Any central authority, pushing its ramifications throughout the country, and without whose consent, direct or indirect, a road cannot be repaired, a bridge constructed, a mill built, a forge or tannery established, a school kept, a church opened, a political meeting held, a public banquet given, nor a play exhibited? Any regulations by which a newspaper cannot be established without a deposit of 200,000fr., nor printed without being stamped, and which provide for a vast multitude of other interferences in the affairs of life, pressing upon industry and enterprise, which I had neither time nor patience to recapitulate? These small matters entered for nothing into his estimate of

true liberty, and he knew nothing of them. I asked him what was the practical remedy in France, by which a man arrested by the police could procure an immediate examination of his case, and be discharged, if innocent. He could not point out any, as indeed I well knew there was none. It has just been remarked in the "Journal des Débats," that equality is dearer to a Frenchman than liberty. It is so. They have had the good feeling to abolish all the feudal oppressions and aristocratical nonsense which ages of misgovernment had established, but the principles of individual freedom have yet much progress to make before they can enter into competition with the security afforded by English and American law. No process analogous to that of our writ of Habeas-Corpus is known to French jurisprudence. Instances of individual oppression are no doubt rare,—perhaps, I might say, almost unknown; but this result is rather owing to the spirit of the age, and the wise moderation of the government, than to any operating protecting principle in the law itself. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. The days of *lettres de cachet*, when the executive power could seize a person because he had offended a favorite or a minion, or something still worse, have disappeared never to return. No person can be imprisoned but by the judicial authority. But this authority is too extensive, according to our notions of practical security; or rather, we might say, it is left too much without salutary checks. Arrests may be made at the discretion of the magistrates, without those circumstances of probable guilt which with us are indispensable; and as there is no legal provision for the termination of the proceedings within a limited time, these may be longer or shorter as circumstances may dictate. In political accusations, where the passions are awakened, and where the government is interested in the result, it were idle to expect that this fundamental defect in criminal jurisprudence should not sometimes be revealed by practical injustice. The same elements of oppression were formerly the reproach of the British laws, as their efficient remedy has been the glory of British legislation. Strange as it may appear, I do not recollect that in the French Chambers,

nor in the eight or ten journals of Paris which, unfortunately, lead the public opinion of France, instead of following it, this subject has been seriously brought forward with a view to any practical redress. It has been occasionally mooted both at the tribune and in the press, as have a thousand other topics, practicable and impracticable, but it has disappeared before some temporary exciting question, of no real interest to the millions, but where the words *honor* and *glory* could be repeated to satiety by the deputies and by the journalists. There is a highly enlightened American here, a shrewd observer of passing events, as well as a just appreciator of the French character. He told me that during the interminable discussions arising out of the affairs of the East, he had the curiosity to count the number of times these catch-words, these shibboleths of the French statesmen, were repeated in the journals of Paris. I wish I had kept a memorandum of the amount, but I did not, and I am afraid to state my impression, lest I should make a larger demand upon the reader's credulity, than he might be disposed to grant. However, the number was as enormous as it was characteristic.

This defect of the French law, on the subject of personal liberty, is the more to be deplored, as, in cases of oppression, there is not that resort for redress to a public prosecution or a private suit, which makes part of the system of remedies provided by the Anglo-Saxon code. No legal proceedings can be instituted against a public officer in France, for any act done under color of his duty, without the previous assent of a great political body of the state, called the "Conseil d'Etat." This arbitrary provision made no part of the ancient French law, but it was contrived during the reign of Napoleon, in order to strengthen the authority of the government by rendering its functionaries independent of all control but its own. And it has been found so convenient for the depositaries of power, that it has survived the revolutions which have since taken place, and yet exists in full rigor. It may well be supposed, that, as a practical remedy for the redress of wrongs committed by the order of the government, or justified by it, such a provision is perfectly illusory; and while I am

writing these remarks, the journals of Paris are furnishing a proof that this shield of power between the wrong-doer and the oppressed is interposed now with as much facility as in the palmiest days of the imperial régime. I quote the paragraph which is an extract from "Le Temps," December 21, 1841:

"The Council of the State, which had to pronounce upon the authority demanded by Mr. Isambert, a member of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Court of Cassation, to pursue in justice Mr. Jubelin, ex-Governor of Guadeloupe, has refused its consent to the application."

One of the earliest and most untoward signs which the progress of the French Revolution presented to the lover of rational liberty, was the eagerness with which questions of dress, of uniform, and of display, were discussed, and the earnestness with which they were settled. In the midst of deeds of blood, such as the world had never witnessed, and which, it is to be hoped, will never again be exhibited—in the midst of the most serious projects for levelling down ancient institutions and for building up new ones—for defending the very heart of the country, and for carrying a war of arms and opinions among almost every other nation—a grave debate would arise respecting the color of a municipal officer's scarf, the uniform of a deputy, and, later in the shifting of the scenes, the embroidered coat of a Director, or the robe of a Consul. This taste for external show yet exists, though the deputies have thus far resisted all the efforts which have been made to induce them to put on a uniform; and they alone are the privileged persons who are permitted to enter the Tuileries, upon great days of reception, in a plain costume. But the predisposition to assimilate, by the external appearance, conditions the most opposite in their duties to the military state, is not less striking than ridiculous. It would seem, that the man of war is *par excellence* honorable, and that the officers of other employments are more respected as they assume more nearly his official badges. This tendency to military display is a bad augury for the progress of liberal institutions. But it is one of the first things which

strikes the traveller arriving from England or from the United States, and the incongruities it reveals are not a little amusing. The impatient sea-sworn traveller, when about to put foot upon the shore, is accosted by a policeman, covered with an enormous chapeau and girded with a formidable sword, who demands his passport, and bars his progress till he finds all is, as they say, "*en règle*," and that the western republican does not come to overturn the constitutional throne of the dynasty of July. Then he is seized by a *Douanier*, equally armed cap-a-pié, and conducted to the *depôt*, where he is examined to ascertain that he carries upon his person no luckless cigar, nor piece of tobacco, by which the revenue of the country may be defrauded. Then he is free to seek his hotel, but, upon the route, if he passes a street where repairs are making, he will again find a formidable sword with some miserable-looking creature attached to it, watching a pile of stones or an open ditch, to prevent accidents. If he enters a church, he will meet the beadle at the door with a chapeau-bras bordered with gold lace, a red coat with ample folds, a long spear or halbert in his hand, and the eternal sword, ready to conduct the procession through the sounding aisles of the venerable and impressive edifice. If a funeral procession passes him, the sword is there; if an *octroi employé* at the gate of a town searches his baggage, he does it sword by his side; and by whatever route, land or sea, he leaves the country, he is bowed out, with all politeness, by some agent of the police or treasury, in the prescribed costume, and girded with this ever-present emblem of authority. All this is not merely laughable; it is unfortunately much worse. It is a continued display of physical force. It is an eternal lesson which teaches that the moral power of the laws is nothing, but that brute strength is everything. There is already too much military spirit in France for her own good, as well as for the peace of the world, even when restrained within the narrowest limits by a prudent government, without encouraging its progress by these visible proofs of the all-pervading efficacy of a military organization.

But I am led from my object, which

was to describe a characteristic scene in a French court of justice. And, as I am in rather a rambling vein, I may indulge in other episodes before I proceed to my principal action.

The magistracy of France, as a body, enjoys a large share of the public confidence. It must deserve it; for so many are the subjects of discussion which occupy the public press, so free the right of discussion, and so warm the passions which are enlisted, that were the tribunals of justice ignorant, or corrupt, or incompetent, there would be enough to proclaim and denounce their unworthiness. I have no doubt but that the administration of the law between man and man is as able and pure in France as in any other country in the world. But I am going much farther than this; and far enough to shock many a prejudice which believes, with the firmest conviction, that the old code of the common law is the wisest system of jurisprudence which the world has ever seen, and that Lyttelton and Coke, and their metaphysical successors, are the ablest commentators which ever guided the human intellect in its search after truth. For my part, I consider it a reproach to our age and country, that a system should yet govern all the relations of society among us, all the rights of persons and of property, indeed of life itself, which is at the same time so rude in its principles and artificial, as contradistinguished from simple, in its procedure—unwritten, and therefore substituting the legislation of courts and commentators for that of responsible representative bodies—which was founded upon a policy whose barbarism was cloaked by the word feudal—that grew up in the darkest ages—that pressed almost equally upon mind and body, and that has disappeared before the advancing reason of mankind; while, to crown the absurdity, this system of jurisprudence is almost unknown to the immense mass upon whom it operates, and but darkly and doubtfully shadowed out to the chosen few who are the priests of the sanctuary, and whose oracles are almost as hidden as were those of the expounders of Delphi. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," was the rallying cry of those who were attached by their duties to the temple of Ephesus; and a similar sentiment pervades human

nature in all the great departments of life. We are prone—honestly, no doubt—to magnify the advantages and importance of the pursuits to which we are devoted; and, with our system of jurisprudence, those who profess it have inherited as a dogma not to be doubted, that the English common law is "the perfection of human reason." It is my deliberate opinion, confirmed by the observation of every day, that much of it is the perfection of human nonsense. What can be more absurd than a judicial code which gravely permits one of the parties to call the other before a court of justice, where the whole cause is examined, the witnesses are heard, the verdict rendered, and the judgment given, and then allows the other party to carry the proceedings before another tribunal, administering an entirely different system of jurisprudence, which reverses, in effect, all that had previously been done, and establishes the right of the opposite party? And yet this solemn farce is every day acted in almost every state in the Union, and we are so familiarized to this complicated procedure, under the names of common law and chancery jurisdiction, that every effort to simplify it and to consolidate these discordant principles into a single system, administered at one time and by the same tribunal, as is done in every other country under heaven except England and the United States, has been heretofore useless and still threatens to be so.

I am not about to pursue this investigation, and to present a *catalogue raisonné* of the anomalies and inconsistencies of our legal code. It is a task for which I have neither time nor talent. I have often wished that some shrewd observer, adequate to its accomplishment, divesting himself of professional prejudices, would undertake this labor, one of the most useful, in the present state of society, which could be performed. But I must quit this topic and pass to my more immediate object; and as in the sequel I propose to relate an anecdote characteristic of the proceedings in the French tribunals, I will briefly call the attention of the reader to a remarkable difference in the progress of judicial investigation in France and the United States.

With us, as is well known, the indictment, or in other words the charge

which is preferred against the accused, is a contrivance as little calculated to attain its object, as human ingenuity could well devise. It ought to have two great ends, one to give proper notice to the defendant, of the accusation against him, that he may be prepared to meet it, and to the officers charged with the trial, whether called judges or jurors, that they may know to what facts their attention is to be directed; and the other, that sufficient certainty may exist, by which the acquittal or conviction may always prevent a subsequent prosecution. A plain man, who had never wandered in the mazes of legal metaphysics, would say, without hesitation, that the true mode of effecting these objects would be by preparing a clear and succinct statement of the circumstances attending each case. But alas for the weakness of common sense! It is not thus the Justinians of our code went to work, when they established its principle—nor is it thus that its expounders administer it, when required to decide upon the liberty, perhaps upon the life, of the unfortunate persons brought before them. The variety of human actions is endless. But as if to show its contempt of this eternal truth, the law has prepared certain forms for the various classes of offences, and every succeeding crime is described in the identical words which were employed in the description of the immense number which preceded it. The only difference that exists is as to the day and place; and to render the whole process if possible still more absurd, if such a term may be applied to so grave a subject, these incidents are not required to be truly stated, and the indictment may name any day and place, and the proof will apply, as every lawyer knows, to any other.

The French law avoids this absurdity. The act of accusation is a narrative of the circumstances as they occurred, plainly prepared, and giving therefore to the court and the party all the necessary information. When the defendant is placed at the bar, he is questioned by the court, and he is free to answer or not, as he pleases. I have never been able to see the wisdom of that procedure in our tribunals, which leads the court to caution the defendant against the confession of his guilt, or against saying anything which may

commit him. On the contrary it seems to me much more rational to encourage the party to disclose the truth. By this means, the great ends of justice would be much better attained. There is no fear that innocence would suffer. No innocent man will avow his guilt. It is the guilty only who by silence or prevarication seek to escape the penalty of their crimes.

I was forcibly impressed with the absurdity of the prescribed formula in our criminal jurisprudence, by a fact that was stated in the journals which published accounts of the proceedings of the court at Utica, where McLeod was recently tried and acquitted. And by-the-bye, no American in Europe can have failed to observe the favorable effect which that trial has produced upon our public character throughout this quarter of the world. The gravity of the question and the consequences involved in it, and I may add the prediction of the English journals—always inclined to magnify the difficulties to which the state of our society is exposed, but which are as the small dust of the balance when contrasted with the open and covert evils which in Europe are preparing for mighty changes—had fixed the attention of Christendom upon the conduct of the tribunal charged with the fate of McLeod, and with peace or war between two great countries. And well did the court, and bar, and jury, and spectators, issue from that trial. The dignity and impartiality of the proceedings, the learning and patience of the judge, the able efforts of the respective counsel, tempered with a just consideration for the rights and feelings of their opponents, and the admirable conduct of the public, within and without the walls of the court-room, were as honorable to the character of our country as they seem to have been unexpected to Europe. Certainly the crisis through which England and the United States have passed, connected with this affair, was sufficiently alarming to excite the apprehension of all reflecting men in both countries, and it is to be hoped, that a similar question will not again present itself for solution. But should it come, we can ask no more honorable termination, than that which at Utica released McLeod from his danger, and two kindred people from the alarm of war.

But to return from this digression to the indictment against McLeod. It is stated in the narrative of the proceedings, published by the journals, that this indictment, which, common sense would say, should be a recapitulation of the principal facts, contained seventeen counts, as they are technically called, or in other words seventeen formal modes of telling the same story of the guilt of the accused, not one of which was true, or, at any rate, was required to be true, and all of which were almost useless for the great purposes an act of accusation ought to seek to attain. And this multiplication of forms is intended to guard against that refining, metaphysical spirit, which prevails too much in our judicial tribunals, and which too often sacrifices the great objects of justice to subtle distinctions, more befitting the school of the Stagyrte, in the days of its power over the human intellect, than grave magistrates, in the nineteenth age of the world, charged with the peace of society and the protection of rights public and private. The immunity of crimes, of which we see so many examples, is more owing to the play of words (for it is nothing better) that disfigures our jurisprudence, than to any other circumstance whatever.

The *Palais de Justice* of Paris is the Westminster Hall of France. It is situated upon the "*Ile de la Cité*," a small island in the Seine, where was the Paris of the Romans, then called Lutetia, which was first captured and afterwards rebuilt by Julius Cæsar. In infant societies, one of the first objects is security—places of defence and refuge, where the population may be safe against those sudden incursions to which semi-barbarous tribes are exposed. Hence it happened that the small islands in the Seine were the first positions which were occupied, and they now exhibit some of the oldest and most interesting monuments which have survived the revolutions of ages. Their dark, narrow and winding streets, and the style of their architecture, proclaim the antiquity of their origin. Upon this island is situated the Cathedral of "*Notre Dame*," one of the most splendid and imposing structures of the middle ages, and the "*Sainte Chapelle*," built in 1245, for the reception of the relics bought by St. Louis of Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople.

My bump of admiration is not greatly developed, and I am especially deficient in powers of architectural description. But I have hardly seen a building in Europe which has more powerfully affected me, or has given me a stronger impression of the genius and skill of the men whose talents seem to have been so admirably adapted to the construction of religious edifices, calculated to produce in the spectator that feeling of solemnity so much in unison with their objects. This church is now in a course of complete reparation; and with much good taste all the restorations are to be made in the style of the original work; so that, when finished, it will exhibit a perfect specimen of an order of which, though many remains exist, yet there are few which are not dilapidated and disfigured. The revenues of the city of Paris are enormous, amounting to almost twenty millions of dollars, levied, against all just principles of civil economy, principally upon articles of food, and thus operating oppressively upon the poorer classes of society. However, if the money is unwisely acquired, much of it is certainly wisely expended. The city authorities are vigorously pushing a system of improvement which in a few years will leave Paris without a rival. They have appropriated no less a sum than 7,800,000 francs to the reparation of the Palais de Justice, and they have just completed, at an expenditure of more than four million francs, the *Hôtel de Ville*, which is situated in the same quarter, but on the right bank of the river.

The Palais de Justice was the palace of the ancient kings of France. It is an immense pile of buildings, erected at different periods, and exhibiting every form of architecture, and its crenelled towers show, that the crowned heads who inhabited it, trusted for security, rather to its means of defence, than to their personal consideration or their regal characters. After it was abandoned for a more comfortable residence, it was appropriated to the judicial tribunals, and its vast space is now filled by the *pomp and circumstance* of law. It contains an immense hall, called the *salle des pas perdus*, and from this great promenade lateral doors open to the various courts, which occupy apartments adjoining it. The physiognomy of a French tri-

bunal of justice has nothing very peculiar or imposing. In the miscellaneous groups which watch its proceedings, and in many of its circumstances, it sufficiently resembles the English courts and our own. But the French lawgivers have not discovered that virtue in horse-hair, with which their neighbors across the Channel have bedecked the heads of their magistrates, and which some of their acute travelers who visit our country regard, if not as judicial wisdom itself, as at any rate its best security, and whose absence they lament as a fatal augury for the duration of our institutions. Alas for the "Times" and the "Quarterly Review!" The French judges and bar wear a small cap, which is uniformly black for the latter, but which is of various colors for the former, indicating the nature and rank of their office. The lawyers wear also a plain black gown, thrown over their ordinary dress, with a kind of white band hanging from the neck, resembling what is called a Geneva band, which gives them somewhat of a clerical appearance. It strikes me disagreeably, and this impression is still further strengthened by the loose and slovenly manner in which the dress is worn. As you enter the Palais de Justice, you find many little stalls, where various articles are sold, and here the *Avocats* deposit their costume; and each day, before the opening of the courts, you may see them resuming and hastily throwing it on. Its sombre appearance is in singular contrast with the vivacity of manner, and the rapidity and vehemence of conversation, which make part of the national character. Some of the judges wear red robes, and others robes of ermine. I have not felt interest enough on this subject to inquire on what distinctions these differences are founded. I believe, however, that they indicate, not only various degrees in the judicial hierarchy, but that they bear some relation to the nature of the duties to be performed, as the English judge puts on his cap of judgment when he is about to pronounce sentence of death.

There is no formal proclamation at the commencement of the session of a French Court. The Judges enter through a side door from their private apartments, and the audience rise and uncover while they take their seats.

The president proceeds immediately to call the causes, in the order in which they are placed in a roll hung up in a conspicuous part of the room. The relative situation of the judges, the bar, the jury, and the spectators, is not unlike that in our own courts. But there is a peculiar officer, who occupies a distinguished station in French jurisprudence, and who, with his substitute or deputy, has a prominent seat or badge assigned in the courts, and is clad in a special costume. This is the *Procureur du Roi*, the details of whose functions I do not fully understand. He is placed in a kind of intermediate position between the magistracy and the bar, and exercises a part of the authority of both. This office owed its origin to a humane effort on the part of the lawgiver to counteract a most cruel and absurd regulation, which seems to have generally prevailed in the middle ages, that which interdicted the aid of counsel to persons accused of certain capital crimes. The Procureur watches the interests of the government and of public morals in all cases, civil and criminal, public and private, and has always the right to offer his suggestions to the court. He generally closes the discussions, summing up the arguments which have been presented, with much impartiality, and concludes by giving his opinion respecting the nature and extent of the decision which is about to be pronounced.

When a French lawyer rises to address the court, he removes his little cap, replaces it, and then commences his observations. Understanding French but imperfectly, I have hardly a right to hazard an opinion upon the character of their forensic eloquence. But the impression it has made upon me is not very favorable. And in this remark, I mean to include not only their style and manner, but also the more important department of mental exertion. The cause I do not stop to investigate, but I consider the fact as certain, that in the public discussions in France, there is not that profound investigation, that analysis of the subject, that examination of principles, which often proclaims the power of the true orator, and subdues his auditory in the United States and in England. The French literati have given to the world many profound works, and many even in that most difficult branch of knowledge, the

operation of the human mind. But in life they are certainly not much inclined to abstraction. Their views of subjects are more striking and less metaphysical than similar pursuits among the Anglo-Saxon family. Their lawyers do not, as a shrewd judge in our courts once remarked, begin at Adam, whenever they begin their speeches. Nor do they as often push principles to extremes. In observing the progress of affairs in their courts, it is evident that disputed points of law are much more rare than with us. That subtlety which is for ever seeking to disturb the plain meaning of words, and to push every thing to its most possible and most remote consequences, and which is one of the greatest practical evils of our system of jurisprudence, seems unknown here. And yet their code is comparatively new, and although founded substantially upon their former system (itself a modification of the Roman law), still from the numerous changes it necessarily underwent to adapt it to the altered circumstances of the times and the country, and to give it that systematic form which constitutes such an essential part of its value, the ancient superstructure was in fact demolished, and the new one which has taken its place is as different as the characters of the periods in which they were respectively erected. In such a state of things, the discussers of the English common law would run wild in metaphysical investigations. Every step of onward progress would be met by doubts, difficulties and discussions. It seems to me the war of words would be interminable. Every ardent young man, in his legal noviciate, would find on every occasion some fearful consequence, to result now or ten thousand years hence, which nothing could avert but the adoption of his own views; and all this he would press with a vehemence of manner and a rotundity of diction, out of any just proportion to the circumstances of his position. But the French tribunals have marched steadily on, giving to words their natural import, and without meeting any of those frequent evils which elsewhere might have excited such dismay. Talleyrand's witty definition of speech, that it was given to conceal thoughts, is not more applicable to the school of diplomacy, than to that school of legal construction which tortures the phraseology

of our statutes, till they are made to mean anything rather than what was intended by the law-maker. I have been sometimes not a little diverted at the remarks of the French journals, upon the trials in our courts, and at the facility with which persons notoriously guilty escape the punishment of their crimes, in consequence of this play of words, for it is nothing better, which seems to have engrafted itself upon our legal code. One of the old English anecdotes illustrating the absurdity of this tendency, and confirming the truth of the legal dogma, *that he who misses a letter misses his cause*, has just been resuscitated and is going the round of the French papers. The incident has been transferred to our country, and the scene laid in Boston, and it is looked upon here as a happy example of the judicial probity and wisdom of Judge Lynch, who is generally supposed, in continental Europe, to preside in almost all the courts of the Union. There is not a single journalist who has sufficient knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon institutions, to be aware that this absurdity belongs to the code which is common to the whole human family, and that this miserable perversion of the true ends of justice is as likely to happen in London as in Boston; and in fact happens every day, wherever the common law prevails, and where the practical good sense of modern times has not provided a remedy for that judicial logomachy, which was a professional disease in those ages that gave birth to our legal system.

Still, though our bar too often indulge in these speculations, it certainly brings to the investigation of its topics more power of analysis and a greater depth of reasoning than I have found here. With us, principles, though pushed too far, are examined with great power, and illustrated with much learning. The French lawyers frequently make brilliant displays; they are happy in occasional allusions to topics of exciting interest; they often aim at wit, and they are almost always loud in their address and vehement in their gesticulation. It would be a very false standard, if we were to measure the importance of the cause either in its principles or its amount by the earnestness which its advocate brings to the discussion. One can sometimes hardly preserve his gravity, when amidst the

thunder of declamation and the most violent muscular exertion, he discerns that the question in dispute is of the value of a few francs, or possibly of a few sous.

At this moment there is a trial pending before the Chamber of Peers, where are arraigned the persons accused of the late attempt to assassinate one or more of the princes of the royal family, while entering the city at the head of the 17th regiment, returning from Africa. This Chamber, under the existing organization of the government, in addition to its authority as a component part of the legislative power, has jurisdiction as a criminal court over all offences affecting the safety of the state, and which are brought before it by royal ordinance. Attempts against the life of any of the reigning family are included in this category; and however necessary the exercise of this jurisdiction may be, of which I do not profess to judge, it is attended with one prominent evil. The very dignity of the judicature and the *éclat* of the circumstances with which the proceedings are surrounded, nourish that passion for exhibition, which, whether for good or for evil, has so often and so sadly visited this land of strong impressions. The trial becomes a kind of spectacle, and the conspirator or the martyr, for he is too often one or the other, as political opinions divide the community, sees himself placed upon an elevation where the eyes of the whole country are directed upon him. The disciples of the school of *exaltation* (by this word I mean to express their feelings only, without reference to their cause) find in this circumstance a compensation for the hazard they encounter, or rather one powerful motive for the commission of the crime, in the pomp and imposing formality of its trial and punishment. This is a state of feeling which is, happily, without the range of our observation in the United States. This sublimation of the imagination, which pushes its unhappy votaries to the most frightful excesses, that they may make their little hour of display, even if it be upon the judgment seat and the scaffold, forms no part of the Anglo-Saxon mental organization. No doubt there are political evils enough to remedy here and elsewhere in Europe, and the remedy, I think, is coming rapidly and certainly. But that reme-

dy will not be hastened nor strengthened by assassination. It is an odious, revolting crime, for which there can be no justification and ought to be no advocates.

I will quote from the proceedings in the Chamber of Peers a few of the questions and answers; or rather, I might say, a part of the dialogue between the President of the Chamber—as the first judge of a court is always called here, and who in this case is the Chancellor of France—and the accused, placed at the bar. I shall limit my extracts to some of the more piquant scenes, best calculated to give a correct notion of the *physiognomy* of an exhibition so little in conformity with the grave character of our judicial investigations. These displays are sometimes eminently theatrical; and when an event of this kind is anticipated, the *tribunes* are filled to overflowing by the amateurs of this species of judicial *oralism*, not *pugilism*, and the journals are replete with the reports, which are eagerly perused and admired.

The Chamber of Peers holds its sessions at the Luxembourg, one of the splendid palaces which have been erected from the contributions of the taxpayers, and whose extent and decorations render but the more palpable the profusions of luxury and the miseries of poverty. It was the scene of some of the most striking events during the Revolution, and among others it was the residence of the Directory, or as they are sometimes called, the Five Kings. On approaching this stately edifice, when the high court of criminal jurisdiction is in session, the first observation which occurs to an American is the display of military force by which it is invested. Round the exterior wall, in the extensive court, and in the basement story, officers of police, *gensd'armes*, municipal guards, national guards, troops of the line, are everywhere upon duty. You would almost suppose you were entering a beleaguered city. No one is admitted without a ticket previously obtained from the proper authority; and this you present from door to door, till by successive indications you reach the box to which you are destined. The hall now occupied by the Peers is a plain, unassuming apartment, which is temporarily devoted to this object, while their proper room is in a course of repair

and embellishment. The President is seated in an elevated tribune, and the members are ranged in seats, disposed in a semi-circular manner, in his front. They all wear an uniform, which consists in an embroidered coat, white pantaloons with a gold stripe, a sword and a chapeau-bras. In the general appearance of the tribunal there is nothing very impressive. I think the spectator is more struck with the advanced age of the Peers, than with any other circumstance. Almost all of them have passed the middle term of life, and not a few of them are approaching its extremity. This is the necessary consequence of the constitutional provisions which regulate the duty of the executive government in the selection of these functionaries. No person can be called to the Chamber of Peers, except those who have filled important employments, or who have otherwise given proofs of capacity and knowledge. The charter enumerates the various classes of public men from whom these selections must be made, such as marshals, generals, admirals, ministers, préfets, mayors, judges, members of the Institute, members of the departmental councils, and others; and prescribes the number of years they must have filled these employments before they are eligible to the upper Chamber. The appointments are for life, and without compensation.

But I proceed to make the extracts from the examination of the parties. In doing so I shall not observe any continuity, because I seek only general results, and that within a short space:

President.—Fougeray has declared that the packet of cartridges found at his house, had been delivered to him by you.

Bouger.—He lied, if he said that.

President.—Did you know Darmes?

Consideré.—Yes, you knew him too; you have seen him as well as me.

President.—You persist in these declarations?

Fougeray.—Yes, because it is the truth.

Consideré.—He is a wretch.

Fougeray.—You consider me a wretch, because I tell the truth; you are a liar!

President.—You are one of the principal members of the Society of *Égal*

Workmen?—(“*Travailleurs Égalitaires.*”)

Bagni.—No, sir.

President.—Was it not you who carried the orders of the committee in the Faubourg St. Antoine?

Bagni.—No, sir.

President.—Don't you know by whom you have been succeeded in your functions, since your detection?

Bagni.—How could I know it, since I never had anything to do with those societies?

The President to Launois.—You wrote also in the same letter, “don't forget to tell all those persons to keep the secret, for if they don't, I shall be ruined.” Of course this secret might have had grave consequences to you?

Launois.—My object was that these persons should not compromit me in consequence of my having been seen at Madame Douilroux.

President.—You terminate thus: “Many compliments to all my acquaintances. There are rascals who have sold us.”

Launois.—I did not know what I wrote. Very certainly, if I have comprehended the bearing of my words, I should not have written in that manner, for Quenisset could not accuse me, since he declared in my presence that he did not see me during the 13th.

President.—You will remark the bearing of the word *sold*.

Launois.—I did not comprehend it at the moment I wrote the letter.

President.—You did not say, they have *accused* you, but *sold* you; that is, they have revealed things that ought to have been kept secret.

Launois.—He could not sell me, it was impossible; but he might have compromitted me.

President.—You avow you wrote that letter?

Launois.—Yes, I wrote it, but at what a moment!

I quote the interrogatory of Prioul, word for word.

The Chancellor.—Did you not make the acquaintance of Quenisset in the prison of St. Pélagie?

Answer.—I saw him at St. Pélagie.

Question.—Was it not Matthieu who put you in relation with him?

Answer.—Nobody put me in relation with him.

Q.—Were you not one of those who

in the prison attempted to convert Quenisset to the republican party ?

A.—No, sir !

Q.—Did you not speak of a projected insurrection of the workmen ?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did you not lend Quenisset a pair of pantaloons in case he should fight ?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—When Quenisset left the prison, did you not give him a letter to deliver to Leclerc, marchand de vins, Faubourg St. Antoine ?

A.—A letter was written ; it may be it was me who delivered it.

Q.—Did you write it ?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Who wrote it ?

A.—A political accused.

Q.—What was his name ?

A.—I don't know.

Q.—And yet it was you who delivered the letter ?

A.—That may be.

Q.—Ten months after Quenisset left the prison, did you not meet him in the Rue St. Antoine, at the moment you were with Boggio, called Martin ?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—Did you not propose to him to enter into the society of the Equal Workmen ?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did you not put him in relation, for that purpose, with Boggio, called Martin ?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did you say to Boggio, striking Quenisset upon the shoulder, "Here is a good comrade ?"

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did you not announce to him that you had not slept for some time, and that you were occupied in making cartridges ?

A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did you not assist at the meetings with Mallet and others, although not making part of the society, but only when there was something serious.

A.—No, sir.

The President to Mallet.—Did you receive a letter from one Leclerc, which had been addressed to him by Prioul, and that he would not read ?

A.—A lie !

The President to Boggio.—Do you recollect that Quenisset in his examination told you that you were a chief ?

A.—Yes, sir.

Q.—You answered : "No, I am not a chief ; it is rather you who went with Colombier and the others ; but was I seen anywhere ?"

A.—I did not know what I said at that moment. I was so sick that I could not stand up.

Q.—You had not, however, a sick appearance.

A.—The next day I was obliged to take medicine.

The Chancellor to Mallet.—You deny with a great assurance even what is established by the most positive testimony ; but that is not astonishing, for you said in your examination : "Yes, sir, that's true, I took an oath which hinders me from telling the truth, but I have never done anything evil."

A.—I have been in Paris since 1830 ; there have been many meetings, and many insurrections, during that time. What offence have I been charged with ? I was received in 1832. I was not pleased and I retired.

Q.—You had no need of entrenching yourself in your oath. It is when you see that the demonstration of the charges is evident, that you allege your oath in order to escape the necessity of answering ; you say you were not at Colombier's and yet it is certain you were there on the morning of the 13th. When the question was discussed whether they should commence the attack or not, Coturin having maintained that they ought not to do so, you broke out in a violent passion against him, and called him a stupid brute.

Mallet (raising his voice)—I never make use of such expressions.

The Chancellor.—I advise you to speak in a more modest tone. You are not in a position to take airs like those you wish to take.

A.—I find myself insulted when they say, I called a man a stupid brute. None but vile persons make use of such expressions.

Among the accused was a Mr. Dupoty, the editor of a paper called the Journal of the People. Circumstances

connected with his prosecution reflect much light upon the course of state trials in France, and upon what the French jurists call *moral proofs*. Dupoty's journal, from the extreme liberality and republican tendency of its opinions, and himself, from his activity and intrepidity, were obnoxious to the authorities, as calculated to exert a powerful influence over that class of society most easy to excite and most dangerous when excited. It is not uncharitable to suppose, that the law officers were willing to seize the first plausible opportunity of arraigning him and of pressing his conviction. The attempt appears to me to have been extremely ill-judged; no fact was proved which showed the slightest connexion between Dupoty and the persons obviously guilty of the attempt at assassination. And this defect, so decisive and fundamental by our laws, is attempted to be supplied by these *moral proofs*—that is, by the political opinions of Dupoty; by occasional remarks in his journal, violent indeed, but far from recommending insurrection; by his associations; and by some of the previous circumstances of his life. It seems to me that the facility with which prosecutions are instituted in France against the conductors of the press is a great error in the internal policy of the country. Probably three times out of four the parties are acquitted, and almost always the public sympathy is enlisted in their favor, and the obnoxious article acquires a notoriety and importance which its intrinsic merit would have never given to it. My settled conviction is, that under any government there are very few aberrations of the press which ought to be visited by public prosecutions. If these consist of hard words, they may be safely left for their correction to the good sense of the community; if they state injurious facts, let these be explained, corrected or denied, by means of the same great vehicle of communication, and the truth will finally prevail, with as much certainty and far better effect than if the law were invoked to find a judge or an avenger.

Dupoty conducted himself before the Chamber of Peers with much sangfroid and dignity, never losing his presence of mind, and from time to time evincing great shrewdness in his answers and remarks.

One of the principal moral proofs which were offered in support of the charge against him was a letter which Launois, one of the accused, had addressed to him from the prison, but which never reached Dupoty, having been seized by the agents of the police. In this letter Launois requests Dupoty to take up the defence of the accused in his journal. This is its only object, but in reading it paragraph by paragraph the Chancellor stopped to make his comments and to show its bearing upon Dupoty; and the latter gave his views and explanations, proving that no just induction by which he might be compromised could be drawn from such circumstances. And he was right upon all just principles of jurisprudence; for the consequences which would result from admitting such testimony, depending solely on the action of one of the parties and tending to convict the other, are too obvious to require examination.

The letter contained the following expression: "This monster maintained before the examining judge that he had been received in my chamber and in my presence,—this is a thing which I don't recollect." One would suppose that this sentence was a very harmless one, so far as regards its effect upon the journalist. Not so, however, thought the Chancellor. The manner in which he connects it with the accused is one of the most extraordinary instances of judicial ingenuity, or, I may rather say, of judicial absurdity, which it has ever been my lot to meet. That I may not be accused of perverting the meaning of this high functionary, I will quote *verbatim* his remarks: "This phrase, more than any other, shows that he who wrote the letter believed that you would easily understand him; and when he said simply *received*, it is evident that in his opinion you knew what had passed in that chamber, and in what society Launois had been received; otherwise how can you explain the motives that dictated this letter?"

To this *shrewd* suggestion, Dupoty very justly replies, that this effort on the part of Launois was but an absurdity; that, ignorant of the condition of the press and its duties, he supposed it could take up his defence, and that this might be useful to him.

The Chancellor.—"I read at the bottom of the letter that was addressed to you these words: 'We are always

au secret since our arrest. Adieu, dear citizen, I squeeze all your hands."—Remark the choice and the bearing of these expressions,—don't you see that they suppose a great degree of intimacy? 'I squeeze all your hands'—that is to say apparently, not only yours, but those of your common friends."

I assure the reader that I obey the poet's injunction, "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." I quote the expressions of the Chancellor of France, word for word, and as they are given in the *Moniteur*, the official journal of the government. The critical acumen which they display is beyond my power of appreciation.

Dupoty replies, that every one who knows the relations of the press with the uneducated portion of the people, knows that there is much looseness of expression in their letters. And he appeals to the examining judge to say if he has not often seen similar expressions which pre-suppose much intimacy between the writers and those to whom the letters are addressed, although they were strangers to one another.

The Chancellor,—continuing his reading, says: "In fine the letter thus terminates: 'In awaiting a better fortune the time fails me'—although these expressions are less formal than those which precede, they seem yet to indicate a community of situation and sympathy, which is the more remarkable when they see the author of the letter invoke the same future for you and for him."

Dupoty.—"I cannot enter into the motives of the writer, all I can affirm is, that there was nothing in common between Launois and me, and that before I had been confronted with him, I had never seen him."

I terminate these quotations with the following remarks of Dupoty in answer to a series of questions having reference to almost the whole course of his preceding life; it is impossible to expose more vividly the injustice of this procedure: "I have not strength enough to protest against this manner of proceeding. I have vainly sought, since you commenced this interrogatory, and I cannot find, what relation there can be between the circumstances to which you allude, and which were not called into question at the time they occurred nor since, and the accusa-

tion of having participated in an assassination."

To appreciate, however, the true character of this examination, as well as the ordinary examinations before the French tribunals, it must be borne in mind that the accused party has the right to shut himself up in what the French jurists call a complete system of *dénégation*, or denial, or of absolute silence, without thereby occasioning the slightest injury to his case. If he says (and he often does so by the advice of his counsel,) *I do not choose to answer*, there is an end to the interrogatory, and the trial must proceed upon the proofs which the prosecution may be able to furnish. In the trial to which I have referred, in the Chamber of Peers, all the prisoners were defended by able counsel, and the most unlimited intercourse was permitted between them. The counsel was no doubt satisfied, that the rejoinders of their clients to the questions of the President would not make their cases any worse than if they remained silent. As to Dupoty, he evidently relied upon his own resources, and in the encounter between him and the Chancellor, he proved himself more than a match for that distinguished magistrate. His fate, as well as that of his co-accused, is now in the hands of the Peers, all the proceedings both testimonial and argumentative having terminated. I may be able to announce to the readers of the Democratic Review the result. It is looked to with great anxiety by all rational lovers of good order and of popular liberty.

The present code of jurisprudence in France, both civil and criminal, was the work of a commission of eminent jurists; and after its preparation it was discussed, paragraph by paragraph, in the Council of State, presided over by Napoleon.

The Emperor encouraged the fullest expression of opinion; and the record of the deliberations, which has been published, everywhere bears proof of his sagacity and of the ability of the men by whom he was surrounded. He himself judged and decided, and the result has been the construction of a monument far more honorable and durable than his fame as a conqueror, acquired upon a hundred bloody fields. This code is now the law of France, of Belgium, of Greece, and of the Rhen-

ish provinces of Prussia. In Holland, in Lombardy, and in Naples, though it has been modified, it is still the basis of their jurisprudence. Some of its forms of procedure have been recently adopted in Prussia, where a commission is now sitting charged with the duty of preparing a uniform code for the monarchy. The progress it has made is the best proof of its intrinsic merit, and of its adaptation to the existing state of society in Europe. Its provisions are expressed in simple and intelligible language, without that interminable multiplicity of words, that never ending iteration of "said" and "aforesaid," and of the kindred members of that family, which disfigure our statutes, and overlay their meaning in a redundant phraseology. Its divisions follow each other in their natural order, and such was the original perfection of the work, joined also to a desire to avoid that great evil under which we suffer, too much legislation, that very few changes have been introduced. And in the introduction of those which have taken place, an excellent practice has been adopted, not to amend the existing law by a supplementary provision, which often renders it extremely difficult to determine whether a statute is repealed in whole or in part; but to strike out from the code the entire paragraph, and to replace it by another, bearing the same number, and containing the desired amendment, incorporated with what remains of the original provision.

France, for the purpose of justice and police, is divided into eighty-six departments, including the island of Corsica. Each of these departments is divided into *arrondissements*; the *arrondissements* into *communes*, and the *communes* into *cantons*. At the head of each department is a high officer, called a *préfet*, who administers the executive functions under the Minister of the Interior; in each *arrondissement* is a *sous-préfet*, in each *canton* a justice of the peace, and in each *commune* a mayor. The justice of the peace and the mayors are invested with judicial and police authority.

At the head of the judicial organization of the kingdom is the Court of Cassation, so called from the French word *casser*, to break, because at its institution it had power only to re-

verse the judgments of inferior tribunals. This obvious defect of jurisdiction was the more remarkable from the course which cases submitted to its decision might take, and in fact did often take. If the Court of Cassation judged that the decree of the *Cour Royale* was erroneous, it annulled it, and then ordered the cause to another court for a rehearing. If on the second trial a judgment similar to the first was rendered, the affair was ended, and the decisions of the two inferior tribunals outweighed the decision of the appellate court. The question of law thus in contest was then laid before the Minister of Justice, and by him carried to the knowledge of the Chambers. Sometimes an act was passed declaratory of the law, and sometimes the uncertainty was suffered to remain perplexing the tribunals, the parties, and the bar. This state of things, however, so incompatible with the unity of the laws, was corrected by an act of the legislature in 1837; and now, if a judgment is reversed by the Court of Cassation, it is still sent to another *Cour Royale* for a rehearing; but if this court agrees in opinion with its co-ordinate court, the case is then again carried before the appellate judicature, where a solemn session of all the chambers is held, and the judgment rendered. If this judgment is confirmatory of the first, the inferior tribunals are then bound to conform themselves to the decision. Why a much more simple process is not adopted to arrive at the result, than this apparently complicated procedure, I profess my inability to explain. I do not, however, belong to that class of observers who dogmatically condemn all they do not comprehend; and I am disposed to believe there must be some good reason for this seeming anomaly, or the able men who conduct the legislative and judicial departments of the French government would interpose a prompt remedy.

Next in dignity to the Court of Cassation, but out of the circle of the ordinary jurisdiction, is the "Court of Accounts." It is an admirable institution, and I find that public sentiment attributes to its constant *surveillance* much of the economy, promptitude, and regularity, which prevail in the collection and disbursement of the public revenue of France. Those depreda-

tions, resulting from the defaults of fiscal agents, which are so lamentably frequent in our country, are almost unknown here. And I do not find in the most vehement discussions of the Chambers any intimations that accounts have been unjustly allowed by the treasury officers, or the public money diverted from the purposes designated by law. If such events were to happen, it would be the duty of the Court of Accounts—and they would no doubt rigorously fulfil it—to expose and punish the malversation.

Its jurisdiction is divided into two great branches. The first relates to the collecting and disbursing agents of the government. The terms of this proposition sufficiently explain the nature of these functions. The second embraces a branch of the public service which unfortunately has no analogous institution in our country or in England. I say, in England, because if it had existed, we should doubtless have copied it; as we have been pretty close imitators of the legal system of our father-land. That spirit of innovation and improvement, so prominent and powerful in all the other great departments of life, mental and material, wholly fails us when we touch the charmed circle of jurisprudence. The French Court of Accounts supervises the operations of the treasury officers in the allowance and payment of claims against the government. It examines their accuracy, and compares them with the acts of appropriation. Every year all the operations of the treasury for the preceding year are submitted to this court; and it prepares a detailed report, stating the result of its examination of this great branch of service. This report is laid before the Chambers, at the commencement of their session. In France, two legislative acts are necessary in the progress and settlement of accounts. The first makes the appropriations, and the second, which is passed upon the report of the Court of Accounts, at the termination of the operations of a given year, grants the sanction of the legislature to the treasury proceedings. I am certain that the institution of a similar tribunal in the United States, with such modifications as might be demanded by the nature of our institutions, would produce incalculable advantages to the public treasury.

Next to these two sovereign tribunals, in the French judicial hierarchy, are the "*Cours Royales*." Of these there are twenty-six, each of which embraces several departments within its jurisdiction. It is this class of courts upon which devolves the adjudication of far the greater portion of the subjects of litigation arising in the community. Its members also hold *Courts of Assizes*, where persons "put in accusation," or, as we should say, indicted, are tried.

Next come the courts of "*Première Instance*," of which there is one in each *arrondissement*, resembling in their general duties our county courts.

Besides these inferior tribunals, there are courts of *commerce*, sitting in the principal commercial places, with special jurisdiction over all commercial questions. The judges are elected by the persons engaged in trade. The number of these courts is 219.

Last in order are the justices of the peace. They have jurisdiction in civil affairs to the amount of fifty francs, without appeal; and, with the right of appeal, to the amount of 100 francs. They have also summary power in many cases of disputes, relating to fields, fruits, grain, etc., changes of landmarks, reciprocal complaints of masters and servants, and other controversies of a similar nature.

In criminal cases, they can inflict a fine not exceeding fifteen francs, and imprisonment not extending beyond five days. Each justice of the peace has a *greffier*, or clerk.

The *personnel*, if I may so speak, of the French courts is entirely different in its composition from that of ours. It is vastly more numerous, and each court is divided into various chambers; which, in fact, become separate tribunals, for all of them are simultaneously engaged in the trial of causes assigned to them, I believe, according to their nature, whether civil or criminal. One chamber of the Court of Cassation is called the *Chambre des Requêtes*, and its exclusive duty is to examine questions of appeal, and to judge if there is sufficient cause to send them to the proper chamber for decision. If its opinion is adverse to the appellant, there is an end of the matter. If it is favorable, the cause is then carried to the appropriate chamber for final de-

cision. Appeals exist in civil and criminal cases. In the former, the parties are allowed three months to take their appeal, and in the latter, three days. Every person sentenced to a capital or infamous punishment has the right to carry his case before the Court of Cassation. These cases are promptly determined, so that there is little delay, and that little is far more than overbalanced by the security to the most precious rights which the existence of this process ensures to the community and the party. I have often wondered, that we, who are so jealous upon all other subjects of personal liberty, and who have provided such ample means for the re-examination, by a supreme tribunal, of questions—indeed almost the smallest questions—affecting the value of property, should have left persons accused of crimes without any resource against the errors of judges, engaged in the pressing business of a session, and liable, from the very circumstances of their position, to decide hastily and, of course, erroneously. I say without resource, because the provisions which exist upon this subject, where they exist at all, are so hedged round with difficulties, as greatly to diminish if not to destroy their value.

In the *Cours Royales* there is a chamber called the "*Chambre d'Accusation*," whose functions bear some analogy to those of our own grand juries. It examines the charges, and if these are deemed insufficient or insufficiently supported, the accused is released from the prosecution—otherwise, the act of accusation or indictment is drawn up from the statements of the witnesses, and then the cause is referred for trial to the chamber to which it appropriately belongs. The investigations in criminal cases in the French courts are far more searching than in ours. The necessary facts are collected and arranged with great care, and the *parquet*, as the law-officers of the crown are technically called, places itself in possession of all the incidents which can serve to develop the affair. The antecedents of the accused are carefully sought, and the proof, *moral and material*, or, as we should say, circumstantial and direct, are brought to bear with great force upon the accusation. The president of the tribunal is always charged

with the duty of interrogating the prisoner, and, to fulfil this task, he makes himself perfectly acquainted with all the facts, and comes to the trial fully prepared to draw them out. These peculiar attributes of the French judges are of inestimable importance in the prosecution of criminal affairs, and they are performed with great labor and study.

The following is the number of the judicial officers of France, which I have taken the trouble to extract from the "*Almanach Royal et National*" for 1840, the *Blue Book* of the kingdom, and also from the budget of the "*Garde des Sceaux*" submitted to the Chambers :

Judges of the Court of Cassation,	. . .	49
" " Accounts,	. . .	102
" " Cours Royales,	. . .	791
" " Tribunals of 1st Instance,	1878	
" " Commerce,	909	
Justices of the Peace,	. . .	2745
Judicial officers in France,	. . .	6274

Salaries in France are generally low. In a comparatively few exceptional cases, where the nature of the station, either at home or abroad, leads to inevitable expense, the allowances are large. But otherwise they are quite moderate, when the wealth and habits of the country are taken into view.

I extract from the budget of the "*Garde des Sceaux*," or Minister of Justice, the following exhibit of the salaries of judicial officers. I put the sums in francs, but I add also the amount in dollars, not precisely, but with sufficient exactness for all useful purposes of comparison :

COURT OF CASSATION.		Francs.	Dolls.
The First President has		50,000	6,000
Three other Presidents, each		15,000	3,600
Each other Judge,		15,000	3,000
COURT OF ACCOUNTS.			
First President,		25,000	5,000
Three other Presidents, each		15,000	3,000
Eighteen Judges, each		12,000	2,400
Eighteen other Judges, each		5,500	1,100
Sixty-two other Judges, each		2,400	480
COURS ROYALES.			
27 First Presidents, average each		13,500	2,700
93 Presidents de Chambre, average each		4,330	876
The other Judges, average each		3,590	718
TRIBUNALS OF FIRST INSTANCE.			
The Presidents, average		2,600	520
The Vice-Presidents,		3,000	600

The reason of this apparent anomaly is, that the Vice-Presidents are much fewer than the Presidents, and therefore the increased allowance in some of the larger cities makes the general average greater. The great majority

of the Presidents and Vice-Presidents receive the same sum, to wit :
 Judges, 2,250 450
 The Judges of the Tribunals of Commerce are generally merchants, who perform their duties gratuitously.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

At Paris the Justices of the Peace receive	2,400	480
At Bordeaux, Lyons, and Marseilles,	1,600	320
At Lille, and four other cities,	1,200	240
At Amiens, and thirteen other cities,	1,000	200
And in all other parts of the kingdom,	800	160

I subjoin a few other salaries of civil officers, that a general notion may be formed of the system of remuneration adopted by the French government.

The Ministers, or as we should say the Secretaries of the Departments, are provided with houses, and these are heated and lighted at the public expense, and their salaries (with one exception) are 80,000 fr., \$16,000.

But their expenses are great, as custom imposes upon them the duty of giving expensive dinner parties, and of keeping their houses open one evening in the week, more than half the year.

Paying officers in the Departments receive the following salaries :—

	Francs.	Dolls.
First class,	10,000	2,000
Second "	8,000	1,600
Third "	7,000	1,400
Fourth "	6,000	1,200

	Francs.	Dolls.
The Directors of the Custom Houses (or in our administrative nomenclature, Collectors,) in twenty six of the principal cities, average	10,000	2,000
99 Inspectors, each	4,000	900
89 Sub Inspectors, each	3,000	600
165 Principal Clerks, each	1,600	320
665 Accountable Receivers, each	1,450	290
95 Comptrollers, "	3,000	600
816 Verifiers, "	2,200	440
711 Clerks, "	1,500	300

In further illustration of the remark I have made upon the low scale of official salaries in France, I subjoin also the following statement of the rates of pay in the army, the general accuracy of which may be relied on, being derived from official sources :—

	Peace footing.	War footing.	On leave of absence.
Field Marshal,	\$6,000	\$11,000	—
Lieutenant General,	3,000	3,750	\$1,520
Marshal de Camp, { (Major General)	2,000	2,500	1,014

INFANTRY OF THE LINE AND LIGHT INFANTRY.

Colonel in the Staff,	1,350	same.	623
Colonel of Artillery,	1,350	"	"
Colonel of Engineers,	1,250	"	"
Colonel,	1,000	"	500
Lt. Colonel,	860	"	430
Chef de Bataillon, (Major)	720	"	360
Surgeon,	480	"	240
Assistant Surgeon,	290	"	145
Captain of 1st Class,	440	"	210
" 2d "	400	"	200
Lieut. of 1st Class,	290	"	145
" 2d "	260	"	130
Sous-Lieutenant,	240	"	120

In addition to the above stated pay, there are also in some cases allowances for rent and furniture; but they are very moderate, and, I suppose, in real-

ity do not defray the expenses they are intended to meet,—a colonel receiving but 960 francs (\$192), and a captain but 360 francs (\$72), per annum for rent; and the former 320 fr. (\$64), and the latter 180 fr. (\$38), for furniture. I believe the officers in all the cities of France, except the officers of the staff, lodge in hired quarters; rarely, if ever, in the public casernes. They receive no rations, nor any allowance for them except during war. A colonel and lieutenant-colonel are allowed forage for two horses; and all other regimental officers required to be mounted are allowed for one. The horses must be actually kept in the service. No provision exists for servants, nor any compensation for them.

In all the above calculations, for the sake of round numbers and facility, the dollar has been assumed as worth five francs. In exact truth it is worth about six cents more, so that all the sums here stated in dollars may be reduced about one-fifteenth lower.

I had intended to place in juxtaposition with this scale of compensation, the rate which is paid in England for similar services, but I have not time to make the necessary researches, and must therefore forego my object. The salaries allowed, however, to some of the principal functionaries in the British metropolis are well known to be enormous, and may be referred to not unprofitably, as showing the tendency to profuse expenditure which is the necessary consequence of large revenues and little responsibility. They will be found to contrast significantly with the policy of the French government. When is the day to arrive, when the weary and heavy-laden masses of England, of whose oppressive burthens of taxation these great aristocratic salaries constitute one of the chief items, will arouse themselves to a full consciousness of their own mighty wrongs, and to that energy of will and determination alone necessary, to cast off those burthens and redress those wrongs?

In the Court of Cassation, and in many cases in the Cours Royales, the questions in litigation are referred to one of the judges, who is there styled the *reférendaire*, and who is required to make an elaborate written report, embracing all the points in discussion, and his views upon them; and this report is then discussed by the court, and

adopted, modified, or rejected. And in the execution of this duty, the référendaire, or where there is no référendaire, the president of the tribunal, is exposed to a custom, formerly universal and yet very prevalent; but which is so irreconcilable with our notions of judicial reserve, that we are involuntarily induced to look with suspicion upon the administration of justice where magistrates are liable to such importunities. The parties are expected to wait upon the judge, and to tender him their compliments, and this visit is called in technical language, "visite de supplique," or visit of supplication. Justice has always been venal in the East, and this plague-spot yet adheres to its ermine wherever the Moslem has planted his institutions. It assumes the softened appearance of a free gift, and vain are the hopes of the Giaour, however just his cause, if the *itching palm* of the Cadi does not feel this judicial stimulant or corrective. Among the western nations of Europe the bribe became much earlier a present, but both had so far disappeared before the advancing opinions of the age, that in England Bacon furnishes the last example of an eminent judge who dishonored himself and his profession by this practice. In France, however, presents to the magistrates made part of the duty of suitors, and constituted, I am told, the greater portion, if not nearly all the compensation of these officers. These contributions were familiarly called, their *épice*, their *spice*, and were universally paid by the suitors down to the revolution of 1789; and a very able French advocate, who was driven to our country by the storms of that period, and who afterwards returned to enjoy a high reputation for learning and probity in his own—M. De La G.—has assured me, that the traditions upon this subject had not altogether lost their force, even a few years since. An instance passed within his own observation, and the judge extricated the *maladroit* suitor from a serious embarrassment, with equal good sense and good feeling. Without the knowledge of his Avocat, the client had sent to the judge a basket of game, with a note requesting his acceptance of it. The magistrate directed the note and the basket to the Avocat, informing him it had been sent by mistake to the wrong place, and that it was intended by the donor as a

mark of satisfaction for the exertions of his lawyer.

At present, bribery, whatever form it can assume, is utterly unknown in the French tribunals. The robes of their members are spotless. But the practice of intercession, or rather, of complimenting the judge, still exists. It is a mark of respect which is looked for, and whose omission is considered as violating the established rules of professional etiquette. This want of conventional propriety has, assuredly, no other operation upon the issue of the process, than any other mark of ill-breeding, though from the constitution of human nature it may occasionally excite feelings not reconcilable with an impartial decision. The inconveniences of this custom are felt and deplored by many members of the bar and the bench; and at least two of the Cours Royales, those of Orléans and Rouen, have abolished it within their jurisdiction. It yet maintains, however, its sway at Paris and in many other parts of the kingdom; and as the profession is everywhere somewhat tenacious of established usages, it may be difficult to effect its entire suppression. And in proof of this difficulty I am able to refer to a letter from an able and estimable judge of the Court of Cassation, to whom I had applied for information upon this subject. Among other things, he says: "The visits of the parties have no longer the obligatory character they possessed under the parliament. We receive those who think they have any useful information to communicate upon their process. This appears to us free from impropriety. But there are some tribunals who have thought proper to interdict these visits by special regulations. This is an example which we (the Court of Cassation) have neither wished to give nor to follow."

But I repeat, that this ancient custom thus modified leaves untouched the purity of the French judicial character; and that it is obnoxious to censure, only as it exposes the judges to unseasonable, and, as we should say, indelicate visits.

To show the practical nature of this application, I annex a letter, which was written by an American functionary here to the president of a tribunal, to which one of his countrymen had been compelled to appeal, in a case of signal injustice, involving a question of

the laws of nations. The letter was prepared in the usual form by the *avocat* of the party, and was sent with the official card of the writer. It will be perceived that it is altogether a harmless epistle, and is in fact but a compliment of usage, like the formal termination of a letter, or any other mark of respect, which the forms of society require :

“ To M. de B——, President of the Tribunal of the First Instance.

“ M. le President,

“ Certain articles and papers, belonging to M. ——, have been detained at a certain house in Paris, and he has commenced suit before you on the subject.

“ Permit me to ask of you, that this affair may experience as little delay as possible, and accept the assurances of my high consideration.

(Signed) “ —— ——.”

In the memoirs of the Marquise de Créquy, that extraordinary woman, who had the good fortune to be presented to Louis XIV. and to Napoleon, there is an interesting recital of an incident which in its day made much noise in Europe, and where this process of *supplication* is prominently introduced. It was the trial of the Comte de Horn for an atrocious murder. This man was related to many of the most noble families of Germany and France, and among others to that of the Regent Duke of Orleans. The miserable trash of that day—for it deserves no milder epithet—which prescribed the privileges of the feudal aristocracy, pronounced also what should dishonor it. So far as disgrace was the consequence of crime, and was limited to the criminal himself, the everlasting principles of true justice and policy were faithfully observed. But this was not enough for an age of barbarous pride. The thirty-two quarterings of the escutcheon, in the language of the heralds, must not be soiled. The dishonor of a criminal attached to all his kinsmen within many degrees of propinquity: and to render the prejudice ridiculous as well as unjust, it was not the crime but the punishment, which provoked the disgrace. An assassination like that of which Horn was guilty, instigated not by sudden passion, nor even by vengeance, but by rapacity, upon an octo-

genarian Jew, if expiated upon the scaffold, with the usual accompaniments of prolonged torture, which belonged to the code of that day, would have entailed disgrace upon a crowd of his noble relations; and they would have found the entrance to the rich and princely chapters, abbeys, and bishoprics, both of France and Germany, and many commanderies and orders, even that of Malta, closed to them. All these comfortable places of refuge for the *cadets* of noble families required, as indispensable preliminaries to their participation, that the applicant should exhibit his proofs for four generations. “ Sir,” said the Prince de Ligne to the Regent, “ I have in my genealogical tree four escutcheons of Horn, and consequently I have four ancestors of that house! I must then erase them; the result will be blanks, and as it were blots in our family.”

The lively and garrulous old lady then recounts the *supplication* of the relatives of Horn, by which they hoped to relax the severity of justice. “ It was decided that they should begin by soliciting the magistrates, to whom they stated the high rank, the illness, the disposition, and the unfortunate derangement of the Comte de Horn. On the eve of his trial we went in a body of relations, consisting of fifty-seven persons, into a long corridor of the palace, which led to the room where the trial was to take place, that we might solicit the judges upon their passage. It was a melancholy ceremony, though every one entertained great hopes, except Madame de Beaufrémont, who was gifted with second sight, as it is called in Scotland. We both felt painful misgivings, with a dreadful heaviness of heart. I must mention this custom of saluting the judges as a strange ceremony. They had waited in St. Louis' Cabinet, that they might all be assembled to receive salutations, which they returned by making each a low curtesy.”

Here, with a versatility significative of the deep impression which questions of costume and etiquette had graven upon her mind, Madame de Créquy suddenly forgets the melancholy narrative which had absorbed her attention, and, with equal solemnity and naiveté, quits the professional duties on which depended life and death, to occupy herself with professional robes and curtesies. “ I must

add, that custom has long decided on lawyers saluting thus in their long robes. It is the same with the Chevaliers de St. Esprit, when in their long mantles, which always determined parents of rank in my time to make curtesying a part of the education of their sons, in hopes of their attaining that distinction. Boys were kept in petticoats as long as possible—often until the age of thirteen or fourteen. It subjected them to annoyance and persecution, but, until they were dressed as men, they always saluted by curtesying." Oh! for the dignity of human nature! If it is humiliating it is also instructive, and may be profitable, to survey its absurdities. Not a century has passed away since vile stuff like this was an important study in life, and since its slavish votaries were *par excellence* the great ones of the earth, and ruled by the divine right of hereditary wisdom. We have follies enough in our day, no doubt, which our successors will be sufficiently acute to discover and ready enough to expose; but I trust, whatever else we do, we shall eschew the contemptible nonsense which, till after the middle of the eighteenth century, made much of the wisdom of some of the European naticns, and was a powerful and proximate cause of the mighty revolution which swallowed up the Sybarite and his traditions.

The effort, however, of the relations of De Horn to save his life, and what was called their honor, having failed with the magistrates, they repaired in another family procession to the Regent, to ask, first, that the criminal should not be executed, and second, if this favor could not be obtained, that he should be *nobly* decapitated, instead of being ignobly *racked*; and that thus the genealogical tree might flourish unscathed. The Regent, to his immortal honor, refused this application. And this act of vigorous justice is a redeeming trait in the sad history of that able but dissolute prince, whose public and private life presents so much to condemn. Keeping in view the notions of the ancient *régime*, one can scarcely conceive a greater proof of magnanimity than he furnished upon this occasion. He was himself a relative of De Horn, through his mother, a German Princess; and the Prince de Ligne, the speaker of

the family council, urged this circumstance upon his consideration, and warned him of the heraldic dishonor which awaited him. "I will share the shame with you, gentlemen," answered the Duke of Orleans, and bowed the *supplicators* out of his cabinet.

The institution of the jury has been transplanted into the French law, but it has somewhat of the sickliness of an exotic. It is, however, making its way, and even now there is no fear of its failure. Unanimity is not required in its decisions. A simple majority of one is sufficient for a verdict; but in that case the court has a discretionary power to accept or modify. Over that number, the verdict is absolute.

The French judgments are all drawn up by the judges themselves. There is no established form, as in our courts, which, while its observance is essential to the validity of the proceedings, in reality is utterly insignificant as to any practical utility; which teaches nothing and guards nothing, and yet if not followed "*in literis*," all the preceding investigations, both by the court and jury, founded upon the statements and proofs of the parties, are rejected; and the final decision, instead of turning upon the question of right, turns upon some idle dispute about words or forms, the relics of a monkish age, but still preserved and worshipped with fatuitous reverence. And this is gravely called *justice*!

A brief abstract of the judgment rendered yesterday by the Chamber of Peers, in the prosecutions pending there for treason, referred to in the earlier part of this paper, will exhibit the good sense of the French tribunals upon this subject. And, by-the-bye, I lament to see that the journalist Dupoty has been condemned to imprisonment for five years.

I am disposed to speak with all the deference which becomes a foreigner upon the internal questions of a country that he can never fully comprehend; but it appears to me that this act of judicial rigor is almost a folly, and certainly a great error. Many will consider it a great crime. Certainly, agreeably to any general principles recognised among us, this editor could not be convicted of treason, which embraces that class of acts that in France is submitted to the Chamber of Peers under the denomination of *complots*

and *attentats* against the state. His writings may have been seditious, and in that case he was responsible to the ordinary tribunals. But how publications in a newspaper, condemnatory of the proceedings of the government, but without the slightest instigation to acts of violence, and without even the pretence that the writer had any actual participation in the atrocious attempt at assassination, can connect him with the explosion, and unite him in the punishment, passes my comprehension to discover. I regret the result the more, as I am sincerely anxious for the preservation of the existing state of things in France, with such modifications and meliorations as the community ought to expect, and as a prudent government should grant. As to resisting the march of opinion, it would be as wise to attempt to stop the current of Niagara upon the brink of its face. And well is it for the general good, that there is this life-improving principle in human societies. But in these older countries of the world, where the population is redundant and the compression great, where there is much misery and excessive poverty, and where there are wild imaginations to broach the most terrible theories, and desperate men to execute them, changes, to be salutary, though they should be gradual, should yet be progressive,—not yielded when too late—when the fountains of the great deep are broken up, and the deluge is approaching to submerge the moral world.

The Court of Peers, in its arrêt, proceeds as follows :

The Court of Peers having seen the accusation against the persons named, &c.

Having heard the witnesses for and against the prosecution.

Having heard the *réquisitoire* of the king's procureur general, which requisitoire is thus conceived.

(Here follows this act, which names the accused, states their crimes, and invokes upon them, severally, the punishment which they have incurred.)

Having heard the accused, by their avocats, (naming them in succession, parties and counsel.)

Having called upon the accused agreeably to article 13th of the code of criminal instruction.

Having deliberated in its sittings of the 19, 20, &c., &c.

In what concerns the *attentat*;

Seeing that it results from the proceedings, that an *attentat* was committed, &c.

Seeing that Quénisset is convicted of having committed the *attentat*, &c.

Seeing that Jean Baptiste Colombier, &c., &c., are convicted of having rendered themselves accomplices, &c., &c.

Seeing that it does not result from the proceedings, that the charges against Lanois are sufficiently proved.

In what concerns the *complot*;

Seeing that a *complot* was concerted to destroy the government, &c.

Seeing that this *complot* was concerted in secret associations, where members were bound together by oaths, &c., and directed by chiefs, &c.

Seeing that by article 60 of the penal code those are accomplices of a crime who, by artifices or machinations, provoke any one to commit it, or who give instructions to this effect, or who aid the author in his projects.

Seeing that the 1st article of the law of May 17, 1819, has comprehended in the class of crimes, which render those guilty of them accomplices, every provocation by writings whether written or printed, and distributed and followed by an act.

Seeing that this disposition makes part of the penal code, according to the said law, which orders that the preceding provisions of articles 102, &c., shall be abrogated and replaced by this provision.

Seeing that the law of Oct. 8, 1830, has not touched this subject.

Seeing that the law of Sept. 9, 1835, has defined as *attentats* against the safety of the state, all publications containing provocation to the commission of crimes, foreseen by articles 86 and 87 of the penal code, &c.

Seeing that the crimes of *attentat* and *complot*, of which the court has retained jurisdiction by its arrêt of November 16, present the characters of connection, foreseen by article 227 of the code of criminal instruction.

Seeing that François Quénisset dit Papant, &c., &c., are convicted of having participated in the said *complot*, in aiding or assisting, with knowledge, the authors of the crime in its commission, &c., or of having provoked to it by machinations, &c., or by writings, &c., and particularly Dupoty by the publication of an article in the journal, *The Friend of the People*, of the 12th of Sept. last, commencing by these words, "Monsieur le Maréchal Gerard," and terminating by these, "This is what we consider necessary to recall to them;" which publications have been followed by an act.

In what touches

Auguste, Marie, Prioul, &c. Seeing

that there does not result from the proceedings any sufficient proof that they have rendered themselves guilty, either as principals or accessories, of the crimes of *complot* or *attentat*.

Declares Auguste, Marie, Prioul, &c., acquitted of the accusation preferred against them. Orders that the said, &c., be immediately set at liberty, if detained for no other cause.

Declares Quenisset guilty of the crime of *attentat* against the lives of their R. H. the Dukes of Orleans, of Nemours, and of d'Aumale, members of the royal family.

Declares Jean Baptiste Colombier, &c., guilty, as accessories, of the said *attentat*; crime foreseen by articles 86, &c., of the penal code, thus conceived. (Here follow four articles of the code bearing upon this subject.)

Declares Quenisset, &c., &c., guilty of the crime of *complot* against the safety of the state, crime foreseen by articles 87, &c., of the penal code, thus conceived. (Here follow various articles relating to the crime.)

Seeing that punishments ought to be graduated agreeably to the nature and the gravity of the participation of each of the criminals in the crimes committed.

Seeing the articles 7, &c., of the penal code, thus conceived. (Here follow a number of articles prescribing various punishments.)

Condemns Quenisset, &c., &c., to the punishment of death.

Condemns Auguste, Petit, &c., &c., to deportation, (and others to imprisonment for longer or shorter terms.)

Orders conformably to the 87th article of the penal code, that Antoine Boggio, &c., &c., shall, after the expiration of their punishment, be all their lives under the *surveillance* of the high police.

Condemns Quenisset and all the rest to the expenses, jointly, &c.

Orders that the present *arrêt* shall be diligently executed by the Procureur du Roi, printed and published whenever necessary, and that it be notified to the condemned by the clerk of the court, (Greffier.) Done and deliberated at Paris, Thursday, 23 December, 1841, in the Chamber of Council, where sit—(Here follow the signatures of all the Peers.)

And so ends the first act of this sad drama.

But I must shift the scene from grave to gay, and conclude with telling the story which first attracted my attention to this subject, but which I had almost lost sight of, led away by various collateral topics that presented themselves from time to time. This judi-

cial anecdote is at once characteristic of the French courts and of Corsican manners. It is altogether dramatic. Few parts upon the stage were ever better performed, than was the part of Rigaldi. He is the true Italian, pious and revengeful. Obeying with filial reverence the injunctions of his father, and coming from Corsica to Paris to resent an indignity which that father, now dead, had received half a century before. And no doubt, after paying his fine, having finished his pilgrimage, he seeks his native country, to live the pride of his friends, and the very *beau-ideal* of filial piety.

Rigaldi is a Corsican, whose dark complexion, ferocious eyes, and immense black whiskers, give a most sinister aspect to his appearance. He declares himself, however, to be one of the mildest of men, in fact a perfect lamb; but he is accused of having tweaked the nose of a peaceable inhabitant of the Marais. M. Bonjeu, the unfortunate man whose nose was thus maltreated, has entered a complaint against the Corsican.

"Can you imagine," gentlemen, said he to the judges, "such an unheard-of thing? I never in all the days of my life had the honor of seeing this gentleman, and here, at our very first rencontre, he gave me a blow on the nose. It is too humiliating."

Rigaldi.—Nor I either, I do not know you, but what will astonish you still more, is that I have come all the way to Paris to see you.

Bonjeu.—What, to pull my nose?

Rigaldi.—Yes, signor.

Bonjeu.—Right in the street?

Rigaldi.—Yes, signor.

Bonjeu.—Without ever having known me?

Rigaldi.—Yes, signor.

Bonjeu.—This is too much! I demand justice of the court.

The President.—Rigaldi, is it true that you did not know the complainant?

Rigaldi.—Yes, it is very true.

The President.—Had you any cause for complaint against M. Bonjeu?

Rigaldi.—Personally none, my lord.

Bonjeu.—Personally or not, what is that to me? It is most outrageous; why, it is no longer safe to walk in the streets of Paris. You meet a face which you have never even seen, never known; you think you are going quietly on

your way—but you are quite mistaken. The face stops before you, looks at you between two eyes, asks you, are you M. Bonjeu?—Yes, I am.—You had a father of the same name?—Yes, to be sure.—Your father went in 1786 to Ajaccio?—Yes, as a Parisian tailor—Then you are really the son of the M. Bonjeu, who lived in Ajaccio?—Yes, yes, yes, to be sure I am, what do you want of me?—Not much, raise up your head a little.—What for?—Raise it up. There that'll do—smack!—and at the same moment my nose was flattened down by a hand blow. I screamed out, and the passers-by all collected in a crowd around me, asking what had happened. What in the world is the matter? Nothing, replies the face, only Monsieur has received a slight tweak of the nose. This is all very agreeable certainly.

Rigaldi.—Yes, yes, my lord, this is the true story; and now as I am quite satisfied, I shall soon return to Corsica.

The President.—But why did you insult a stranger in this way?

Rigaldi.—I will tell you all about it. One day last month being at Ajaccio examining the papers of my father, I found a little note sealed and addressed, “Al figlio mio”—“to my son.” “The 16th of April, 1786, I was tweaked on the nose by my master, M. Bonjeu, a tailor from Paris, to whom I was apprenticed. M. Bonjeu left Ajaccio before I could return it to him. My son, you know what this means.” The next morning I embarked for Marseilles. I took the post for Paris—went immediately to the prefecture—where, after making all possible researches, I was told that M. Bonjeu was dead, but that he had a son living. I then looked for him, found him, and gave him back the tweak I owed him, and now I am going home.

M. Bonjeu was almost speechless with indignation and wrath.

The court, not accustomed to the manners of Corsica, condemned Rigaldi, as the price of his revenge, to 25 francs amende, and to pay the costs.

L. C.

EMILY PLATER, THE POLISH HEROINE.*

ONE of the most remarkable and beautiful characters of history is that of the young Countess Plater of Poland. Descended from an ancient and honorable family, possessed of rank, charms, wealth, intelligence, at an age when the female heart is most open to the blandishments of society, and surrounded by all that could gratify the vanity or social ambition of an ardent mind, she yet voluntarily subjected herself to the hardships of war and dangers of death, in the prosecution of a lofty and disinterested purpose,—in the defence of the liberties of her country and the rights of man.

Such a character cannot but excite a curious interest. That one so young should have been so bold—that a female exposed to so many fascinating influences should have courted a life of hardship and suffering—that a noble

lady, gifted with the finest qualities of the intellect and the noblest graces of the heart, should adopt the apparel of man, join the ranks of a rough and rugged soldiery, and through the vicissitudes of a disastrous contest, bear herself with the energy of a veteran warrior—animating the downcast by her cheerful courage, and sustaining the hopes of a nation when its hardiest defenders had quailed—is a phenomenon that the world does not often witness, and which our love for the heroic compels us to dwell upon with equal wonder and delight. We follow with the eagerness of a tender sympathy her novel, brilliant, and perilous career.

Emily Plater was born at Wilna, on the 13th of November, 1806. Her mother, the Countess Anna De Mohl, a young heiress of rare accomplishments and fine character, on account of

* The Life of the Countess Emily Plater. Translated by J. K. Salomonski, a Polish Exile. New York, 1842.

some unfortunate differences, found herself obliged to separate from her husband in 1815. She went to reside with an elderly relative, Madame Lieberg, a woman who devoted a large fortune to projects of judicious benevolence, in the province of Livonia. Respected by her family, of which she was the head, the oracle of her neighbors, who saw in her the benefactress of the district, a mother to her tenantry whose children she educated, she enjoyed an almost universal esteem. In her society, and cherished by her tenderness, the Countess gave her whole attention and time to the instruction of her daughter, who had now become her only solace. All the circumstances of the place and position of the girl, conspired to the peculiar formation of mind which her character and career afterwards exhibited.

The domain of Madame Lieberg lay in the midst of a picturesque and majestic region. Her stately mansion combined the solemn architecture of the middle ages with the more graceful adornments of a modern palace. It was situated on the brow of a hill, near the banks of the beautiful Dzwina, commanding on one side a lively prospect of meadows and streams, and on the other the sombre shades of a vast forest of black fir-trees. But the effect of the contrast was rather mournful than pleasing.

In this retreat, Emily received her earliest impressions of nature and humanity. The quiet and monotonous life of the castle, with the admonitions of its pious and affectionate inmates, increased her disposition to thoughtfulness, while the antique aspect of the buildings and scenery formed her to habits of masculine and noble energy. From her first years, she had manifested few of the tastes of the young. The usual playthings of children were thrown aside for the higher pleasures that were to be found in books, and in silent meditations under the open sky or in the depths of the forest. Her favorite study was history—and above all other histories that of her native land—in the words of enthusiastic patriotism of her biographer, “the free, the faithful, the generous Poland: that Poland so proud of its freedom, and which was already civilized when the rest of Europe was scarcely removed from a state of barbarism; which was free, when all

other nations were enslaved; the firm barrier against the encroachments of Islamism, and which was always brave, and prepared to succor the oppressed, even without hope of reward; a country which fell at last a victim to the ingratitude of its neighbors, of which the one owed to her its existence, and the other its preservation—a country, in fine, which, even in its fall, has forced from the rest of the world the mingled feelings of admiration and regret.” She loved to linger over the narratives which told her of the long-sufferings of Poland, and of the devotion and heroism of her sons and daughters. The bloody record of the massacres of Praga filled her with a detestation of the oppressors of her race; and the same pages told her how much had been done, and dared, and suffered, by the virtuous, the tender, and the brave, who had perished in the battles of freedom. There she read how the ancient Sarmatian women accompanied their husbands on horseback to the chase or the fight. How the young and gentle Princess Henwige, anxious for the happiness of her people, and impatient of the Hungarian yoke, placed herself at the head of an army and drove her enemies away. How Alexandra, the accomplished daughter of Stephen Czarniecki, when he left his peaceful home to go against the Swedes, bitterly wept that her tender age would not allow her to share the glory and danger of her father. How the mother of Henry II., duke of Breslau, putting a sabre into his hands, to be wielded against the Tartars, added such words as these:—“My son, if you wish that I should not disown you, fly to the defence of our dear country.” How the virtuous Sobieska welcomed the return of her sons from a foreign country with these:—“I see you again with unspeakable joy; but I would disown you as my children, had you imitated the base cowardice of those who deserted the field of battle at Pilawce.” How the resolute Chrianowska saved Trembowla, which her unworthy husband would have surrendered to the besieging Turks. How the Princess Radziwill was always found by the side of her brother, the Prince Charles, in the thickest of the fight. How the Countess of Kamieniec, when her nephew Stanislas, after the infamous treason of Sargowica, wrote her a congratulatory

letter, overwhelmed him with indignant rebukes of his ignominy and shame. How the Duchess of Wurtemberg separated from her husband because he served with the enemies of Poland, and could even afterwards disown her own son for the same cause; and how hundreds of noble women had aided to sustain the noble struggle of Kosciusko for national independence. So many examples of woman's patriotic devotedness and lofty heroism might well kindle the enthusiasm of her woman's heart.

But that which made the deepest impression upon her was the singular history of Joan of Arc, the inspired virgin of Domremi, who for a time rescued France from the tyranny of English arms. She dwelt on the analogy between France, under the English oppression, and Poland groaning under the Russian yoke. She made the life of that unfortunate but immortal heroine a subject of constant study. She procured all the books that related to her career; her chamber was hung round with plates representing its prominent incidents; and a similar fame became the object of her wishes by day and of her dreams by night. She strived to emulate the exercises by which her prototype had been prepared for her exalted mission. Her ordinary amusements consisted in riding on horseback, shooting at a mark, and every other feat that had a tendency to inure her to the dangers of travel and the rigors of the seasons. In the saloon, she was sad, for the heartless etiquette and cold formalities of society were irksome to her; but mounted on a favorite steed, coursing the fields, braving the tempests, and facing dangers, the sprightliness and energy of her character returned, and her spirit seemed to rise as her perils and difficulties increased.

An event in 1821 gave an additional ardor to her patriotism. A beloved cousin had taken part in the patriotic associations of the students of Wilna, and was condemned by the Emperor of Russia to serve as a private in the Russian armies. The ignominy and pain which this disgraceful act of tyranny brought upon the family, added a still deeper resentment to the aversion with which she had been taught to regard the despotism of Alexander.

Her conduct, as described by her

biographer, under circumstances in which most women are said to betray weakness, serves to show the lofty spirit that actuated all her deportment. The commanding general of the engineer corps of the Russian army, then stationed at Dünabourg, near the residence of Madame Lieberg, being a visitor in her family, was smitten with the charms of Emily. He was a favorite, who stood high in the confidence of the Emperor, and fondly imagined that the heart of the maiden would be struck by his high pretensions and accomplishments. One day, being alone with her, he resolved to avail himself of the opportunity to urge his suit. Advancing as if to throw himself at her feet, he said, "Mademoiselle, I come to offer you my hand." He waited a while for an answer, when he again exclaimed, "I am come to offer you my hand."

"Sir, I refuse it," was the laconic reply.

"But think of my rank, and the favor I enjoy with the Emperor."

"I am fully aware of the honor you intend to bestow upon me—but!"

"Well—but!"

"The thing is impossible."

"Impossible!" iterated the impatient and disappointed general. "Have I been so unfortunate as to incur your aversion?"

"I do not hate you personally."

"Is the disproportion of our ages an objection?"

"The husband should be always older than the wife."

"It is exactly what I think myself. Perhaps your heart?"

"Is perfectly free."

"You can never find a better choice."

"I do not deny it."

"Then nothing is in the way!"

"I am a daughter of Poland." And with this, the conference ended.

In the year 1829 her love of activity and thirst of knowledge induced her to accompany her mother on a visit to Cracow and Warsaw. The objects she met with on the journey, the thousand scenes that recalled the great events of Polish history, the statues, the pictures, and the buildings associated with the names of patriots and martyrs, but above all the traditions which she took pains to hear from the lips of the honest peasantry whom she

met on the road, and whom she visited in their cottages, contributed to swell the tide of patriotic feeling that already filled her soul. To tread the sacred soil where repose the bones of Krakus, the founder of Cracow, and which contain the ashes of Kosciusko, the valiant and the good; to see the field of Raszyn where the eight thousand raw recruits of Poniatowski braved the forty thousand minions of imperial Austria; to touch the relics of Ladislas, and Kopernik and Hedwige; to kiss the sword of Batory or the baton of Czarnecki; and to kneel in worship in the vault where, silently inurned, lay the mortal remains of noble spirits who had long since ceased from their struggles in the cause of freedom, to join their kindred spirits on high,—all this was indeed a pure and unspeakable joy to the excited mind of our heroine.

An incident is related as having occurred during her visit to Cracow, the bearing of which on the tendencies already so strongly fixed in her mind may be readily imagined:

“In her visits to the spacious halls of the Piaskowa Skala, a painting representing a beautiful black-eyed young nun, with a sword in her hand, attracted her particular attention, and excited her curiosity; she sought an explanation, which the keeper of the castle afforded. He said it was the portrait of a lady of the Wielopolski family, who lived a great many years since, and who, imbued from infancy with the spirit of chivalry, disguised herself in man’s attire and joined the army against the foes of her country. She became celebrated for her bravery and heroic achievements, but no one ever suspected that the valiant arm, which so skilfully wielded the sword, was by nature destined to handle only the distaff. Mere chance did unravel the mystery. The heroine cast off her military trappings, and desirous of shunning a world which could not forgive her so glaring a departure from its received customs, sought the seclusion of a cloister. But habituated as she was to the fatigues of the camp, she could not endure the monotonous tranquillity of a contemplative life, and she soon after died. But, as a memorial of her bold adventure, she was buried with her arms, and with them also did the painter represent her. These incidents threw Emily into a deep meditation, and we may well say that the keeper’s narrative had a decided influence on her subsequent life; and under the tent as well as on the field of battle the image

of the nun of Piaskowa Skala was ever present to her mind. She often made it the subject of her conversation, and that painting remained indelibly impressed on her memory. Much to her regret, she could not learn from the keeper either the name of the war in which she served, or the time of her death.”

The brilliant scenes of the capital had no charms for her. Warsaw, we read, with all its pomp, its palaces and theatres, could not satisfy a soul in which strong emotions had become a passion. She seemed actually wrapt in the past, and in it she thought to desery a pledge for the future. All the amusements of the capital, on the grave as it were of her country’s freedom, she regarded as actually criminal; and if at any time she was allured by the hilarity and pleasures of the day, a Russian presence would soon dissipate the delusion, and she would at once relapse into her habitual melancholy.

From this tour she returned to Lithuania, “more a Pole than ever,” with her purpose concentrated and strengthened, and her character expanded to a more masculine cast; though at the same time a melancholy sadness took possession of her mind, and developed in her that pensive yet fascinating grace, which never afterwards deserted her. The religious principles which had been early instilled by her mother, took a deeper root in her being. She avoided the companionship of her younger friends; she joined no more in the joyous dance; but in the solitude of her chamber or the fields, meditated plans for the future liberty of Poland. Her mother dying about the same time—a mother whose every wish she had sought to anticipate, whose death-bed she attended with affectionate tenderness, and whose grave she daily sprinkled with flowers, and wet with her tears—left her heart no object for its sympathies but the welfare of her unhappy country. It is true, that she sought a reconciliation with her father, to whose service she had been accustomed to appropriate a large share of her income; but finding all her advances repelled, there was no duty to interfere with her entire devotion of her whole soul and her whole life to her country.

Though possessing all the sensibility of her sex, yet the emotion of love she

never knew; though her affections were very warm and devoted for the few individuals who could awaken her friendship. For these she was ever ready to give proofs of her attachment, even at the risk of incurring the censure of public opinion; which, by the way, as we are told, she little cared for, the only guide she ever followed being her own conscience. "Although she believed her heart incapable of love," is the language of her cousin and earliest friend, Mademoiselle D——, "yet her conduct was regulated by an instinctive prudence, which would never allow her to forget her duty. Had she ever married, no view to ambition, neither birth nor fortune, would have in the least determined her choice. The disinterested inclination of her own heart would have been her only guide, and she would have loved with the deepest passion." But, as she afterwards adds, it was reserved for "the most glorious event of our time" to develop "all the energy of a character which no domestic felicity could ever have satisfied."

She never dreamed of marriage, says her biographer—an intimate friend of the subject of his memoir. "Poland, with whom she had identified herself, was the sole object of her thoughts. Her only ambition was to devote herself to the service of her unhappy and oppressed country. She would never have consented to destroy, by her marriage, this splendid image of her imagination; in fact, she felt that the quiet felicity of domestic life could never be her lot, and could never satisfy the ardor of her soul."

Her personal appearance is thus described:

"Emily, without being perfect in beauty, was nevertheless well calculated to inspire sentiments of deep attachment; especially in a man who can value the qualities of the soul and mind, more than those of the body. She was of middle size, well shaped, of a rather pale complexion; her face was round, with a small mouth now and then adorned with a sweet smile; she possessed a clear, sweet voice, which reached to the heart; and large blue eyes, whose brightness was softened by a melancholy expression. There was nothing very striking in her person at first sight, but, on acquaintance, one would discover new charms in her almost every day."

It was the insurrection of 1830 that first opened to her the path of glory which she had so long in silence panted to pursue. Her mental sufferings having impaired her health, she had retired to Libau, on the coast of the Baltic, for the advantages of sea-bathing. There she first learned the stirring events which had been enacted in the streets of Paris, during the three days of July; there she first heard of the revolution which immediately followed in Belgium; and there she first began to manifest publicly that deep interest in the politics of Poland, which in privacy had grown into so deep and strong a passion. From that period her domestic life may be said to be at an end. Her mild and gentle bearing, her courtesy and her benevolence, had made for her, in the depths of her retirement, many warm and sincere friends; but she was now to win the affections of a whole nation, and the admiration of the world, by sterner qualities, and in a wider and higher sphere of action.

When the news of the insurrection at Warsaw, on the 29th November, spread like a fire over Poland and Lithuania, Emily joined with vehemence in the revolutionary schemes of her countrymen. The influence which her wealth, her rank, and her virtues, gave her, over neighbors that both loved and respected her, she instantly employed in advancing the common cause. She set to work with the skill, sagacity and courage of a disciplined leader. As soon as matters were ripe for action in Lithuania, (to which, throughout the country surrounding her own vicinity, she had contributed more actively than any other individual), she applied to the directing committee at Wilna, to concert measures and take instructions for her future conduct. But they received the overtures of a woman with coldness, and distrust of her capacity and fitness for such enterprise; but nothing daunted by their repulse, she immediately conceived the plan of executing a daring enterprise for herself. On the 29th of March, she parted with her golden tresses; she assumed the attire of a man, armed herself with pistols and dirks, and, followed by two young men, her cousins, to whom she had communicated her designs, she repaired to the village of Dousiaty, to arouse the inhabitants to a grand sally

against the Russian fortress of Dünabourg. It was Sunday when she entered the place: a large concourse had been attracted to the church; these were immediately summoned to the public square, where the national standard was unrolled. She arose in the midst of the multitude, and, after a spirited harangue, she cried, "Oh people, it is time to run to the aid of our brethren who are fighting upon the shores of the Vistula! We must break the chains which crush us—we must be free—we must fight! God wills it!" The crowd responded with shouts, they ran hither and thither to furnish themselves with scythes, pikes, and fowling-pieces; ammunition was distributed, volunteers flocked in from the country, and before night-fall a body of determined troops were ready to march at her bidding into the jaws of death.

The next day they set out upon their march. The whole force consisted of eighty *chasseurs* or light cavalry, sixty *cavaliers* or mounted gentlemen, and several hundred *faucheurs*, men armed with scythes. As they moved along, the population hearing their objects, joined to swell their numbers. But the Russians were apprised of their movement, and sent a detachment of infantry to intercept them at Ucinia. These were mowed down by the resolute little troop like so many rushes. They then pushed their way to the fortress of Dünabourg. The commander of that fortress, however, trusting in his strength, sent out two more companies to arrest their march. Emily and her gallant soldiers did not wish to avoid the encounter. At the break of day, on the 4th of April, the two parties met. The Poles rushed to the contest under the guidance of their fair young heroine; they plied their scythes and pikes with the coolness of men who were threshing grain; and in a short while, the Russians were again completely routed. These successes animated Emily to a vigorous attack upon the main encampment. But here the fortune which had attended her previous battles failed. The Russians were far superior in discipline and numbers, and, possessed of artillery and the more efficient species of fire-arms, after a desperate rally, dispersed her little army. She lamented her defeat, but did not retire ingloriously from the career which she had so gloriously com-

menced. Gathering the shattered remains of her corps, she united them to the command of her cousin, Count Plater, quitted the neighborhood where she then was, and attended only by a single follower, a woman, too, Mademoiselle Pruzzynska, hastened to join the insurgents under the guidance of Zaluski. She found that brave man encamped near Smilgi, in the district of Upita. Her reception with some of the troops, those, who had been made acquainted with the boldness of her plans and the promptness of their execution, was enthusiastic in the extreme; but there were others who demurred to the right of a woman to share their councils and dangers. "You are a woman," said the latter to her, willing to put their objections in the mildest form, "and cannot endure the fatigue of a camp. We do not question your talents or your intrepidity, but how can one so delicate and slender bear the constant hardships of marches and battles, nights passed without sleep, and days without rest and without food?" To this, she modestly replied, "I know that my body is weak, but my spirit is strong; nor can I forego the curiosity to witness your courage and success, or the desire to dress the wounds received in a glorious cause, on the very spot on which they may be inflicted." Struck with her whole bearing and conversation, she was shortly admitted to the ranks of the free *chasseurs* of Wilkomir. This corps, composed of many of the principal citizens, who had already given signal proofs of their valor, was proud to enroll her among the number of their recruits, and instantly set about preparing a military fête in honor of the event. In the midst of their rejoicings a sudden firing announced the approach of the enemy. A force of two regiments of cavalry, and one brigade of infantry, fell with violence upon the insurgents, who were just resting from the fatigues of a long march. "These gentlemen," said the commander-in-chief, "are very impolite to break in upon our fête in this abrupt way." "No," answered Emily, "they only come to grace it; to give me an opportunity to show myself worthy of being your companion in arms." In a few minutes the battle raged on both sides. At the outset the Russians were repulsed with great loss. Recovering

their energy, they made a second attempt, and were again driven back in confusion. But when victory appeared to be about to crown the Polish arms, it was discovered that the chasseurs had completely exhausted their cartridges. A panic seized upon the troops who before had fought with so much animation, throwing them into disorder, and compelling the officers to order a retreat. The Russians pursued and cut down all they met. During the whole battle, Emily had been in the front line, passing from rank to rank, braving the severest fire, but cheering her countrymen by her presence and words. When the retreat was sounded, she found herself in a perilous position. Her friends were flying on every side, and the Russians, driving furiously upon the fugitives, seemed to have cut off every mode of escape. Several guns were discharged at her, without effect. Her fortitude did not forsake her; but, perceiving an opportunity to make a desperate flight, she spurred her horse for the effort, and finally succeeded in getting out of the reach of the enemy. She concealed herself in a wood; and towards evening, crawling to the hut of a forester not five hundred yards from the Russian camp, persuaded him to furnish her with a secure lodging for the night. Early the next morning, feeling a little recovered, she departed to join the remnant of Zaluski's followers, on the banks of the Dobbissa; with whom she shared the adventures of the guerrilla warfare which it was the system of the Lithuanian insurrection to maintain, to harass the Russians and keep them engaged, so as to weaken the forces they could send to the main seat of war in Poland. From there, she passed to the corps of Constantine Parzewski, then lying about six leagues from Wilna, upon which they were preparing to make an attack. It was here that she was joined by another female, whose history and fate were similar to her own. This was Mary Raszanowicz, a young girl in the twentieth year of her age, blooming in appearance, frank and gentle in her disposition, and lively in her manners. The identity of sex and feeling soon united her in the closest bonds of friendship with Emily. From the day of their first meeting, they became inseparable, solemnly pledging to each

other to fight side by side, in the cause of their afflicted country—and they kept their faith, until one was called away by death. Together they entered Lithuania with the troops, and together suffered the disasters of the terrible defeat at Kowno. Emily had been raised to the rank of captain, and took an active part in all the operations of the stirring events about her, though unfortunately the effect of her unresting exertions and exposures began at last to make serious inroads on her health.

“In the rank of captain, which the commander-in-chief had conferred on her, Emily saw but the means of being useful to her country; she therefore applied herself to the study of military tactics, and patiently bore the heat of a burning day in June, as well as the chill of nights. She was a model to her men, and the object of their admiration. She seemed endowed with supernatural strength, when all in her was the effect of energy and firm resolve: her frail and delicate health was greatly impaired. Unfortunate woman! thrown as she was into the midst of dangers and fatigues, she, whom nature had destined for the luxury of the boudoir, totally unmindful, as she was, of the comforts of life, she soon experienced the dire effects of her military life upon her delicate constitution. But she was never heard to utter a single word of dissatisfaction, or the least murmur of complaint. She was resolved to abide by all the consequences of the war. She ever kept herself actively employed, and worked as hard as if it had been her inevitable destiny. The first company, the men of which being just arrived, were yet in the freshness of their ardor and patriotism, soon became the choice company of the regiment.”

The following is the account of her participation in the disaster of Kowno, in which Colonel Kiekiernicki, the commander of the place, sacrificed the regiment under his command by an act of imprudence ill-atoned for by the personal gallantry which he afterwards exhibited on the field:

“The enemy, once in possession of the bridge, crossed the river without meeting an obstacle, and rushed at once on the weak columns of the Poles, which they overcame without difficulty. Overwhelmed by numbers and by the artillery, the 25th of the line began to give way; now the ranks are all disordered, the confusion

increases, cartridges are exhausted, and our men, deprived of all the means of resistance, either allow themselves to be butchered by the Russians or seek safety in flight.

“Stationed on the right of the line, Emily Plater maintained her position with her company; she received the charge of the Russians with unflinching firmness; but as the artillery thinned her ranks more and more, she was at last forced to retreat. This intrepid heroine gave not up until the last, and she made the enemy pay dearly for every inch of ground they gained upon her; they fought almost hand to hand.

“Her regiment was nearly all shot down, hardly one-third of it remaining; and although surrounded by the Russians on all sides, yet she continued to fight; but it is no longer for victory nor to break through the battalions of Cossacks that she rushed into the midst of them, in defiance of a thousand deaths; it is to avoid falling alive into the hands of the Russians; she wished to leave them nothing but her dead body.

“Kiekiernicki, the first cause of this bloody slaughter, being closely pursued by the Russians, arrived at the place where our heroine had been so long holding out in such an unequal contest. As soon as he perceived her, he cleared his way to her through the ranks of the enemy, and offering her his horse, entreats her to save a life so precious to the army, and at least spare him the grief of her death. She refused him, but seemed uncertain how to decide for herself. Overcome, at length, by the entreaties of the colonel, and the solicitations of her men, who had formed a fence around her with their own bodies, she retired. It was quite time she did so; her strength being so exhausted as to render her unable to stand any longer; her sword fell from her grasp, she could no longer offer any resistance. But, at last, making a final effort, she gathered her remaining strength, and rushing with a shout into the midst of the Cossacks, she cuts and thrusts, and at length succeeds in opening for herself a path through them, which she covers with their bodies.”

The Lithuanian campaign failed entirely, owing chiefly to the jealousies of the two generals, Gielgud and Chlapowski, and the perhaps equal incompetency of both. After it became manifestly impossible to make head any longer in that province against the overpowering forces of the Russians, it was resolved to divide into three bodies the remains of the little patriot army, as gallant in the *matériel* of its

troops as it was ill-officered in its superior chiefs, with a view to make the best of their way across the Niemen into Poland, there to take part in the last great struggle, for which the war was now concentrating upon the capital, Warsaw. The command of each of these three corps was given to the Generals Chlapowski, Rohland, and Dembinski, respectively. The greatest number—among whom was our young heroine—attached themselves to the command of Chlapowski; under whose guidance they felt confident of effecting a successful return into Poland, where all hoped to clear themselves of the disgrace with which Gielgud had covered the whole army. For this object they were ready to make any sacrifice; the burning of the baggage excited but a slight murmur; and in the anticipation of rejoining the standards of their brethren under the walls of Warsaw, they cheerfully endured their continual marches and want of food and rest. What was their astonishment when, after forced marches for two days and nights, they found themselves led by their commander to the Prussian frontier,—where, halting, they were for the first time informed that their general regarded it as impracticable to reach Poland in safety, and that he thought it his duty to take advantage of the only chance of safety remaining—namely, the protection of Prussia!

Brought to this point, the army found itself cut off from all other possible resource; and, bitter as was the mortification, the neutrality of Prussia having been little better than nominal, the greatest part of them were compelled to follow their unworthy leader into the Prussian territory, where they of course had immediately to lay down their arms. Not so Emily.

When the report first reached her of the destination to which they were about to be led, she refused to believe it, and hastened to Chlapowski himself, to ascertain the truth. At his first words she resigned all hope; but then, in the words of her biographer,

“A sublime scene took place in Chlapowski’s tent. A female, weak and timid, though strong in patriotism, and as full of hatred for the Russians as she was of contempt for cowards and traitors, dared to face him and reproach him with his base, ignominious conduct.

“‘You have betrayed the confidence reposed in you,’ said she to him; ‘you have betrayed the cause of freedom and of our country, as well as of honor. As for myself, I will not follow your steps into a foreign country to expose my shame to strangers. Some blood yet remains in my veins, and I have still left an arm to raise the sword against the enemy. I have a proud heart, too, which never will submit to the ignominy of treason. Go to Prussia! Your representation of our situation does not affright me. I prefer a thousand deaths to dishonor, and I fear not to encounter them while forcing my way through the Russian battalions, in order to go and offer to my country this sword, which I have already raised in her defence, and the sacrifice of my life, if necessary.’”

The same evening she left the army, determined to make her own way, at least, back into Poland. She was accompanied by her inseparable friend, the young Mary Raszanowicz, and her cousin, Count Cæsar Plater, who wished to share the dangers as well as the glory of the noble girl. On the following day Chlapowski surrendered his sword and army to the Prussian authorities, who, says our author, “were astonished to see a Pole lay down his arms.”

The rest of the story of our young heroine we leave for her biographer to tell:

“Ten days after this event, three persons might be seen reclining upon a knoll, surrounded by a marsh and the thick forests of Augustin. They are clad in the common dress of the peasants of the country. They have on coarse linen frocks, and their feet are covered with sandals of bark. But their noble and delicate features betray their real station; and those arms, carefully concealed under their garments, show that they belong to the remains of the Lithuanian army, which the Russians are everywhere in pursuit of. They seem to be impatiently and anxiously waiting for some one, although a profound silence prevails among them, and they are startled at the least noise. “‘Cover your arms, Emily,’ says one of them in a low voice, ‘the air is damp and we have but little powder.’ These are the only words which are uttered during a long and fruitless expectation of three or four hours.

“The sun was beginning to decline, the woods re-echoed the lowings of the flocks, which were leaving their pasture, and the

plaintive and monotonous song of the herdsman, who was leading them back to the village. The evening was dark and cloudy; very soon, a cold, fine rain set in; the young people wrapped themselves up as well as they were able in their miserable frocks, but they did not dare to leave their retreats in order to go to seek shelter in some cottage.

“‘How slow in returning!’ said the youngest of the three, smiling.

“‘Have no fear, Mary,’ was the reply, ‘our guide is a Samogitian, and the faith of the Samogitians has been well proved. Some obstacle, without doubt, has detained him beyond the appointed hour, but he will soon return, and I hope we shall resume our journey to-night.’

“‘That is if he brings us something to eat,’ said Mary; ‘for it is now twenty-four hours since we partook of food, and I feel that I have great need of refreshment.’

“‘Have courage, ladies,’ said Cæsar Plater, smiling, ‘and our misfortunes will soon be ended. Our journey, as you well know, has been thus far difficult and disagreeable, but the most difficult part of it has been accomplished. Thank God and the brave peasants of Samogitia, we have passed the Niemen, that barrier which separated us from Poland, and in a few days, I hope, we shall be in Warsaw.’

“‘A few days yet,’ repeated Emily, casting a look of the deepest sadness upon her limbs, which were bruised and torn by a long journey through marshes and dense forests, and which seemed to refuse to bear her further. The train of sorrowful thoughts which was passing through her mind was interrupted by a sharp and prolonged whistle, and a peasant, about sixty years of age, but still fresh and vigorous, was seen approaching.

“‘God be thanked, my children,’ said he to them, ‘I am somewhat late, but it has been impossible for me to arrive sooner. These Russian dogs seized me, as I was coming out of the wood, and I have passed a very bad quarter of an hour in the hands of these brigands. They were a long time searching me and asking me questions. Fortunately, I belong to the country, and am well known, thank God! So the whole village confirmed my statement, when I told them that I was going to the neighboring village to see my father-in-law, Martin the blacksmith. At last they let me go, and I came off with only a few blows, which God, in his own good time, will, without doubt, return to them.’

“‘The infamous villains!’ cried Mary.

“‘In the meanwhile I have brought you something to eat, and I am very sure you must have great need of it;’ and at the

same time, he drew from his wallet a black loaf, half bran, a piece of cheese, hard as a stone, and a small bottle of brandy. 'All this is not worth much; but it will nevertheless serve to appease hunger in some degree. God knows I feared to take anything more, for fear of exciting the suspicion of these Russians.'

" 'This is better than nothing,' said Mary, gaily, and she began to eat with apparent appetite.

" 'What news, old man?' asked Count Plater. 'Can we soon renew our march?'

" 'Impossible yet, my good sir; the country is full of Russians, who are in pursuit of our brave Pouschet. We must wait until this rabble quits the country, or at least until sleep closes their eyes, so that you may pass, with safety, through these files of Cossacks. In the mean while, take some rest; sleep, and I will awaken you when it will be safe for you to commence your journey.'

" Emily took but little nourishment. For several days a burning fever had consumed her. The blood boiled in her veins, and her hot breath had rendered her lips parched. Her heavy head fell back upon her shoulders, and she felt within her the germ of a malady which she knew would not permit her to pursue her projects, and witness the accomplishment of her beautiful dreams. She concealed, in the mean while, her frightful condition from the unfortunate companions of her journey, and passed whole nights in prayer to God that he would grant her, at least, one thing; that she might behold Warsaw—might see the Polish standard, and then die. Long before daylight the old man called up our pilgrims, and told them it was time to set out. He enjoined on them the most profound silence, and recommended the utmost precaution until they should have passed the Russian camp, along which they had to pass.

" The young people followed their guide in deep silence, hardly venturing to breathe. Thanks to their precautions and the darkness of the night, they succeeded in winding round the camp without alarming the sentinels, whose calls they distinctly heard. Although she felt her illness increase continually, Emily kept up her march, repressing with the greatest care all expression of pain. Fever was consuming her, but still, notwithstanding her lacerated feet, she still continued to advance. The strength of the spirit exceeded that of the body. Patriotism, alone, helped to sustain her, but at last she was obliged to give up. All at once, her sight became dim, her limbs refused to perform their office longer, and she at length fainted.

" 'Great God!' ejaculated the old man. 'Take up your brother, my children, and carry him where I will show you; the Russians will not seek him there.'

" Mary Raszanowicz and the Count Plater took Emily in their arms, and in about a quarter of an hour the mournful train stopped before the door of a miserable-looking hut. It was that of the forester.

" During this unhappy war it was not a rare sight to see insurgents pursued by the Russians, or indeed citizens flying before persecution, soliciting shelter from the peasants, which was always most eagerly granted.

" The arrival, therefore, of these four persons did not astonish the peaceable inhabitants of this poor cottage. The old man entered first, exchanged a few words in Samogitian with the forester and his wife, who instantly arose to furnish aid to the sick one. They placed the cold and pallid body of Emily upon a bed and covered it up warmly, and sought to recall it to life, for she had not yet recovered her sensibility. It was a body in which death and life were sustaining a fierce struggle for the mastery.

" 'Blessed Jesus!' exclaimed the forester's wife, as she was bathing Emily's temples with brandy; 'so young and already so unfortunate! Poor child, he has suffered much.'

" 'May the curse of heaven fall upon the Tzar,' answered the peasants.

" All at once, the woman raised a shriek, which neither Cesar nor Mary understood the reason of.—In her effort to re-animate Emily she had discovered her sex, and the idea immediately occurred to her, that this person could be no other than the Countess Emily Plater, whose exploits she had often heard praised. Admiration and astonishment rendered her, for a moment, mute and motionless.

" She stared in mute contemplation upon the thin and pale face of the dying Emily. She took her husband aside, and communicated to him the curious discovery which she had made, but which she would not make known to any other individual so long as Emily lived.

" They had relinquished all hope of restoring her, when a sudden and convulsive chill pervaded her frame. She then opened her eyes, and perceiving herself in a hut, surrounded by her fellow-travellers, her fainting-fit in the forest came to her recollection, and pressing the hand of her cousin, she said to him, not without effort:

" 'My strength is failing me; I feel that death is not far distant. Continue your journey.—May you reach Warsaw in safety;—you may be able to render,

there, some service to our country. As for me, my career is ended. Grieve no more for poor Emily, she well knows how to die.”

Notwithstanding the low point to which she was reduced, the native strength of her constitution began to recover. She was placed by her cousin under the care of the proprietor of the village, and supplied with medical care and every other provision in his power to make for her safety, while he himself hastened on to Warsaw, where he performed the duty of a gallant patriot in the front ranks of the terrible struggle which the walls of that ill-fated city witnessed. Count Cæsar Plater is now living in exile, in Paris. Emily, meanwhile, was slowly convalescing in her impatient retirement, where she was secreted under the name of Mademoiselle Korawinska, still attended by her faithful friend and companion-in-arms, Mary Raszanowicz. The disasters that resulted in the surrender of Warsaw, through the treachery of the infamous Krukowiecki, have not yet ceased to be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. Poland fell, and her lovely and glorious young child did not and could not survive her:

“All these events closely followed each other, and becoming known to the citizens of the distant provinces, destroyed their deeply-cherished hopes. This sad news was kept with the most scrupulous care from the knowledge of Emily, in the apprehension that it would produce a relapse which might prove fatal. But all precaution proved fruitless. The overwhelming intelligence of the Poles having sought refuge in Prussia reached her ears, and gave her the fatal blow. Her soul, identified with the existence of Poland, refused to inhabit longer its shattered tenement, worn out by fatigues and sufferings; and all that medical skill could possibly effect was to prolong for a few miserable days an existence which had become hateful to her since she had learned that Poland, her beloved country, had been enslaved again. She could not longer dwell on that soil which had, once more, fallen into the possession of barbarians, who would overwhelm its enslaved inhabitants with wo. Her heart was broken, and her noble soul disdained an existence which henceforth was to be replete with misery and suffering. She had no wish to live any longer; all her ties with this

world were rent asunder, and, therefore, it was with feelings of gladness that she saw the approach of death. Hardly anything in the world could have induced her to sacrifice the freedom of her own dear Poland, which, in her own imagination, she had so long considered free and happy, but now trampled under the feet of two hundred thousand Russians, and, like herself, breathing her last.

“Feeling the approach of her last hour, after having submitted herself to God’s holy will, and received the last consolations of religion, she asked for her arms. She seized them with a feeble grasp, and a burning tear escaped from her eyelid. Her look seemed for a moment to express regret. Alas! all she regretted and wept for, was that she had failed in saving her country, and that she was unable to serve that country longer. Unwilling to be separated from her arms, she requested that they might be placed in her tomb; and in the very act of pressing them close to her heart, she expired. Her last breath was a supplication to the Supreme Being, that he would vouchsafe to take under his holy protection her suffering compatriots, who, less fortunate than herself, remained exposed to the vengeful ire of their tyrants, as well as her unhappy country, which Heaven seemed to have forsaken.”

She died on the 23d December, 1831. Her obsequies were as simple as they were sorrowful. The whole country being in the possession of the despot, there were few to follow her remains to their last repose. She was privately buried, like a precious relic, which her poor and afflicted friends were endeavoring to hide from the rude gaze of the stranger and the foe. A small wooden cross was placed at the head of the grave, which was covered with a white stone slab, and all that exists to tell of her brilliant life and sad death, is engraved upon it in the simple word

“EMILIA.”

Poland has yet to raise her monument—but it must be that Poland she so earnestly panted to call into existence—Poland again Free. Till the arrival of that hour, let her rest where she is still lying, while her memory shall remain imperishably embalmed in the admiration and sympathy of every heart that can know a throb at the sacred names of Patriotism and Liberty, wherever those words exist, or such hearts are to be found, on the face of the globe.

THE STARS THAT HAVE SET IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

NO. IV.—SCHILLER.

THERE was a time in Germany when the name of Schiller was not repeated without the name of Goethe, and every one who pronounced it attempted with eagerness to draw a parallel between those two poets, though they followed very different paths, and may be said only to have met towards the close of Schiller's life. The subject of these remarks displayed high poetical talents at a very early age, but the laws of the *karl-schule* being exceedingly severe, and tending particularly to restrain the free will of the students, these were rather suppressed than encouraged. Nevertheless, (or, may it not be said, in consequence of their influence?) Schiller there imagined the plan of his famous tragedy, "The Robbers," and wrote the greater part of it clandestinely. After having finished the course of his studies, he entered the service of the reigning Duke of Stuttgart, as regimental surgeon, and completed his tragedy, which he got printed without the permission of his superiors. This was a cause of trouble and vexation to him, and he was threatened with the fate which poor Shubarth had suffered—a ten years' imprisonment on the Hohen-Asberg for some indiscreet verses. He therefore resolved to fly, and to leave his country till better days should come. His first sojourn, after having quitted Würtemberg in the year 1782, was at Mannheim, where he was appointed poet to the theatre; but he did not remain there long, and lived successively at Dresden, Leipzig, and lastly at Weimar. The late Grand Duke, eager to protect distinguished men, conferred upon him a professorship at the University of Jena, which post he occupied from the year 1789 to 1799, with the greatest credit to himself; but his health made it necessary for him to relinquish it. He returned to Weimar, and died there on the 9th of May, 1805, having lived too short a life for the friends who adored him, and for Germany, which considered him as one of the greatest poets of the age, and the reformer, if not the creator, of German tragedy. The words

which his great contemporary and intimate, Goethe, spoke over his grave, bear a testimony to his merits which, as long as the German language is spoken, will be acknowledged as true, just, and in every respect due to him.

Strictly speaking, Schiller was, perhaps, even a greater poetical idealist than Goethe. With more than Heine's felicitousness of language, and not inferior to Goethe himself in truth and tenderness of feeling, he had gifts in addition, which justly entitled him to take the pre-eminence over all but one.

No poet had ever the power of dignifying little things more by his manner of treating them, or of composing from the inconsiderable floating incidents of the day creations of such imperishable splendor. Goethe had, undoubtedly, more of the cleverness of one who wished to be a fine writer, and therefore was not loth occasionally to mix up with the pure ore of real passion a proportion of the alloy of fiction and pretence, in order to make it fitter for receiving the stamp and impress of his genius. Schiller seldom does this. There is a freshness and nature in his conceptions which could only be derived from a constant irrigation of the living and flowery currents of the heart. It is true that the soul of all his creations lies in his ideal characters; that he not only paints man, but man in his highest moral beauty and elevation; and that it was almost impossible for him to give the high and honorable name of poetry to any work which does not idealize man. But his ideals are at the same time true, and no German poet knew like him to unite moral and poetical interest. We have no picture of virtue more poetical than his—no poet more virtuous than he. His heroes are distinguished by a nobleness of nature which shows itself in action as a pure and perfect beauty. There is something in them which excites a pious worship; this beam of heavenly light, falling into the obscurity of earthly perverseness, shines with higher splendor. The angel of God is the more beautiful amongst the

detestable faces of hell. The first secret of this beauty is that angelic *innocence* which dwells eternally in noble natures; and this nobleness of innocence returns with the same celestial features of a pure and youthful angel in all the great poems of Schiller. The second secret of the beauty of his ideal characters lies in their dignity—their high-mindedness. His heroes and heroines never disown that pride and dignity which attest an elevated nature, and everything which they utter bears the stamp of generosity and of inborn nobleness. The *fire of noble passions* constitutes the third and highest secret of beauty in his poetical creations. Every heart is invaded by this fire; it is the flame of sacrifice to the heavenly powers—the vestal fire guarded by the initiated in the temple of God.

Nothing that is great can thrive without the ardor of noble passions, either in life or in poetry. Every genius owns its celestial light, and all his productions are penetrated by it. Schiller's poetry, therefore, seems a strong and generous wine; all his works sparkle with the noblest sentiments. The ideal beings which he created are the genuine children of his own glowing heart, and beams of his own fire. He is the strongest and purest of all poets, and the love his spirit has painted, and which he most intensely felt himself, is likewise the chastest and holiest of all. In his soul could abide no wrong, and he enters armed into the lists to fight for eternal justice. He teaches, an inspired poet, the holy doctrine of that blessing which dwells with justice, and the curse of that evil which inevitably follows injustice. Liberty, inseparable from justice, was, therefore, the most precious treasure of his heart. There is no poet who painted immortal freedom with such heavenly inspiration and such purity and disinterestedness.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that Schiller's style is, in every way, worthy of his mind and of his poetical conceptions. "Le style c'est l'homme," says Buffon, and this sentence proved never so true as with him. He showed the nobleness of the German language; the dialogue which he introduced upon the stage has ever since been a standard with Germans, and will always be

a model of tragic elocution. There is a vigor, a softness, and a charm, in Schiller's poetry, which are unequalled; and his verses overflow with a melodious harmony that has not been surpassed, though Germans may, with due right, boast of the progress which their language has made since the time when he flourished.

There are three periods to be noticed in his dramatic works. The first is that in which "The Robbers," "Don Carlos," "Fiesco," "Cabal and Love" (*Kabale und Liebe*) were written. These tragedies are the free productions of a mighty and irregular genius, who feels that a new path is to be opened, but is still in want of an experienced guide. It was easy to see in these early works extraordinary breadth and dramatic power, and life-like vigor of character, and yet feel that he overflowed with words, said a hundred idle things, and pursued dialogues till they grew tedious and wanted coherence and proportion. The language is sometimes too lofty and elaborate; there is an artificial sustenance about it, which lifts it above the rough unstudied vigor of the language of actual life; but the genius of the poet shows itself surpassingly fertile in combinations, and quick in the invention of incident. If the plant is to be judged by its fruit, Schiller's genius might be considered at this time as a kind of passion-flower, planted in a luxuriant soil, but left to wander about at its own will, without pruning, direction, or support; and consequently running wild and to waste, and producing few leaves and scarcely any blossoms.

During the second period appeared his "Wallenstein," where he seems to have found the leader he wanted:—it was philosophy, which threw a new light over poetry and the fine arts, and taught that the drama should represent the struggle of the individual with fate. We do not go too far in our admiration of one of the human mind's noblest efforts when we say that no writer of any age or country ever produced a finer work than "Wallenstein." As a study of character, a record of feeling, and a narrative of action, it is unrivalled. In this drama he has exhibited such force of nature, such knowledge of the world, and painted so vividly the light and shade of passion, that we know of no one

who can be named with him. In the pathetic scenes he resembles Shakspeare; his dialogues are full of thought; he is no dealer in splendid nothings, nor does he seek to dip his thoughts in the obsolete hues of antiquity; in the plot and distribution of time, he avails himself of the liberties of the romantic drama, while in many things else he resembles the stern, statue-like drama of the classic era. Some of the characters might be studied in the presence of the antique statues, for their heroic dignity and perfect individuality of representation. He does not tell us what was, but, sculptor-like, he shows us what is. He neither hides his hero under the dazzling splendor of a coat armorial, nor overwhelms the distinct beauty of his thoughts in the flowers of embellished language; and yet the poetry is rich and glowing, and there is a picturesque splendor in its imagery, and a luxuriance of fancy, such as few have equalled.

"Wallenstein" has been translated into English by one of the master-spirits of our age of poetry, whose own deep and sad philosophy,—whose own views of metaphysics, made him a poet worthy to be the Python of oracles in another tongue. Not having, however, Mr. Coleridge's beautiful version at hand, we will endeavor, with all humbleness of spirit, to illustrate our meaning by substituting our own translation of some of those splendid passages with which the play abounds. The following selections are full of lofty sentiments, and may suffice to show—what we have said,—that the muse of Schiller has all the serene dignity and austere composure of an antique statue:

"MAX.

Ye call a spirit in the hour of need;
And when it rises, then ye shake and shudder!

With you th' uncommon and sublime
must be

Done calmly, as a thing of course. But in
The field all is rapidity. The personal
Must influence—man's own eye behold.

The leader

With every boon of nature must be gifted,
Then let him live in their free exercise—
The oracle within—the living spirit—
Not musty books, and old forgotten forms—
Not mould'ring parchments—must he call
to council.

"OCTAVIO.

My son! despise not these old narrow
forms.

Precious invaluable weights are they,
With which oppress'd mankind have over-
hung

The tyrannizing will of their oppressors:
For arbitrary power was ever terrible.
The way of order, though it lead through
windings,

Is still the best. Right forward goes the
lightning—

Straight cleaves the cannon-ball its mur-
d'rous way—

Quick by the nearest course it gains its
goal,

Destructive in its path and in its purpose.
My son! the peaceful track which men
frequent,

The path where blessings most are scat-
ter'd, follows

The river's course, the valley's gentle
bendings,

Encompasses the corn-field and the vine-
yard,

Revering property's appointed bounds,
And leading slow but surely to the mark."

"OCTAVIO.

There is a worth,

My son, beyond the worth of warrior;

In war itself the object is not war.

The great, the rapid deeds of human
power—

The glory and the wonder of the moment—

It is not these, alas! that minister

Lasting repose or happiness to man.

Sudden the wand'ring soldier comes, and
builds

Of canvass his light town, and soon is heard
The busy hum and movement of the crowd;

The market throngs, the roads and rivers
near

Are cover'd with their freight, and trade
is busy.

But, lo! some morrow dawns, and all is
gone;

The tents are struck—the troop hath
march'd away—

Dead as a churchyard is the land around,
All desolate the trampled seed-field lies,
And wasted is the harvest of the year.

"MAX.

O, Father, that the Emperor could make
peace!

This blood-stained laurel would I change
with joy

For the first violet of early spring,

The fragrant pledge of the reviving year!"

"MAX.

O life,

My father, life has charms we know not
of!

We have but cruised along its barren
coasts,

Like some wild, wandering horde of law-
less pirates,

That in their narrow, noisome vessel, pent

On the rude ocean, with rude manners
 dwell;
 Naught of the main-land knowing, but the
 bays,
 Where they may risk their predatory
 landing.
 The treasures that within its peaceful
 vales
 The inner land conceals—of these—of
 these
 Nought in our stormy circuit have we seen.”

• • • • •
 “MAX.

O blessed day! when, at the last, the
 soldier
 Turns back to life, and is again a man;
 For the blythe route the banners are un-
 fur'l'd,
 And homeward beats the melting march
 of peace;
 When every cap and helmet is bedeck'd
 With boughs, the latest plunder of the
 fields:
 The city's gates fly open of themselves—
 They need no longer the petard to burst
 them:
 The walls are circled with rejoicing thou-
 sands,
 With peaceful people greeting i' the air;
 Clear sounds from every tower the bell
 that peals
 The jocund vespers of the days of blood:
 From towns and villages comes streaming
 forth
 A shouting throng, with loving eagerness
 And importunity their march impeding.
 There, happy that he lives to see the day,
 The old man shakes his son's returning
 hand.
 A stranger he comes back unto his own,
 His long-forsaken home. With spreading
 boughs
 The tree o'er shadows the long-absent man,
 Which oft the boy had bent ere he depart-
 ed;
 And, bashful blushing, comes a maid to
 meet him,
 Whom at the nurse's breast a child he left.
 O happy he for whom a door like this,
 Soft arms like these, shall open to unfold
 him!”

The valuable discovery which Schil-
 ler had made in the second period of
 his writings was followed rather too
 anxiously, and the poet was often led
 astray by the philosopher; for to his
 natural gifts were added extensive ac-
 quirements, on almost all subjects con-
 nected with abstruse as well as elegant
 learning,—the whole tempered by a
 mild simplicity of heart and manners as
 rare as it is delightful. That such a
 man should be content to let any por-

tion of his life melt away in dreamy
 contemplation, was more to be lamented
 than wondered at, considering the
 constitution of poor human nature, and
 the subjection in which it is held by
 the existing institutions of society.
 Schiller had been bred up, too, in a
 school where contemplation is suffer-
 ed, if not trained, to take place of ac-
 tion; and where the chief study seems
 to be directed to the discovery of what
ought to be: leaving what *may be*, and
 what *is*, as matters of comparative in-
 difference. Accordingly, he soon began
 to evince considerable delight in the
 metaphysical and the obscure; and not
 being plain enough for the public, his
 reputation suffered for a season with
 the crowd, though not at all in the
 opinion of those who can appreciate
 the true beauties of imagination. In
 the third period, however, the poet
 gained the superiority; and “*Maria*
Stuart,” “*William Tell*,” &c., were
 the results of this victory: but an un-
 timely death snatched away this great
 man in the midst of his career, before
 he had gained the height which he
 would certainly have attained if fate
 had granted him longer life.

In his lyrical poetry Schiller gives
 too much way to rhetorical artifices,
 and his minor poems, particularly his
 songs, are deficient in that simplicity
 which is so peculiar to Goethe's pro-
 ductions of this kind:—they are more
 fit for declamation than for singing;
 nevertheless, they are all the true ex-
 pressions of his noble and elevated
 mind, and this continues, and will al-
 ways continue to make them popular
 with the young, particularly those of
 the fair sex. It would be very difficult,
 indeed, to find a young man or a young
 lady in Germany, who is not the most
 decided admirer of Schiller, and does
 not prefer his works to those of all
 other poets, whatever they may have
 written. And, in fact, to read and en-
 ter into the spirit of this poet, is to be
 living in a world “not made with
 hands, immortal, above the heavens.”
 To the young, it is to feel that they will
 for ever remain young; and to those
 who have ceased to be so, it is to be-
 come so again. It is to drink the wine
 of human existence without the lees;
 to inhale the perpetual breath of
 spring and summer in our native place;
 to wander hither and thither on the
 banks of the sweet stream of life, as it

goes leaping, and singing, and sparkling along among the pleasant hills, before it has yet reached the flat plain through which it is to keep and stagnate along the rest of its dull, dreary course;—it is to be carried back, as in a dream, “to that imperial palace whence we came,” and whence we have wandered like children from their home.

His martial lyrics especially have much passionate energy, united to regularity and classic elegance; a concise vigor, a glowing rapidity of words, and such liquid harmony of versification as make them more than a match for all kindred compositions, save the “Bruce’s Address” of Burns, and the “Donuil Dhu” of Scott. They have, likewise, a tenderness which softens the rigors of war, and calls upon us, amid the earthquake voice of victory, to sympathize with the fortunes of the vanquished and the fallen. With all his love for luxurious adornment, he can sometimes lay it all aside, and be as simple and chaste as the purest touches of pathos, and the most tender breathings of sentiment require; while there is always to be discovered, throughout, a vigorous and healthful perception of truth and beauty, and their opposites, as they really exist in nature. From all which it is evident that Schiller saw things through a brightening and embellishing medium, only because he desired and chose so to see them. Probably it arose from those two opposite dispositions so happily blended together, that in this poet there was none of that dreamy and diseased melancholy which infects the writings of some of his most popular contemporaries, and which in a great degree counteracts the purifying and ennobling effects which might otherwise result from their perusal and study. His most honorable qualities—those which bestowed a high dignity on him, both as man and as poet—are the nobility of his mind, the purity of his virtue, his hatred against vice and injustice, and his warm love of liberty.

Schiller himself would probably have been the first to confess, that nature had not gifted him with the power of originating grand and lofty conceptions—as she had his great contemporary, Goethe; but she has, perhaps, more than compensated him for this in other respects. If she has not lifted him to the rank of a conqueror and a king in her domi-

nions, she has, perhaps, done better for him, by placing him among the number of her favorites and bosom friends—by initiating him into her most hidden mysteries, and making him acquainted with her secret thoughts—by condescending to lead him by the hand through all her private haunts, and point out to him the objects of her minutest cares—by peeping with him into those secluded nooks and dim recesses which she hides from prouder eyes, and into which they would disdain to look; but where lie all the brightest gems, and all the sweetest flowers which she uses to deck her every-day robe, (which is also her most becoming one,) and where she gathers the materials for all those little home-made cates on which she delights to feed her humble-hearted worshippers. In short, she has gifted him with that better than Ithuriel’s spear, whose touch reveals the beauty which exists in everything.

We have already observed that Schiller’s poetical enthusiasm was of a more purely ideal character than any that ever belonged to so rich and lofty a mind as that with which he was gifted: so much so, indeed, that it amounted to nothing short of fanaticism; and it threatened at one time to annul, as fanaticism always does, (at least as it respects others,) all the real practical value of the powers and acquirements to which it was linked—for they could not lie idle, but must be working either for good or evil. In this respect he strongly resembled Shelley, who never could be made to see any beauty but in the ideal forms that were perpetually thronging through his imagination—no truth but in the abstraction of his own mind—no value or virtue but in that which was not. With the world in which we live,—the forms and objects that are about us, and the actual things that nature and custom together have made us,—he had no real concern or sympathy whatever. Poetry with him was formed of the mere images of a shadowy world, floating in the mind of the poet, and by him breathed forth in volumes of misty vapor—like the human breath received into a dense atmosphere, which only becomes visible from the extraneous matter that is mingled with it, and which disappears in the same moment that it appears.

There is this great difference, however, between these two poetical idealists. Shelley's works are of so purely abstracted a character, that notwithstanding the splendid poetry interspersed throughout them, they never can become popular, because they must for ever remain unintelligible to the great majority of even poetical readers. They seem intended to shadow forth certain portions of a peculiar system of ethical philosophy, which the writer had adopted; and to develop some of the means by which that system might be brought to bear on nature and society, and some of the ends that would result in consequence. But all this is done in so abstruse, and at the same time so desultory a manner, that without a running commentary on the text as it proceeds, it must be impossible for the general reader to make out the drift of it. On the contrary, Schiller's mind was so purely and exclusively a poetical one, and it was so rich in all the collateral aids by which poetry is brought out and made tangible to others, that, as it respects his readers, the poetry of his writings is everything, and the philosophy of them absolutely nothing. The latter was only used as a medium of diffusing the poetry, or a means of making it palatable with a nation, who he knew would not be satisfied with merely admiring the beauty of the outward covering, but are too apt to look upon poetry as only the garb in which metaphysical speculations, and other matters considered of infinitely more importance than poetry, should be dressed.

It may with justice be said, however, that true poetry and true philosophy, however sincere a love they may bear towards each other, cannot express themselves intelligibly in one and the same language,—still less through the medium of each other; and when they are seeking for admirers and followers, they do well not to go hand in hand—for we are never in a mood to love them both at the same time: and yet the presence of both will always so distract and divide our attention, that it will be not worth

possessing by either. Whatever intrinsic value there may be in Shelley's doctrines,—and of this we do not pretend to judge, because we are not quite sure that we thoroughly understand them,—he soon found that poetry was not the proper medium through which to develop and enforce them. Whereas Schiller had accomplished all the practical good that can possibly be done in the world through the medium of poetry, and he only wasted the powers of his rich and resplendent mind on what eventually proved only a torment to himself, and to others, an empty speculation. There was also one point relative to Shelley's personal character and opinions that is worth mentioning here, because it affords a curious example of inconsistency either in feeling or in reasoning; for it must be from one or other of these sources that he derived the different articles of his philosophical creed. He had a faith in the abstract existence of every conceivable moral beauty and virtue under heaven: for no other reason than any one can divine, but that he could nowhere find any of these things in perfection in actual life; and he disbelieved and denied the existence of a supreme and controlling Deity, *for the very same reason!* He had a firm faith in every good thing, except that identical one which alone requires faith.*

We have said that Schiller's genius was not so excursive and comprehensive as that of Goethe. But over all subjects that came within the sphere of its operation it exercised more absolute control. It pierced into their essences with an eye made doubly keen by universal kindness and love; and was perpetually discovering in them, and bringing forth to the sight of others, what never can be found but through the *desire* of finding it, and what perhaps, in some instances, only exists through that; but which does not, therefore, the less really exist for all the purposes of instruction and delight. Schiller wrote as if he believed Nature to be more poetical in herself than all the devices of man could make her; and was, therefore, content to be her

* Taking a somewhat different view of Shelley as a great poet, from that here expressed, we propose at an early day to make him and his works the subject of an article, in which we shall endeavor to make him somewhat better known to our readers, in his true poetical character, than is now probably the case with respect to most of them.—ED. D. R.

interpreter, where others sought to be her teacher and guide. And perhaps it is true that more is to be learned by silently listening to her voice, and earnestly watching her slightest motions, than even by walking hand in hand with her, taking part with her in talk, and occasionally disputing a point with her: for if the latter teaches us to cavil cleverly or dispute successfully, the former does still better for us, in making us kind, humble, tolerant, susceptible, and sincere.

Another of Schiller's characteristics is, the extreme directness and simplicity of the means he takes to arrive at his poetical ends. Indeed, there is no doubt that he carried this to a faulty extent. He saw everything so clearly and so vividly himself, that he thought nothing more was needed to make others see in the same manner, than to place it before them in the same aspect in which it may happen to have presented itself to him. But he was mistaken in this opinion, or rather feeling—for such it is. If this were true, there would have been no need for him to write at all. He is not a poet, unless he makes obvious to others, things which they could never have seen without his intervention,—not without the intervention of a *poet*, but of *him*, individually. A writer may see and point out poetry to others, without being himself a poet. Strictly speaking, a poet is such only in so far as he has *created* that which would, and, in fact, *could*, never have existed, but for him. This may at first seem inconsistent with what we have said above, as to Schiller's characteristic power of detecting and making known the poetry that exists in nature, and his being satisfied to serve as her interpreter; but we do not think it is so. There may be twenty different translations of a sentence; and, though the actual *dry meaning* may be the same in all, the feelings and associations excited and called forth by each will be different from those of all the others. It is the same in interpreting the language of nature. Every one who is a poet will interpret her differently, not only from all other men, but from all other poets; and, in so doing, will create images and sensations which would not in any other case have existed. Perhaps this may be taken as one of the criterions of genius. Without

this power, a man may occasionally write what will be poetry to others, but he is not a poet.

There are many German critics who do not hesitate to pronounce Schiller a much more pleasing poet than his great contemporary, Goethe; but we suppose his most enthusiastic admirers will not demand for him the title of the greatest. He is the only German poet, however, who is deserving of being placed side by side on the same lofty pedestal with the author of *Faust*. It is true, that the poetry of Schiller does not bear us away with it, from the world in which we live, and "the thing we are," and place us among the sounds and images and fancies of other spheres. But, if it cannot make us see "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," or snatch the "prisoned soul" from its fleshy dungeon, "and lap it in elysium;" it can revive the visions of our fancy, and cast a halo of radiance round the forms our memory has consecrated. It can bring back the days of our childhood, and help us to carry forward those days into after life, by clothing the whole moral and visible world in a mantle of impossible beauty, or causing it to burst upon us *again* in all the freshness of a new creation. It can restore "the glory to the grass, the splendor to the flower." It can breathe into us that lofty and ideal purity of thought and principle, which, if it makes us yearn after and adore what *may be*, never seeks to make us despise what actually *is*. It can do these, and a thousand other things, which the imagination of a great poet, acting on and acted upon by that of his readers, can. It comes to us in our homes on the face of the earth, and makes us content with them—it meets us with a smile, and, what is better, makes us meet others with a smile—it shows us what is good and beautiful, and teaches us to love that goodness and beauty wherever we find them. In short, if Schiller has not that transcendent genius which can lift us from the realities of daily life into the very sky of poetry, he can at least make us see the reflections of that sky in the waters of our own earth, and hear the echoes of its music in the song of our own birds, and fancy we feel its airs in the breezes that come about us in our own bowers.

In speaking of Schiller we find it

very difficult to separate his two characters of prose writer and poet: nor does it seem necessary that we should; for all his prose works bear the genuine stamp of his noble mind, and the holy fervor of his endeavors. His philosophical essays, though the investigations of later times have discovered some errors in his principles, have nevertheless exercised an immense influence upon the literature of his country, and may, upon the whole, be recommended for models of style in scientific composition. Like Thomas Babington Macaulay, he united high imagination with deep sagacity—a feeling of the tender and the touching, with a love of the sharp and the satiric; which, however, he seldom suffered to prevail, except on fitting occasions; when he did not content himself with flashes of wit and strokes of irony,—which were only the accompaniments of his argument, as rain and tempest are of thunder and fire,—but flayed his victim alive while he showed him in the wrong, and then anointed him with nitric acid and oil of vitriol. This was the way he served the celebrated Gottfried August Bürger, undoubtedly the greatest poet of the *Göttinger Dichterbund*. Unhappy man! there was a time, when, as a poet, he was the favorite of his countrymen, but he was not permitted the happiness of taking this consciousness to the grave with him, for some years before his death Schiller had shrewdly searched out the weak points of Bürger's poetical works, and displayed them to the notice of the German people.

As a historian, Schiller distinguishes himself by the brilliancy and vivacity of his pictures; but he wants that calmness and clear-sightedness which the chronicler of other times ought to pos-

sess: in this respect he is far too dramatic, and not epic enough. But the scientific skill of a commander is visible in all his motions; he sees, as with the eye of an eagle from the cloud, the whole country spread before him; he makes himself familiar with its mountains, its vales, its forests, its strengths natural and artificial; he looks on the people and their condition—weighs the noble against the knave, and then proceeds to relate the fortunes of the land in its greatest contest for freedom with the great conquerors of modern times. Some German writers have questioned his accuracy, and charged him with high coloring. His greatest fault, however, appears to have been his love of country,—his love of national independence. He wrote in the spirit of a freeman: he sought out every means of making his readers wiser and happier, by making them more conscious of the causes of their own faults and follies, and more tolerant towards those of others, and at the same time more alive to the innumerable sources of delight that exist within themselves, and everywhere about them, covered, but not concealed by the thick veil of habit and custom. We fear that it never could yet be said of any popular and professed author, that the fulfilment of this desire was the *predominant* object of his writings. But we are of opinion, if ever it could be said of any one, it may of Schiller. We are certain, at least, that this is the predominant *tendency* of his works, when they are read in the spirit in which they were written, and with eyes not blinded to the wisdom of simplicity, and feelings not deadened to a perception of the innate goodness of our common nature.

L. F. T.

A DREAM.

A LOVELY Dream descended once to me,
Bright as some revelation sent from heaven,
Such as in olden time there used to be
To the rapt trance of seer or poet given.

Alone, amid a far unbounded waste,
 Faint, slow and sad, methought I held my way ;
 Dark the wild path my bleeding steps had traced,
 Darker before them onward still it lay.

While through the shadows that encompassed it,
 Shrouding alike its outset and its close,
 Myriads of fearful phantom shapes did flit,
 Doubts, terrors, passions, sorrows, sins, and woes.

They hemmed me round—they shook my soul with dread—
 For every step they strewed a subtler snare—
 For each that as I braved it shrieked and fled,
 A thousand yet more fearful still were there.

And I had sunk, but for one glimmering Star,
 Of Hope and Faith, that led the weary way—
 But ah, through that wild gloom how faint and far
 On my earth-darkened vision shone the ray !

When sudden, lo ! beside me stood a Form,
 Whether of heaven or earth I might not guess,
 For oh, how bright methought it beamed, and warm
 With earth's and heaven's mingled loveliness !

Thought on her brow, as on an ivory throne,
 Sat pure and high, that scarce beseemed her youth,
 While from her eyes a holy radiance shone
 Of innocence and tenderness and truth.

Lowly, yet with rapt fervor, to my knee,
 Half worship and half passion, did I bend
 To that sweet Shape—in which so wondrously
 All love and loveliness did seem to blend.

And gently then her worshipper to raise,
 The Vision smiled, and stretched her hand—when, lo,
 As met our spirits in one kindling gaze,
 Methought her being into mine did flow.

And into hers my soul did pass from me,
 While each its separate self could yet retain—
 Blent and commingled thus mysteriously
 That sacred Twain in One and One in Twain.

And I was changed—how gloriously !—as though
 New life a new creation did inspire,
 And through my veins meseemed did stream and glow
 Swift tides as of some fine ethereal fire.

And I became, by gazing ever on
 That radiant purity which thus on me
 Like a soft halo from the Vision shone,
 Almost like her through love's sweet sympathy.

High thoughts and noble sprang within my mind,—
 Glowed my new heart with all of good and pure,—
 Infinite love, for all of human kind,
 Infinite power, to dare and to endure.

Then shrank the darkness, like a shrivelled scroll,
 That late upon the desert path did brood,—
 Shrank each wild shape that had appalled my soul,
 From that blest Presence by my side that stood.

And all the mighty mystery of Life,
 That once bewildered, stood revealed, in Love;
 As when o'er the dark Void's wild-whirling strife
 Creation's word of harmony did move,—

And lo! a world of bliss and beauty starts
 To its bright being—and mid Eden's bowers
 First meet the throbs of loving human hearts,
 And heaven is strewn with stars and earth with flowers.

So now beneath the Star's unclouded ray,
 The guiding Star of Bethlehem's lowly Child,
 Hand clasped in hand, methought we took our way,
 Through the bright Paradise that round us smiled.

Such was the Dream—quick fled to heaven again!
 Yet ah, 'twas not wild fancy's web alone,—
 The desert and the pilgrim still remain,
 Left darker by the light for ever gone!

LINES

TO TELL WHY I LOVE THE STARS, THE BIRDS, AND THE FLOWERS.

I LOVE the stars—for methinks their light,
 Through the calm blue deep of the holy night,
 Like glimpses of heaven to mortals gleaming,
 Beams like the ray from the soft eyes beaming
 Of my Lady bright.

I love the birds—for methinks I hear
 In the gush of their melodies sweet and clear
 The thrill of those accents whose joyous ringing
 Sings to my heart like an angel's singing,
 Of my Lady dear.

I love the flowers—for methinks they wear
 The stolen hues of that beauty rare,
 And their fragrance, its balm to the breeze bequeathing,
 Breathes like the sigh from the sweet lips breathing
 Of my Lady fair.

But oh, fairer to me and brighter far,
 Is my Lady than flower or bird or star;
 For within her soul dwelleth ever a light,
 Of whose radiance all things that are fair and bright,
 Methinks but the shadows are.

CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.*

THE publication of these splendid volumes must be eagerly welcomed by all those—and their name is legion—who enjoyed the opportunity and privilege of visiting Mr. Catlin's exhibition of Indian portraits and curiosities while he remained in this country; while to those who have been less fortunate it will go far to serve as some equivalent for their loss. It may in truth be esteemed the most valuable work on the inhabitants of the vast untrodden west which has been as yet produced. For although many have rambled over the prairies, and dwelt in the tents of the Sioux and the Pawnee; and occasional travellers have given to the world their "Impressions of the West," or "Reminiscences of the Prairies," none other than Mr. Catlin has combined the pencil with the pen, and placed so vividly before the eye of the reader a double portraiture of the wild personages of whom he writes, and the scenes of his adventures.

Of the truthfulness of his representations there can be little or no doubt, for they have been confirmed by many of the inhabitants of the western frontier; and we had once in person the pleasure of witnessing a recognition of many of the landscapes and portraits collected by Mr. Catlin, by a party of Sioux warriors who passed through New York several years since, and whose likenesses afterwards adorned the walls of the Exhibition. Mr. Catlin himself seems peculiarly adapted to describe, as well as to paint, the life of the savage, and in the pursuit of his favorite study has become so enamored of the free and roving life through which it has led him, as to seem himself, if we may be allowed the expression, at least *semi-indianized*.

A perusal of his volumes can hardly fail to recall to the reader's mind the old fable of the man and the lion, and to suggest the idea that the lions have at last taken their turn at painting. He contrasts the regular habits and systematic progress of the whites

most unfavorably with the careless and hardy life of the sons of the forest; and, in his strong Indian partiality, hardly does justice to the bold and untiring backwoodsmen who are daily extending the boundaries of the eastern civilisation. He lays at their door the whole of the vices and bad habits of all the Indian tribes, while he forgets that they are at least as ready to receive as the whites to give, the evils of that civilisation, while its advantages they despise and consider as only fit for women and Pale-faces. Our author pours forth eloquent lamentations on the advances of the settlers, and paints in glowing colors the high spirit and noble traits of the savages who as yet have been almost unvisited by civilized man; and dilates in one place with great apparent satisfaction on the appearance and manners of a warrior of the Blackfoot tribe, Pe-toh-pe-kiss or "Eagle's Ribs" by name, who "deliberately boasted of eight scalps which he said he had taken from traders and trappers with his own hand."

The predatory habits of the Indians are denied by Mr. Catlin, almost on the same page in which he strives to account satisfactorily for the plundering of a party of traders on their way to Astoria; whose horses were stolen by the "Crows" because the party did not choose to traffic with them, and dispose of goods intended for another market. The defence of the plunderers reminds one of Le Balafré, in Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*, who offers to maintain at the point of the sword that "driving a speargh or so is no robbery." In this one respect we are inclined to think that our author is carried away by his enthusiasm; and though he says that he was welcomed generally in their country, and treated to the best they could give him, without charge for his board; that they often escorted him through their enemies' country at some hazard to their lives, and aided him in passing mountains and rivers with his baggage; and that

* Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians. By Geo. Catlin. Written during eight years travel amongst the wildest tribes of Indians in North America, in 1832, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, and 39. In two volumes, with four hundred illustrations, carefully engraved from his original paintings. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1841.

under all these circumstances no Indian ever betrayed him, struck him a blow, or stole from him a shilling's worth of property, yet it appears somewhat problematical whether his character as a "medicine man," derived from his skill in painting, did not contribute to his safety at least as much as any abstract principles of honor or morality in his red friends.

This over-enthusiasm for savage life forms almost the only fault we have to find with Mr. Catlin. It is, however, to this very enthusiasm that we owe his very admirable and entertaining work, and the still more valuable drawings that accompany it. We have no right, and certainly no disposition, to criticise a trifling defect, naturally, if not necessarily, incidental to the very merits to which we owe so great a debt of gratitude. Had he been like other mortals he would probably have lived a quiet and decent citizen of his native State; and the tribes of the more remote western territories might perhaps for ever have remained unvisited by any one capable of thus portraying to the world their habits and features. It is a well known fact that the interesting tribe of Mandans, to whom a large portion of our author's first volume is devoted, and whose peculiar religious rites tend in a manner to afford an additional confirmation to the received account of the early history of the world, exist now only on his canvass and in his pages. Since the visit of Mr. Catlin they have been swept by disease from the face of the earth, and little else than a few ruined huts now remains to tell that a people once existed there. So may it perhaps be with many others of the nations among whom he dwelt; and in a few centuries, the races of the forest and prairie will in all apparent human probability be numbered among the things passed away for ever.

The style of Mr. Catlin is free, bold, and manly, though careless and uncultivated; without any effort at refinement or effect, he tells the story of his adventures; and if we are sometimes led into a suspicion that he indulges a little in the traveller's standard privilege, we must allow him to make his own apology, which he does most amply at the commencement of his work: "If," says he, "some few of my narrations shall seem a little too highly colored, I trust that the world will be ready

to extend to me the pardon which it is customary to yield to all artists whose main faults exist in the vividness of their coloring rather than in the drawing of their pictures; but there is nothing else in them, I think, that I should ask pardon for, even though some of them should stagger credulity, and incur for me the censure of those critics who sometimes unthinkingly or unmercifully sit at home at their desks, enjoying the luxury of wine and a good cigar, over the simple narration of the honest and weather-worn traveller, who shortens his half-starved life in catering for the world, to condemn him and his work to oblivion, and his wife and his little children to starvation, merely because he describes scenes they have not beheld, and which consequently they are unable to believe."

After so frank a statement as this, we ought, in all fairness, to receive Mr. Catlin and his adventures with an open and kindly spirit; and, should we find anything in his pages rather hard to digest, apply to it the *granum salis* which from the days of antiquity has formed the sovereign remedy for all narrations bordering on the confines of the marvellous.

It is not an easy thing to give in a few of the pages for which we are writing these presents, even an outline of the contents of two goodly octavo volumes; and we must confine ourselves to a strong commendation of the original work itself to a place in every library making any pretensions to an American character; and to a very brief notice of the long and varied journeys of our enthusiastic explorer.

The design of visiting the remote Indian tribes was engendered in the mind of Mr. Catlin, as he says, by seeing a delegation of some ten or fifteen "noble and dignified-looking Indians," from the wilds of the Far West, who passed through Philadelphia, where he had established himself as an artist. The sight of these singular beings inflamed at once the ardent mind of the artist, who, as he remarks, was seeking for some branch of his art on which to devote a whole life of enthusiasm; and he was seized with a desire to visit their country, and to become their historian and their painter.

This resolution once formed, he lost no time in putting it into execution; and having made all necessary preparations, he left his parents and family,

and departed on an expedition, uncertain in its termination and results, and guided only by his determination to press as far as man might do, into the lands of the remotest West. Furnished with letters from the highest sources, to the military commandants and Indian agents on the frontier, he obtained every facility in prosecuting his darling pursuit; and he was fortunate enough to form one of the party, who first ascended by steam the Missouri, as far as the mouth of the Yellow Stone River. This voyage on the Missouri occupied between two and three months, as there were difficulties of every kind to oppose the successful navigation of the stream; which for a thousand miles above St. Louis is obstructed by snags and rafts formed by trees of the largest size, which have been washed from its banks by the force of the descending current. The roots of these trees becoming fastened in the bed of the river, their tops float on the surface, and, pointing down the stream, present to the ascending traveller an almost insurmountable barrier. In reference to the dangers of their voyage, Mr. Catlin observes, "with what propriety this Hell of Waters might be denominated the River Styx, I will not undertake to decide, but nothing could be more appropriate than to call it the *River of Sticks*."

The Upper Missouri, however, presented fewer obstacles to the travellers, and they at length attained their journey's end,—the fort of the American Fur Company at the mouth of the Yellow Stone. The steamer, on its passage up the river, excited the greatest wonder and terror among the Indians, who, as might be expected, were lost in astonishment at seeing the progress of the apparently self-moving monster. "There were many conjectures," remarks Mr. Catlin, "among their wise men with regard to the nature and powers of the steamboat. Among the Mandans, some called it the *big thunder canoe*, for, when in the distance below their village, they saw the lightning flash from its sides and heard the thunder come from it. Others called it the *big medicine canoe with eyes*. It was "medicine" or mystery to them, because they could not understand it; and it must have eyes, for, said they, it sees its own way and

takes the deep water in the middle of the channel.

Arrived at the termination of his route, our author had a fine opportunity for making himself acquainted with the habits and sports of savage life; and was also supplied with many subjects for his pencil; for parties of the tribes of the Crows, Blackfeet, Assiniboins and Crees, or Knisteneaux, were encamped in the immediate neighborhood of the fort—having brought in their annual supply of fur for the use of the Company. These tribes, though all deadly foes to each other while on their hunting grounds, when assembled for a common purpose preserved a dignified reserve towards each other; and while Mr. Catlin was engaged in delineating the braves of each tribe, the warriors of the others would look coolly on, and peaceably and calmly recount the deeds of their lives and smoke their pipes together, though a few days would again bring them into deadly collision, and the scalps of one-half the party might by that time adorn the costumes of the remainder.

During his sojourn at this fort, Mr. Catlin collected a large store of dresses, arms, and curiosities, from the various tribes in the vicinity, and laid the foundation of his portrait gallery. Before his departure, an incident occurred which at the same time displays forcibly the reciprocal hostility of the Indians around the fort, and is well calculated to give an insight into the superstitions of the remotest northwestern tribes. Although rather long, we will extract his description of the affair, as a specimen of Mr. Catlin's powers of description, and as illustrative of the character of his red friends:

"Not many weeks since, a party of Knisteneaux came here from the north for the purpose of making their annual trade with the Fur Company; and whilst here, a party of Blackfeet, their natural enemies, came from the west, also to trade. These two belligerent tribes encamped on different sides of the fort, and had spent some weeks here in the fort and about it, in apparently good feeling and fellowship; unable, in fact, to act otherwise, for according to a regulation of the fort, their arms and weapons were all locked up by McKenzie, in his 'arsenal,' for the purpose of preserving peace among these 'fighting-cocks.'

“The Knisteneaux had completed their trade, and loitered about the premises, until all, both Indians and white men, were getting tired of their company, wishing them quietly off. When they were ready to start, with their goods packed upon their backs, their arms were given to them, and they started; bidding everybody, both friends and foes, a hearty farewell. They went out of the fort, and though the party gradually moved off, one of them, undiscovered, loitered about the fort, until he got an opportunity to poke the muzzle of his gun through between the pickets, when he fired it at one of the chiefs of the Blackfeet, who stood within a few paces talking with Mr. McKenzie, and shot him with two musket-bullets through the centre of his body. The Blackfoot fell, and rolled about upon the ground in the agonies of death. The Blackfeet who were in the fort, seized their weapons and ran in a mass out of the fort, in pursuit of the Knisteneaux, who were rapidly retreating towards the bluffs. The Frenchmen in the fort, also, at so flagrant and cowardly an insult, seized their guns and ran out, joining the Blackfeet in the pursuit. I at that moment ran to my painting-room, in one of the bastions overlooking the plain, where I had a fair view of the affair; many shots were exchanged back and forward, and a skirmish ensued, which lasted half an hour; the parties, however, were so far apart that little effect was produced. The Knisteneaux were driven over the bluffs, having lost one man, and had several others wounded. The Blackfeet and Frenchmen returned into the fort, and then I saw what I never saw before in my life—I saw a medicine-man performing his mysteries over a dying man. The man who had been shot was still living, though two bullets had passed through the centre of his body, about two inches apart from each other; he was lying on the ground in the agonies of death, and no one could indulge the slightest hope of his recovery; yet the medicine-man must be sent for, and hocus-pocus applied to the dying man as the dernier resort, when all drugs and all specifics were useless, and all possibility of recovery was extinct. Such was the case, and such the extraordinary means resorted to in the instance I am now relating. Several hundred spectators, including Indians and traders, were assembled around the dying man, when it was announced that the ‘*medicine-man*’ was coming; we were required to form a ring, leaving a space of some thirty or forty feet in diameter around the dying man, in which the doctor could perform his wonderful operations; and a space was also opened to allow him

free room to pass through the crowd without touching any one.

“This being done, in a few moments his arrival was announced by the death-like ‘hush—sh,’ through the crowd; and nothing was to be heard, save the light and casual tinkling of the rattles upon his dress, which was scarcely perceptible to the ear, as he cautiously and slowly moved through the avenue left for him; which at length brought him into the ring, in view of the pitiable object over whom his mysteries were to be performed.

“His entree and his garb were somewhat thus:—he approached the ring with his body in a crouching position; with a slow and tilting step—his body and head were entirely covered with the skin of a yellow bear, the head of which (his own head being inside of it) served as a mask; the huge claws of which, also, were dangling on his wrists and ankles; in one hand he shook a frightful rattle, and in the other brandished his medicine spear or magic wand; to the rattling, din, and discord of all which, he added the wild and startling jumps and yells of the Indian, and the horrid and appalling grunts, snarls and growls of the grizzly bear, in ejaculatory and guttural incantations to the Good and Bad Spirits, in behalf of his patient, who was rolling and groaning in the agonies of death; whilst he was dancing around him, jumping over him, and pawing him about, and rolling him in every direction.

“In this wise this strange operation proceeded for about half an hour, to the surprise of a numerous and death-like silent audience, until the man died; and the medicine-man danced off to his quarters, and packed up and tied and secured from the sight of the world, his mystery dress and equipments.”

After a tolerably long sojourn in this region, our traveller resolved to embark in a canoe on the turbulent Missouri, and under the guidance of two “*voyageurs*” to visit in succession the various races inhabiting its banks between the Yellow Stone country and the frontier of the States. In pursuance of this plan, he one fine morning launched his little craft upon the bosom of the mighty river, and entered upon a journey of two thousand miles, the difficulties and dangers of which cannot easily be imagined. The account of his voyage forms one of the most interesting portions of this book, and several of his descriptions of scenery are well worthy of quotation. One we must give, as a

specimen of Mr. Catlin's descriptive style in natural scenery:—

“The scene in front of our encampment at this place was placid and beautiful; with its flowing water, its wild fowl, and its almost endless variety of gracefully sloping hills and green prairies in the distance. It was, however, not less wild and picturesque in our rear, where the rugged and various-colored bluffs were grouped in all the wildest fancies and rudeness of nature's accidental varieties. The whole country behind us seemed to have been dug and thrown up into huge piles, as if some giant mason had been there mixing his mortar and paints, and throwing together his rude models for some sublime structure of a colossal city,—with its walls—its domes—its ramparts—its huge porticoes and galleries—its castles—its fosses and ditches—and in the midst of his progress, he had abandoned his works to the destroying hand of time, which had already done much to tumble them down, and deface their noble structure, by jostling them together, with all their vivid colors, into an unsystematic and unintelligible mass of sublime ruins.”

After various adventures and escapes, he arrived among the tribe of the Mandans, who inhabited two villages about two hundred miles below the point of his departure. This race he describes as differing in appearance from all other Indians, many of them having light-colored eyes, and some, grey hair even in their early youth,—a peculiarity possessed by no other nation of the Aborigines. Among the Mandans he remained for a considerable time, painting their chiefs and purchasing their dresses and ornaments. A large portion of the first volume is taken up with a description of this people, and of their habits and religious ceremonies, which last are very singular, and entirely distinct from those of any other tribe. This people preserved a distinct tradition of the great deluge; and at a particular season of the year devoted several days to certain mysterious rites and celebrations, in honor of that event. This period was also chosen by them as the time of initiation of their young men, by almost incredible tortures, to the rank of warriors; and although a severe ordeal is generally undergone by Indians of all tribes, the ceremonies of the Mandans far surpassed in severity and torture those of any nation visited by our author.

These rites of the Mandans were celebrated with great secrecy, and Mr. Catlin was only indebted to a fortunate portrait of the chief Medicine-man of the tribe, for an adoption into his honorable fraternity, under the appellation of *Te-ho-pe-nee-washee-waska-pooska*, (the white medicine painter,) which gave him the privilege of admission to the Medicine lodge, where the mysteries were celebrated. The “White Medicine Painter” gives a detailed description of all their proceedings, but at so great length that we must content ourselves with referring the reader to the book to satisfy any curiosity he may have upon the subject.

Leaving this tribe, Mr. Catlin retraced his steps for a short distance, to visit the Minitares, a branch of the Crow nation, who were living in a manner under the protection of the Mandans. By these also he was hospitably received, and while among them made several important additions to his collection. He then revisited his Mandan friends, and again embarked on the Missouri on his homeward voyage. In concluding his account of the Mandans, he broaches a theory respecting their origin, which at least has the merit of originality. He deems it possible that they may be remote descendants of the followers of Madoc the Welsh chieftain, who attempted to discover a new continent; but he wishes it only to be taken as a suggestion, promising at a future time to collect proofs in support of his theory, if theory it deserves to be called.

The remainder of the first volume is occupied by a description of the powerful nation of Sioux or Dahcotahs, among whom our traveller remained for some time on his ascension of the river, and whom he revisited in his canoe voyage down the stream. Among this people, Mr. Catlin pursued his usual occupation with great success, and besides many warriors, he transferred to his canvass several of the Sioux beauties. He had more than his customary difficulty in obtaining the portraits of the latter, for the Dahcotah chiefs, more ungallant even than the more northern tribes, refused to allow their more exquisite forms to be represented, if the artist persisted in delineating those whom they considered not as their better, but inferior halves; and the matter was settled!

only by an explanation on the part of the artist, not exactly founded on veracity; that his object in preserving the portraits of the *fair* ones, was that they might be hung under the likenesses of their husbands, "merely to show how their women looked, and how they were dressed, without saying more of them." In this way, he succeeded in sketching a few of the women. Concerning one of these, the daughter of a distinguished chief, "Black Rock" by name, a touching anecdote is related, which came to the knowledge of Mr. Catlin, after his departure from the Sioux country. The portrait in question had been copied by the artist and given to Mr. Laidlaw, the agent of the United States among the Dahcotahs:

"Several years after I left the Sioux country, I saw Messrs. Charden and Piquot, two of the traders from that country who recently had left it, and they told me in St. Louis, whilst looking at the portrait of this girl, that while staying in Mr. Laidlaw's fort, the chief, 'Black Rock,' entered the room suddenly, where the portrait of his daughter was hanging on the wall, and pointing to it with a heavy heart, told Mr. Laidlaw that whilst his band was out on the prairies, 'making meat,' his daughter died, and was there buried. 'My heart is glad again,' said he, 'when I see her here alive; and I want the one the medicine-man made of her, which is now before me, that I can see her, and talk to her. My band are all in mourning for her, and at the gate of your fort, which I have just passed, are ten horses for you, and E-ah-sa-pa's wigwam, which you know is the best one in the Sioux nation. I wish you to take down my daughter, and give her to me.'

"Mr. Laidlaw, seeing the unusually liberal price that this nobleman was willing to pay for a portrait, and the true grief that he expressed for the loss of his child, had not the heart to abuse such noble feeling, and taking the painting from the wall, placed it in his hands; telling him, that it of right belonged to him, and that his horses and wigwam he must take back and keep, to mend as far as possible his liberal heart, which was broken by the loss of his only daughter."

But as a set-off against this exhibition of feeling, we must be allowed to quote an anecdote of Sioux humanity, which Mr. Catlin, in his admiration for Indian nobleness and perfectionism, might more prudently have omitted:—

"When we were about to start on our way up the river from the village of the Puncahs, we found that they were preparing to start for the prairies farther to the west in pursuit of buffaloes, to dry meat for their winter's supply. My attention was directed by Major Sandford, the Indian agent, to one of the most miserable and helpless looking objects that I ever had seen in my life, a very aged and emaciated man of the tribe, who, he told me, was to be *exposed*. The tribe were going where hunger and dire necessity compelled them to go, and this pitiable object, who had once been a chief and a man of distinction in his tribe, who was now too old to travel, being reduced to mere skin and bone, was to be left to starve, or meet with such death as might fall to his lot, and his bones left to be picked by the wolves. * * His friends and children had all left him, and were preparing in a little time to be on the march. He had told them to leave him. 'He was old,' he said, 'and too feeble to march.' 'My children,' said he, 'our nation is poor, and it is necessary that you should go to the country where you can get meat,—my eyes are dimmed, and my strength is no more; my days are nearly all numbered, and I am a burthen to my children. I cannot go, and I wish to die. Keep your hearts stout, and think not of me; I am no longer good for anything.' In this way they had finished the ceremony of exposing him, and taken their final leave of him."

The Indian character, as delineated by Mr. Catlin in these volumes, exhibits an odd mixture of generosity and barbarity, of nobleness and low cunning; and though he strives to conceal the dark points in their natures, they will often peep out unintentionally from the very midst of his laudations. It is, however, extremely natural that our author should look upon the savages in a most favorable light, from his almost uniform success among them; and he in fact seems to cherish for his Indian friends a regard somewhat similar to that which Carter or Van Amburgh may be supposed to entertain for their lions or tigers, which, although not particularly amiable towards the world in general, are affectionately familiar with their masters. And, to carry out the simile, the journeys of Mr. Catlin among the Indians are not so very unlike the favorite amusement of the beast-conquerors, of putting their heads within the mouths of their formidable pets.

Our author pursued his voyage in safety, and arrived, with his faithful companions, at Fort Leavenworth, on the Lower Missouri. On his passage down he made the acquaintance of many other Indian tribes, whom he notices in his lively and spirited manner, and for whom, as a matter of course, he has a store of admiration and compassion. In one of his rambles in this region he encountered a fire in a high prairie, of which we must extract a part of his description. He was riding with his two attendants and an Indian guide, denominated "Red Thunder," who had been discoursing to him of the Great Fire Spirit, and foretelling an approaching conflagration. The travellers had listened to his forebodings with little faith, when their attention was called to a sudden movement on the part of their guide:

"Red Thunder was on his feet!—his long arm was stretched over the grass and his blazing eyeballs starting from their sockets. 'White man,' said he, 'see ye that small cloud lifting itself from the prairie?—he rises! The hoofs of our horses have waked him! The Fire Spirit is awake—the wind is from his nostrils and his face is this way!' No more, but his swift horse darted under him, and he gracefully slid over the waving grass as it was bent by the wind. We were swift on his trail. The extraordinary leaps of his wild horse occasionally raised his red shoulders to view, and he sank again in the waving billows of grass. The tremulous wind was hurrying by us fast, and on it was borne the agitated wing of the soaring eagle. His neck was stretched for the towering bluff, and the thrilling screams of his voice told the secret that was behind him. Our horses were swift and we struggled hard, yet hope was feeble, for the bluff was yet blue, and nature nearly exhausted! The sunshine was dying, and a cool shadow advancing over the plain! Not daring to look back, we strained every nerve. The roar of a distant cataract seemed gradually advancing on us—the winds increased—the howling tempest was maddening behind us—and the swift-winged beetle and heath hens, instinctively drew their straight lines over our heads. The fleet-bounding antelope passed us also; and the still swifter long-legged hare who leaves but a shadow as he flies! Here was no time for thought—but I recollect the heavens were overcast, the distant thunder was heard—the lightning's glare was reddening the scene—and the smell that came on the winds struck ter-

ror to my soul! * * * The piercing yell of my savage guide at this moment came back upon the winds, his robe was seen waving in the air, and his foaming horse leaping up the towering bluff. Our breath and sinews in this last struggle for life, were just enough to bring us to its summit. We had risen from a sea of fire!"

* * * * *

We are here tempted to quote from another volume now lying before us for review, Mr. Colton's recent poem of "Tecumseh," (of which we shall probably give our readers some account in our next Number,) another description of the same scene of terrific sublimity on our western prairies. Fisher's fine picture of the Prairie on Fire is probably familiar to many from the engraving of it which has been published in one of the *Annuals*. The incident here related, of the escape of a man from the fiery fury that rages around—and which sometimes travels in a line of many miles in length, at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour—by bursting through it, is of course extremely rare, being next to an impossibility. It is said, however, to be occasionally achieved successfully, by the last wild daring of despair:

"He reached a swell—amazement grew
Ten-fold before th' appalling view.
The prairie was on fire! Afar,
With semblance of destroying war,
In army widening as it came,
On strode the vast, consuming flame.
A league away and on each hand
Beyond the utmost ken, and fanned
By swift hot airs, in massive sweep
The lofty columns, red and deep,
Wide-waving rushed—with furnace-glare
Wreathing their spiral arms in air,
Or bending to the earth; and where
The withered grass was serer grown,
Long lines ran forth and blazed alone;
And ever flames, like steeds of fire,
Did mount and lift them high and higher.
Fast—fast they came! The earth before
Was swept with a continuous roar,
That filled all heaven; above them high
Glowed tremulous the heated sky,
As one great furnace, where, upsent,
Flaked cinders strewed the firmament;
But ne'er was seen their fearful track,
How waste, and desolate, and black,
For all behind, in billows broke,
Convulsed and rolled a sea of smoke.
And—lo! what darkly heaving mass
Confused before the fire doth pass?
Enormous herd! Unconscious haunt
By some green course, with terror fraught,

Th' unwieldy bisons driven along,
Heaved, pitched the grassy swells among,
Like huge, black creatures of the sea,
With bellowings of mad agony,
That rose above the roaring flame;
Right towards that rising ground they
came,
In heedless course and headlong!—Where
Shall Moray fly in this despair?

“Less merciful the savage foe,
Than fire or furious buffalo.
Aslant he fled, if so he might
Escape the vast herds' frantic flight.
Brief time he strove, he sprang, he flew,
When lo! so near their breath he drew,
With shaggy bulk, and tumbling leap,
And foamy mouth, and bellowings deep,
And eye that glowed, and tossing head,
On—on they plunged their myriad tread,
Trampling the earth with thunder! Fast
Still Moray fled, this peril past:—
The flames were near—he felt their
breath—
He stood their lurid ranks beneath—
He saw them tread the quivering reeds
In wrath, and rise, like warrior-steeds,
To whelm him down;—he looked—how
near

Ken-hát-ta-wa's brandished, fatal spear!
No more—he turned his blinded gaze,
And rushed into the glaring blaze.
The spear sang past him through the fire,
And, yelling in his baffled ire,
The chief pursued with maddened mind,
While closed the dark-red walls behind.
Scorched by the flames through which he
broke,
With ashes smothered, wrapt in smoke,
And treading, every step he took,
With bleeding bare feet's blistering soles
O'er burning roots and glowing coals,
The weary captive staggered on,
Nor knew what way his course might run,
Till all the blackened air and ground
Spun like a mighty whirlpool round,
When suddenly he faltered—fell—
What passed beside he might not tell.

“He woke—what were they? Dungeon
bars,
Through which looked down the silent
stars
And calmly smiled at him?—In pain
Of throbbing eyes and dizzy brain,
And limbs that hardly might be raised,
He half arose and round him gazed.
It was a pit, deep, damp and round,
Beneath the prairie's level ground,
Wherein the greener grass that grew,
And reeds yet moist with rain or dew,
Were scathed not by the fiery scourge
That rolled above its rapid surge,
And, bending o'er his helpless trance,
Had veiled him from the savage glance.

He breathed a prayer, and climbing thence,
Strove to awake each deadened sense.
Some stars were on the cloudless sky,
The moon was riding pale and high,
And looked with that most tranquil mien
Upon how desolate a scene!
As when the orb'd Earth is burned,
Some wandering spirit, back returned,
Beneath lone Luna's waning ray
May all the wasted world survey,
Throughout whose prospect still and wide
No living thing shall be descried,
Beast, bird, nor flower, nor waving tree,
But all of bare, bleak lava be,
Spread dark, or glittering ghastly-bright:
So Moray in that silent light
Beheld, where'er he turned his eyes,
No shrub nor plant nor leaf arise,
Nor reed that quivered in the air,
But all was cold and black and bare;
Save in the North a distant glare
Upon the heavens was redly cast,
Where the far-marching flames were
passed,
Blent with their blue in fearful hues sub-
lime,
Like the last burnings of the sphere of
Time!”

We regret that space is denied us
to hint at the tribes of Ioways,
Konzas, Pawnees, Ottoes, Missouris,
Delawares, and all the other tribes
whom our traveller visited while in
the vicinity of Fort Leavenworth; but
we must now suppose him to have re-
turned to St. Louis, and to have re-
visited the “States.” We will call on
him again at Fort Gibson, in Arkan-
sas, about to take part in the unfortu-
nate expedition of General Leaven-
worth, into the country of the Paw-
nees and Camanches; a journey com-
menced with the highest hopes and
expectations, but which, from the late-
ness of the season and badness of the
climate, cost the lives of so many gal-
lant officers and men. This expedi-
tion was projected by the United States
government, with the view of forming
a treaty and establishing friendly rela-
tions with the southwestern Indians,
whose territories had as yet been un-
visited by Americans. The party con-
sisted of the first regiment of dragoons,
about four hundred strong, under the
command of Col. Dodge, and was ac-
companied by General Leavenworth,
the commandant of Fort Gibson, and
his staff. A portion only of the com-
mand ever reached the Camanche
country, as nearly one-half, including
the veteran General, were attacked by

a fatal illness almost in the commencement of the march. The progress of the regiment through the prairies might almost have been traced by the sick camps they were compelled to leave behind them at the end of each day's journey; and, had the party been received in a hostile manner by the Indians, it is doubtful whether many of the soldiers would ever have returned. Our traveller himself was among the sufferers, but by great effort was enabled to accompany the troops on a great part of their journey. They were met at last by a war party of Camanches, who escorted them to their great village. Here they were most hospitably received, and were partially successful in the object of their mission. But the sickness which prevailed among the party forced the commanding officer to return much earlier than had been intended to their place of departure, after the loss by disease of nearly one-third of his force. The whole of this melancholy journey is recorded with great faithfulness by Mr. Catlin, and forms a most interesting portion of his work; for his indisposition did not prevent his collecting many valuable portraits for his gallery, and facts for his letters. His return to Fort Gibson was attended, however, by a renewal of his illness, which detained him there for a considerable time; when at length, determining, as he said, not to die in that detestable country, he boldly resolved to attempt, in his enfeebled state, a journey on horseback, alone, to Fort Leavenworth, five hundred miles to the north of Fort

Gibson. We cannot follow him on this expedition, nor in any of his subsequent wanderings; suffice it to say, that the second volume is in every way equal to the first, and that we have only noticed the incidents selected by us, as they happened to fall under observation.

Mr. Catlin afterwards visited the Indians of the North Mississippi and of Florida, and in fact appears to have sought out every tribe within the limits of his rambles; and he laments sincerely that he has as yet been unable to penetrate among the inhabitants of the Rocky Mountains, and the almost unknown regions between them and the Pacific Ocean.

We take leave of our author with regret, for in spite of ourselves he almost gives us his own liking for his Indians; and when we close the book we are almost for a moment involuntarily convinced that the savages are as humane and worthy of admiration as the whites are cruel and contemptible. It positively requires a little exertion of the organ of self-esteem to bring ourselves up to our former degree of respect for civilisation; and to compare our own people favorably with the wild nations of the west; and although the desired effect is at last produced, and our own race is restored in our minds to its elevated position, we are forced, *volens volens*, to admit that in reference to the Indians as well as many other things the old maxim holds true, that—

“The devil is not so black as he is painted.”

ON THE INFLUENCE OF PROTECTIVE DUTIES ON THE MANUFACTURING PROSPERITY OF A COUNTRY.

THERE is no greater fallacy than the notion that high protective duties are beneficial to a country. They never fail on the contrary to exercise in the end the most injurious influence on its industry. This has been already proved clearly enough in a great many instances; our present object is to derive a further and most conclusive illustra-

tion of the truth from the present state of Belgium and France, two countries in which the protective system has certainly been tested to the fullest extent that could be desired by its most infatuated advocate.

It was an axiom of *Jean Baptiste Say*, which can never be successfully controverted, that “wherever you limit a

people in markets to purchase in, you never fail, to the same extent, to limit markets for them to sell in." And unless one single nation can produce everything in any way required for her consumption, which never has, nor ever can happen, no one nation can dispense with her markets to sell in, or cut off her foreign commerce without suffering the most serious evils. Although Say was a Frenchman, no nation has ever acted upon principles more diametrically opposite to his doctrines than the French. M. Say was at one time residing, in his youth, at the village of Hampstead, near London, in the time of Pitt's administration, when the celebrated window tax was imposed. The room occupied by him had two windows. The landlord, in order to save on his taxes, found it necessary to close one of these windows, which circumstance attracted Say's mind to the subject of taxation in general; which finally resulted in the publication of his great work on "*Political Economy*;" which, though it may contain some errors nevertheless full of irrefragable proofs of the advantages of free trade, of the ruinous effects of high duties, and the injustice and the impolicy of unnecessary taxes of all kinds.

There are no two branches of trade in which France has shown more jealousy toward England than in the iron and the cotton trade. There have been none which she has been more anxious to foster and promote under every form of government, from Bonaparte down; and falling into the common error of governments, she has always imagined this could be best done by exorbitant protective duties.

Now, no fact is clearer, than that high protective duties, (or protection or bounties at all,) except in the legitimate way of simple revenue, never fail ultimately in a measure to defeat the very object of their adoption.

The first result of high duties, it is true, is to put money temporarily in the pockets of one class, iron-masters and cotton-spinners, for instance,—taken from the purses of another class, or of the people at large, without the country in the aggregate becoming a shilling richer. The prosperity of this class, or these classes, has a tendency to divert a large share of capital from other channels, and cause it to be invested in the Government bounty fac-

ories. An advance of wages, and in the value of raw material, and in provisions, follows. As a matter of course, this increases the cost of production, and an increase in the market price of the product, to meet the cost of manufacture. This enhancement in the cost of production cuts off competition, in the neutral markets, with the productions of nations more favorably situated for the production of similar goods. The consequence is, their markets for selling in are finally narrowed down to their own domestic consumption; and this once supplied, the demand falls off to such an extent as seriously to embarrass the whole protected or bounty trade. This has been fully realized in France and Belgium. Their iron and cotton trade, the two most highly protected, are at this time two of the most languishing and embarrassed trades in either country. Large sums of money have been embarked in them, which in many cases have been wholly sunk, or have only derived sufficient support from the domestic demand, to keep them in unprofitable operation. They cannot avail themselves of any export trade to neutral markets, as the cheaper and better English production shuts them out. And it is rather curious that articles which have been the least protected are at this time the most prosperous in these countries. An article which cannot be made to compete in neutral markets with the manufactures of other nations without high domestic duties, will be still less able to do so when such duties are levied. The tendency of all high duties, therefore, is to cramp and annihilate trade in neutral markets, and to glut those at home. And high duties not only ultimately result in the embarrassment of the trade at home as soon as the home market is gorged; but they almost entirely fail in yielding any revenue to the Government.

They give rise, also, to a system of smuggling, which injures both the revenue and the manufacturer. We have stated that the import of lace from England into France is prohibited, and what is more curious, they also prohibited the importation of fine Sea Island yarn, spun into high numbers at Manchester, which is the only suitable material for the manufacture of lace. The consequence was, after repeated

experiments and expensive efforts made to spin this fine cotton thread in France, it was measurably abandoned as a failure. The numbers spun in Manchester for the lace manufacturers at Nottingham, ran as high usually as 240, the production of which is favored by the climate of England, as well as by the better selections of the raw cotton made by the English manufacturers. The result of these prohibitory duties on the lace trade in France is, that 25,000,000 francs' worth of lace is smuggled annually into the country, at a premium to smugglers of 30 per cent. The government is cut off from revenue, while no trade in France is more depressed, embarrassed and languishing, than this same protected and fostered lace trade at the present time.

Belgium, acting on the example of France, which adjoins her whole southern border, thought to encourage manufactures, and especially the iron and cotton trades, by a similar policy of high protective duties. This course, as usual, gave an active temporary impulse to trade, and a few manufacturers made money at the outset.

Companies were soon formed in various parts of the kingdom, called "*Sociétés Anonymes*," in which the people freely subscribed for shares. Immense sums were drawn from other channels of trade, to be invested in manufactures, under the control of these companies, especially in the manufacture of iron, machinery, and of cotton; and it seemed that Belgium was as ardent and as anxious to close her ports to British goods of this kind as France. Belgium being a smaller country than France, the results of increased wages, living, and over-production at home, soon began to show themselves. What little export trade they enjoyed under their connection with Holland, if not sacrificed by their separation from that country, has been in a fair way of annihilation under the fatal influence of their subsequent high protective duties. For, while they are wholly unable to compete with England in foreign neutral markets, they have glutted their domestic and neighboring markets, especially in the leading branches of trade alluded to; and out of 50 blast furnaces, only about 18 are now in operation. Many mills are idle. Even

Cockerill's great works, at Seraing, after his death ceased to be worked to profit. The "*Sociétés Anonymes*" have proved losing concerns; the whole country has been injured and thrown back by the policy of high duties levied for protection, and the government itself forced to have recourse to direct taxation for support. Whereas, on the other hand, here, as in France, those branches of trade which have had the least protection are at this day by far the most flourishing; such as the manufacture of guns, pistols, zinc, lead, linen goods, carpets, and flax.

No country that does not possess within itself the elements of manufacturing resources in such abundance as to cause their development in a sufficient degree to meet existing demands, and to compete with foreign nations in neutral markets, under the protection afforded by the revenue wants of the government, can be made a permanent, healthy, and prosperous manufacturing country by the highest duties that can be imposed. It is as unnatural to legislate for the existence of manufactures in a country where nature has denied their existence, or, what is just as effectual a bar, where no foreign or domestic demand exists sufficient to call them into being and sustain them in prosperity when created, as for a legislature to will that the ocean be turned into dry land, or that stones shall be converted into loaves of bread, and serpents into fishes. In all cases of such demand in foreign and domestic markets, success would be the result if no protective duties existed. In the United States, we should still compete with the English in coarse cotton goods, if no duty on them existed; and so of hats, shoes, saddlery, and many other of the products of our active and intelligent industry. All the protective duties the South American States, Old Spain, and so many other countries which have vainly exhausted themselves in such experiments, can impose upon themselves, cannot create manufactures among them. They have often tried it, and have always failed. Their restrictions have always acted as a bounty on smuggling, and defeated the collection of revenue for government. The reason is plain. They do not possess in sufficient abundance those in-

dispensable and requisite elements so necessary in such pursuits as to cause them to engage in the same. Otherwise they would spontaneously embark in the business of manufacturing. It requires no legislative act to make an acre of land in the valley of the Mississippi sufficiently rich to yield an abundant crop of corn; and without paying a man a bounty in order to secure its cultivation, it will be cultivated in due season as its produce is wanted.

And when our country becomes sufficiently populous, and our foreign trade sufficiently extensive and well-established, and our capital sufficiently abundant, and the demand at home and abroad sufficient to warrant it, our iron trade, coal trade, cotton trade, wool trade, and all the other branches of trade, will become sufficiently prosperous without the aid of restrictions on commerce in the way of high protective duties. The iron mountains in Missouri, and iron ore in the Alleghany mountains, and coal mines in many sections of the Union, will find a plenty of workers. These great mineral reservoirs are rather to be held in store or reserve for our posterity, whose numbers and wants will so far exceed our own; and all attempts of the legislature to unlock them at present, by offering bounties for such a premature disturbance of them, must be attended with unjust and injurious consequences. A few individuals might gain at the moment, but the whole country would suffer in the end. We are too much prone to spend money for objects, and engage in enterprises, which are not required by the wants or exigencies of the country, and which it would be more wise to leave to be developed by the wants of succeeding generations. Thus, many canals have been cut, and railroads either made or attempted to be made, which might do well enough some hundred years hence, and at that time prove even profitable; but which at present serve no other purpose than to involve the states and people thereof in almost hopeless debt, and to embarrass to some extent the whole country. The same must for ever happen with all pursuits pushed beyond their legitimate bounds, as indicated by the free and natural action of the great laws of trade, and can never fail to happen

with manufactures bolstered up by bounties in the way of protective duties. In our own country, experience has tended to prove, as everywhere else, that manufacturing prosperity and high protective duties do not usually exist together, unless backed by natural and other advantages, and the free and open ability to compete in neutral markets; and then protection itself, beyond revenue, is wholly useless.

It is well known, that in the period from 1828 to 1832, when our protective tariff existed at its highest point, the manufacturers of the United States were never in a worse condition. Investment in them became so great, and the resulting over-production so enormous, without meeting an adequate demand at home or abroad, they one and all became more or less embarrassed, and many wholly failed, involving hundreds and thousands in irretrievable ruin.

Contrast this period of high protection with the present of reduced duties, say, during the past year, 1841, and none can fail to observe the great difference in favor of the present condition of our manufacturing interest. We venture to assert, that since the commencement of our government, the manufacturing prosperity of this country was never greater than it is at this time. And there is no portion of the United States so prosperous and thriving as Massachusetts, the headquarters of manufactures in the United States. To our certain knowledge, if we have not been wrongly informed by a party interested, the directors of a set of print-works in this state, which cost \$1,500,000, have, during the last two or three years, been in the habit of declaring 14 per cent. semi-annual dividends, or about 28 per cent. per annum. And what other interest yields such dividends? Another evidence of the present prosperous condition of manufactures in Massachusetts may be gathered from the fact, that all the stocks invested in their large factories sell on an average about at par, while many of them range considerably above it.

We cannot see how this thriving and prosperous state of things is to be augmented by increased protective duties. We reverence the people of New England for their general intelligence, their

industry and enterprise, and wish them all possible prosperity and happiness ; yet, independently of the effects of such a policy on other sections of the Union, we are satisfied, that we should not advocate their own best interest, by advocating higher duties than already exist. We are not sure, that any branch of trade which cannot flourish with a protective duty of 20 per cent. ad valorem, ought safely to be engaged in. And it may be taken as a pretty sure and conclusive evidence, that its introduction would be as premature for the exigencies of the country, as the digging a canal, or making a railroad, through an uninhabited country or wilderness ; while to undertake to force it, either by bounties or taxes of any kind, would only end in the injury of the parties investing, as well as the general prejudice of the country at large.

ANDREW JACKSON.

BY W. WALLACE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "PERDITI," ETC.

STAR OF THE WEST ! whose steadfast light
 Sparkles above our troubled sea,
 Well may the watcher of the night
 Turn with a trusting heart to thee—
 To thee, whose strong hand steered the bark
 When all around was wild and dark,
 And bent the white wing of the mast,
 That trembled, like a thing of fear
 Within the tempest's thunder-blast,
 Before its haven-rest is near.
 Undying ray ! unfading flame,
 Of glory set within our skies,
 For ever burning there the same,
 Above a nation's destinies,—
 And linked with all the noble band
 Of Freedom worship in their land,
 Whose rolling streams and rugged sod
 Still, still no monarch own but God !
 Beam on ! Beam on ! while millions turn
 To where thy lofty splendors burn,
 Like seraph-wings, whose rainbow plumes,
 From Heaven's far battlement unfurl'd,
 Shine grandly through the fearful glooms
 That pall a sun-deserted world !

CHIEF OF THE BRAVE ! 'Twas thine to wield
 Resistless arms in battle-field !
 'Twas thine to give the gallant blow
 That struck the lion-standard low !
 E'en as a mighty harp with strings
 Thrilling beneath the tempest's wings,
 So thrilled the nation's soul, when thou
 Trampled the foe beneath thy feet,

And saw, victorious o'er thy brow
Unfurled, Columbia's glory-sheet.

Oh! when the storms of Treason lower
O'er freedom's consecrated tower,
And that for which the grey-haired sire
With boyhood gladly gave his life,
Shall wither fast beneath the fire
Of wild Ambition's demon-strife;
The Patriot then shall boldly start,
With kindled eye and swelling heart,
Murmur devotedly thy name,
Rush where the ranks of Treachery stand,
And fearless quench the unholy flame
Lit on the altars of our land.

What though around thy brow sublime
We see the snowy wreath of Time!
Aye! let the very marble rest,
Old Chieftain! on thy mouldering breast—
Thy spirit bravely flashing out,
Like the bright Grecian torch of old
By mailed warriors hurled about,
Shall beam on centuries untold.

Long as a Hero's grave shall be
A cherished altar for the free—
Ah! dearer far, and more divine,
Than Persian orb or orient shrine—
Long as the River, by whose wave
Thou led'st the armies of the brave,
Shall, in the shades of evening dim,
Echo the anthem of the sea,
And mingle with its solemn hymn
The ancient songs of liberty—
Long as the spirits of the blest
Shall hover o'er each patriot's sleep—
True as those planets of the west
That watch the shut eyes of the Deep—
Long as our starry banner flies
On dashing seas, through azure skies—
A radiant hope from heaven displayed
To all who groan in tyrant-chains,
That still, despite of throne and blade,
For them a brighter lot remains—
So long, oh! Soldier—Patriot—Sage,
So long, unterrified, sublime,
Shalt thou, unheeding envy's rage,
Tower up, the land-mark of our age,
The noblest glory of thy time!

THE GYPSIES.*

WE have been wandering awhile over the pleasant hills and valleys of Spain, in company with an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and yet in rather strange company, too, for such a personage to keep, viz.: professional thieves and vagabonds;—and that not officially, with the view of bringing them to justice, but as pure amateurs of humanity, or rather of rascality, in one of its most questionable shapes, and with the design of rendering to these vagabonds no other justice than that of the critic and historian.

Mr. Borrow has devoted much of his time and attention to the study of the Gypsy race, as it exists at the present day in Europe. He has collected many curious facts concerning it, and his work contains much that is interesting in respect of its past and present condition. Although devoted principally to an account of the Spanish branch of this great family, it gives us a good deal of information touching the other scions of the same stock, and demonstrates beyond a doubt the fact that this people, though now divided into various tribes, having little intercourse with each other, are yet one in their origin and in their language. The facts which Mr. Borrow has laid before us are drawn, not so much from the writings of others, as from his own observation and experience of the Gypsies, during a long and familiar acquaintance with them; facilitated by a knowledge of their peculiar tongue, which few Europeans have had either the opportunity or the patience to acquire. His work has a practical and genuine character belonging only to that information which comes thus, as it were, from the fountain head; and the light which he has thrown upon the habits of this mysterious people, enables us to trace out the rusty and

decaying links that bind them to ages long past, and to far distant lands.

The origin of the Gypsy race has puzzled many an antiquarian, and has given rise to various speculations in the different countries inhabited by them. They have been called by some Moors or Arabs; by others, Tartars; and by others, again, Bohemians,—with a great variety of other designations derived by accident and adopted by ignorance. They represent themselves as Egyptians, bound to do penance by their wanderings for the sin of having refused hospitality and protection to the Virgin Mary and her son, when they fled from the wrath of Herod—a solution, doubtless, framed for the problem of their existence by the pious imagination of Oriental Christians, who, glad to demonstrate in every way the stern vengeance of God, laid this sin upon them, and read its punishment in their restless and precarious mode of life. The more extensive learning of the present day teaches us that they came from the heart of India,—which position the shreds and patches that now remain of their original language serve not a little to demonstrate. This language, with the additions it has derived from those of the various countries through which they have passed, would seem to be as curious an organic remain as now exists in the world, a shadowy image of the confusion of Babel. It is perhaps in itself the most authentic history both of the origin and progress of those who have so long spoken it. At first it was assuredly Sanscrit, but a multitude of Greek, Persian, and Slavonic words have become mingled with it; while in the present day it has yielded somewhat to the influences of the modern languages of Europe, and the Gypsy dialects of Spain, of Germany, and of England, vary slightly from each other,

* *The Zincoli; or an Account of the Gypsies of Spain.* With an original collection of their songs and poetry. By George Borrow, late Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain. Two vols. in one. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1842.

and become more and more akin to the tongues of those respective countries.

These people are known in different parts of Europe, under different names. In England they are called Gypsies merely; in Russia, Zigani; in the East, Zingarri; in Hungary, Chingany; in Germany, Zigeuner; in Spain, Gitános. Mr. Borrow derives these words from the etymon Zincali, which they sometimes apply to themselves, signifying *The black men of Zend or Ind.* The name which they all in common give to both themselves and their language, is Rommany, from the Sanscrit word Rom, which our author translates, The Husbands, or that which pertains to them—a strange epithet, truly, and one that marks a time and a country in which strongly metaphorical expressions were in use.

The condition of the Zincali varies somewhat in the several countries in which they have found a refuge. In England they are sometimes smiths, but more generally jockeys, buying and selling horses, the women fortune-tellers, and both roving about as if they could find no rest for the soles of their feet. In Russia they are yet thieves and vagabonds, but distinguished in some parts by a wonderful talent for music. In Moscow, the finest choirs are those composed by the Zigani. Their young girls have in some instances married into Russian families of respectability; and Mr. Borrow tells us of a lovely and accomplished Countess, who was once the chief attraction of a Gypsy choir in that city.

The Chingany of Hungary are exempted by the very abjectness of their condition from the servitude which in that country oppresses the peasantry. The tax-gatherer passes them by, for they have nothing to lose, being, in point of property and of standing, one degree lower than the lowest slave. They, too, are tinkers and smiths, wandering from place to place, and living in poverty, but in merriness of heart. They have also a great love of music, and are said to touch the violin with a peculiar excellence, which has given pleasure to even a Parisian audience. In all parts of the world the trade of smith seems to be a favorite one with them, both the taste and the profession being an inheritance from the fathers of their line. Of the arts which they are said to have brought with them

from the East, few traces now remain; yet even from these one may easily see how, in an ignorant and superstitious age, they raised themselves to the rank of sorcerers and magicians. Great activity and agility of body, joined to a certain subtlety and acuteness of mind, the knowledge of poisons and precious stones, and a remarkable knowledge of the means of changing the colour and appearance of animals,—these characteristics might well give them, in the eyes of the credulous and unenlightened Europeans of the middle ages, the reputation of supernatural attributes, and class them as the confederates of the devil himself. The art of preparing and administering poisons, of which the remedies are known to themselves alone, is gradually disappearing among the Spanish Gypsies. In olden times it must have been one of great profit to them, as they were often called upon to cure the illnesses which they themselves had secretly caused; or where the animal was of a kind fit to be eaten, they suffered it to die, and then easily obtained its carcase. But their imagined powers of witchcraft and fortune-telling have been, and still are, their greatest source of revenue. They still gravely pretend to read the fate of their willing dupes in the stars, or in the lines of the palm, and are as gravely believed—often, within our own knowledge, by persons who might be supposed far removed by education and intelligence above the level of absurdities so gross. Mr. Borrow relates an instance which proves equally that no elevation of rank is beyond the reach of their impudence, or above the infatuation of the credulity on which they thus practise:

“There were two Gitánas at Madrid, and probably they are there still. The name of one was Pepita, and the other was called La Chicharona; the first was a spare, shrewd, witch-like female, about fifty, and was the mother-in-law of La Chicharona, who was remarkable for her stoutness. These women subsisted entirely by fortune-telling and swindling. It chanced, that the son of Pepita having spirited away a horse, was sent to the presidio of Malaga, for ten years of hard labor. This misfortune caused inexpressible affliction to his wife and mother, who determined to exert every effort to procure his liberation. The readiest way which occurred to them, was to procure an inter-

view with the Queen Regent Christina, who, they doubted not, would forthwith pardon the culprit, provided they had an opportunity of assailing her with their gypsy discourse; for, to use their own words, 'they knew well what to say.' I, at that time, lived close by the palace, in the street of Santiago, and daily, for the space of a month, saw them bending their steps in that direction.

"One day, they came to me in a great hurry, with a strange expression on both of their countenances. 'We have seen Christina, *hijo*,' (my son,) said Pepita to me.

"'Within the palace?' I inquired.

"'Within the palace, oh child of my garlochín,' answered the sybil: 'Christina at last saw and sent for us, as I knew she would. I told her *bahi* (fortune), and Chicharona danced the Romalis, (gypsy dance,) before her.'

"'What did you tell her?'

"'I told her many things,' said the hag, 'many things which I need not tell you: know, however, that amongst other things, I told her, that the *chabori*, (little queen,) would die, and then she would be Queen of Spain. I told her, moreover, that within three years she would marry the son of the King of France, and that it was her *bahi* to die Queen of France and Spain, and to be loved much, and hated much.'

"'And did not you dread her anger, when you told her these things?'

"'Dread her, the Busnee?' screamed Pepita: 'no, my child, she dreaded me, far more; I looked at her so—and raised my finger so—and Chicharona clapped her hands, and the Busnee believed all I said, and was afraid of me: and then I asked for the pardon of my son, and she pledged her word to see into the matter, and when we came away, she gave me this baria of gold, and to Chicharona this other, so at all events we have *hokkanoeed* (humbled?) the Queen. May an evil end overtake her body, the Busnee!'

The female Gypsy, is, according to Mr. Borrow's account, the better half of her race. She still retains, wild and untaught though she be, some of the best and strongest instincts of woman's nature. As a maid, she is inviolable; as a wife, true and devoted; as a mother, tender and watchful. She has a sense of the beautiful, and feels perhaps the dignity, factitious though it be, which hangs around one who is thought to have some knowledge of the unseen world, and to interpret rightly its hidden purposes. She sends

forth, at times, bright flashes of genius. There is poetry in her soul, as well as in her form and mien. True, she is an impostor, but her imposture has descended to her from many generations; the equivocal trade which she follows is almost respectable from its antiquity; the very lie she tells is, as it were, old enough to be true. Her deceit, too, is but partial, and of a superficial kind, for in her unconscious looks and gestures you read her as she is, a free and fearless creature, with more of nature and perhaps of truth in her, than most civilized women. She is no cultivated and developed flower, but

"A weed of glorious feature,"

whose hardy fibres and brilliant hues might be envied by the more refined beauties of the parterre.

It must not be supposed that these better characteristics are always confined to the Gypsy woman; there are traits in the man, also, which command our respect. His is indeed a dark picture, but it too is not without its brighter side. There is in him a dignity and independence of character, joined to great courage, a quick and subtle intelligence, and a certain loyalty to the laws of his fathers, and to the brothers of his race. He, however, has coarser tasks, a grosser fraud to practise, and is often not only hardened, but brutalized, by desperate crime.

The following description of a *Gitána* will give those who have not seen such a person some idea of the form which envelopes this wild, erratic spirit:

"She is of the middle stature, neither strongly nor slightly built, and yet her every movement denotes agility and vigor. As she stands erect before you, she appears like a falcon about to soar, and you are almost tempted to believe that the power of volitation is hers; and were you to stretch forth your hand to seize her, she would spring above the house-tops like a bird. Her face is oval, and her features are regular, but somewhat hard and coarse, for she was born among rocks in a thicket, and she has been wind-beaten and sun-scorched for many a year, even like her parents before her; there is many a speck upon her cheek, and perhaps a scar, but no dimples of love; and her brow is wrinkled over, though she is yet young. Her complexion is more than dark, for it is almost that of a mulatto; and her hair, which hangs in long locks on either side

of her face, is black as coal, and coarse as the tail of a horse, from which it seems to have been gathered.

“There is no female eye in Seville can support the glance of hers, so fierce and penetrating, yet so artful and sly, is the expression of their dark orbs; her mouth is fine and almost delicate, and there is not a queen on the proudest throne between Moscow and Madrid who might not, and would not, envy the white and even rows of teeth which adorn it, which seem not of pearl, but of the purest elephant’s bone of Multan. She comes not alone; a swarthy two year old bantling clasps her neck with one arm, its naked body half extant from the coarse blanket which, drawn around her shoulders, is secured at her bosom by a skewer. Though tender of age it looks wicked and sly, like a veritable imp of Roma. Huge rings of false gold dangle from wide slits in the lobes of her ears; her nether garments are rags, and her feet are cased in hempen sandals. Such is the wandering Gitana, such is the witch-wife of Multan, who has come to spae the fortunes of the Sevillian countess and her daughters.”

“Mention to me a point of devilry with which that woman is not acquainted!”—is the emphatic exclamation in which, on another occasion, our author sums up the total of the character of the wild creature we have thus allowed him to depict. Now comes her address to the lady of the house, and her own running commentary upon it, which, be it imagined or described, is sufficiently amusing:

“Oh may the blessing of Egypt light upon your head, you high-born lady! (may an evil end overtake your body, daughter of a Busnee harlot!) and may the same blessings await the two fair roses of the Nile here flowering by your side! (may evil Moors seize them and carry them across the water!) O listen to the words of the poor woman who is from a distant country; she is of a wise people, though it has pleased the God of the sky to punish them for their sins by sending them to wander through the world. They denied shelter to the Majari, whom you call the queen of heaven, and to the Son of God, when they fled to the land of Egypt, before the wrath of the wicked king; it is said that they even refused them a draught of the sweet waters of the great river when the blessed two were athirst. O, you will say that it was a great crime; and truly so it was, and heavily has the Lord punished the Egyptians. He has sent us a-wandering, poor as you see, with

scarcely a blanket to cover us. Oh, blessed lady, (accused be thy dead, as many as thou mayst have!) we have no money to purchase us bread; we have only our wisdom with which to support ourselves and our poor hungry babes. When God took away their silks and gold from the Egyptians, he left them their wisdom as a resource that they might not starve. Who can read the stars like the Egyptians? and who can read the lines of the palm like them? The poor woman read in the stars that there was a rich ventura for all of this goodly house, so she followed the bidding of the stars, and came to declare it. Oh, blessed lady, (I defile thy dead corpse!) your husband is at Grenada, fighting with King Ferdinand against the wild Corohai, (May an evil ball smite him, and split his head!) Within three months he shall return with twenty captive Moors, round the neck of each a chain of gold. (God grant that when he enters the house a beam may fall upon him and crush him!) Your palm, blessed lady, your palm, and the palms of all I see here, that I may tell you all the rich ventura which is hanging over this house; (may evil lightning fall upon it and consume it!)”

“Such,” says our author, “was the Gitana in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, and much the same is she now in the days of Isabel and Christina.” And having thus conveyed some tolerable idea both of the *physique* and the *morale* of the Gitana, it is but fitting that we should clothe her in her proper costume:

“The dress of the Gitanas is very varied: the young girls, or those who are in tolerably easy circumstances, generally wear a black bodice laced up with a string, and adjusted to their figure, and contrasting with the scarlet-coloured saya, which only covers a part of the leg; their shoes are cut very low, and are adorned with little buckles of silver; the breast, and the upper part of the bodice, are covered either with a white handkerchief, or one of some vivid color; and on the head is worn another handkerchief, tied beneath the chin, one of the ends of which falls on the shoulder, in the manner of a hood. When the cold or the heat permits, the Gitana removes the hood, without untying the knots, and exhibits her long and shining tresses restrained by a comb. The old women, and the very poor, dress in the same manner, save that their habiliments are more coarse, the colors less in harmony, and more disorder in their array. Amongst them misery appears beneath the most revolting aspect; whilst the

poorest Gitáno preserves a certain deportment which would make his aspect supportable, if his unquiet and ferocious glance did not inspire us with aversion.' ”

The Gypsy race has been at sundry times the subject of severe persecutions. Their supposed acquaintance with the arts of magic, and their real thievish and mischievous propensities, were enough to make them unwelcome guests, wherever they might seek a home. In France, they met at the very first with a hostile reception, and such strong and deadly measures were taken for their ejection that they soon retired into Spain. Even there, various edicts have sought to drive them out, and the hatred of the common people has often threatened their existence; but, strong in the celerity of their movements, in their power of enduring every species of exposure and of privation, the Gitános stood their ground, until the storm had blown over, and a milder government sought to win those whom it could not subdue.

The crimes of the Gypsies against the Busnee, or whites, and their deadly hostility to them, if once only defensive, are now comparatively aggressive and unprovoked. Still, this feeling prevails with great force among them. The Gypsy nurse hates the Christian child committed to her care, for its white blood, and is capable of doing it a secret injury which may ruin it both in mind and body for life. Had the people in general power to execute that which they have skill and malignity to invent, not a Christian would be left in the countries in which they reside. Yet it seems that, as a nation, they feel the influence of the milder treatment which they now receive; the strength and ferocity of determination which were called forth in them by severity and persecution have died away with these causes, and in many places the peculiarities of the race are gradually disappearing, while they themselves, so long the outcasts of society, are insensibly blending with the civilized fraternity of man. The love of wandering from place to place, the strong feeling of brotherhood among themselves, appear less and less in the modern Zineali of Spain. Those who are able to support themselves comfortably generally settle in the towns, and become more and more like other people. The bond of sympathy which once unit-

ed the richest and the poorest is slowly decaying, and giving place to indifference, or, one would hope, in time, to a wider and more comprehensive charity. One can scarcely, perhaps, see these changes without some degree of regret. Wearing with the uniformity of the mass of civilized men, the eye rests with a certain pleasure on the exaggerated and unharmonious traits of savage life. The wild man, whose religion is a superstition, whose virtue is an instinct, has yet, in his untrammelled liberty, a grandeur and dignity which belong not to the poor creature whose every action and word is influenced by laws often trivial and arbitrary; a grandeur which his many imperfections, and even his unpoetical eccentricities, cannot conceal. There is in the mind of the savage something of the faith and fearlessness of the little child, and they are beautiful, even though, like the child, he should at the same time be mischievous, destructive, and self-willed. True it is, these Gypsies have fallen far below the rank of such children of nature, and differ but little from the lower classes of civilized people, except perhaps in being more wretched and ignorant than they. Yet they are a curious type of humanity, a strong link between the present and the past, and we cannot but grieve a little, though unreasonably, to see the bundle of rods unbound, and unbound to be broken.

Mr. Borrow complains somewhat of the want of fidelity in those highly wrought pictures of the Zineali which are given us in those novels of which they are the heroes or accessaries. He contends, and with reason, that the lofty and poetic diction with which they are generally invested, are not true to either their feelings or expressions. Without descanting upon the merits of the examples adduced by him, we will only observe that they are probably as faithful as the novelist's picture of human nature is apt to be. It is not man, as we see him every day, who is therein portrayed, but man in a sort of holiday dress, which may become him more or less, but never so well, we think, as his working clothes. It must be acknowledged that the brief space allotted for the development of character in the novel and the drama, seems to render this exaggeration necessary. The personages of the tale

or play must be painted in quick, bold strokes, in strong light and shade; they must say that which they would never have said, and do that which they would never have done. Thus the highest truth must be sacrificed to that which shall be most distinguishing and striking, to bring out that inner nature of man which in life is rarely brought out in deeds and words. For, did it take us as long to find out men in works of fiction as in real life, the novel would be a biography, the drama, long and wearisome as life itself.

The Gypsy of the present day is indeed a sad relic of barbarism; he wears but the very rags and tatters of humanity; yet such is our faith in that wondrous and indestructible texture, that we willingly believe his to be made of the same stuff as our own. We would fain regard him in his present position as the mere wreck and vestige left by one of those mighty principles, which, having slowly raised to themselves a monument from the crude material of mind and matter, pass on in their eternal march, leaving the mass to crumble and return to nothingness, to be one day recombined into new form and grandeur by the Master workman of the universe. We would find in the distinguishing traits of his character some remnants of barbaric virtue. We would hope that he learned to steal when the whole human race was one mighty horde of robbers; that his vindictiveness of spirit was not at first an unprovoked hostility to the rest of mankind, but the impulse of resentment awakened by some cruel injury and outrage; that his indifference to the pleasures of sense, his strong attachment to his own race, and his native cunning, have one day deserved the names of austere temperance, of true patriotism, of deep sagacity. Of these qualities there remain few traces at the present day. The world itself has changed for the better, and these people have not changed with it,—the great tide of barbaric life has ebbed, and has left these to wither on the shore,—the mass of mankind around them have risen, and stand erect, while these still retain their crouching and recumbent posture, clinging to their mother earth, until those who have combined to trample and weigh them down shall lend them

a helping hand, and bid them, as he of old, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, to arise and walk.

The religion of the Gypsies appears to have been originally the Brahminism of India, a dim and mystical creed, of which they retain nothing save a belief in their own immortality, and in the existence of a God, whom, however, they have ceased to worship. Mr. Borrow anathematizes this wild and imperfect faith, and terms this god of the Brahmins "the father of all imposture;" but this view seems to us unjust. The deity of the wildest savage, abominable as may be his worship and degraded his attributes, is yet but a defaced representation of the true God who has written his name upon every heart. The hymn to Brahmah or to Buddh, which our author has annexed to his translations of Gypsy rhymes, has in it some views so just and noble, that we are tempted to quote it partly for the sake of overthrowing his position. We cannot speak of the correctness of the translation, yet we wish that the poem had not been rendered into English doggerel—brief blank lines would have given a better idea of the wild measure and language of the original:

"Should I Foutsas's force and glory,
Earth's protector, all unfold,
Through more years would last my story,
Than has Ganges sands of gold.
Him the fitting reverence showing
For a moment's period, brings
Ceaseless blessings, overflowing,
Unto all created things.
If, from race of man descended,
Or from dragon's kingly line,
Thou dost dread, when life is ended,
Deep in sin to sink and pine,
If thou seek great Foutsas ever,
With a heart devoid of guile,
He the mists of sin shall sever,
All before thee bright shall smile.
Whosoe'er his parents losing,
From his earliest infancy,
Cannot guess, with all his musing,
Where his brethren now may be;
He who sister dear, nor brother,
Since the sun upon him shone,
And of kindred all the other
Shoots and branches ne'er has known—
If of Foutsas Grand the figure
He shall shape and color o'er,
Gaze upon it rapt and eager,
And with fitting rites adore,
And through twenty days shall utter
The dread name with reverent fear;

Foutsa, huge of form, shall flutter
 Round about him, and appear,
 And to him the spot discover
 Where his kindred breathe again,
 And, though evils whelm them over,
 Straight release them from their pain.
 If that man, unchanged, still keeping,
 From backsliding shall refrain,
 He, by Foutsa touched when sleeping,
 Shall Biwángarit's title gain.
 If to Bouddi's elevation
 He would win, and from the three
 Confines dark of tribulation
 Soar to light and liberty ;
 When a heart with kindness glowing
 He within him shall descry,
 To Grand Foutsa's image going,
 Let him gaze attentively :
 Soon, his every wish acquiring,
 He shall triumph, glad and fain,
 And the shades of sin, retiring,
 Never more his soul restrain.
 Whosoever bent on speeding
 To that distant shore, the home
 Of the wise, shall take to reading
 The all-wond'rous Soudra* tome ;
 If that study deep beginning,
 No fit preparations made,
 Scanty shall he find his winning,
 Straight forgetting what he's read ;
 Whilst he in the dark subjection
 Shall of shadowing sin remain,
 Soudra's page of full perfection,
 How shall he, in mind, retain ?
 Unto Him the earth who blesses,
 Unto Foutsa, therefore, he,
 Drink and incense, food and dresses
 Should up offer plenteously ;
 And the fountain's limpid liquor
 Pour Grand Foutsa's face before,
 Drain himself a cooling beaker
 When a day and night are o'er ;
 Tune his heart to high devotion ;
 The five evil things eschew,
 Lust and flesh and vinous potion,
 And the words which are not true ;
 Living things abstain from killing
 For full twenty days and one ;
 And meanwhile, with accents thrilling,
 Mighty Foutsa call upon—
 Then of infinite dimension
 Foutsa's form in dreams he'll see,
 And if he, with fixed attention,
 When his sleep dissolved shall be,
 Shall but list to Soudra's volume,
 He, through thousand ages' flight,
 Shall, of Soudra's doctrine solemn,
 Ne'er forget one portion slight.
 Yes, a soul so highly gifted
 Every child of man can find,
 If to mighty Foutsa lifted

He but keep his heart and mind.
 He who views his cattle falling
 Unto fierce disease a prey,
 Hears his kindred round him **brawling**,
 Never ceasing night nor day,
 Who can find no rest in slumber
 From excess of grief and pain,
 And whose prayers, in countless number
 Though they rise, are breathed in vain—
 To earth favouring Foutsa's figure
 If but reverence he shall pay,
 Dire misfortunes' dreadful rigor
 Flits for ever and for aye.
 No domestic broils distress him,
 And of naught he knows the want ;
 Cattle, corn, and riches bless him,
 Which the favoring demons grant ;
 Those who sombre forests threading,
 Those who sailing ocean's plain,
 Fain would wind their way undreading
 Evil poisons, beasts, and men,
 Evil spirits, demons, javals,
 And the force of evil winds,
 And each ill which he who travels
 In his course so frequent finds,—
 Let them only take their station,
 'Fore the form of Foutsa Grand,
 On it gaze with adoration,
 Sacrifice with reverent hand,
 And, within the forest gloomy,
 On the mountain, or the vale,
 On the ocean wide and roomy,
 Them no evil shall assail.
 Thou, who every secret knowest,
 Foutsa, hear my heartfelt prayer ;
 Thou who earth such favor showest,
 How shall I thy praise declare ?
 If with cataract's voice the story
 I through million ealaps roar,
 Yet of Foutsa's force and glory.
 I may not the sum outpour.
 Whosoe'er, the title learning
 Of the earth's protector high,
 Shall, whene'er his form discerning,
 On it gaze with steadfast eye,
 And at times shall offer dresses,
 Offer fitting drink and food,
 He ten thousand joys possesses,
 And escapes each trouble rude ;
 Whoso into deed shall carry
 Of the law each precept, he
 Through all time alive shall tarry
 And from birth and death be free.
 Foutsa, thou, who best of any
 Know'st the truth of what I've told,
 Spread the tale through regions many
 As the Ganges' sands of gold."

Is not this hymn the voice of aspir-
 ing and adoring humanity ? Is there
 not in it something of revelation, at

* The sacred Codex of the Buddhists, which contains the canons of their religion.

least of holy doctrine, and of heavenly consolation? It is a comfort to us, to read in these, and other such scattered hieroglyphics, that God has always been with all his creatures in wisdom and in love, not only to create and sustain, but also to guide and instruct; that his wide bounty has never been bounded by the confines of either country or race; but that, spiritually as well as temporally, among the heathen, as well as among the Christian and the Hebrew, his rain has descended and his sun has shone, upon the evil and the good. It is a comfort to us, to distinguish a drop of his precious essence in the very dregs of humanity, to find his stamp upon its basest coin, for he made us in his own image, and even when we have passed through the hands of evil spirits we are no counterfeits.

One word concerning Mr. Borrow's mission among the Zinicali. It is one upon which he cannot look back but with pleasure. He has left behind him a valuable legacy, and a monument to his own erudition and industry, in various portions of the Scriptures rendered by him into the dialect of the Romany. He seems, moreover, in his efforts to enlighten them, to have acted with forbearance and consideration, and to have endeavored to accommodate his expositions of Christian doctrine to their peculiar character and position. We gather from his own account of his intercourse with them, that he did not dazzle and bewilder their dim vision with the deeper mysteries and dogmas of the church; but that he went among them as a brother, gently and kindly reprov'd their evil practices, and strove with patience and discretion to guide them to even a remote perception of the truth, following his own sense of their wants and capacities, rather than the guidance of a wildly zealous spirit. Nor do we doubt that his labor, lost as it may have seemed to him, will produce the wished-for result. The good seed, sown in so good a spirit, cannot fail, we would fain hope, to bring forth at least some fruit, even in this stony ground. And those even who mocked at his pious endeavors to enlighten them, will perhaps one day gladly and gratefully acknowledge the debt they owe him who visited them when sick and in prison, for their own sake, and for the sake of One greater than they.

It is well perhaps that Mr. Borrow does not himself entertain any very sanguine hopes for the realization of such a result, so that he is at least safe from all danger of disappointment. "I can scarcely flatter myself," he says, "with having experienced any success in my endeavors. Indeed I never expected any, or at least any which I myself could hope to witness; I knew too well the nature of the ground on which I was casting seed. True it is that it may not be lost, and that it may eventually spring up in this or that direction, as barley has been dropped from the ceremonies of a mummy, and has sprung up, and displayed vitality after lying choked and hidden for two thousand years."

We are tempted to quote two or three passages from which the reader may form some idea of the nature of the task our good missionary had to perform, in his attempt to exert on such minds the slightest influence of a religious character. At Madrid, on one occasion, he receives a visit from Pépa and Chicharona, already mentioned, accompanied by two daughters of the former; one of whom, a very remarkable female, was called La Tuérta, from the circumstance of her having but one eye, and the other, who was a girl of about thirteen, La Casdami, or the scorpion, from the malice she occasionally displayed. The following scene then occurred:

"*Myself.*—'I am glad to see you Pépa; what have you been doing this morning?'

"*Pépa.*—'I have been telling *baji*, and Chicharona has been stealing *a pastésas*; we have but little success, and have come to warm ourselves at the *braséro*. As for the One-eyed, she is a very slyguard, (*holgazana*,) she will neither tell fortunes nor steal.'

"*The One-eyed.*—'Hold your peace, mother of the Bengues; I will steal, when I see occasion, but it shall not be *à pastésas*, and I will hokkawar (*deceive*) but it shall not be by telling fortunes. If I deceive, it shall be by horses, by jockeying. If I steal, it shall be on the road—I'll rob. You know already what I am capable of, yet knowing that, you would have me tell fortunes like yourself or steal like Chicharona. Me *diñela' cónche* (it fills me with fury) to be asked to tell fortunes, and the next *Busnee* that talks to me of *bájis* I will knock all her teeth out.'

"*The Scorpion.*—'My sister is right;

I, too, would sooner be a salteadóra (high-waywoman,) or a chalána (she-jockey,) than steal with the hands, or tell bájis.

"*Myself.*—'You do not mean to say, O Tuérta, that you are a jockey, and that you rob on the high-way.'

"*The One-eyed.*—'I am a chalána, brother, and many a time I have robbed upon the road, as all our people know. I dress myself as a man, and go forth with some of them. I have robbed alone, in the pass of the Guadarama, with my horse and escopéta. I alone once robbed a cuadrilla of twenty Gallégos, who were returning to their own country, after cutting the harvests of Castile; I stripped them of their earnings, and could have stripped them of their very clothes had I wished, for they were down on their knees like cowards. I love a brave man, be he Busnó or Gypsy. When I was not much older than the Scorpion, I went with several others to rob the cortíjo of an old man; it was more than twenty leagues from here. We broke in at midnight, and bound the old man; we knew he had money; but he said no, and would not tell us where it was; so we tortured him, pricking him with our knives and burning his hands over the lamp; all, however, would not do. At last I said, "Let us try the *pimientos*;" so we took the green pepper husks, pulled open his eye-lids, and rubbed the pupils with the green pepper fruit. That was the worst pinch of all. Would you believe it? the old man bore it. Then our people said, "Let us kill him," but I said, no, It were a pity: so we spared him, though we got nothing. I have loved that old man ever since for his firm heart, and should have wished him for a husband.'

"*The Scorpion.*—'Ojalá, that I had been in that cortíjo to see such sport!'

"*Myself.*—'Do you fear God, O Tuérta?'

"*The One-eyed.*—'Brother, I fear nothing.'

"*Myself.*—'Do you believe in God, O Tuérta?'

"*The One-eyed.*—'Brother, I do not; I hate all connected with that name; the whole is folly; me diñela cónche. If I go to church, it is but to spit at the images. I spat at the búlto of María this morning; and I love the Corojai, and the Londoné, because they are not baptized.'

"*Myself.*—'You, of course, never say a prayer.'

"*The One-eyed.*—'No, no; there are three or four old words, taught me by some old people, which I sometimes say to myself; I believe they have both force and virtue.'

"*Myself.*—'I would fain hear; pray tell me them.'

"*The One-eyed.*—'Brother, they are words not to be repeated.'

"*Myself.*—'Why not?'

"*The One-eyed.*—'They are holy words, brother.'

"*Myself.*—'Holy! You say there is no God; if there be none, there can be nothing holy; pray, tell me the words, O Tuérta.'

"*The One-eyed.*—'Brother, I dare not.'

"*Myself.*—'Then you do fear something.'

"*The One-eyed.*—'Not I!—'

'*Saboca Enreacar María Eréria,* and now I wish I had not said them.'

"*Myself.*—'You are distracted, O Tuérta: the words say simply, "Dwell within us, blessed Maria." You have spitten on her búlto this morning in the church, and now you are afraid to repeat four words, amongst which is her name.'

"*The One-eyed.*—'I did not understand them; but I wish I had not said them.'

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"I repeat that there is no individual, however hardened, who is utterly godless."

Again, after having taken infinite pains to enlighten their minds and to touch their hearts, he has the satisfaction of witnessing the following pleasing evidence of the serious impression he had succeeded in making:

"My little congregation, if such I may call it, consisted entirely of women; the men seldom or never visited me, save they stood in need of something which they hoped to obtain from me. This circumstance I little regretted, their manners and conversation being the reverse of interesting. It must not, however, be supposed that, even with respect to the women, matters went on invariably in a smooth and satisfactory manner. The following little anecdote will show what slight dependence can be placed upon them, and how disposed they are at all times to take part in what is grotesque and malicious. One day they arrived, attended by a Gypsy jockey whom I had never previously seen. We had scarcely been seated a minute, when this fellow, rising, took me to the window, and without any preamble or circumlocution, said,—'Don Jorge, you shall lend me two barias' (ounces of gold.) 'Not to your whole race, my excellent friend,' said I; 'are you frantic? Sit down and be discreet.' He obeyed me literally, sat down, and when the rest departed, followed with

them. We did not invariably meet at my own house, but occasionally at one in a street inhabited by Gypsies. On the appointed day I went to this house, where I found the women assembled; the jockey was also present. On seeing me, he advanced, again took me aside, and again said,—‘Don Jorge, you shall lend me two *barias*.’ I made him no answer, but at once entered on the subject which brought me thither. I spoke for some time in Spanish; I chose for the theme of my discourse the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt, and pointed out its similarity to that of the *Gitános* of Spain. I spoke of the power of God, manifested in preserving both as separate and distinct people amongst the nations until the present day. I warmed with my subject. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, from which I read a portion of scripture, and the Lord’s Prayer and Apostle’s Creed, in Rommany. When I had concluded, I looked around me.

“The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint; not an individual present but squinted,—the genteel *Pépa*, the good-humored *Chicharona*, the *Casdami*, &c., &c., all squinted. The Gypsy fellow, the contriver of the *bírla*, squinted worst of all. Such are the Gypsies.”

No wonder that he remarks on one occasion, with some simplicity, and with a truth which may be fairly set down as incontrovertible—“I was convinced that should I travel to the end of the universe, I should meet with no people more in need of a little Christian exhortation!”

We will conclude with one more anecdote to illustrate the trait of the fraternal spirit which binds them all together, as well as the hatred and contempt with which they regard all others, or *Busné*. At *Badajoz* he is visited by an old Gypsy named *Antonio*. It should be borne in mind, that from his knowledge of the Rommany, or Gypsy tongue, Mr. Borrow was generally regarded by them as one of their own blood:

“*Antonio*.—Give me your hand, brother! I should have come to see you before, but I have been to *Olivensas* in search of a horse. What I have heard of you has filled me with much desire to know you, and I now see that you can tell me many things which I am ignorant of. I am *Zincalo* by the four sides,—I love our blood, and I hate that of the *Busné*. Had

I my will I would wash my face every day in the blood of the *Busné*, for the *Busné* are made only to be robbed and to be slaughtered; but I love the *Caloré*, and I love to hear of things of the *Caloré*, especially from those of foreign lands; for the *Caloré* of foreign lands know more than we of Spain, and more resemble our fathers of old.”

“*Myself*.—Have you ever met before with *Caloré* who were not Spaniards?”

“*Antonio*.—I will tell you, brother. I served as a soldier in the war of the independence against the French. War, it is true, is not the proper occupation of a *Gitáno*, but those were strange times, and all those who could bear arms were compelled to go forth to fight; so I went with the English armies, and we chased the *Gabiné* to the frontier of France; and it happened once that we joined in desperate battle, and there was a confusion, and the two parties became intermingled, and fought sword to sword and bayonet to bayonet, and a French soldier singled me out, and we fought for a long time, cutting, goring, and cursing each other, till at last we flung down our arms and grappled; long we wrestled, body to body, but I found that I was the weaker, and I fell. The French soldier’s knee was on my breast, and his grasp was on my throat, and he seized his bayonet, and he raised it to thrust me through the jaws; and his cap had fallen off, and I lifted up my eyes wildly to his face, and our eyes met, and gave a loud shriek, and cried *Zincalo*, *Zincalo!* and I felt him shudder, and he relaxed his grasp and started up, and he smote his forehead and wept, and then he came to me and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead, and he took my hand and called me *Brother* and *Zincalo*, and he produced his flask and poured wine into my mouth, and I revived, and he raised me up, and led me from the concourse, and we sat down on a knoll, and the two parties were fighting all around, and he said, “Let the dogs fight, and tear each other’s throats till they are all destroyed, what matters it to the *Zincali*; they are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them?” So we sat for hours on the knoll and discoursed on matters pertaining to our people; and I could have listened for years, for he told me secrets which made my ears tingle, and I soon found that I knew nothing, though I had before considered myself quite *Zincalo*; but as for him he knew the whole *cuenta*; the *Benqui Lango* himself could have told him nothing but what he knew. So we sat till the sun went down and the battle was over, and he proposed that we should both flee to his own country and

live there with the Zíncali; but my heart failed me; so we embraced, and he departed to the Gabiné, whilst I returned to our own battalions.'

"*Myself.*—'Do you know from what country he came?'

"*Antonio.*—'He told me that he was a Mayoro.'

"*Myself.*—'You mean a Magyar or Hungarian.'

"*Antonio.*—'Just so; and I have repented ever since that I did not follow him.'"

We are here constrained to part with our worthy missionary, and our other less respectable friends in whose company he has led us to pass some agreeable and instructive hours. Farewell

to you, our kind guide; and to you, poor wanderers—we wish you a happier lot in the future, than you have met with in the past. We could hope that, so long as you love your roving life, the wildernesses of the world might be left open to you, and that you might forsake these only for gardens of pure and beautiful culture. May the bright stars which you once so devoutly worshipped, shed their gentlest influences upon you; and, degraded and ignorant as you now are, may Heaven's last born star lead you to that faith and hope which can make man, erring, imperfect though he be, but "a little lower than the angels."

LINES IN A BALL ROOM,

TO A BEAUTIFUL PERSON WHO OUGHT NOT TO HAVE BEEN THERE.

I saw thee mid that radiant throng,
Where all were innocent but thou;
And marvelled that a soul so wrong
Could lurk beneath so fair a brow.

Thine eye was bright, thy laugh was loud,
And to thy cheek no blushes came,
And every look and step was proud,
As though thou wert not lost to fame.

Some meteor drooping from the skies
Thus blazes toward the murky flood,
Beheld by all the pitying eyes
That sparkle where it lately stood.

Not Hebe's fault was dark as thine,
Though banished from the eternal sphere,
No more she pour'd the ethereal wine,
Nor dared again in heaven appear.

The pearls that bound thy jetty hair,
The jewel glittering on thy breast,
As sparks by night contrasted glare,
The deeper all thy guilt expressed.

Say, when that bauble met thy gaze—
The ring, the signet of thy shame—
Swept not the thoughts of better days
Along thy shuddering heart like flame?

Thou hast a maiden's softness yet,
 Thou hast a voice of Circean guile;
 Thy waywardness we might forget,
 But for the serpent in thy smile.

Go weep! there's virtue in a tear;
 Go blush! repentance yet may save;
 And if thy offering be sincere,
 May heaven restore the light it gave!

VINCENT E. BARON.

THIS IS NOT THY REST.

"Arise and depart, for this is not thy rest."

THAT strain—it comes when weariness
 Steals on the stricken heart,
 And Hope's bright phantoms, one by one,
 Like summer flowers depart;—
 It cometh, when the spirit bows
 To Sorrow's mild behest,
 And pointing upward, sweetly breathes—
 "This—this is not thy rest!"

That strain—it comes when Pleasure
 Lights up the banquet hall,
 And hearts are bounding joyously
 To music's fairy call.
 It comes—and laughter dies away,
 Like sunlight in the West,
 And sick of mirth, the reveller sighs—
 "This—this is not thy rest!"

That strain—it comes upon the soul
 In triumph's noon-tide hour,
 When Glory twines her brightest wreaths,
 To bind the brow of power,
 It cometh—and the clarion's voice
 Thrills not the victor's breast,
 For through his laurels breathes that strain—
 "This—this is not thy rest."

That strain—it cometh still alway;
 It whispers 'mid the throng;
 It mingles with the words of love,
 And Glory's triumph song.
 It cometh alway—for a void
 Is alway in the breast,
 And ceaselessly the spirit sighs—
 "This—this is not thy rest."

RH. S. S. ANDROS.

New Bedford, Mass.

THE RHODE ISLAND QUESTION.

THERE have been already, in the history of this nation, several occasions on which it has been necessary to recur to the first principles of government in general, and to the nature of our own in particular. Ordinarily, in the quiet movement of its machinery, we lose sight of the ultimate principles upon which government depends, and according to which it has been constructed. But if ever any part of this machinery breaks, or it has become necessary to enlarge it or apply its power in a new direction, we set ourselves directly to consider the principle itself. The present is such an occasion. The Rhode Island controversy has started several questions, not new in the days of our forefathers, but apparently forgotten by us, which can only be solved by the application of ultimate principles. The turn which the contest has taken cannot affect these questions. Whether the movement against the charter and in favor of a new constitution has been finally stifled, or whether it will re-appear, the questions of law and of policy remain. There cannot be a better time for their examination.

Everybody knows that the colony of Rhode Island was governed by a charter granted by Charles the Second, which incorporated certain associates and all such others as should be admitted free of the company and society, and which provided that the government thereof should be administered by a governor, deputy governor, and ten assistants, chosen by the freemen of the company, and by representatives, not exceeding six for Newport, four for each of the towns of Providence, Portsmouth and Warwick, and two for each other place, town, or city; that the Assembly could admit any persons to be freemen whom they pleased to admit, without any qualification whatever; that they did, however, prescribe a property qualification, which was finally established in 1762, as it now stands, confining the elective franchise to persons having a freehold of the value of one hundred and thirty-four dollars, and the eldest sons of such freeholders; that no con-

stitution whatever was adopted at the Revolution, but the government continued to be administered according to the charter; and that in its actual state the legislative body was elected by less than one-half of the white male adult resident citizens of the United States, and even then, so far from representing the people, or the electors, in proportion to their numbers, the majority of the Assembly were elected by about one-third of the freemen.

At the time this charter was granted, and for a long time afterwards, the population of the State was chiefly agricultural. Limiting the franchise to freeholders and their eldest sons, excluded but a small number of persons. The apportionment of representatives was also, then, nearly in proportion to the population. Newport was one of the most important and flourishing towns in America, while Providence was scarcely greater than Portsmouth or Warwick. In the lapse of eighty years, the State has passed through great changes. Newport has fallen from its pre-eminence, and is now chiefly thought of as an unequalled watering place of 5000 inhabitants. Portsmouth has 1700 inhabitants, while Providence has 23,172; yet Newport has six representatives, and Portsmouth and Providence each four. The population of the State has become eminently manufacturing and commercial; so that while the whole number of adult male resident citizens is 23,000, the number of electors, according to the charter and the existing law, is supposed to be only about nine thousand.

To change this system, various efforts have been made from time to time within the last thirty-five years. Motions and petitions to open the elective franchise and to equalize the representation, or to call a convention for the purpose of forming a constitution, were made and lost, renewed and rejected, till at length, early in the last year, they who had so long appealed in vain to the Assembly determined to appeal to it no longer, but to what they

conceived to be the ultimate principles of American freedom. Assuming that the sovereignty resided in the people, they of their own motion, and in their own names, in April, 1841, called a convention; which assembled in October, and in the month following proposed a constitution extending the right of suffrage to every white male adult citizen of the United States who had resided one year in the State, and apportioning the representatives among the towns and cities of the State, as nearly as possible in proportion to their actual population. This constitution was submitted to the people by the convention, in December, (the General Assembly giving no sanction whatever to it, nor providing any means for ascertaining under oath the number of votes for or against it,) and received, as its friends allege, 13,944 votes in its favor, of which 4,960 were given by persons having a right to vote under the charter and the acts of the General Assembly, being a majority not only of all the citizens, but even of the old electors.

Meantime the General Assembly, taking alarm at this new state of things, had themselves, in February, 1841, passed a resolution requesting the *freemen* to choose, in August, delegates to attend a convention in November to form a new constitution in whole or part, with full powers for that purpose. This convention met in November, and being unable to agree on the question of the franchise, adjourned to February, 1842. They met again in February, and extended the franchise to all white male adult *native* citizens resident in the state two years, and to naturalized citizens, three years resident, and having the old property qualification; but though they changed the rate of representation, they made it nearly as unequal as before. The constitution thus formed was submitted to all those persons who were made electors by it, and was lost by a majority of 676.

The movement in favor of the people's convention and constitution was denounced by the old government in all its stages, as revolutionary and illegal, and, after the rejection of their constitution, they passed in March an act declaring the exercise of any of the principal offices under the people's constitution an act of treason, to be

punished by imprisonment for life. The friends of the people's constitution still persevering, the General Assembly resolve that an insurrection exists in the state, and call upon the President for assistance to put it down by force. He promises to give it. His interference does not actually take place, only because, on the first collision between the two parties, the suffrage party is overthrown. Whether they will ever rally is the problem of the future.

Here are questions which go to the foundation of this government:

First. In whom does the sovereignty reside?

Second. What is the right of resistance or of revolution?

Third. How far does the Federal Constitution authorize an interference by the Union with the exercise of sovereignty in a State?

Fourth. In what manner can such interference be made?

In discussing them we do not mean to enter any further than we have done into the questions of fact. It is of no importance to the questions we are about to consider, whether, in this particular case, the majority of the resident citizens of Rhode Island did or did not sanction the people's constitution. We certainly think there is reasonable evidence that they did, not the least part of which is the refusal of the Charter Assembly to examine and count the votes. If they had admitted the right of such majority to change the organic law of the State, and had been sincerely desirous to ascertain the fact whether the majority had done so or not, they would, we think, have made the examination which the friends of the constitution desired them to make. It is true that the charter government has always denied the fact of a majority of the people being in favor of the constitution; but they have also denied the right of such majority to make the constitution if they would. It is this latter position which we are about to discuss.

All Americans agree, in general terms, that the sovereignty resides in the people. This is the language of our constitutions, our bills of rights, our legal formulas. But who are the people? Is the people, in whom, according to our American theory, the sovereignty resides, the body of the elect-

ors, or the whole body of adult male citizens, or the whole body of human beings in the State?

The question here put is general, as if the same answer could be given for all the States of the Union. This may not be really the case. The states, being independent, except so far as they surrendered their independence by the act of Union, each must determine for itself what qualifications or exceptions shall be made to the general doctrines which, as we shall show hereafter, were promulgated by the whole circle of American States. The exceptions may qualify so much the general result, that in fact the sovereignty in Massachusetts may reside in one body and in South Carolina in another. The constitution of the United States does not fix it, nor interfere with it, except to require a "republican form of government in every State." It is possible, therefore, that the general doctrines upon which, as we shall show, the revolution was defended, may have been modified in a single State so that the sovereignty may in fact reside in a greater or less body compared with the whole population. These, however, are exceptions, and do not destroy the rule.

There were, we think, certain principles promulgated at the revolution, by the authority and on behalf of all the States, which necessarily lead to the doctrine, that the sovereignty resides, with some exceptions, in the whole body of the male population.

To understand this matter clearly, it may be necessary to refer to the state of opinion at and previous to the revolution. Ever since the time of the English commonwealth, the general mind of England had been much engaged upon questions of government, and among others of its origin and the social compact. The dethronement of James the Second, and the accession of William and Mary, gave a new occasion and a new impetus to the discussion. Beginning with philosophers, the question spread among the people, and finally, in the latter part of the last century, engaged the attention of Christendom.

There were persons who maintained the divine right of kings. Sir Robert Filmer wrote a book to prove that the kingly office was transmitted from Adam, down through the eldest sons in countless generations of his descend-

ants, till it rested upon the consecrated shoulders of the actual possessors of thrones. Locke wrote his celebrated treatise in answer to Filmer, in which, after exposing the absurdity of Filmer's theory, he entered upon a profound investigation of the origin and rightful authority of government, in a manner which has illustrated even his own illustrious name.

His doctrine, in short, was this: that all men were born free, equal, and independent; that no human being could rightfully exercise any control over another but from his own free contract, children and idiots excepted; that this contract might be expressed or implied; and that the authority conferred by a political society upon its government could be resumed.

"Men being, as has been said, all free, equal, and independent, no one can be put out of this estate and subjected to the political power of another, without his own consent. The only way whereby any one divests himself of his natural liberty, and puts on the bonds of civil society, is, by agreeing with other men to join and unite into a community, for their comfortable, safe, and peaceable living, one amongst another, in a secure enjoyment of their properties, and a greater security against any that are not of it. This any number of men may do, because it injures not the freedom of the rest; they are left as they were in the liberty of the state of nature. When any number of men have so consented to make a community or government, they are thereby presently incorporated, and make one body politic, wherein the majority have a right to act and conclude the rest."—*Locke on Civil Government*. Book 2, chap. 8, sec. 95.

"Though I have said above, that all men by nature are equal, I cannot be supposed to understand all sorts of equality; age or virtue may give some a just precedence; excellency of parts and merit may place others above the common level; birth may subject some, and alliance or benefits others, to pay an observance to those to whom nature, gratitude or other respects may have made it due; and yet all this consists with the equality which all men are in respect of jurisdiction or dominion over one another; which was the equality I then spoke of, as proper to the business in hand, being that equal right, that every man hath to his natural freedom, without being subjected to the will or authority of any other man."—*Chap. 6, sec. 54.*

"Though in a constituted commonwealth, standing upon its own basis, and acting according to its conviction, that is, acting for the preservation of the community, there can be but one supreme power, which is the legislative, to which all the rest are and must be subordinate; yet the legislative being only a fiduciary power to act for certain ends, there remains still in the people a supreme power to renew or alter the legislative, when they find the legislature act contrary to the trust reposed in them."—Chap. 13, sec. 149.

"To conclude; the power that every individual gave to society when he entered into it, can never revert to the individuals again, as long as the society lasts, but will always remain in the community; because without this there can be no community, no commonwealth, which is contrary to the original agreement; so also when the society hath placed the legislative in any assembly of men, to continue in them and their successors, with direction and authority for providing such successors, the legislative can never revert to the people, whilst that government lasts; because, having provided a legislative with power to continue for ever, they have given up their political power to the legislative and cannot resume it. But if they have set limits to the duration of their legislative, and made this supreme power in any person or assembly only temporary; or else when by the miscarriages of those in authority it is forfeited; upon the forfeiture or at the determination of the time set, it reverts to the society, and the people have a right to act as supreme and continue the legislative in themselves, or erect a new form, or under the old form place it in new hands, as they think good."

Such were the doctrines of Locke, a few years after the English revolution of 1688. The point which we wish to establish by these extracts is, that the people, as the word is used by Locke, includes every person in the state who could have been a party to the social compact, if it had been formed anew at the time, or in other words, every human being of sufficient age and judgment to enter into a contract.

Locke was not alone. The same opinions were entertained by others; nor were there wanting antagonists who combated these doctrines with great power. Hooker, Bolingbroke, Hume, Burke, are some of the English names that have been engaged in the discussion.

The people, then, who entered into the social compact, were the whole people, without any distinction of property or other qualifications. According to this theory, all government was originally founded on some original agreement of all the persons then existing, acting as equals, and concurring in the formation of a state. Persons who afterwards came upon the stage became in their turn parties to the compact. It was from such a compact that the legality of existing institutions was deduced, the consent thus originally given attaching to and rendering legal all the forms which the governments afterwards underwent in all their changes. Such was the theory of the social compact.

It was also a very general inference from this theory, that if consent had been originally necessary to justify government, there were conditions or stipulations implied on the part of those in whom it was vested, or that there still remained a right in the people to compel a fulfilment of the objects for which the compact was formed. It was upon this point that there arose a great difference of opinion.

One party insisted, that although it might be very true that the consent of the governed was necessary to make the government rightful in its establishment, yet that the consent once given could not be recalled, and that the power conferred by the people upon their government could not be resumed. The other party maintained, that the right of the people to self-government was inalienable and indefeasible—that it could not be surrendered nor forfeited.

We come now to the period of our revolution. The abuse of the kingly office had absolved the people from their allegiance. The fountains of power were broken up. The government of prescription, whose roots were in the dark ages, and which had flourished a thousand years, lay prostrate. There was no successor, according to any received legal opinions, to the authority which had been torn from the crown. What was the consequence? There were no legal rights resulting from it, for no law had provided for such a case. All the laws which the Anglo-Saxon race had ever known, had proceeded upon the notion that the supreme government was in the

King and Parliament. The consequence was, that the whole population was remitted to their original rights. The rights to which they had succeeded were their rights, not as British subjects, for they were such no longer; not as American citizens, for they had not become such by the formation of an American government; but to their rights as men—to their natural equality. Every person, of a competent age and judgment, had as much right as any other to participate in the new government. No man, or number of men, had any right to exclude any other man from his equal share in its foundation.

Such was the state of things at that particular crisis. Society was resolved into its elements, and the authority of the state devolved upon the whole people. Such was the general understanding at that time. For that reason, Congress recommended to the several States to frame governments suited to their condition and wants. It was, to use the language of the old constitution of Virginia, because "the government of this country, as before exercised under the crown of Great Britain, was totally dissolved," and "viewing with great concern the deplorable condition to which this once happy country would be reduced, unless some regular, adequate mode of civil polity should be speedily adopted," that all the States, excepting Connecticut and Rhode Island, created forms of government for themselves. How were these governments formed? By the actual or implied consent of the whole people. It was not necessary, that every human being should be personally present and consent to the new constitution, nor that they should all actually act on the matter. Acquiescence might be equivalent to consent, and silence to acquiescence. In theory, the new constitution was the act of a majority of all the persons in the state, capable of entering into a contract; in fact, it was the act of a portion acquiesced in by all.

A constitution being thus once established by an act of popular sovereignty, the actual administration might then be delegated to a smaller number, who thenceforth were to wield all the powers of the state. The majority of the whole people being competent to make such constitution as they please,

might, if they saw fit, restrict the elective franchise to any particular class, and exclude some of their own number from the choice of public officers. Would such a delegation be revocable? Could such a restriction be removed by a majority of the whole people afterwards? Is the consent thus given really or by implication, to a constitution, revocable, and can the exercise of the sovereignty be resumed at any time by the whole people, without the consent of the parties to whom the power may have been confided, or, to use a legal expression, without the consent of the *grantees*? Can it be resumed without a revolution? After a constitution is once adopted, by which an electoral body is established smaller than the whole people, does there still remain a legal right to change that constitution, in a manner not provided by the constitution itself, and without the consent of the electoral body?

This depends entirely upon another question, before alluded to, whether the rights which belonged to the whole people, when they entered into the social compact, or when at the revolution they formed a new government, were transferable or defeasible. That at the formation of the social compact all men were equal, and entered into it as such, we have clearly shown; that at the revolution they acted as equals again, is equally clear. Have they surrendered or lost that equality—that equal right to participate in the government—"that equal right that every man hath to his natural freedom, without being subjected to the will or authority of any other man?" The answer is contained in the Declaration of Independence, and firmly imbedded in our fundamental laws, as if our glorious ancestors had some presentiment that there might come some inglorious day when this great right of rights should be questioned:

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain UNALIENABLE rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of

these ends, it is the right of THE PEOPLE to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

CONSTITUTION OF MAINE.

"All power is inherent in the people; all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit; they have, therefore, an UNALIENABLE AND INDEFEASIBLE right to institute government, and to alter, reform, or totally change the same, when their safety and happiness require it."

If their right to institute and to change government is *inalienable*, then no form of government, no contract, no agreement, can be devised by which the people can be bound not to resume the powers which they have granted. A delegation of the administration of government to a limited body of electors is valid so long as it is not revoked; but it is always revocable; and the constitution of this year may be abrogated the next, without the consent of any of the bodies which it may have created. If the whole people cannot alienate their right of self-government, so cannot any portion of them, for the same reason. The right resides in every member of the body politic, and is inalienable, indefeasible, and indestructible. No time can bar it—no act or consent can give it away—no calamity can destroy it.

CONSTITUTION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"Government is instituted for the common good; for the protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness of THE PEOPLE, and not for the profit, honor, or private interest of any one man, family, or *class of men*. Therefore, THE PEOPLE alone have an inalienable and indefeasible right to institute government, and to reform, alter, or totally change the same, when their protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness require it."

The people in the latter sentence, is certainly the same people mentioned in the former; and they for whom government is instituted have alone the right to change it.

CONSTITUTION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

"All men are born equally free and independent; therefore, all government of

right originates from the people, is founded in consent, and instituted for the general good."

If the "people" mentioned in this sentence includes "all men," the argument is conclusive—otherwise it is altogether fallacious.

CONSTITUTION OF VERMONT.

"Government is or ought to be constituted for the common benefit, protection, and security of the people, nation, or community, and not for the particular emolument or advantage of any single man, family, or set of men, *who are a part only of that community*; and that the *community* hath an indubitable, inalienable, and indefeasible right to reform and alter government in such manner as shall be by that community judged most conducive to the public weal."

Community must mean the same thing, wherever it is used in this sentence, and plainly signifies the whole population.

The State of Rhode Island herself, in 1790, in convention, met to deliberate on the constitution of the United States, used this remarkable language in the solemn instrument by which she made known her ratification of that constitution :

"We declare, That there are certain natural rights, of which men, when they form a social compact, cannot deprive or divest their posterity, among which are the enjoyments of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring, possessing, and protecting property, and preserving and obtaining happiness and safety.

"That all power is naturally vested in, and consequently derived from the people. That magistrates are their trustees and agents, and at all times amenable to them.

"That the powers of government may be re-assumed by the people, whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness.

"Under these impressions, and declaring that the rights aforesaid cannot be abridged or violated, and that the explanations aforesaid are consistent with the said constitution, we, the said delegates, in the name and behalf of the people of the state of Rhode Island and Providence plantations, do by these presents assent to and ratify the said constitution."

CONSTITUTION OF CONNECTICUT.

"That all men, when they form a social compact, are equal in rights; and that no men, or set of men, are entitled to exclu-

sive public emoluments or privileges from the community.

"That all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit; and that they have at all times an undeniable and indefeasible right to alter their form of government in such manner as they may think expedient."

CONSTITUTION OF NEW JERSEY.

"Whereas all the constitutional authority ever possessed by the kings of Great Britain over these colonies or their other dominions were, BY COMPACT, derived from THE PEOPLE, and held by them for the common interest of the whole society."

The constitutions of nearly all the States assert similar doctrines.*

* THE CONSTITUTION OF PENNSYLVANIA.—"That the general and essential principles of liberty and free government may be recognised and unalterably established, we declare,

"1. That all men are born equally free and independent, and have certain inherent and indefeasible rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, of acquiring, possessing, and protecting property and reputation, and of pursuing their own happiness,

"2. That all power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority, and instituted for their peace, safety, and happiness. For the advancement of these ends, they have at all times an unalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform, or abolish their government in such manner as they may think proper."

THE CONSTITUTION OF DELAWARE.—"Through Divine goodness, all men have by nature the rights of worshipping and serving their Creator according to the dictates of their consciences, of enjoying and defending life and liberty, of acquiring and protecting reputation and property; and, in general, of attaining objects suitable to their condition, without injury by one to another; and as these rights are essential to their welfare, for the due exercise thereof power is inherent in them; and therefore all just authority in the institutions of political society is derived from the people, and established with their consent to advance their happiness. And they may for this end, as circumstances require, from time to time, alter their constitution of government."

THE CONSTITUTION OF MARYLAND.—"1. That all government of right originates from the people, is founded in compact only, and instituted solely for the good of the whole.

"4. That all persons invested with the legislative or executive powers of government are the trustees of the public, and, as such, accountable for their conduct; wherefore, whenever the ends of government are perverted, and the public liberty manifestly endangered, and all other means of redress are ineffectual, the people may, and of right ought to, reform the old, or establish a new government. The doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish, and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind."

THE CONSTITUTION OF VIRGINIA.—"A declaration of rights made by the representatives of the good people of Virginia, assembled in full and free convention, which rights do pertain to them and their posterity, as the basis and foundation of government, Unanimously adopted, June 12, 1776.

"1. That all men are, by nature, equally free and independent, and have certain inherent rights, of which, when they enter into a state of society, they cannot, by any compact, deprive or divest their posterity; namely, the enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring and possessing property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety.

"2. That all power is invested in, and consequently derived from, the people; that magistrates are their trustees and servants, and at all times amenable to them.

"3. That government is or ought to be instituted for the common benefit, protection, and security of the people, nation, or community; of all the various modes or forms of government that is best, which is capable of producing the greatest degree of happiness and safety, and is most effectually secured against the danger of mal-administration; and that where any government shall be found inadequate or contrary to these purposes, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, unalienable, and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish it in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the public weal."

THE CONSTITUTION OF NORTH CAROLINA.—"1. That all political power is vested in and derived from the people only."

Here is evidence of the highest degree that, according to the public law of America, all men being created free and equal, and government being instituted for the protection of their unalienable rights, the right of the whole

THE CONSTITUTION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—"All power is originally vested in the people; and all free governments are founded on their authority, and are instituted for their peace, safety and happiness."

THE CONSTITUTION OF KENTUCKY.—"That the general, great and essential principles of liberty and free government may be recognised and established, we declare,

"1. That all freemen when they form a social compact are equal; and that no man or set of men are entitled to exclusive, separate, public emolument or privileges from the community, but in consideration of public services.

"2. That all power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their peace, safety, and happiness. For the advancement of their ends, they have at all times an unalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform, or abolish their government in such manner as they may think proper."

ARKANSAS has nearly the same.

THE CONSTITUTION OF TENNESSEE. DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.—"1. That all power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority, and instituted for their peace, safety, and happiness. For the advancement of those ends, they have at all times an unalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform, or abolish their government, in such manner as they may think proper."

"2. That government being instituted for the common benefit, the doctrine of non-resistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish, and destructive to the good and happiness of mankind.

THE CONSTITUTION OF OHIO.—"That the general, great and essential principles of liberty and free government may be recognised, and for ever unalterably established, we declare,

"1. That all men are born equally free and independent, and have certain natural, inherent, and unalienable rights, amongst which are the enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, possessing, and protecting property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety; and every free republican government, being founded on their sole authority, and organised for the purpose of protecting their liberties and securing their independence, to effect these ends, they have at all times a complete power to alter, reform, or abolish their government, whenever they may deem it necessary."

THE CONSTITUTION OF MISSISSIPPI. DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.—"That the general, great and essential principles of liberty and free government may be recognised, and for ever unalterably established, we declare,

"1. That all freemen, where they form a social compact, are equal in rights; and that no man or set of men are entitled to exclusive, separate, public emoluments or privileges from the community, but in consideration of public services.

"2. That all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority, and established for their benefit; and therefore, they have at all times an unalienable and indefeasible right to alter or abolish their form of government in such manner as they may think expedient."

ALABAMA has the same.

CONSTITUTION OF ILLINOIS.—"That the general, great, and essential principles of liberty and free government may be recognised and unalterably established, we declare,

"1. That all men are born equally free and independent, and have certain inherent and indefeasible rights; among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, and of acquiring and possessing and protecting property and reputation, and of pursuing their own happiness.

"2. That all power is inherent in the people; and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their peace, safety, and happiness."

CONSTITUTION OF MISSOURI.—"That all political power is vested in and derived from the people.

"That the people of this state have the inherent right of regulating the internal government and police thereof."

CONSTITUTION OF MICHIGAN.—"All political power is inherent in the people.

COMMUNITY to change their government at pleasure cannot be surrendered or taken away; that whether they have in any of their constitutions restricted the right of suffrage or not, the right to open or change it at any time is in-

Government is instituted for the protection, security and protection of the people; and they have the right at all times to alter or reform the same, and to abolish one form of government and establish another, when the public good requires it."

No additional authority can be given to these doctrines by single names. If it could, we might refer to a great number. For example,

JEFFERSON.—"It is not only the *right* but the *duty of those now on the stage of action* to change the laws and *institutions* of government to keep pace with the progress of knowledge, the light of science, and the amelioration of the condition of society. Nothing is to be considered unchangeable but the inherent and inalienable rights of man."

MADISON.—"It is *essential* to such a government," (that is, republican) "that it be derived from the *great body of the society*, not from an *inconsiderable proportion* or a *favoured class* of it; otherwise a handful of tyrannical nobles, exercising their oppressions by a delegation of their power, might aspire to the rank of republicans and claim for their government the honorable title of republic."

WILSON.—"Of the right of a *majority of the whole people* to change their government *at will*, there is no doubt."—1, Wilson, 418.—1 Tytler's Black. Comm. 165, cited p. 324, Vol. 1, Story's Comm.

"Permit me to mention one great principle, the *vital* principle I may well call it, which diffuses animation and vigor through all the others. The principle I mean is this, that the supreme or sovereign power of the society resides in the *citizens at large*; and that, therefore, they *always retain* the right of abolishing, altering, or amending their constitution, *at whatever time*, and in *whatever manner*, they shall deem expedient."—*Lectures on Law*, vol. 1, p. 10.

JAY.—"At the Revolution, the sovereignty devolved on the people; and they are truly the sovereigns of the country; but they are sovereign without subjects, (unless the African slaves among us may be so called,) and have none to govern but themselves: the *citizens of America* are equal as fellow citizens, and as *joint tenants in the sovereignty*."—2 Dallas's Reports, 219.

MARSHALL.—"It has been said that the people had already surrendered all their powers to the state sovereignties, and had nothing more to give. But surely the question, whether they may resume and modify the powers granted to government, does not remain to be settled in this country."—4 Wheaton's Reports, 405.

"Perhaps some politician, who has not considered with sufficient accuracy our political systems, would answer, that in our government the supreme power was vested in the constitution. This opinion approaches a step nearer to the truth," (than the supposition that it resides in the legislatures) "but does not reach it. The truth is, that our government, the supreme, absolute and uncontrollable power, *remains* in the people. As our constitutions are superior to our legislatures, so the people are superior to our constitutions. Indeed, the superiority, in this last instance, is much greater, for the people possess over our constitutions control in *act* as well as right."—*Works*, vol. iii., p. 292.

"The consequence is, that the people may change the constitution, *whenever* and *however* they please. This is a right of which no positive institution can deprive them."

RAWLE.—"Vattel justly observes, that the perfection of a state, and its aptitude to fulfil the ends proposed by society, depend upon its constitution. The first duty to itself is, to form the best constitution possible, and one most suited to its circumstances, and thus it lays the foundation for its safety, permanence, and happiness. But the best constitution which can be framed with the most anxious deliberation that can be bestowed upon it, may, in practice, be found imperfect and inadequate to the true interests of society. Alterations and amendments then become desirable. The people retains, the people cannot perhaps divest itself of the power to make such alterations. A moral power, equal to, and of the same nature with that which made, alone can destroy. The laws of one legislature may be repealed by another legislature, and the power to repeal cannot be withheld by the power which enacted them. So the people may, on the same principle, at any time alter or abolish the constitution they have formed. This has been frequently and peaceably done by several of these states since 1776. If a particular mode of effecting such alterations has been agreed

disputable. If all persons entered into the social compact, equal in rights, and if their rights could not be transferred or forfeited, they have them still, and their exercise of them depends on their own will and pleasure.

The people, we repeat, are all those who were capable of entering into the social compact. Those who are not competent to form a contract are not included. Children are not included, for this reason. At what age persons shall be deemed men, emancipated from parental tutelage, and of sufficient judgment to enter into contracts, must necessarily depend on some arbitrary rule, which might not suit every individual case. The society itself has the right to determine this time. In the absence of any other rule, that of the common law, among an Anglo-Saxon people, would be adopted. Idiots and insane persons are for the same reason not included. Strangers are not included, because they belong to some other political society, and could not enter into a new compact without renouncing the old one. Permanent residents, therefore, are alone included; those who have established their home with the new society. Are women included? By the practice of the world, a practice as old as history, and almost universal, women have been excluded from political power. All our governments having been formed during the existence of such a practice, and no innovation upon it having been attempted, they must be deemed to have been framed in conformity to it. They virtually declared, in accordance with the general voice of the rest of the world, that women take no part in the formation of the social compact. Whether such an exclusion is justifiable upon principle, it is not our province now to discuss.

But suppose slavery to exist in a state, how does that affect the question? Wherever slavery exists, the slaves must of necessity be excluded

from political power. They cannot enter into any political relation. They cannot contract. To say that they are slaves, is to say that they are not thought of as beings having a political existence. "In the calm of regular government they are sunk below the level of men." Their exclusion is a fact, which we take as we find it. It has been defended upon the ground of necessity, and of their incapacity, from weakness of intellect, to enter into any political questions.

We believe now that we have gone over the whole ground, and that we are safe in asserting it to be the law of all the American States, wherever slavery does not exist, that the sovereignty resides in the whole body of adult male permanent residents of sound mind. If this be a just conclusion, then the right of a majority of this body to change the government at pleasure, whatever may be the wishes of the electors, is beyond dispute.

But it may be asked, where will all this lead us? May you at any time take a census of all this body of persons, and if you can procure the consent of a majority of them to any scheme, does such scheme, *ipso facto*, become the law of the land? To this we answer—first, that if the people should choose to act in an irregular manner, it cannot be helped; that they have the ultimate power to act as they shall judge best; second, that the people of this country never will act in that manner, so long as they are fit for freedom. We repeat the language of Locke, "Perhaps it will be said that the people, being ignorant and always discontented, to lay the foundation of government in the unsteady, opinionous and uncertain humor of the people, is to expose it to certain ruin; and no government will be able long to subsist, if the people may set up a new legislature whenever they take offence at the old one. To this I answer, quite the contrary. People are

upon, it is most convenient to adhere to it, but it is not exclusively binding."—*Rawls on the Constitution*, p. 17.

Congress gave its sanction to the same doctrine, in the case of Michigan, when the people of that state, acting in their original capacity, without the intervention of its legislature, and even in opposition to the different action of the legislature, accepted the conditions on which it was received into the Union.

In North Carolina, also, the same doctrine was appealed to some years since by the people of the western part of that state, who were about to put it in practice, when the other party, who had possession of the actual government, gave way.

not so easily got out of their old forms as some are apt to suggest. They are hardly to be prevailed with to amend the acknowledged faults in the frame they have been accustomed to." The will of the people is the supreme law. So is an act of Congress, passed within the scope of the constitution. Congress may pass a very absurd law; but that is no reason for denying them power. Our government rests upon the people. If it cannot rest upon that foundation, it can rest upon nothing. It supposes the right and the capacity of the people to govern themselves. No scheme of government is practicable which does not require the will of the people to be clearly ascertained and formally promulgated, before it can become a rule of action. Order is one of the chiefest laws of society. While, therefore, we declare the right of the people, at all times and in any manner that seems proper to them, to signify their will and to carry that will into effect; we declare at the same time that this very right exists partly because of the capacity of the people to govern well and discreetly, and that an irregular, tumultuary exercise of their authority would destroy one of the foundations upon which the right itself rests. These two things must go together, order and the sovereignty of the people, or the latter will eventually fall.

There is little danger that it will ever be otherwise in this country. Certainly, in this particular case, it was not otherwise. During the progress of the election of the conventions—and the formation, promulgation, and adoption of the constitution of Rhode Island, everything was conducted in a peaceable and orderly manner. There was no violence, no secesy, no tyranny. If the people's constitution was the act of a majority, never did a majority conduct themselves with greater moderation or take more pains to show the grounds on which they acted.

The conclusion from these arguments is, that the sovereignty resides in the majority of the parties to the social compact; and that these parties in the free States are all the male residents of full age and of sound mind. If, therefore, in the State of Rhode Island, a majority of such have ratified the people's constitution, it is the true and real organic law of the State.

Before we leave this part of the subject, we cannot help adverting to two considerations in addition to those we have already brought forward, not necessary indeed to the argument, but proper to be borne in mind by all who would take a view of the whole subject.

The first is, that those who exercise for the time being the functions of electors in this country, bear a relation to the elective officers, and to the whole people, quite different in fact from that which is borne by electors in the constitutional governments of Europe. There the electors are in fact invested with the whole power of the state. No practice has ever prevailed with them, of establishing an organic law, by the authority of the whole body politic, superior to the legislative authority. The theory of the social compact is there hitherto a mere speculation. No authority supreme to the legislature is recognised in the state, and its acts are supreme. Here the theory of the social compact has been reduced to practice. The body politic establishes on our soil constitutions superior to the legislature. There is no inconsistency therefore in holding that the body of the electors is an intermediate body, established between the whole body politic and the elective officers by the will and authority of the whole. As such, the electors are the agents of the whole body. To hold that the consent of the agent is necessary to the revocation of his power by his principal, is to hold, not only that he is more than agent, but that the principal has bestowed upon him a power irrevocable and unchangeable.

The other consideration is this, that even if the doctrine of the unalienable nature of the right of self-government were otherwise, still, in the case of Rhode Island, the people are not precluded from now exercising that right, because they had never yet done anything to delegate their sovereignty. There the people have never acted in any solemn manner upon the subject of their government. They have never established an organic law. Upon the abolition of the authority of the crown, the old electoral body continued to elect a governor and representatives as before. Until the whole body politic, in its own good time, chose to begin the work of framing a government, the old government was permis-

sive only. It could not bar the rights of the sovereign people; even if those rights were, as we have shown they are not, capable of alienation.

Such is our answer, in the best form in which we are able to give it, to the first question.

The second question it is not difficult to answer. There is another right, a right above all human law—a right of resistance to law—a right of revolution. When does it exist, and on what is it founded? It is founded on the natural rights of the individual, and is to be exercised only when government transcends the limits of its just authority. There are rights of every human being, which are not submitted to government, and which it cannot rightfully interfere with. If it ever pass those limits, be it a government of the people or any other, resistance is justifiable. A majority may abuse their power and become tyrants; when they do so, they may be treated as other tyrants may be treated. Resistance to tyranny is a right—nay, a duty—inscribed upon our hearts by Providence.

There are occasions, therefore, when a minority of the people—an individual, even, may resist the majority. This right is not incompatible with the right of the majority to change the government at will. The principles of both may be stated in few words. The right of the people to frame and to change their government is unquestionable and unalienable; but government itself, as all political society, has limits to its power. If it steps beyond those limits, it may be resisted, by virtue of a law higher than human society. This is the great lesson of political and personal freedom.

This right of resistance is the right also of revolution. It is the right to resist law, when the law becomes the instrument of intolerable oppression—the right to overturn a tyrannical government even though it were supported by a majority of the political society. It must never be confounded with the right we first considered. That was a legal right, a right of a majority to change their government in their own way and at their own time. This is a right against law and above law; a right of minorities and individuals.

The third question with which we set out, is this: how far the federal government can constitutionally interfere

with the exercise of their sovereignty by the people of the States? Can the Union constitutionally repress a movement of a majority of the people of a State to change their government?

It was one object of the framers of the Constitution, we will admit at the outset, to maintain the internal tranquillity of the States. This motive is apparent upon the face of the state papers of that period. Did they intend to effect this object at the expense of the great principles for which they themselves had been engaged in a long war? Did they assume that there never would be another occasion for the exercise of the same principles, or if there were, that it would only occur upon the theatre of the Union, and not confine itself to a single State? This was at least very unlikely. It should seem little less than a condemnation of their own acts and doctrines, to insert in the constitution of the country a provision for such an end. Is there any reason to suppose they did so?

The only portion of the constitution which gives any ground whatever for the claim of interference, is the 4th section of the 4th article—"The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and, on application of the legislature or of the executive, (when the legislature cannot be convened,) against domestic violence." One other provision has been sometimes mentioned as giving authority, the 15th subdivision of the 8th section of the 1st article. Congress shall have power "to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasion;" but it will be apparent, on a slight reflection, that the insurrections here referred to are insurrections against the Union, not against the individual States. If it were not so, the latter clause of the section in the 4th article would have been unnecessary, for Congress had already all the power they wanted under the first article; and the condition on which alone the United States are authorized to interfere by the 4th article is no limitation at all, if they are also authorized to do the same thing by the first article; for that, if it applied to the case, could give them full authority over the subject so far as to use all the militia of the country. It

cannot therefore be deemed applicable to an insurrection against a State.

Let us then take up the 4th article. What authority does that confer upon the United States? Simply this, to protect the States against domestic violence, and then only when applied to by the legislature or executive. The question then divides itself into these three: Who is to be protected? against what? and when? It is the STATE that is to be protected. What constitutes the State?

“What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No: Men, high-minded Men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued,

In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain:

These constitute a state;

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,

O'er thrones and globes elate,

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.”

The people—the community—the majority of the members of the body politic, these constitute the state. *Against domestic violence.* What is domestic violence? Is the execution of the laws domestic violence? Is the enforcement of a constitution domestic violence? Is the use of force for any of these purposes, to overcome resistance, domestic violence? *When?* When application is made by the legislature or the executive. What legislature?—a spurious, a usurping legislature? After a legislature is abrogated by a change of government, can it still call upon the United States for aid? It is clear, then, that the question comes back to the question of

right in the State. The United States are to protect the *majority of the social body, on the application of its lawful legislature or executive, against unlawful violence.* The question then falls back on the one we first considered, whether the majority of the people have a right at all times to change their government. If they have, then it follows that the new government is the one to be protected, on the application of the new legislature, against the violence of the old legislature or the old electors.

This conclusion must necessarily follow from the course of argument we have pursued. Not only have the people given no power to the general government to oppose the majority of a State, but they could give no such power. The power of self-government is unalienable and indefeasible. It is a power of which the people cannot divest themselves. In the emphatic language of Franklin—“the people cannot in any sense divest themselves of the supreme authority.” The people of a state could, doubtless, incorporate themselves in a larger community, and thus divest themselves, in their separate capacity, of the sovereignty, but then the same sovereignty would be instantly vested in the whole community into which they had become incorporated. Either, then, the power of self-government remains in the people of a State, or it is vested in the people of the Union, and we have a consolidated government. Either the people of a State may change their government at pleasure, (subject only to the condition of maintaining a republican form,) or the people of the Union may do it for them. That the latter is the case, the wildest advocate for consolidation never yet pretended. The power of the people in each State over their own form of government is intact.

No State is more strongly committed on this head than Rhode Island. In giving her consent to the Constitution of the United States, she declared, as we have seen, that “the powers of government may be re-assumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness;” that “the right aforesaid cannot be abridged or violated;” and that the federal constitution was consistent therewith.

We come now to the fourth and last question. In a case of domestic

violence, within the constitution, in what manner can the United States interfere? There is at present an act of Congress empowering the President, in such cases, to interfere with the militia of the other States, or the forces of the Union. Was that act constitutional? We doubt it extremely. If it be competent for Congress to delegate such a power to the President, it was competent to delegate that other power mentioned in the same sentence, the guarantee of a republican form of government. Is it competent for Congress to do this? Can they constitute the President a judge to decide when the government of a State is or is not republican, and empower him to change it by force? If they can do this, then can they arm him with a more than kingly power.

If it be urged that the power to interfere in a case of domestic violence ought to be given to the President, because it might become necessary to act immediately, when Congress was not in session, and before it could be called together; we answer that the argument from inconvenience is always a dangerous argument on a constitutional question. But here we think the balance of inconvenience is on the other side. The

President may do more mischief by interfering in the wrong case, as he has done in this instance of Rhode Island, than could possibly happen from delay in many cases of real insurrection or domestic violence. The States are to be presumed, in the first instance, able to put down violence within their own borders. Until their own force had proved insufficient, there could be no occasion for federal intervention.

One thing seems to be more than probable, that the framers of the constitution, themselves, contemplated only an intervention by Congress; for Mr. Madison, writing of this very article in the forty-third number of the *Federalist*, uses this language:—"In cases where it may be doubtful on which side justice lies, what better umpires could be desired by two violent factions, flying to arms and tearing the state to pieces, than the *representatives of confederate states*, not heated by the local flame? To the impartiality of judges they would unite the affection of friends. Happy would it be, if such a remedy for its infirmities could be enjoyed for all free governments; if a project equally effectual could be established for the universal peace of mankind."

A LEGEND OF LIFE AND LOVE.

A VERY cheerless and fallacious doctrine is that which teaches to deny the yielding to natural feelings, righteously directed, because the consequences may be trouble and grief, as well as satisfaction and pleasure. The man who lives on from year to year, jealous of ever placing himself in a situation where the chances can possibly turn against him—ice, as it were, surrounding his heart, and his mind too scrupulously weighing in a balance the results of giving way to any of those propensities his Creator has planted in his heart—may be a philosopher, but can never be a happy man.

Upon the banks of a pleasant river stood a cottage, the residence of an ancient man whose limbs were feeble with the weight of years and of former sorrow. In his appetites easily gratified, like the simple race of people

among whom he lived, every want of existence was supplied by a few fertile acres. Those acres were tilled and tended by two brothers, grandsons of the old man, and dwellers also in the cottage. The parents of the boys lay buried in a grave near by.

Nathan, the elder, had hardly seen his twentieth summer. He was a beautiful youth. Glossy hair clustered upon his head, and his cheeks were very brown from sunshine and open air. Though the eyes of Nathan were soft and liquid, like a girl's, and his cheeks curled with a voluptuous swell, exercise and labor had developed his limbs into noble and manly proportions. The bands of hunters, as they met sometimes to start off together after game upon the neighboring hills, could hardly show one among their number who in comeliness, strength,

or activity, might compete with the youthful Nathan.

Mark was but a year younger than his brother. He, too, had great beauty.

In course of time the ancient sickened, and knew that he was to die. Before the approach of the fatal hour, he called before him the two youths, and addressed them thus :

“The world, my children, is full of deceit. Evil men swarm in every place; and sorrow and disappointment are the fruits of intercourse with them. So wisdom is wary.

“And as the things of life are only shadows, passing like the darkness of a cloud, twine no bands of love about your hearts. For love is the ficklest of the things of life. The object of our affection dies, and we thenceforth languish in agony; or perhaps the love we covet dies, and that is more painful yet.

“It is well never to confide in any man. It is well to keep aloof from the follies and impurities of earth. Let there be no links between you and others. Let not any being control you through your dependence upon him for a portion of your happiness. This, my sons, I have learned by bitter experience, is the teaching of truth.”

Within a few days afterward, the old man was placed away in the marble tomb of his kindred, which was built on a hill by the shore.

Now the injunctions given to Nathan and his brother—injunctions frequently impressed upon them before by the same monitorial voice—were pondered over by each youth in his inmost heart. They had always habitually respected their grandsire: whatever came from his mouth, therefore, seemed as the words of an oracle not to be gainsayed.

Soon the path of Nathan chanced to be sundered from that of Mark.

And the trees leaved out, and then in autumn cast their foliage; and in due course leaved out again, and again, and many times again—and the brothers met not yet.

Two score years and ten! what change works over earth in such a space as two score years and ten!

As the sun, an hour ere his setting, cast long slanting shadows to the eastward, two men, withered, and with hair thin and snowy, came wearily up from opposite directions, and stood to-

gether at a tomb built on a hill by the borders of a fair river. Why do they start, as each casts his dim eyes toward the face of the other? Why do tears drop down their cheeks, and their frames tremble even more than with the feebleness of age? They are the long separated brethren, and they enfold themselves in one another's arms.

“And yet,” said Mark, after a few moments, stepping back, and gazing earnestly upon his companion's form and features, “and yet it wonders me that *thou* art my brother. There should be a brave and beautiful youth, with black curls upon his head, and not those pale emblems of decay. And my brother should be straight and nimble—not bent and tottering as thou.”

The speaker cast a second searching glance—a glance of discontent.

“And I,” rejoined Nathan, “I might require from *my* brother, not such shrivelled limbs as I see,—and instead of that cracked voice, the full swelling music of a morning heart—but that half a century is a fearful melter of comeliness and of strength; for half a century it is, dear brother, since my hand touched thine, or my gaze rested upon thy face.”

Mark sighed, and answered not.

Then, in a little while, they made inquiries about what had befallen either during the time past. Seated upon the marble by which they had met, Mark briefly told his story.

“I bethink me, brother, many, many years have indeed passed over since the sorrowful day when our grandsire, dying, left us to seek our fortunes amid a wicked and a seductive world.

“His last words, as thou, doubtless, dost remember, advised us against the snares that should beset our subsequent journeyings. He portrayed the dangers which lie in the path of love; he impressed upon our minds the folly of placing confidence in human honor; and warned us to keep aloof from too close communion with our kind. He then died, but his instructions live, and have ever been present in my memory.

“Dear Nathan, why should I conceal from you that at that time I loved. My simple soul, ungifted with the wisdom of our aged relative, had yielded to the delicious folly, and the brown-eyed Eva was my young heart's

choice. O brother, even now,—the feeble and withered thing I am,—dim recollections, pleasant passages, come forth around me, like the joy of old dreams. A boy again, and in the confiding heart of a boy, I walk with Eva by the river's banks. And the gentle creature blushes at my protestations of love, and leans her cheek upon my neck. The regal sun goes down in the west, and we gaze upon the glory of the clouds that attend his setting, and while we look at their fantastic changes, a laugh sounds out, clear like a flute, and merry as the jingling of silver bells. It is the laugh of Eva."

The eye of the old man glistened with unwonted brightness. He paused, sighed, the brightness faded away, and he went on with his narration.

"As I said, the dying lessons of him whom we revered were treasured in my soul. I could not but feel their truth. I feared that if I again stood beside the maiden of my love, and looked upon her face, and listened to her words, the wholesome axioms might be blotted from my thought, so I determined to act as became a man: from that hour I never have beheld the brown-eyed Eva.

"I went amid the world. Acting upon the wise principles which our aged friend taught us, I looked upon everything with suspicious eyes. Alas! I found it but too true that iniquity and deceit are the ruling spirits of men.

"Some called me cold, calculating, and unamiable; but it was their own unworthiness that made me appear so to their eyes. I am not—you know, my brother—I am not, naturally, of proud and repulsive manner; but I was determined never to give my friendship merely to be blown off again, it might chance, as a feather by the wind; nor interweave my course of life with those that very likely would draw all the advantage of the connexion, and leave me no better than before.

"I engaged in traffic. Success attended me. Enemies said that my good fortune was the result of chance,—but I knew it the fruit of the judicious system of caution which governed me in matters of business, as well as of social intercourse.

"My brother, thus have I lived my life. Your look asks me if I have

been happy. Dear brother, truth impels me to say *no*. Yet assuredly, if few glittering pleasures ministered to me on my journey, equally few were the disappointments, the hopes blighted, the trusts betrayed, the faintings of the soul, caused by the defection of those in whom I had laid up treasures.

"Ah, my brother, the world is full of misery!"

The disciple of a wretched faith ceased his story, and there was silence a while.

Then Nathan spake:

"In the early years," he said, "I too loved a beautiful woman. Whether my heart was more frail than thine, or affection had gained a mightier power over me, I could not part from her I loved without the satisfaction of a farewell kiss. We met,—I had resolved to stay but a moment,—for I had chalked out my future life after the fashion thou hast described thine.

"How it was I know not, but the moment rolled on to hours; and still we stood with our arms around each other.

"My brother, a maiden's tears washed my stern resolves away. The lure of a voice rolling quietly from between two soft lips, enticed me from remembrance of my grandsire's wisdom. I forgot his teachings, and married the woman I loved.

"Ah! how sweetly sped the seasons! We were blessed. True, there came crossings and evils; but we withstood them all, and holding each other by the hand, forgot that such a thing as sorrow remained in the world.

"Children were born to us—brave boys and fair girls. Oh, Mark, that, *that* is a pleasure—that swelling of tenderness for our offspring—which the rigorous doctrines of your course of life have withheld from you!

"Like you, I engaged in trade. Various fortune followed my path. I will not deny but that some in whom I thought virtue was strong, proved cunning hypocrites, and worthy no man's trust. Yet are there many I have known, spotless, as far as humanity may be spotless.

"Thus, to me, life has been alternately dark and fair. Have I lived happy?—No, not completely; it is never for mortals so to be. But I can lay my hand upon my heart, and thank the Great Master, that the sun-

shine has been far oftener than the darkness of the clouds.

"Dear brother, the world has misery—but it is a pleasant world still, and affords much joy to the dwellers!"

As Nathan ceased, his brother looked up in his face, like a man unto whom a simple truth had been for the first time revealed. W. W.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

NO. XXXI.

THE LATE THEODORE SEDGWICK,

OF STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

(*With a fine Engraving on steel.*)

In the Democratic Review for February, 1840, Mr. Sedgwick, then recently deceased, was made the subject of No. XVII. of the Series of Political Portraits. We expressed in the following terms the regret we entertained that it was not in our power to add an engraving to the biographical narrative and portraiture of character to which we were compelled to confine ourselves: "We regret that from the fact of no other portrait of him being left than that deeply impressed on the hearts of his friends, it is not in our power, in like manner, to accompany the present written sketch of his life and character with an engraved likeness of a countenance that well harmonized with the spirit of which it was the transparent expression." Since that period a portrait has been painted, chiefly from the faithful memory of the artist, an attached friend, aided by the suggestions of Mr. Sedgwick's family, from which we have procured the accompanying engraving to be copied by one of our ablest engravers. It will be recognized by the wide circle of friends who have not forgotten to lament the loss sustained in such a man, as a likeness full of the character which made him the object of so warm an attachment and so high a respect.

Inasmuch as there are some thousands of readers now taking the Democratic Review who did not take it at the period referred to, it is due to them, in thus presenting the present portrait, to accompany it with at least a slight outline sketch of Mr. Sedgwick's life

—though at the necessary expense of a repetition, which will doubtless be readily pardoned by those who have the former more extended sketch at hand to refer to.

Mr. Sedgwick was the eldest son of Judge Sedgwick, who—(after rendering valuable service to his country during the struggle of the Revolution, and after having served his State, Massachusetts, in many representative capacities, at home as well as in the House of Representatives and Senate of the United States)—spent the concluding years of his life on the bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, till his death in the year 1813. Theodore, the subject of the present notice, was born in Sheffield, in that State, in December, 1780. When he was about the age of seven, his father removed his family to the village of Stockbridge, in the same State, which has since constituted their central residence and home. Mr. Sedgwick removed to Albany for the practice of his profession, the law, immediately on his admission to the bar, in 1801. He continued there, in partnership with Mr. Harman's Bleeker, the late Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at the Hague, until the year 1821, when his impaired state of health compelled him to withdraw from the profession, of which he had been an honorable ornament. From that period the even current of his life flowed tranquilly on till his death on the 7th November, 1839—in the midst of a rare combination of the best elements of true happiness for himself,

and in the active diffusion of an enlightened beneficence to others in all directions within the sphere of his influence.

After his retirement to Stockbridge, Mr. Sedgwick applied himself, with all the active habits of his mind, to the cultivation and enjoyment of philosophical and literary pursuits, to the pleasures of society, and of a home as eminently blessed to him, as its kindly hospitality was agreeable to all who visited it,—to the various useful amusements of country life,—and to the exemplary discharge of all the duties of his position, not only in the more private relations at which it is not for us here even to glance, but in every capacity in which it was in his power to do good to others, whether collectively or singly, as a man, a neighbor, and a citizen. One of his favorite objects was to promote, by his example, advice, and aid, the formation of a taste among his fellow-townsmen for the fine cultivation of the fruits of the field and of the garden. He was twice elected President of the Agricultural Society of the county. He also represented his town several times in the Legislature of the State. In the latter capacity, as early as the year 1827, after much examination and reflection, he introduced a project for the construction of a railroad from Boston to Albany; which, after several years of earnest effort, in which he had to encounter every obstacle of prejudice, timidity, and ridicule, he at last saw, by the impetus which he had given to it, carried successfully through. And though it was not permitted him to witness the full completion of this great measure, of which he may be regarded as the father, yet he lived long enough to see its partial accomplishment, the road having been opened but shortly before his death for more than half the distance—with the universal favor of the public opinion, at first strongly hostile to it.

As an enlightened political economist and zealous philanthropist, Mr. Sedgwick could not be indifferent to the important subject of *Politics*. He took an especial interest in the great controversy of the Tariff; he was a member of the Free Trade Convention at Philadelphia in 1831; and notwithstanding the strong prevalence of a different public opinion, and imagined

sectional interest in his portion of the country, he was a strenuous opponent of the whole "American System." In fact the general direction of the political opinions to which his candid reflections and warm popular sympathies had by this time led his mind, were decidedly adverse to those of the party which supported Mr. Adams in the Presidential Chair. The reader will not, therefore, participate in the surprise which was felt by many of the old Federal friends of Mr. Sedgwick and of his family, on his coming out with his characteristic earnestness and fearlessness, in behalf of General Jackson's election to the Presidency. No man ever for an instant questioned the disinterested sincerity of Mr. Sedgwick's opinions; and his open accession to the Democratic ranks—then in hopeless minority in his native State—was received by the latter with warm welcome and congratulation. It is scarcely necessary for us to add, that Mr. Sedgwick ever after, by the unwavering consistency of his subsequent course, through all the darkest of the hours which ensued, amply justified and confirmed that confidence which his well-known character and name at once unreservedly commanded from the Democracy of the State. He was more than once, we believe, the candidate of the Democratic party in Berkshire for Congress. His name, as the most popular that could be selected, was more than once united, on the gubernatorial ticket, with that of Judge Morton. At the election of 1839, at which the Democratic party succeeded in Massachusetts, by its celebrated majority of one, Mr. Sedgwick had declined the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, which he was earnestly pressed to accept. Private circumstances alone influenced him to this course; for at no period were his convictions stronger, or his sympathies more warm, with the cause of his party than at the period here referred to, when principles were involved in it of which his sagacious understanding appreciated all the importance, to the object nearest his heart—the amelioration of the condition of the great mass of the people.

Mr. Sedgwick died at Pittsfield, about twelve miles from Stockbridge, on the 7th of November, 1839, by a stroke of apoplexy which attacked him while engaged in addressing a meet-

ing of his political friends, on the eve of the election then about to take place. He fell thus nobly, "with his harness on." The following account of the occasion is from the pen of the physician who was present, and who tried vainly every expedient of his art to preserve a life so valuable to the community :

"Being requested to address the company, at about half past 8 o'clock he rose, and in a most solemn and impressive manner introduced the subject of his remarks. Among other observations, he said, that the principles he advocated and the sentiments he should advance were the result of much reflection and no inconsiderable observation; that under existing circumstances, and especially at his period of life, he should be pardoned for what otherwise might seem to savor of egotism—he could now have no object but so to speak and so to act, that his rapidly approaching end might be that of peace.

"His remarks bore the characteristics of feeling and sentiment of a disinterested friend and patriot, giving his parting admonitions. He adverted to the fact of the existence of a difference of political principles, of the grounds of that difference, and the causes which tended to its perpetuation; he spoke of the influence of wealth, both individual and corporate, as naturally hostile to democratic principles, and that the great security of a free and equal government rested with the great class of our community possessed of moderate property, and mainly on the industrious farmer and mechanic.

"The subject of the monetary affairs of the country occupied his chief attention. The conduct of the banks was arraigned and exhibited in its true light—the fallacy of their pretensions exposed, and the proper basis of the credit system presented, its importance admitted, and the folly of charging the Government with any attempt to destroy it. 'The credit system,' he said, 'we must have and shall have; the public ought not to suffer from bank suspension; they have yielded large profits, and if necessary they ought to make sacrifice, rather than that the public should suffer.'

"He adverted to the state of parties in the country and commonwealth, and exhorted the friends of equal rights to alacrity and perseverance, anticipating that their efforts would eventually be crowned with success. Every sentiment he uttered was from the heart, and dictated by the liberal spirit of a philanthropist.

"Near the close of one of the most im-

pressive addresses ever delivered, it was evident, from his subdued manner and a slight faltering of his voice, that some change had come upon him. Fondly did we hope, as he sat down, that it was merely a temporary exhaustion, from which he would soon recover. But alas! the citadel of life was attacked, and as he attempted, soon after, to leave the room, he fell partly down, and it was too evident he had received a paralytic attack, partially disabling one half the left side of the body. Still he retained the exercise of his intellectual faculties, and expressed a strong confidence of a speedy favorable result. The character of the attack was, however, gradually and more surely developing its real nature. All the aid which physicians and kind friends could render was unavailing. It only palliated and contributed to prolong life for a few hours. The affection of the head increased to a complete apoplexy, and between two and three o'clock he ceased to breathe.

"Till within a few minutes of his departure, he conversed freely with those about him, neither suffering bodily pain nor mental aberration. He died without the slightest convulsion, with a countenance placid even in death. Though perhaps himself not fully aware of his immediate danger, still he expressed a calm submission, by repeating the emphatic language, 'It is all right.'

"Thus is one suddenly removed from us, severing the tenderest ties of love and friendship. None who knew him but mourn his loss. An affectionate family are plunged in sorrow, and the community are deprived of one whose kindness and liberality will not soon be forgotten. When such men die, the country has reason to mourn. The Providence of God is inscrutable, but it is our strong consolation that infinite wisdom and infinite benevolence orders all events."

The announcement of Mr. Sedgwick's sudden decease, elicited from the press, from many quarters, strong expressions of respect and regret. He was felt to be a great loss to the public, as well as to all who were brought in any way in private life within the circle of his influence. We conclude this very slight notice, which will serve as the necessary accompaniment to the portrait, with quoting again the closing words of our former article above referred to :

"Such, then, was Theodore Sedgwick. The memory of his virtues, that gave their keenest poignancy to the first regrets

of his friends, affords too the most soothing balm to heal them; while the example left by the daily beauty of his life will long continue to exert a pleasant and a good influence, on all those whose fortune it was to be familiar with it. His death—calm as an infant's slumber, and leaving upon his countenance, undimmed by any trace of physical or mental suffering, all the light of the transparent loveliness of one of the purest and kindest of earthly spirits—seems to our imaginations but a natural and happy transition from one mode of existence to another, without affecting the intimate ties of mutual sympathies and affections, which so strongly bound him to the numerous friends who mourn his departure from before the bodily vision and contact of the human sense. A singular presentiment appears to have brooded over his mind for several preceding months, that the close of his earthly way of life was *very nigh at hand*—a presentiment revealing itself on frequent occasions which the memory of various friends can now too distinctly recall and interpret. To a mind thus pure from thought, feeling, or memory of evil—

thus fortified with all the preparation of calm philosophical reflection—and secure in its reliance on the anchor of that religion whose essential truths were as deeply established in the convictions of his reason, as its spirit was seen of all men to be the animating principle of his whole character and conduct in life—such a presentiment wore no terrors for him, however it might at times cast a passing shadow of gloom over domestic and social affections peculiarly strong and tender; while in the actual mode of his death—its tranquillity, its freedom from distracting pain, accompanied with the full retention of his mental faculties—he was happy in realizing a wish always entertained and often expressed by him. Rarely has the hand of friendship had to record a death—rather, let us say, a departure, for a temporary and brief separation—in which a more emphatic meaning is felt, by all who knew him, to reside in the exclamation with which we conclude this imperfect tribute to his rare worth—

'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis!'

THE WORDS OF FAITH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

THREE things I tell you of weight and might;
Though mouth to mouth may speak them,
Yet spring they not to the wide world's sight;
In the depths of the heart you must seek them.
And man of all that is dear is left,
When no faith in these three things is left.

First, MAN IS CREATED FREE,—and when born,
Though fetters of iron bound him,
He need not be turned by the demagogue's scorn,
Or the clamor of fools around him.
For the slave, when the day of release is near,
But not for the freeman, let tyrants fear.

And VIRTUE, IT IS NO EMPTY SOUND;—
'Tis the same in sense and letter;
And though man stumble on treacherous ground,
He can still press onward to better.
And what seems folly in wisdom's eyes,
Is truth and light to the truly wise.

And THERE IS A GOD,—an Omnipotent Will,
 However mankind may waver,
 That weaves over Time and Space, with skill,
 A system of thought for ever ;
 And though the revels of change ne'er cease,
 Still reigns in all changes a spirit of peace.

These three things cherish with faith and might ;
 From mouth to mouth ever speak them.
 And though they spring not to every one's sight,
 In the depths of the heart you may seek them :
 And never is man of all worth bereft,
 So long as faith in these words is left.

H. GATES.

LUCY HOOPER.*

SHE was born on the 4th of February, 1816 ; she died on the 1st of August, 1841, of consumption. Through twenty-five years, a gentle, thoughtful, and modest maiden, the brightness and blessing of a quiet little family circle, she lived in her daily walk all the poetry which she breathed from time to time aloud, in most melodious music of verse. Such is all, in the way of incident or event of a character at all prominent, that biography has to record of her ;—as one might write the life of a flower ; springing, and dying ; and through the brief meanwhile between those two bounding points, looking ever up to heaven, and revealing the sweet soul within it by that perfume and bloom which constitute the lovely life God has bestowed upon it. The expression of the comparison has scarcely passed from our pen, when the recollection rises of some beautiful lines of her own, "*To a little wild flower,*" which would seem to have been prompted by a prophetic consciousness of her own nature and its natural early fate. We need not disclaim the suspicion of having plagiarized the idea from herself,—it was so obvious and fitting, that it could scarcely fail to suggest itself to any one who had ever given a thought to the two objects of kindred loveliness, the sweet flower and the sweet young girl :

"I wish I was this simple flower,
 Born 'neath the sky of May,
 Brightly to bloom my little hour,
 Then quickly pass away.

I wish I was as low and small,
 Its destiny to prove ;
 For surely none would mind at all,
 Who did not mind to love.

I wish that I was guarded so,
 From every cruel storm,
 Mark how each taller plant doth throw
 A shelter round its form.

And see ye not this little flower
 Can fold its petals bright,
 When storms do rise, or clouds do lower,
 Or draweth on the night.

It only lifts its meek bright eye,
 Through summer days and spring,
 It gazes ever on the sky ;
 Oh ! 'tis a happy thing !

I wish that I could change my form,
 And blossom on the plain,
 Live wild and happy, though not long,
 Then die ere Autumn came.

Or still more blest be plucked to cheer
 Some heart in lonely hour,
 That sick of human strife and fear,
 Would wish to be a flower !"

Notwithstanding its length, we are tempted to add also the following, as

* Poetical Memoirs of the late Lucy Hooper ; collected and arranged by John Keese. New York : Published by Samuel Colman. 1842.

well from the appositeness of the subject to the present occasion, as from the unconscious correspondence of the description to the case of the "Young Poetess" herself:

LAST HOURS OF A YOUNG POETESS.

"Throw up the window! that the earnest eyes

Of the young devotee at Nature's shrine,
May catch a last glimpse of this breathing world

From which she is removing.

Men will say

This is an early death, and they will write
The record of her few and changeful years

With wonder on the marble, and then turn

Away with thoughtful brows from the green sod,

Yet pass to daily business, for the griefs,
That press on busy spirits, may not turn
Their steps aside from the worn paths of life,

Or bear upon the memory, when the quick
And selfish course of daily care sweeps by.
Yet when they speak of that lost one,
't will be

With tones of passionate marvel, for they watched

Her bright career as ye would watch a star

Of dazzling brilliancy, and mourn to see
Its glory quenched, and wonder while ye mourned,

How the thick pall of darkness could be thrown

O'er such a radiant thing.

Is this the end

Of all thy glorious visions, young Estelle?
Hath thy last hour drawn on, and will thy life

Pass by as quickly as the perfumed breath
Of some fair flower upon the Zephyr's wings?

And will they lay thee in the quiet grave,
And never know how fervently thy heart
Panted for its repose?

Oh! let the peace

Of this sweet hour be hers; let her gaze forth

Now on the face of Nature for the last,
While the bright sunbeam trembles in the air

Of the meek coming twilight, it will soothe
Her spirit as a spell, and waken up
Impassioned thoughts, and kindle burning dreams,

And call back glorious visions.

Marvel not
To see her color pass, and view the tears
Fast gathering to her eyes, and see her bend

In very weakness at the fearful shrine
Of memory, when the glory of the past
Is gone for ever.

Gaze not on her now,

Her spirit is a delicate instrument,
Nor can ye know its measure.

How unlike

That wearied one to the bright, gifted girl,

Who knelt a worshipper at the deep shrine
Of Poetry, and 'mid the fairest things,
Pined for lone solitude to read the clouds,
With none to watch her, and dream pleasant things

Of after life, and see in every flower
The mysteries of Nature, and behold
In every star the herald and the sign
Of immortality, till she almost shrank
To feel the secret and expanding might
Of her own mind; and thus amid the flowers

Of a glad home grew beautiful.—Away
With praises upon Time! with hollow tones

That tell the blessedness of after years;
They take the fragrance from the soul,
they rob

Life of its gloss, its poetry, its charm,
Till the heart sickens and the mental wing
Droops wearily, and thus it was with her,
The gifted and the lovely. Oh! how much

The world will envy those, whose hearts
are filled

With secret and unchanging grief, if Fame
Or outward splendor gilds them!

Who among

The throngs that sung thy praises, young Estelle,

Or crowned thy brow with laurels, ever recked

That wearier of thy chaplet than the slave

May be with daily toil, thy hand would cast
The laurel by with loathing, but the pride
Of woman's heart withheld thee!

Oh! how praise

Falls on the sorrowing mind, how cold the voice

Of Flattery, when the spirit is bowed down
Before its mockery, and the heart is sick;
Praise for the gift of genius, for the grace
Of outward form, when the soul pines to hear

One kindly tone and true!

What bitter jest
 It maketh of the enthusiast, to whom
 One star alone can shine, one voice be
 heard
 In tones of blessedness, to know that
 crowds
 Of Earth's light-hearted ones—are trea-
 suring up,
 Against the day of sorrow, the deep words
 Of wretchedness and misery which burst
 From an o'erburdened spirit, and that
 minds
 Which may not rise to Heaven on the
 wings
 Of an inspired fancy, yet can list
 With raptured ear, to the ethereal dreams
 Of a high soaring genius.

For this end
 Did'st thou seek Fame, Estelle;—and hast
 thou breathed
 The atmosphere of poetry, till life
 With its dull toil grew wearisome and lone?

• • • • •

Her brow grew quickly pale—and mur-
 mured words
 That not in life dwelt on that gentle lip,
 Are spoken in the recklessness of death;
 They tell of early dreams—of cherished
 hopes
 That faded into bitterness, ere Fame
 Became the spirit's idol, of lost tones
 Of music, and of well remembered words
 That thrill the spirit yet.

Again it comes
 That half reproachful voice that she hath
 spent
 Her life at Passion's shrine, and patient
 there
 Hath sacrificed, and offered incense to
 An absent idol—that she might not see
 Even in death—and then again the strength
 Of a high soul sustains her, and she joys,
 Yea, triumphs in her fame, that *he* may
 hear
 Her name with honor, when the dark
 shades fall
 Around her, and she sleeps in still repose;
 If some faint tone should reach him at the
 last
 Of her devotedness, he will not spurn
 The memory from him, but his soul may
 thrill
 To think of her, the fervent-hearted girl,
 Who turned from flattering tones, and idly
 cast,
 The treasures of her spirit on the winds
 And found no answering voice!

Then prayed for death,
 Since Life's sweet spells had vanished, and
 her hopes

Had melted in thin air, and laying down
 Her head upon her pillow, sought her rest,
 And thought to meet him in the land of
 dreams!"

We abandon the design with which
 we began—that of a descriptive critical
 sketch of the poetical character and
 genius of the bright young creature of
 whom we have so sweet a record and
 monument in this volume. The task
 is far more pleasing—its results will be
 far more pleasing to our readers—to
 give them rather the opportunity of
 forming such judgment for themselves,
 by the selection of some further ex-
 tracts, which may be taken as fair
 specimens of her powers and style.
 What she was already, all can read
 and see—what she would probably
 have become, had she lived to a greater
 maturity of life and thought, we can
 only imagine from the high promise of
 her early performance. We select the
 following three poems for the purpose,
 and only regret that our necessary re-
 striction of space curtails within these
 limits so many quotations we should
 have taken an equal pleasure in mak-
 ing:

EVENING THOUGHTS.

THOU quiet moon, above the hill-tops
 shining,
 How do I revel in thy glances bright,
 How does my heart, cured of its vain re-
 pinning,
 Take note of those who wait and watch
 thy light—
 The student o'er his lonely volume bend-
 ing,
 The pale enthusiast, joying in thy ray,
 And ever and anon, his dim thoughts
 sending
 Up to the regions of eternal day!

Nor these alone—the pure and radiant
 eyes
 Of Youth and Hope look up to thee
 with love,
 Would it were thine—meek dweller of the
 skies,
 To save from tears! but no! too far
 above
 This dim cold earth thou shinest, richly
 flinging
 Thy soft light down on all who watch
 thy beam,
 And to the heart of Sorrow gently bring-
 ing
 The glories pictured in Life's morning
 stream,

As a loved presence back ; oh ! shine on me
 As to the voyagers on the faithless sea !
 Joy's beacon light ! I know that trembling
 Care
 Warned by thy coming hies him to re-
 pose,
 And on his pillow laid, serenely there
 Forgets his calling ; that at Day's dull
 close
 Meek Age and rosy Childhood sink to
 rest,
 And Passion lays her fever dreams
 aside,
 And the unquiet thought in every breast
 Loses its selfish fervor and its pride,
 With thoughts of thee—the while their
 vigil keeping,
 The quiet stars hold watch o'er beauty
 sleeping !

But unto me, thou still and solemn light,
 What may'st thou bring ? high hope, un-
 wavering trust
 In Him, who for the watches of the night
 Ordained thy coming, and on things of
 dust
 Hath pour'd a gift of power—on wings to
 rise
 From the low earth and its surrounding
 gloom
 To higher spheres, till as the shaded skies
 Are lighted by thy glories, gentle Moon,
 So are Life's lonely hours and dark des-
 pair
 Cheered by the star of faith, the torch of
 prayer.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Written after seeing among a collection of beauti-
 ful paintings, copies from the old masters, recent-
 ly sent to New York from Italy, one representing
 the daughter of Herodias, bearing the head of
 John the Baptist on a charger, and wearing upon
 her countenance an expression, not of triumph
 as one might suppose, but rather of soft and sor-
 rowful remorse, as she looks upon the calm and
 beautiful features of her victim.

MOTHER ! I bring thy gift,
 Take from my hand the dreaded boon,
 I pray
 Take it, the still pale sorrow of the face
 Hath left upon my soul its living trace,
 Never to pass away ;—
 Since from these lips one word of idle
 breath
 Blanched that calm face—oh ! mother,
 this is death !

What is it that I see
 From all the pure and settled features
 gleaming ?

Reproach ! reproach ! My dreams are
 strange and wild,
 Mother ! had'st thou no pity on thy child ?
 Lo ! a celestial smile seems softly
 beaming
 On the hushed lips—my mother, can'st
 thou brook,
 Longer upon thy victim's face to look ?

Alas ! at yesternorn
 My heart was light, and to the viol's
 sound
 I gaily danced, while crowned with sum-
 mer flowers,
 And swiftly by me sped the flying hours,
 And all was joy around ;—
 Not death ! Oh ! mother could I say thee
 nay ?
 Take from thy daughter's hand thy boon
 away !

Take it ;—my heart is sad,
 And the pure forehead hath an icy
 chill—
 I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
 Hath shuddering visions to my fancy
 given,
 And the pale face appals me, cold and
 still,
 With the closed lips, oh ! tell me, could I
 know
 That the pale features of the dead were
 so ?

I may not turn away
 From the charmed brow, and I have
 heard his name
 Even as a prophet by his people spoken,
 And that high brow in death bears seal
 and token,
 Of one whose words were flame ;—
 Oh ! Holy Teacher ! could'st thou rise
 and live,
 Would not these hushed lips whisper, " I
 forgive ! "

Away with lute and harp,
 With the glad heart for ever, and the
 dance,
 Never again shall tabret sound for me.
 Oh ! fearful Mother, I have brought to
 thee
 The silent dead, with his rebuking
 glance,
 And the crushed heart of one, to whom
 are given
 Wild dreams of judgment and offended
 Heaven !

LINES.

SAY, have I left thee, wild but gentle lyre,
 That on the willow thou hast hung
 so long ?

Oh! do not still my unbidden thoughts
aspire
From my heart's fount? flows not the
gush of song,
Though heavily upon the spirit's wing
Lies earthly care—a dull corroding thing?

Must it be ever so
That in the shadow and the gloom,
my path
Is destined?—shall the high heart always
bow?
Father, may it not pass, this cup of
wrath—
Shall not at last the kindled flame burn
free
On my soul's altar—consecrate to thee?

Say, in my bosom's urn
Shall feelings glow, for ever unex-
pressed,
And lonely, fervent thoughts unheeded
burn,
And Passion linger on, a hidden
guest—
Hath the warm sky no token for my heart,
In my green early years shall Hope depart?

Peace at this quiet hour
And holy thoughts be given. Let me
soar
From Life's dim air and shadowy skies
that lower
Around me, and with thrilling heart
adore
Thy mercy, Father! who can'st soothe the
wild,
Forgetful murmurings of thine erring child.

Aye, by the bitter dreams,
The fervor wasted ere my spirit's
prime,
The few brief sunny gleams
Ripening the heart's wild flowers,
that ere their time
Blew brightly and were crushed,—by all
the tears
That quenched the fiery thoughts of early
years,—

Yes! by each phantom shade that Memory
brings,
Voices whose tone my heart remem-
bers yet,
Names that no more shall thrill—departed
things
That I would fain forget—
By the past weakness and the coming trust,
Father! I lay my forehead in the dust.

Meekly adoring—yielding up my care
To Thee, who through the stormy past
hath tried
A wayward mind, which else had deemed
too fair

This fleeting world, and wandered far
and wide
Astray,—and worshipped still, forgetting
Thee,
The one bright star of its idolatry.

Nor be these thoughts in vain
To aid me in this rude world's ruder
strife,
When a high soul doth struggle with its
chain
And turn away in bitterness from
life,—
Strengthen me, guide me, till in realms
above
I taste the uncontrolled waters of thy love.

Mr. Keese has admirably performed his task of editor. The memoir is in itself a beautiful production, and evinces a fine appreciation both of the loveliness of the character of its subject, and of the high poetic merits of her productions. We understand that the contents of the present volume form but a portion of the materials, of similar value and interest, remaining in the possession of her friends. We sincerely hope that such encouragement will be given by the public taste to the present volume, which may be regarded as an experiment on its favor, as to call forth the early appearance of another. We would gladly add, to what we have said, the beautiful tribute which Whittier's muse has cast, as a poet's offering of flowers on a sister poet's grave; but are forbidden by its length. The reader may find it appended to the memoir. The following brief offering by H. T. Tuckerman, with which we conclude, is not unworthy of a place here, as well as there:

“AND thou art gone! sweet daughter of
the lyre,
Whose strains we hoped to hear thee
waken long;
Gone—as the stars in morning's light ex-
pire,
Gone like the rapture of a passing song;
Gone from a circle who thy gifts have
cherished,
With genial fondness and devoted care,
Whose dearest hopes with thee have sadly
perished,
And now can find no solace but in prayer;
Prayer to be like thee, in so meekly bearing
Both joy and sorrow from thy Maker's
hand;
Prayer to put on the white robes thou art
wearing,
And join thy anthem in the better land.”

THE WHIG RÉGIME AT WASHINGTON.

PATIENCE—patience!—a brief year and a half more, and a Democratic congress will re-assemble, and the disgraceful spectacle of the Whig rule, which has so often and deeply suffused the cheeks of both friend and foe, will be at an end! They cannot now continue together more than a few weeks; three months, at their remaining session, will be the limit of their last opportunity of making themselves ridiculous; and they will then share the fate of their own log cabins, cider barrels, and raccoon skins, which the people, where they have not forgotten, remember only with a blush of mingled regret and shame.

Patience, then—patience!—we say, for yet a brief year and a half longer, and all will then be well again. At the farthest, 1844 will speedily come round,—and by that time we shall have recovered all the three branches of the Federal Government, the Executive and Senate, as well as the House of Representatives. Nor will there then be any great danger of the good people of these United States allowing themselves to be a second time entrapped by so gross an imposture as that of which they are now tasting the bitter and nauseous fruits. Their *hokkano baro*, their “grand humbug”—to quote an appropriate expression from the dialect of the Gypsy race—has played its part and effected its object, and is not likely ever to be available again—at least within the memory of the generation which has had one experience of it.

It is vain for them to talk of a want of harmony between their President and their party; and to ascribe to that cause all the miserable and imbecile stumbling and staggering along of their party, in its possession of power purchased at the cost of so sad a wear and tear of whatever political conscience it ever possessed. That state of things is manifestly itself but the effect of another and a deeper cause, going back to the foundation of their organization as a party. Why did they have recourse to so disgraceful a system of electioneering tactics as that by which alone they got into power? Why did

they make themselves all things to all men? Why did they select candidates, from one of whom they allowed no distinct expressions to be elicited of the leading principles of policy which should govern his administration—and the other of whom was identified, by whatever political character he possessed, with all that was antagonistic to the real designs of the great majority of their own leaders and party? Why were they guilty of the shameful treachery to their only proper and natural leader as a party, poor Clay—fine, bold, and manly fellow that he was—of abandoning him for men whose “availability” consisted only in non-committalism and dissimulation? Why did they, in the face of all the manifest truths of the great laws of trade and political economy, assume the responsibility of promising to the people consequences to follow a change of government, the absurdity and impossibility of which all the better informed intelligence of their own party must have known perfectly well? This system of electioneering—in connection with other modes of popular influence no more honorable than this—brought them into power; and how could they expect, what right had they to expect, to be able to govern the country on any thing like a distinct and harmonious system of administration, through any set of men, representing the different elements of such a heterogeneous, discordant and chaotic rabble of a party?

One of the senseless imputations in which our opponents are wont to indulge against us, is what they term our spirit of party discipline and union, keeping us together in a more compact and steady organization, to which they mean to ascribe a certain slavish want of independence of thought and action. And this we sometimes hear them contrast with the opposite character claimed as a subject of pride on their side, to which they attribute the general ascendancy maintained by us, notwithstanding occasional temporary exceptions, in the politics of the country. The existence of a difference between the two parties in this respect

is not without a foundation in fact, though the Whigs both misunderstand and misname it. It grows simply out of the fact that the one party does possess a certain set of definite and distinct general principles, and the other does not. The difference is that between a fleet of vessels united for a common voyage and provided each with a compass, and one deprived of that means of safe and independent self-direction, in the forward way along which all are bound, and compelled to watch only the signals and flags of uncertain leaders. We do sail together much better in squadron than the Whigs—because we all collectively and individually know whither we are going, and why; and because we steer by a steady guide common to all while distinct for each; while our leaders are fain compelled to keep true to the same general tack, under the necessary penalty of ceasing to be either our leaders, or of us at all. The nomination of such candidates as Harrison and Tyler—(we mean candidates occupying similar relative political attitudes towards their party and the public)—never *could* have happened to us, nor *could* we therefore have been plunged into a similar confusion by the death of any individual. No man could be nominated in our party, no man would be voted for by it, whose opinions were not so thoroughly known, and his character proved, as to assure a perfect harmony between us and him in the administration of the government.

To carry the question a step farther back, to a higher general principle, or rather to a more general statement of the law of which the present state of things in the Whig camp is the result—no party can govern a free republic whose character is not in harmony with the genius of the people and their fundamental institutions. That genius is democratic, and the Democratic party can alone govern this country. The natural and proper attitude for the Whig party to occupy is that of opposition—a vigilant and severe opposition to check the tendency of power to abuse and misuse. A combination of accidental circumstances can alone ever bring them into power—transferring them from the negative to the positive pole, in the electrical equilibrium—and then it can only be by such very means as must necessarily make it im-

possible for them to frame and maintain any conceivable administration, in consistency with itself and harmony with its party. This can only happen occasionally and at distant intervals; it cannot continue beyond a single term of administration; and after effecting the good for which it was designed, in the order of Providence, as a lesson to the proper dominant party, a moderating check on their natural tendency to over-action, and a re-purification from the corruptions and abuses of prolonged political power, the anti-democratic party must naturally and necessarily subside back into its accustomed and proper place, of minority and opposition.

We speak here of the characters and tendencies of principles. We know indeed that among a considerable portion of the Whig party themselves, there is as much of the democratic sentiment and spirit as among any portion of our own. Vast numbers whose more natural position would be on our side, are misled by the confusion in which some of the principal issues between the parties are kept by the clamors and misrepresentations of an active press; others by those protestations of a democratic character which have been so freely plied, notwithstanding the unconcealed disgust and contempt of other portions, as expressed in the intercourse of private life; others by difference of opinion on one point or another of practical policy from that of the controlling majority of our party. We speak of the general tone and tendency of their principles, and that is essentially anti-democratic. For they are the party that never fails to advocate strong and splendid government—to favor all latitudinarian constructions of the Constitution—to oppose all new projects of reform in the direction of popular liberty and the extension of power of the numerical masses—and to discountenance the adoption of universal suffrage in other communities, even when compelled to a silent acquiescence and submission to it at home.

For their leaders, we have not the same respect, nor the same confidence in their honesty of intention and principle, that we cheerfully accord to the great body of their followers. In a democratic country, the leader of a party essentially anti-democratic in character cannot, as a general rule, be honest politicians—excepting, of course,

the small number of prouder and braver spirits, who, sincerely imbued with anti-popular principles, have the courage and the truth to avow and maintain them in defiance of their unpopularity. They must perpetually dissemble, pretend, conceal, intrigue—they must have recourse to the vile trickeries of demagoguism—they must cheat the people, indirectly if not directly, to gain their support, even though they console their consciences with the belief that it is for their own best good; and they must always and everywhere address themselves as eagerly as possible to all great special interests, and accumulations of wealth and power; such as banks, manufacturing interests, corporations, &c., &c.—to gain their favor and support, by those concessions, to their special advantage, which can only be made at the corresponding injury to the rights and interests of the people at large.

And look at the spectacle of all their shuffling, shifting, shambling, and shameful manœuvring now at Washington! See one cabinet minister sticking to his place, for the manifest sole sake of the place, after a full participation in transactions which compelled the withdrawal of the rest of his colleagues—though on which side rested the imputation of bad faith in those transactions, may well be a question. See another, within a few days after penning with his own hand a violent political and personal denunciation of the President, coolly and quietly walk over to take a seat at his very council-board; thus proving an admirable fitness for the place, so far at least as regards his knowledge of one of the manœuvres of military tactics, the “right about face!” See, in the composition of a cabinet, the harmonious fraternization of nullification with federalism, the ultra-latitude of Webster with the ultra strictness of construction of an Upton. See all the intriguing chicanery of legislation, the unblushing bargaining and selling of mutual votes, the train-band discipline of caucussing, the undisguised subordination of patriotic duty and right to personal animosities, jealousies, and ambitions, in a degree which has never before disgraced the action of any Congress. See a Bankrupt act bought by a Land Fund Distribution act. See a Land Bill secured by the concession of an essential proviso

to guard against a violation of the faith of the Compromise act—and then see the insertion of a clause in a subsequent bill repealing that proviso, in disregard of all the indignant outcries against the bad faith of the transaction, raised by those who, most deservedly, were made its dupes. See those repeated instances of vacillation in action on the most important measures, which proves it in neither case to be prompted by any higher motive than shifting calculations of a petty expediency,—as, for instance, on the Apportionment Bill in the Senate, when a strict caucus-trained party vote reverses one day a proposition undeniably reasonable and right which had been adopted on the day before by a large majority. And again, in the other House, in its action on the Senate amendments to the same Bill,—after elaborate discussion they had been rejected, by decisive votes, accompanied by every indication of a very determined spirit; when suddenly, behold, one fine morning after an evening caucus, the House, with beautiful precision of drill, wheels short round, abandons its position and all the arguments by which it had been sustained, and without even a committee of conference, or any attempt at compromise, gives in a submissive adhesion to the dictation of the party leaders of the other branch! See, too, in the one body the purely factious rejection of nominations of the most unexceptionable personal character—in one marked case even after the same individual had been but a short time before confirmed without objection for an office of a higher value and responsibility;—and in the other body, the adoption of legislation for the undisguised object of “heading” the President, and of coercing his assent to an obnoxious principle by coupling it as a proviso with an indispensable Revenue Bill for the very continuance of the government. Who can behold such a spectacle as is thus daily exhibited to the world by the present dominant majority in both branches of Congress, without a blush of shame and a sigh of sorrow,—and an earnest prayer that Time would speed the slow wheels of his car, and expedite the welcome hour which shall soon witness the country’s riddance from the ascendancy of the Whig Régim at Washington!

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

In the spring of 1837, owing to a complication of causes that have frequently been discussed, the banking system of the States reached its culmination and exploded, prostrating in bankruptcy every institution of the country. In the short space of one year the banks of New England and New York returned to specie payments, and have since firmly maintained their position. In all other sections of the country, west, south, and south-west, a false system has been pursued, and for five years an unremitting struggle has been kept up between the bank debtors on one hand, and their creditors on the other. The banks themselves have supposed it for their interest to side with the former, and have refused to pay their own debts, under the plea that they could not do so without oppressing their debtors. At times, however, public opinion has expressed itself so forcibly in favor of a sound currency, that the banks have been compelled to attempt specie payments. On the 1st January, 1839, the United States Bank took the lead, and resumption became general throughout the Union. The inherent weakness of the dreadfully mismanaged institution at the head of the movement was such, however, that it soon became evident that specie payments could not be maintained. The catastrophe was hastened by threatened hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, in January and February, 1839, growing out of difficulties in relation to the boundary question. The immediate effect of the war panic was to prevent the negotiation of American stocks in the London market. The sale of these stocks was the only means by which the United States Bank could hope to sustain itself. The stocks of the several States were obtained by it on credit, and as long as they could be sold in the foreign market, the bank was supplied with active means. As we have stated, this was checked by the apprehension of hostilities, and it became evident that nothing could save the institution

from bankruptcy. Just at this juncture, therefore, Mr. Biddle, with commendable foresight, resigned the presidency of the bank. This was in March, 1839. His letter of resignation stated that the bank was in "a sound and prosperous condition." This statement was endorsed by the directors, who voted him a service of plate, valued at \$25,000, equal to one ton of pure silver, as a compliment for his services. On the 11th of October, 1839, five months after this occurrence, the bank failed, and was followed in suspension by all the banks of the south and west. The delusion was still kept up that the institution was suspended, not broken, and an irredeemable paper currency was continued fourteen months longer, until January, 1841, when public opinion again enforced resumption, which became general. Practical men had, however, no confidence in it. The United States Bank was felt to be insolvent; accordingly that monster, raised upon its legs by artificial means, staggered on six weeks and then fell prostrate to rise no more. Shortly after it was put in process of liquidation. Its stock now sells for \$3 per share, and its circulating notes at 63 per cent. discount. After the failure of this ghost of a national bank, the sound banks in different parts of the Union began to discover that to save themselves they must resume on their own footing. The South Carolina and Savannah banks accordingly successively returned to specie payments, and have since maintained it, with the exception of some weak ones, which gave way. The cloak of suspension no longer served to screen the insolvent institutions, and they were forced to wind up—to what extent, the list furnished in our last number gives evidence. We would here mention, however, that in that list we stated that the "Planters' Bank" of Georgia had stopped. It should have been "Planters and Mechanics' Bank." The people in all parts of the Union became so impatient of the depreciated currency furnished by the banks, that

several State legislatures were forced to take the matter in hand, and fix days on which payments were to be resumed, under pain of forfeiture. The Ohio banks did so in March, those of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in April, and were followed by those of Baltimore, and at the date of our last, the following banks were paying specie :

Ohio,	Michigan,
Maryland,	Delaware,
Georgia,	North Carolina,
Pennsylvania,	New Jersey,
	Missouri.

The banks of the following States have since returned to specie payments :

Illinois,	Kentucky,
North Carolina,	New Orleans,
	Indiana.

The banks of Tennessee were required, by law, to resume within 20 days after those of Kentucky and New Orleans should have done so. The law of Louisiana required the banks of that State to resume on the first Monday of December, 1842. The

same state of the public mind which forced resumption in Philadelphia was, however, operating to produce the same effect in New Orleans, and at the date of our last, discredit had forced five institutions into liquidation. There then remained ten, five of which were in favor of immediate resumption. The others being insolvent, wished to put it off as long as possible. Hence disagreements arose, in the midst of which specie payments were resolved upon, and were perfected on the 16th of May by 17 banks. In a few days the remaining three came into the measure. The resumption effected under these circumstances, did not command public confidence, and the demands upon the banks for coin were constant. Their liabilities were rapidly returned upon them for payment, and the continued disagreement among the banks created a panic which ended, on the 3d of June, in the failure of five banks. The following is a table of the liabilities and assets of the five banks which failed, and of those which continue to pay their debts :

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES OF THE NEW ORLEANS BANKS, MAY 28, 1842.

	<i>Suspended Banks.</i>		<i>Specie-paying Banks.</i>		
	Liabilities.	Assets.	Liabilities.	Assets.	
Canal Bank,	390,449	5,457,627	Bank of Louisiana,	840,095	5,503,152
Citizens' Bank,	2,824,868	10,886,593	Carrollton Bank,	120,311	2,409,725
Commercial Bank,	1,026,301	4,306,683	City Bank,	1,312,113	3,932,687
Consolidated Bank,	968,595	3,604,437	Mec. & Trad. Bank,	414,104	2,843,728
State Bank,	1,048,282	3,230,460	Union Bank,	1,482,721	11,240,344
Total, May 28,	\$6,253,495	27,485,800		4,177,348	25,929,636
“ April 30,	7,100,702	28,595,472		4,469,181	25,851,213
Reduction,	- 847,207	1,109,632		291,833	
Increase,	- - - - -	- - - - -		- - - - -	78,423

This table indicates how powerfully the test of specie payments acts in discriminating the sound from the unsound banks. It is to be hoped, that the remaining banks may be enabled to sustain themselves. If so, the purification that has taken place will be of vast benefit to the whole community. New Orleans being the great market for the sale of western and southern produce, it is of the highest importance to the whole community that a sound currency should be maintained there.

We have thus rapidly sketched the leading events that have overtaken the

paper system since the great revulsion, in order to bring them down to the present time. The great struggle is, however, by no means yet complete. Alabama, Virginia, Florida, and other sections, have yet to go through the ordeal; and the probability is, that few institutions, more especially those based upon borrowed capital, will remain. The country is slowly but surely returning to that state of things which existed during its earlier history, when its whole capital was applied to production, thereby increasing the actual wealth of the country. At that period the trade of the country, or the

exchange of commodities, was conducted in the Atlantic cities with very little aid from bank paper. Men were then patient, industrious, frugal, and, of course, prosperous. The aggregate wealth of the whole country rapidly increased. The morals of the people were of a grade much higher than now, when the paper system has left its corrupting influence; and credit, or that moral confidence in the integrity of the borrower, which enabled the young and enterprising to obtain the capital of the wealthy on easy terms for a length of time, existed to a much greater extent now. The great Franklin states in his memoirs, that his industry and good conduct procured him the offer of a loan of money at six per cent. for a term of two or three years, to purchase a press and type wherewith to prosecute his business. Such an instance, we will venture to say, does not take place under the rule of the banking system. If Franklin should have lived in our day, and been in want of money to buy a press, capitalists would have told him that their money was invested in bank stocks. The banks would have told him, that if he could get two responsible endorsers, they would lend him the money for 90 days! Of what use would that have been to him? Could he have earned the price of his press and returned the money in 90 days? Certainly not. The operation of banks is, therefore, to destroy that credit which, under a specie system, enables the industrious poor to obtain the means of prosecuting their labor. Banks cannot, from the nature of their business, lend money for more than 60 to 90 days. Hence it is that their usefulness is confined to traders and commercial towns. In industrial and productive countries their presence is a detriment rather than a benefit. Where they are carried to excess, as has been the case in this country, their demoralizing effects are soon apparent—a fact that has been made too painfully evident during the past month in the conviction of a forger whose operations were so extensive and so skillfully conducted, that, at the moment of their discovery, commercial men were paralysed, and paper of any kind was with difficulty negotiated. Another case has been a defalcation of near \$153,000 by the officer of an insurance company.

The defalcations and frauds that have been discovered in moneyed institutions during the past three years, amount to near \$15,000,000, a fact which speaks volumes for the state of morals brought about by the use of paper money.

The state of commercial affairs during the month has been one of great uncertainty, growing mostly out of the action of the federal government, in relation to its financial affairs. The leading events of the past year are known to most of our readers; but it may be well to sum up the events here, in order to arrive at a correct understanding of the present most disgraceful position of things. The tariff law of 1832-3, commonly called the compromise act, was essentially protective in its nature. The mass of the people composing the great south and west were opposed to the aristocratic principle of "protection," or taxing the many for the benefit of the few. The north and east, however, who were of the interest that wished to be protected, exerted themselves powerfully to procure the imposition of the required taxes, which was done in the tariff of 1832. They stated that if the protection was extended to them for a few years, they should become so strong as not to need it for the future. Accordingly the masses of the people yielded to their entreaties, and high duties were imposed. These were, however, to be diminished by biennial reductions until June, 1842, when the rates would yield a uniform duty of 20 per cent., which it was then supposed would be, thereafter, sufficient for the revenues of the government. This arrangement was continued with great success, and under the high duties, \$28,000,000 of surplus revenue was accumulated, which was divided among the States. With the revulsion in the banking system, however, the revenues fell off, and it was found that the receipts were not equal to the expenditure, especially during the Florida war. The deficiency was supplied by treasury notes, and never reached more than about \$5,000,000 until the close of last year, when the present administration came into power. The late able Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Woodbury, in making his report, showed clearly that by levying a duty of 20 per cent. on articles heretofore free, the revenues of the government would be increased

\$5,000,000, which would amply make good the deficiency in its expenditures. The new administration, however, entered upon a new system. An expensive extra session was called, in order to devise ways and means of saving money, and increasing the revenue. Their first act was to take the revenues from the public lands out of the Treasury and give it to the States. This bill the new chief magistrate, Mr. Tyler, signed on condition that the tariff should not be raised above the maximum of the compromise act. Congress then imposed 20 per cent. duty on all articles before free, which were collected after September, 1841. They then created a national debt of \$12,000,000, and adjourned. Congress again met as usual in December, and have now been in session six months, having done absolutely nothing, with the exception of authorizing the emission of \$5,000,000 of Treasury notes, and increasing the stock debt of the extra session to \$17,000,000. In January a reduction of the duties according to the compromise act took place, and the decrease of the revenue was such that the President addressed a special message to Congress recommending the repeal of that land bill which he had signed six months before. Congress, however, has not taken any action upon the matter.

Three tariff schemes have been proposed to the House, one by the secretary of the treasury, one by the committee on manufactures, and one by the committee of ways and means. All these plans propose to carry the rate of duties back to those of 1832, in violation of the faith pledged to the people by the spirit of that act. The object is ostensibly revenue; but the rates proposed are so high, as to become protective, and to injure the revenue. If these rates should be adopted, the condition on which the land bill was passed renders that measure inoperative, and on this point the President and Congress are directly at issue; and no action can take place until the iniquitous design of depriving the treasury of a part of its revenue for the benefit of speculators is relinquished. This could be comparatively of but small importance but for the peculiar situation of the tariff laws. The compromise act provides that "after June 30th, 1842, a duty of not higher than 20 per cent.

may be levied upon any one article, in a manner to be prescribed by law." Now, up to the moment when the revenue laws are about to expire, no provision has been made for their renewal. A bill was proposed by one faction to extend the operation of the compromise act up to August 1st, to give time for the passage of a law. The bill, however, is hampered with a proviso, that the condition on which the land bill was passed shall be violated, and the proceeds be unconditionally divided. This it is supposed will be vetoed, and the revenue laws cease to exist for a time, leaving all imports free of duty and the government without income. The singular pertinacity with which the distribution act is adhered to, is the more remarkable that if the distribution takes place, the federal government must go into the market and borrow the money at a high rate of interest in order to make the payment due on the first of July, the proceeds of the lands having thus far been absorbed in the current expenditures of the government. Many of the States have refused to receive their portion of the land. This is particularly the case in Virginia, which State, although heavily involved, refuses to become a party to such disgraceful plunder. New Hampshire has also adhered to her ancient faith, and instructed her Senators to advocate the immediate and unconditional repeal of both the land bill and the bankrupt acts. These events have of course had a powerful effect upon business; the contraction of the banks in the interior has removed those artificial springs of trade that formerly produced an unhealthy activity; and the real business of the country has been paralysed by events growing out of the singular fact that both our own country and Great Britain, as well as Russia, are making great changes in the laws relating to their foreign commerce. The consequence has been, that while merchants depending upon their remittances from the interior have been severely cramped and unable to meet their liabilities, to a great extent, causing numerous failures, money has accumulated in the banks and the hands of the capitalists, without experiencing any demand for new mercantile enterprises. This fact, notwithstanding the discredit that has of late overtaken paper securities, has caused the prices of sound stocks to improve

and the new New York City 7 per cent. have been held at 10 per cent. premium, and 4 per cent. offered for them. The State 7 per cents. sell at 102½, and the 6 per cents. at 95; some small sales of the new United States government stock have been made at par, perhaps to the extent of \$500,000; but under the present system of finance, adopted by the State of New York, her stocks are preferable. American credit abroad has not improved; on the contrary, the prejudice on London 'change against United States securities seems rather to increase. By one of the last packets the heads of two leading London stock houses arrived in New York, to look after the wreck of old property. From the tone of conversation reported

by these gentlemen, a long time must elapse before American credit can be restored, even if existing liabilities are met. This may be considered a favorable circumstance, rather than otherwise. The more so when we consider the enormous load of debt with which the produce of the soil is already burdened. Some estimate of the burden imposed upon the country by the action of its foreign debt may be formed by inspecting the following table of the debts of the several sections of the Union, in connection with the exports of their produce. The produce of the sea and the manufactures belong mostly to the New England section alone, where but little debt is due. The result is, however, as follows:

DEBTS OF THE DIFFERENT SECTIONS OF THE UNION, WITH THE EXPORT OF THE PRODUCE OF THOSE SECTIONS IN 1840.

Section.	Debt.	Interest.	Produce exported.
N. England,	\$8,178,367	\$356,500	\$12,027,294
Middle States,	83,067,000	3,653,350	9,602,771
Northern,	20,706,608	980,139	21,203,130
South Western,	51,901,666	3,279,808	52,170,307
Western States,	52,418,356	2,605,915	8,892,132
Total,	\$216,271,997	\$10,875,712	\$113,895,634

All the State stocks are not owned abroad, therefore all the interest is not remitted; but other stocks, as company, city, and bank, are owned abroad in sufficient quantities to make the annual remittances for interest equal to that here given. We have the fact, that near 10 per cent. of our whole exports is for interest on money borrowed. One-third part of the exports of the western States is for money borrowed and lost; no equivalent now exists for it. In the New England section, where the debt is small, no drawback exists upon its industry. In fact the interest on that debt is paid by the western States in the shape of toll upon their produce over the Western Rail Road to Boston market. Had there been no interruption to this contraction of debt probably our whole exports of agricultural produce, amounting in 1842 to \$18,593,619, would have been required to pay interest in England. Ohio and Illinois would have become provinces of the British empire. Their broad fields would have become but a kitchen garden for the supply of London, and their hardy yeomen but the bondsmen of British bankers. Instead, then, of fearing that England will not

lend us any more money, we have to dread that they will renew their loans.

In the fall of 1839, the period to which we alluded in the first part of this article, as that when American stocks became unavailable, a leading London house in one of its circulars proposed that the federal government should guarantee the debts of the States collectively, by pledge of the public lands or otherwise. Shortly after this a plan for funding the State debts in a national stock, was published in a New York paper. In the Senate of the United States, however, Daniel Webster denied that any such assumption or guarantee could take place without infringing the constitution. At the extra session of Congress, a partner of the London house with which the proposition originated, was in attendance at Washington, accompanied by a number of other foreign bankers. These people submitted to Congress letters signed by upwards of sixty foreign houses as representatives of the holders of American bonds, soliciting the Congress to interfere and take care that its dependencies should fulfil their contracts. A proposition has now been brought forward in Congress to issue a

national 4 per ct. stock of \$100,000,000, based on the proceeds of the public lands, to be issued in redemption of the State debts. This is undoubtedly the most dangerous proposition ever yet made. It is neither more nor less than an unconditional assumption of the State debts. If the government endorses \$100,000,000, they must endorse the whole; by which process, not only will the unindebted States, as New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, and North Carolina, be obliged to be taxed for the debts of Illinois and Pennsylvania; but a direct and increased tax must be levied in order to pay the

interest on the new stock. The revenue of the public lands for 1841 and 1842, will be short of \$3,000,000. The Secretary of the Treasury estimates it for the future at \$2,000,000 per annum. A stock of \$40,000,000 bearing 4 per cent. interest, with one per cent. for a sinking fund, will require \$5,000,000 per annum. After absorbing the whole revenue of the lands, therefore, \$3,000,000 additional must be raised by taxation to pay the interest on this new stock,—this tax to come out of the pocket of a New Hampshire man to pay the debts of a speculator in Mississippi. Such proposals need no comment at our hands.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. By J. J. W. JOHNSTON, M.A. and R.S.S., &c. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1642.

THE progress of the science of agriculture depends so intimately upon that of chemistry, that the improvements of the one are constantly following discoveries in the other. Within late years, however, the advancement of chemistry, particularly of that branch which relates to organic bodies, has been so rapid, that few have been found willing to turn aside from the exciting pursuit of investigation and discovery, for the purpose of comparing their results, and reducing them to practical application.

This has at last been done in an able manner by Prof. Liebig of Lessen, whose work has received, very properly, universal approbation. But although containing profound and original views, the work is hardly of that class which can strictly be called practical. To the professed chemist no difficulty can occur; but the practical agriculturalist will often find himself at a loss in following up a train of reasoning so foreign to his usual studies and pursuits.

These difficulties have been entirely removed in the valuable work of Prof. Johnston now before us. The subject is taken up and pursued in a most appropriate manner; the style is clear, simple, and entirely free from any unnecessary display of scientific refinement. Being addressed to a society of practical farmers, these lectures are exactly what is most called for at present, by those whose in-

formation and employments do not allow them to make profitable use of a work presupposing a general knowledge of the principles of chemical science. The subject is gradually unfolded, and arranged so dexterously, that no branch of it is introduced to the reader before the way is cleared for it, and every needful explanation made. Prof. Johnson seems to have obtained that happy medium so rarely arrived at, in which so much of scientific knowledge is communicated as is necessary, and no more. Thus all incumbrances strictly foreign to the purpose are carefully avoided. But although practical in its character and free from pedantry, it is by no means an inaccurate or unscientific production. On the contrary, the professed chemist may find therein a very neat solution of some of the difficulties in Liebig's theory, as well as certain views original to the author.

The appendices containing suggestions for the application of manures, &c., are enriched by the results of the first year's experience, and in themselves present a mass of original and valuable information not to be obtained by consulting any other writer on the subject. These alone would give a character to the work, were the remainder as dull and useless and it invaluable and entertaining.

An Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, by GILBERT, Bishop of Serum. *With an Appendix, containing the Augsburg Confession,*

Creed of Pope Pius the IV., &c. Appleton & Co. New York: 1842.

THIS is the famous work of Bishop BURNET, so great a favorite with the divines of the Episcopal Church, on account of both the piety and learning it displays. It has become a standard religious authority with all who adopt the creed of the Church of England. The plainness with which it states its positions, the power of argument with which it defends them, and the wealth of learning brought to bear upon the elucidation of every difficult point of faith, justify the high estimation in which it is held by those who would fortify their religious knowledge and faith. It is true, as it has sometimes been objected, that he often overloads his pages with erudition; and presupposes in the mind of his readers an extent of acquirement to which few have attained; but it will be found on closer inspection that most of this erudition has its use, and has been culled from the choicest gardens of theology. With the peculiar belief of Burnet, we may have little sympathy; but it would be idle to withhold from so great an intellect the praise which has been accorded it for more than a century. The advantages of the present edition, as stated in the editor's preface, are:

- 1st. That the learned author's text has been preserved with strict fidelity.
- 2d. The references to the Fathers, Councils, and other authorities, have been almost universally verified; and, in many instances, corrected and so enlarged as to render them easy of access to the student.
- 3d. A large number of Scripture references have been added. In different parts of this work, Bishop Burnet lays down propositions without giving the Scripture by which they may be proved. The editor has, however, added references in these and all other instances where they might be considered not merely additions, but also improvements.
- 4th. The Canons and decrees of Council and other documents of importance referred to have been given in the original, and from the most authentic sources—the places where they are to be found being specified.
- 5th. Copious Notes have been added, containing, besides other information, notices of the principal heretics and persons of note, with an accurate account of their opinions. Also extracts chiefly from the works of the most distinguished divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, opening and illustrating the chief points in controversy between us and the Church of Rome. In an appendix has also been given the Confession of Augsburg, and Creed of Pope Pius IV., in the English and original tongues, and in the original only, the canons and rubric of Watt."

An Exposition of the Creed, by JOHN PEARSON, D.D. Appleton & Co. New York: 1842.

THIS, like the work we have just noticed, is one of the standard works of the Episcopal Church. It is indebted for its celebrity to the same qualities of learning and

piety. It has been too long and too well known to need remark at our hands. Let us observe, however, that the editor, the Rev. W. S. Dobson of Cambridge, urges its superiority to previous editions in the following particulars;

"First—Great care has been taken to correct the numerous errors in the references to the texts of scripture, which had crept in by reason of the repeated editions through which this admirable Work has passed; and many references, as will be seen on turning to the Index of Texts, have been added.

Secondly—The Quotations in the Notes have been almost universally identified and the references to them adjoined.

Lastly—The principal Symbols, or Creeds of which the particular Articles have been cited by the Author, have been annexed; and wherever the original writers have given the Symbols in a scattered and disjointed manner, the detached parts have been brought into a successive and connected point of view. These have been added in chronological order in the form of an Appendix."

A Descriptive and Historical Account of Hydraulic and other Machines for Raising Water, Ancient and Modern, with Observations on Various Subjects connected with the Mechanic Arts, including the Progressive Development of the Steam Engine; Descriptions of every variety of Bellows, Pistons and Rotary Pumps, Fire Engines, Water Rams, Pressure Engines, Air Machines, Eolipiles; Remarks on Ancient Wells, Air-Beds, Cog-Wheels, Blowpipes, Bellows of various people, Magic Goblets, Steam Idols, and other Machinery of Ancient Temples: To which are added Experiments on Blowing and Spouting Tubes, and other Original Devices; Nature's Modes and Machinery for Raising Water; Historical Notices respecting Siphons, Fountains, Water Organs, Clepsydreæ, Pipes, Valves, Cocks, &c., &c., Illustrated by near three hundred Engravings. By THOMAS EW BANK. New York: Appleton & Co. 1842.

THIS is the title-page in full of an interesting work of science about to be published by the Appletons. It will furnish the reader a good general notion of the matter of the book—but not of the clearness, method, precision, and ease of the manner of it. The author has made the subject of Hydraulics the study of his life, and has given us in these pages the results of that study, as they have been gathered by the perusal of books, and by the performance of actual experiments. We believe there is no work extant which treats of the specific topic which he has chosen,—none, we are certain, which discusses it with more fulness of argument and illustration. To the practical mechanic, who is perhaps as much interested in the failures as in the successes of

those who have gone before him, Mr. Ewhank has rendered a very great assistance. He has put together in an accessible form a description of the vast variety of devices which the human intellect has developed for raising liquids; and it is curious to trace the progress of inquiry, and the numberless shifts to which men have been compelled to resort, before they attained the comparative perfection of existing methods. The general reader, no less than the philosopher and mechanic, will find much that is both profitable and entertaining in its observations.

Sketches of Foreign Travel and Life at Sea; Including a Cruise on board of a Man of War, as also a Visit to Spain, Portugal, the South of France, Italy, Sicily, Malta, The Ionian Isles, Greece, Liberia and Brazil; and a Treatise on the Navy of the United States. By Rev. CHARLES ROCKWELL, late of the U. S. Navy. 2 vols. Boston: Tappan & Bennet. New York: Wiley & Putnam, and Appleton & Co.

THESE volumes embrace topics enough to make them interesting to any class of readers. The travels of the writer appear to have been as various as those of Baron Munchausen, though we have no doubt they are far more authentic. We have had time only to read a passage here and there which has impressed us favorably with the author's power of description. What he says of Central and Western Africa, and of parts of Italy is full of statistical instruction. We should think, however, that the plan of the author covers too much ground to suffer him to give many details.

Therapeutical Arrangement of the Materia Medica, or the Materia Medica arranged upon Physiological principles, and in the order of the general Practical value which Remedial Agents hold, under their several denominations, and in conformity with the physiological doctrines set forth in the "Medical and Physiological Commentaries." By MARTYN PAINE, M. D., A. A., author of "Commentaries," etc. New York: J. & H. G. Langley. 1 vol. 12mo.

THE main purposes of this work, as we learn from the preface, are as follows:—To arrange the *Materia Medica* upon intelligible, physiological and therapeutical principles. To indicate the relative therapeutical value of the various articles under

their different denominations, by arranging them in the order of their value. To give to the student a comprehensive and ready view of the merits of the various articles composing the *Materia Medica*, and of their relations to each other, physiologically considered. And lastly, to supply a convenient means of graduating the doses of medicine, etc.

Besides the ten great classes into which medicines are distributed, these are divided into orders. And some of these orders are subdivided into groups which are adapted to diseases of a particular character. Thus, alteratives are an order of remedies embraced in the class of anti-phlogistics. This order is subdivided into seven groups, the first of which are general alteratives, such as are adapted to acute and chronic inflammation, and to fever, in a general sense, and in the relative order of their value. The next division embraces all the remedies for scrofula, bronchocele, chronic enlargements of the liver, spleen, etc., and in the order of their value. The third is relative to syphilis, etc. The fourth to syphilis complicated with scrofula. The fifth to rheumatism and gout. The sixth to intermittent fever and intermittent inflammation. The seventh to obstinate chronic cutaneous diseases, etc. Such is an example of this branch of the work, by which it is well fitted for immediate practical uses.

This not being a work for literary criticism, nothing need be said of it on that score; and we presume the professional reputation of the author will alone prove sufficient with the members of the medical faculty, for whom it is more particularly designed.

Chapters on Churchyards. By CAROLINE SOUTHEY. 1 vol. pp. 170. New York: Wiley and Putnam.

THIS work has been long before the English public, having, we believe, passed its third London edition. This amiable and skilful writer is better known by her maiden name—Caroline Bowles. Her "*Solitary Hours*" and "*Ellen Fitzarthur*" are both delightful books, and we are happy to find that an American publisher has been found so discriminating as to select them for republication. There is a gentleness and delicate beauty of style about these sketches which render them exceedingly pleasing; several passages, indeed, discover a power of delineation and pathos scarcely inferior to some productions of the very first writers of the age. We have been tempted to make

many extracts from the work under review, which, however, we are obliged to omit for want of space. Our readers will not regret this, as, we doubt not, we have said already enough to induce their perusal of the volume.

The Life of Peter Van Schaack, LL.D., embracing Selections from his Correspondence and other Writings during the American Revolution, and his Exile in England. By his Son, HENRY C. VAN SCHAACK. "Superanda fortuna ferendo." New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1842.

The Official and other Papers of the late Major-General Alexander Hamilton. Compiled chiefly from the Originals in the Possession of Mrs. Hamilton. Vol. I. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam. 1842.

The History of Political Parties in the State of New York, from the Ratification of the Federal Constitution to December, 1840. In 2 volumes. By JABEZ D. HAMMOND. Albany: Stereotyped and printed by C. Van Benthuysen. 1842.

THE above-named works, all highly valuable in their respective kinds, we notice now only by their titles, to acknowledge their reception, and to indicate to our readers the fact of their publication. We do no more on the present occasion, for the reason that we intend to make them each hereafter the subject of a more full-dress review. We have long contemplated the task, now too long perhaps delayed, of presenting to the readers of the Democratic Review a pretty full and elaborate article on Hamilton and Jefferson—the great antagonist master-spirits of their respective schools of political philosophy. The appearance of this elegant volume of the Papers of the former—worthily edited by the Rev. Dr. Hawks—will afford a convenient opportunity for the performance of the intention.

The life of Mr. Van Schaack is a novel and highly interesting contribution to our national literature of the Revolution. The task of biography has been executed by his son in a manner highly creditable alike to his good feelings, good sense, and good taste. While he manifests a just and laudable earnestness in his desire to vindicate his father's memory from any odium that should attach to it from his opposition to the Revolutionary war, he at the same time does so with so much modesty and moderation of language, as well as clearness of statement, as not only fully

to succeed in his object, but also to do so in a manner entitled to high commendation for its own sake.

Judge Hammond's work will doubtless find its way into the hands of every politician (and who in this country is or ought to be excluded from that designation?) of the State of whose history he treats—and of many others besides. We will simply say here, in general terms, that it is written in a spirit of candor and impartiality, as well as with a degree of knowledge and ability, worthy of the source from which it proceeds.

Random Shots and Southern Breezes. By L. F. TASISTRO, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. New York: 1842.

IN advance of the appearance of the entire work, which has been retarded by the effects of their recent fire, the publishers have sent us for inspection the first volume of Mr. Tasistro's forthcoming work. We have read it through with no slight degree of entertainment, and have no doubt that the book will prove as taking as its title. We should be glad to prove our words, which would be but an easy task, by quoting a few of the passages which our instinctive editorial pencil has noted for the purpose, but are compelled, by the crowding pressure upon our concluding pages, to forego the wish, with the exception of a single extract subjoined by way of a brief specimen, on the *ex uno disce omnes* principle. The plan of these volumes is novel and agreeable. Mr. Tasistro is something of a rover. At the period to which they refer, he was engaged on a starring theatrical tour through some of the cities of the South and West, commencing with New Orleans. He writes and sketches as he goes his observations of places and things, men and manners, interspersing the whole with a variety of miscellaneous criticism and reflection, on any interesting topic that may chance to present itself in his way. We understand that he contemplates a similar volume every year, so long as the public may continue to find them as agreeable in the reading as they are in the writing. Being a man of cultivated literary taste and accomplishment, of a happy facility of language and style, with no small degree of experience of society and knowledge of the world, he is peculiarly qualified to make them pleasant and popular. We might select many graphic and spirited extracts from the sheets lying before us. We take much at random, the following sketch of his first impression of New Orleans:

"It is an instinct of our nature to judge by externals. In the present state of the world, I know this instinct is apt sometimes to lead us astray; but it is, upon the whole, a very valuable one, and I generally, to a certain extent, yield myself up to it. I suffer it to influence, but not to fix me.

"No one can visit a strange country with less prejudice against the inhabitants of it than I had against those of the South; and yet my first impressions of the 'Crescent City,' as New-Orleans has been called, were anything but agreeable. It seemed, at first, to contain all the horrors of New-York, without any of its general character of external grandeur. The filth of the streets, and the eternal din of carts loaded with cotton, and driven by coarse, hideous-looking negroes—the antithesis of everything *spiritual* in human nature—struck me as truly execrable. The endless succession of plain, brown, dirty-looking bricks piled up for houses, with plain, square holes for windows and doors, equally execrable!

"What a delightful thing it would be if we could habituate our minds and senses to employ themselves about nothing else save that which is pleasing and gratifying! to have no eyes but for beauty, no ears but for music, no thoughts but for pleasantness; to admit no memory but of joy, no forethought but of hope. But is this a possible state to arrive at? I am afraid not: but that should not deter us from striving after it.

"That which makes us content with the thing we are, for instance, and with all that is about us, binds us to earthly and tangible reality with a chain that is the more strong from its being invisible, and from our having no desire to break it. It keeps the mind in perpetual subjection; checks the growth of all its faculties except the very worst; and, in the end, inevitably destroys the very best. But that which induces us to fly from ourselves, though it often leads to more fatal consequences than the other, may have a contrary effect. The human mind cannot exist without love and admiration; they are its daily food—food that is scattered about for it everywhere. It is true, that when the mental appetite becomes vitiated, and cannot relish what it finds strewn about its feet, it *may* starve; but, on the other hand, it may be driven to seek its food at a distance. Hatred of itself and of humanity may force it to seek refuge in other worlds—in the world of books, the world of thought, the world of nature; and let it but once gain a true insight of these, and all its finer faculties must expand. Its fancy and imagination, which are always progressive, and yet always young, will then travel through all the regions of possible or impossible existence; and if they return without finding a dwelling-place, they will yet bring back with them stores from which they may for ever after create worlds of their own. The affections, too, will then recognise their kindred with humanity; they will learn the true objects on which they should be made to rest; and will find that if they can, for a while, expatiate in external nature as in their country, they can, after all, have no *home* but in the human heart. The mind's vitiated appetite will then be corrected; its taste for the simple and true will revive, and all will be right again.

"After all, the approach to New-Orleans, if not the most pleasing, is by far the most remarkable part of the journey up the Mississippi. But the view of the city itself from the wharf, or rather the hollow which it occupies, is the most singular sight I ever beheld. I really, at the first view of it, felt quite a shock at the idea of living in such a place. In the low countries of Europe they have dikes, and are otherwise well guarded against all chances of inundation; but here the whole city is exposed to imminent danger from every overflow of the river, which is apt, at times, to play the most extraordinary freaks, destroying property to an immense amount, as an earnest of what it might do, should it, one of these fine days, think proper to erect its crest a little higher than usual, when not all the saints in the calendar could save the city from utter devastation. However, on coming

a little closer, the town did not look quite so bad. So, after a great deal of trouble, confusion, and loss of time in getting clear of the cotton pyramids that everywhere obstructed my passage, I ventured into it, and soon found myself extremely well accommodated at the Exchange, or, as it is more commonly called, the St. Charles Hotel.

"Notwithstanding that I was well prepared for striking and novel sights on my first entrance into New-Orleans, the reality of what I *saw* far exceeded anything that I had *imagined*. Everything, indeed, seemed to be on a larger scale than what I had been accustomed to see. I felt as if I had got on the surface of a larger globe than that on which the Northern States are situated. The steamboats on the North River, for instance, are, in point of size, like baby-toys compared with those I have seen in the South. Indeed I can in no way bring to my mind so striking a feeling of the contrast in this respect, as by fancying one of those trading between Cincinnati and New-Orleans placed at any of the wharves between Fulton and Bull's Ferry. Imagine to yourself, gentle reader, one of these regular 'creamers,' with its deck weighed down to the water's edge by a cargo of several thousand bales of cotton, stowed in every direction, and covering every inch of space, so as to leave nothing but the tops of the reeking chimneys exposed to view—imagine, I say, such a thing as this, triumphantly ploughing its way through the beautiful valley of the Mississippi, bellowing forth in sounds of thunder, its proud defiance to the world, as if every created object in nature, compared with it, was but a cipher; and then bursting into port like a floating mountain of merchandise, secretly put in motion by some supernatural agency, blowing everything out of its way that dares to come within fifty yards of its track, and then you may have some idea how these things are managed in the South.

"The most amusing sight to me, however, as I stood on the deck of the Fairfield, gazing on the vast quantity of interesting objects flitting by, was a curiously-constructed machine, unlike anything I ever beheld, either on land or water, which the people of the country call a flat-boat; and a very odd affair it is, to a certainty. This presents another remarkable instance of that go-ahead system which forms so important a feature in the American character, and by which the present generation has been enabled to outstrip all former ages in the great race of amelioration and improvement. Had no other mode of conveyance for the exportation of provisions from the up-country presented itself except through the regular medium of a steam-boat, New-Orleans would have been deprived of many luxuries with which its market now is so abundantly supplied; for, whatever might have been the demand for the article imported, the profits accruing from a ready sale could barely have sufficed to pay freight. The rapidity of the current, by rendering the return of sailing boats a matter of impracticability, placed a still greater obstacle in the way of trade. To the ingenious mind of the Mississippian, however, the facility by which these difficulties could be obviated soon became manifest. He saw that temporary vessels might be constructed with very little cost by knitting a few shapeless logs together, which could easily be set afloat, and then sold for waste timber as soon as the object was accomplished. When the first of these primitive specimens of naval architecture made its appearance at the wharves of New-Orleans, the apparition must certainly have excited considerable merriment. The crew of a flat boat is generally composed of five or six dare-devils, armed to the teeth with bowie-knives and pistols; the sworn foes of unadulterated water; equally alive to the attractions of a fight as of a mint julep; the loudest in their applause of a theatrical performance, and invariably noisy everywhere: they are, in short, a concentrated essence of good and evil, and may truly be said to constitute, not the cream, but the cayenne and mustard of ordinary life in New-Orleans."

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

- MR. COOPER'S NEW WORK.**—A new work by Cooper, entitled "Le Feu-Follet, or Wing-and-Wing, a Nautical Tale," is nearly completed and will soon be put to press. The scene of the narrative is the Mediterranean, the time 1799.
- A NEW WORK BY LONGFELLOW.**—PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW, prior to his departure for Europe, placed in the hands of his publishers the manuscript of a new Dramatic Poem, entitled "The Spanish Student," which the public may expect to see during the summer.
- MR. BRYANT** has a New Volume of Poems just ready, entitled "*The Fountain and other Poems*," comprising his recent fugitive pieces.
- WILEY & PUTNAM** have in press a new work by MR. A. J. DOWNING—Designs for Cottage Residences, adapted to North America; including elevations and plans of the buildings, and designs for laying out the grounds.
- There-publication of PROFESSOR BRANDE'S excellent *Dictionary of Literature, Science and Art*, has recently been commenced in this city by WILEY & PUTNAM. In a former number we invoked the attention of our readers to the distinguishing merits of this important Cyclopaedia. It comprises the entire circle of knowledge, including all the modern improvements of science down to the present day, a feature peculiar to the work: each department having been under the superintendence of the most proficient scholars of Europe, whose names alone afford a sufficient guarantee for their able and faithful accomplishment of their task. It is characterised by a succinctness and brevity so desirable in a book of ready reference; and although the entire work will be complete in one handsome octavo, so admirably condensed are both matter and style, that it will in fact contain not only more than ten times the amount of valuable information to be found in any similar work extant, but be equally legible.
- C. K. MOORE**, of this city, has issued in a neat volume 18mo. "*The Protestant Exiles of Zillerthal*;"—a narrative of deep interest, detailing the story of their persecutions and expatriation from the Tyrol, on separating from the Romish church, and embracing the Reformed faith.
- It is stated that MR. WELTHAM, a former husband of Mrs. Kenney, who was accused and acquitted of murdering her third husband, has in press a "*Life*" of the lady; and that it will shortly be published at Bangor, Maine.
- A work of considerable attraction and value has just been published by MR. SEARS, of this city, entitled "*Bible Biography*," comprising the history of the lives and characters of the leading personages mentioned in Holy Writ. This volume should unquestionably find a welcome at every fireside throughout the country: its contents are as interesting as they are important and instructive, and the judicious editor has, by the aid of numerous pictorial embellishments, contrived to present us with one of the most attractive and at the same time useful books that have appeared this side the Atlantic.
- J. C. RIKER**, of this city, has in preparation for the fall season, an exceedingly ingenious and attractive novelty in the way of Albums, which is to be called "*A Floral Scripture Album*;" the intention of which is, as we gather from a cursory glance, to teach Scripture histories and incidents, by *Floral Language*. The work will comprise about twenty floral plates finely colored, with which scroll work and scenic etchings will be incorporated—the effect of which is exceedingly beautiful. It is to be richly bound and gilt.
- A Literary Novelty in the form of a Dictionary of the English language for schools, constructed on a plan entirely original, and embracing some important features not found in the works of Johnson, Walker, Webster, &c., is about to be published shortly, by Mr. J. C. RIKER.
- A Manual of Toxicology, on the basis of Christison and Orfila, by D. P. GARDNER, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in Hampden Sidney College, Va., Corresponding Member of the New York Lyceum, &c., is in preparation for the press, and will be published by J. & H. G. LANGLEY, early in the fall, in one duodecimo volume.
- This work is published to answer the demand for a treatise on poisons. It is

intended to furnish the student with a manual, and the practitioner with a concise treatise on the means of detecting poisoning, administering antidotes, and appearing before the coroner with satisfaction to himself and benefit to the community. Hitherto the subject has been neglected both in the schools, and amongst the physicians of this country. It was undertaken in part from the necessity of such a book in the medical department of the New York University, where Toxicology is a recognized study, and from the probability that this improvement will extend to other colleges. The treatise is for the most part compiled from the standard European works on the subject, and the cases from American periodicals. There is also a chapter on poisonous reptiles, and the common families of dangerous plants indigenous to the United States.

MR. LE BLANC, of this city, has just commenced the re-publication of Miller's new work, "*Godfrey Malvern, or the Life of an Actor.*" The works of this author are peculiar for minuteness and delicacy of touch, as well as verisimilitude and simplicity of delineation. This new production, from the specimen before us, bids fair to enhance the already wide-spread fame of the basket-maker-author. It is to be completed in fifteen numbers, each to comprise two very spirited engravings, by Phiz.

Mexico in 1842. A complete description of the Country, its Natural and Political Features, with a sketch of its History brought down to the present year. To which is added an account of TEXAS and YUCATAN, and of the Santa Fe Expedition. C. J. FOLSOM, of this city.

We have had the pleasure of inspecting the new and exquisite miniature of General Jackson, the octogenarian chief. This, *the last portrait* of the General, is a perfect gem, both as to its elaborate workmanship and its resemblance to the living original. Mr. John W. Dodge, the successful artist, has done himself great credit by presenting to the country so valuable a memento of one, destined to take his station with the highest of the true nobility of our land. Mr. D., who has just returned to this city, is about to place his picture in the hands of Mr. Danforth, one of the first engravers in the country, with a view to its speedy publication.

We would also invite attention to the new method of Engraving by the Omnigraph, by BURR, JONES, & Co., 192 Broadway. The merits of this machine consist in the great expedition and extreme accuracy, as well as uni-

formity and beauty, with which it accomplishes its purpose. It is peculiarly adapted for engraving maps, plans, surveys, &c., and as it will accomplish the labor of eight or ten hand engravers, it offers every inducement in the way of economy. This valuable machine, which is of English invention, has been recently brought over to the United States by Mr. Jones, the patent of which has been secured.

ENGLISH.

The following are among the recent literary novelties on the other side of the Atlantic :—

The Civil History of the Jews, from Joshua to Adrian ; with Incidental Notices of Manners, and Customs, Geography and Antiquities, by the Rev. O. Cockayne, M. A.

Lord Londonderry, the well-known tourist and diplomatist, has nearly ready for publication, a Narrative of recent Travels and Voyages through Germany, Austria, on the Danube, into Turkey, Greece, the Ionian Isles, Italy, Spain and Portugal, entitled the "*Journal of a Tour to Constantinople by the Danube, in 1840-41, and of a Tour to the South of Spain in 1839.*" 2 vols. with illustrations.

Mr. Vigne's work of Travels in Cashmere, Tibet, &c., with numerous illustrations, is nearly ready, and will, it is stated, supply some important particulars of those remote parts of the world not hitherto possessed by our geographical knowledge.

A rather singular work, under the title of *The Life and Apology of Edmund Bonner, D.D.*, sometime Lord Bishop of London, is nearly ready for publication, in one vol. 8vo.

English Surnames; a series of Essays on Family Nomenclature, Historical, Etymological, and Humorous; illustrated by Anecdotes, &c., by M. A. Lower.

There is announced for publication, by subscription, a New, and, if made out, certainly, a very curious, Elucidation of the subjects on the celebrated Barberini or Portland Vase, and those on the Sarcophagus in which it was discovered, attributing them to Galen, the Physician and Surgeon of Pergamus; by Thomas Windus, F.S.A.

Romantic Biography of the age of Elizabeth; or Sketches of Life from the Bye-ways of History, by the Benedictine Brethren of Glendalough. Edited by W. C. Taylor, LL.D., of the Trinity College, Dublin. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Recreations of Christopher North, vol. 1, was to have been published on the 25th inst.

Brief Notices of Hayti, with its Condition, Resources and Prospects; by John Chandler.

Tour in Austrian Lombardy, the Northern Tyrol, and Bavaria; by John Barrow, Esq.

Nearly ready—Narrative of Various Journeys in Balochistan, Afghanistan, and the Panjab, including a residence in those countries from 1826 to 1838. By Charles Masson, Esq., 3 vols. 8vo., with Illustrations.

Stonehenge; or the Romans in Britain: a Romance of the days of Nero. 3 vols.

A new and beautiful Drawing Book, containing elementary instructions in the Art, has been commenced in monthly parts, under the patronage of the Council of the Government School of Design at Somerset House.

Also, the First Number of a series of Diagrams illustrative of the principles of Natural Philosophy, published under the superintendence of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge. No. 1, is devoted to *the Lever*. The plates are drawn on stone and colored.

The same institution intend to publish a complete Biographical Dictionary: the first half volume will be published early the present month. It was the original intention of the Society to include in their undertaking only the period from the commencement of historical records to the close of the year 1543 of our Æra; but it has since been determined to undertake the entire work at once. This new biographical work will present many new features of improvement over those of Chalmers, Garton and others, but we regret our limits will only permit us to refer the reader to the printed prospectus issued by the publishers.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall's "*Ireland, its Scenery and Character*," has progressed to a second volume. This is unquestionably the most beautiful, as it is the most valuable work on the Emerald Isle that has ever appeared.

"*The Great Western Magazine*," is the cognomen of another Literary Miscellany which is designed for the piratical purposes of culling from the fugitive American literature as our mammoth journals do here without leave or license.

"Japan in the 19th century," described from the visits of recent Dutch travellers, is just published, in 1 vol. 8vo.

Preparing for publication—The Life of Sir David Wilkie, R. A., his Tours in

France, the Netherlands, Italy, Spain, Germany, Turkey, the Holy Land, and Egypt; with his Select Correspondence, and Remarks on Arts and Artists. By Allan Cunningham, Esq., 3 vols. 8vo.

It is with pleasure we observe the announcement of a new work of fiction, by the justly celebrated author of "*Tales of the O'Hara Family*," entitled "*Father Connel*."

A Life of Dr. John Scott, late chaplain to Lord Nelson, is also shortly to appear, which is said to be full of interest.

We are glad to see announced as nearly ready for publication, in a 4to. volume, Discourses delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; illustrated by explanatory Notes and Plates, by John Burnet, F. R. S., whose own productions *in and on* the Fine Arts designate him as being fully able to perform this task in a worthy manner.

The Portable Commentary, containing the Authorised Version of the Old and New Testaments, with many thousand Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. Ingram Cobbin, M. A., and the Analytical Bible, with upwards of 50,000 original and selected References, in a centre column, and concluding Observations to each Book.

CONTINENTAL.

A new edition of Juvenal by Heinrich, the late professor at our university, is claiming that attention among philologists which it so justly merits. Heinrich devoted a great part of his life to the editing of this author, and it was not till after his death that it was found how much new matter he has furnished for the illustration of this classic. The bookseller Koenig, already so well known as the enterprising publisher of some of the best Sanscrit works lately produced in Germany, has added another to his list of oriental publications; it is "*Kammura, liber de officiis sacerdotum Buddhicorum*," in Pali and Latin, edited with notes, by F. Spiegel.

Dr. Lipsius has been appointed Professor of Archæology, and he is on the eve of publishing his work upon the Egyptian Antiquities and Oscan inscriptions.

M. Panofka is at Berlin. He is likely to succeed M. Koehler in the office of the keeper of the antiquities at St. Petersburg.

"Die bedingte Pressfreiheit, historisch-kritisch entwickelt und beleuchtet von Theodor Heinsius," is a work which at this moment is attracting attention in Prussia.



J. W. Dorr.

Portrait of J. W. Dorr, a Democrat of 1840.

By G. Langley, New York.

THE
UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,
 AND
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XI.

AUGUST, 1842.

No. L.

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AUGUST, 1842.

No. L.

DO THE VARIOUS RACES OF MAN CONSTITUTE A SINGLE SPECIES ?*

In surveying the globe in reference to the different appearances of mankind, the most extraordinary diversities are apparent to the most superficial observer. The Patagonian and Caffre, compared with the Laplander and Esquimaux, are real giants, the stature of the latter being generally two feet less than that of the former. What a striking contrast does the coarse skin and greasy blackness of the African, present to the delicate cuticle and the exquisite rose and lily that beautify the face of the Georgian! Compare the head of the Circassian having those proportions which we so much admire in Grecian sculpture, with the flat

skull of the Carib or that of the Negro with its low retreating forehead and advancing jaws! Or behold in the one the full development of intellectual power, as displayed in arts, science, and literature, and in the other a mere instinctive existence! Hence arises the question—*Have all these diverse races descended from a single stock?* But notwithstanding these extremes would seem, at first view, to forbid the supposition of a common origin, yet we find them all running into each other by such nice and imperceptible gradations, not only in contiguous countries but among the same people, as to render it often impracticable to determine, in-

* *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.* By James Cowles Prichard, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., etc. London: 3 vols. 8vo., 1836, 1837, and 1841, pp. 376, 373, 550.

Crania Americana; or a Comparative View of the Skulls of various Aboriginal Nations of North and South America. Illustrated by seventy-eight plates and a colored map. By Samuel George Morton, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the Medical Department of Pennsylvania College at Philadelphia. Philadelphia: 1839. Folio pp. 296.

Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man, delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons. By W. Lawrence, F.R.S., etc. Salem: 1828. 8vo. pp. 495. (American Edition.)

De Generis Humani Varietate Nativa. Gött. 3d edit. 1795, 8vo. *Collectio Cranium Diversarum Gentium, Decades I-VII.* Gött. 1790--1826, 4to. By John Frederick Blumenbach, M.D., Aulic Counsellor to his Britannic Majesty, Professor of Physic in the University of Göttingen, etc.

An Essay on the Causes of the variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species. By Samuel Stanhope Smith, D.D., LL.D., President of the College of New Jersey, etc. New Brunswick: 1810. 8vo. pp. 410. Digitized by Google

dependent of the individual's locality, to what family of the human race he belongs.

Any one who allows himself to speculate upon this subject, will at first view be inclined to adopt the opinion that every part of the world had originally its indigenous inhabitants—"autochthones,"—adapted to its physical circumstances. Voltaire, for example, ridicules the idea of referring such different beings as the Circassian and the Negro to the same original. By this hypothesis, a ready solution is afforded of some of the most difficult questions presented in the investigation of the physical history of mankind; for instance, the remarkable diversity in figure and complexion observed among different nations—their difference of moral and intellectual character—and their peculiarity of language and even dialectic differences, observed as far back in antiquity as the days of Jacob and Laban. We might thus explain the fact that the oldest records, ever since Cain went to the land of Nod, seldom allude to an uninhabited country; or the no less surprising fact that in many parts of the world, as for instance, Central America, we discover vestiges of a primeval population, who, having dwelt there for ages and brought the civil arts to a comparatively high degree of cultivation, were swept away before the dawn of history.

On the opposite side of the question, an argument thought by many to be conclusive as to the point at issue, is the inference deduced from the scriptural history of man, which ascribes to him a single origin. But such an application of the Sacred Records is manifestly contrary to their spirit and design; for the most sincere believers in Revelation now freely admit the deduction of the geologist, that the period of the creation of the earth extends far beyond 6000 years. However, as truth can never be in opposition to truth, the investigation of any subject which does not transcend the scope of the human faculties, cannot possibly detract from the authority and importance of the Sacred Writings. Indeed, many investigations into the laws of natural science which were thought at first to conflict with Holy Writ, have even been found in the end, as will be shown in this inquiry into the *unity* of the human

family, to afford confirmation and elucidation of its divine truths.

One of the most interesting problems in history is, the geographical distribution of the human family; but history, if we exclude the Mosaic account, affords no data for determining this great problem. In the introduction to his great work on language, Adelung remarks as follows:—"Asia has been in all times regarded as the country where the human race had its beginning, received its first education, and from which its increase was spread over the rest of the globe. Tracing the people up to tribes, and the tribes to families, we are conducted at last, if not by history, at least by the traditions of all old people, to a single pair, from which, families, tribes, and nations, have been successively produced. The question has been often asked,—What was this first family, and the first people descending from it? where was it settled? and how has it extended so as to fill the four large divisions of the globe? It is a question of fact, and must be answered from history. But history is silent; her first books have been destroyed by time; and the few lines preserved by Moses are rather calculated to excite than to satisfy our curiosity."

Assuming that the earth's surface was formerly covered to a certain depth with water—an opinion warranted by physical facts as well as the Mosaic records—the portions which first became dry and habitable, would of course be those which are now the most elevated. Hence the region of Central Asia, which in respect to elevation can be compared only to the lofty plain of Quito in South America, has been with good reason pointed out as the spot on which the Creator planted the first people—a point from which the human race gradually dispersed as new lands became habitable. This great table-land, when it first became dry, was but an island in the watery expanse, with vegetable productions so entirely different from its present Alpine class, that it may have combined all the characters of the Garden of Eden. But Adelung, forgetting the influence of physical geography on climate, speaks of its "snowy mountains and glaciers."

History then points out the East as the earliest or original seat of our spe-

cies, as well as of our domesticated animals and of our principal food ; but as historical sources of testimony are considered inadequate to determine the question whether the globe has been peopled from one or more original stocks, it has been found necessary to seek for satisfactory evidence through the medium of researches into the natural history of the organized world. Hence the inquiry has been resolved by the learned Dr. James Cowles Prichard, in his "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind," into the two following problems :—

"1. Whether through the organized world in general it has been the order of nature to produce one stock or family in each particular species, or to call the same species into existence by several distinct origins, and to diffuse it generally and independently of propagation from any central point; in other words, whether all organized beings of each particular species can be referred respectively to a common parentage ?

"2. Whether all the races of men are of one species ? Whether, in other words, the physical diversities which distinguish several tribes are such as may have arisen from the variation of one primitive type, or must be considered as permanent and therefore specific characters ?"—Vol. i., p. 9.

In our researches into the origin of the varieties of mankind, it is, therefore, necessary to dismiss all argument *à priori*. Let us repudiate that speciousness of argumentation which maintains that it is much more consonant with the wisdom of the Deity that each region of the earth should teem *ab initio* with vegetable and animal productions adapted to its physical circumstances, than that immense tracts, while a single species is slowly extending its kind, should remain for ages an unoccupied waste. The question belongs to the domain of natural history and physiology, as based upon the observation of facts. Hence, too, it is obviously improper to set out, as most writers on the subject have done, with a distribution of the human family into certain races, as this is in fact a premature anticipation of the result. It is only by proceeding in the analytical method, surveying the ethnography of various countries, and deducing conclusions from the phenomena col-

lected, that the subject can be legitimately investigated.

Before proceeding to the details connected with the question, whether the various races of man belong to a single species, it may be well to state that by the term *species* in natural history is understood a collection of individuals, whether plants or animals, which so resemble one another that all the differences among them may find an explanation in the known operation of physical causes ; but if two races are distinguished by some characteristic peculiarity of organization not explicable on the ground that it was lost by the one or acquired by the other through any known operation of physical causes, we are warranted in the belief that they have not descended from the same original stock. Hence, *varieties*, in natural history, are distinguished from *species* by the circumstance of mere deviation from the character of the parent stock ; but to determine whether tribes characterized by certain diversities, constitute in reality distinct species, or merely varieties of the same species, is often a question involving much doubt—a doubt which can, however, be generally removed by a comprehensive survey of the great laws of organization.

As the natural history of man in regard to his origin may receive valuable elucidation from comparative physiology and the diversities observed among inferior animals, our attention will be first directed to this branch of the subject.

In regard to the question whether all the existing plants and animals, of each species, can be referred respectively to a common stock, Linneus maintained the affirmative, averring that in every species of plants as well as of animals, only one pair was originally produced. Now if in tracing the dispersion of the genera and species of organized beings, (plants and animals,) it should appear that they exist in those regions only to which they may have wandered or been conveyed by accidental means, from some single point regarded as the primitive or original seat, the inference that each species has descended from a single origin is warranted ; but if, on the contrary, the same species are found in localities so separated by natural barriers or vast distances as to forbid the supposition of

their passage, the opinion of their distinct and separate origins is equally authorized.

In regard to the dispersion of plants and of the primary habitations of individual species, Prichard refers to three hypotheses:—1. That all the species of plants in every country, had their primary seat in one particular region, from which they have spread as from a common centre. 2. That every species had a particular centre or birth-place, but that different regions of the earth afforded the primary habitations of different species. 3. That the vegetable tribes, independent of any centres of propagation, have sprung into existence wherever the physical circumstances favorable to their development obtain. The first of these hypotheses is now considered irreconcilable with established facts. The second has many powerful advocates, among whom is Prichard. But the third, in our opinion, is gradually gaining ground, in proportion as the science of botanical geography is being developed by the accumulation of new facts.

In proportion as naturalists have explored the botany of remote countries, the distinguishing characters, on a comparison of their respective aggregates of plants, have become more apparent. Many important results have been deduced from the researches of Mr. Robert Brown, and MM. de Humboldt and de Candolle. In relation to the distribution of plants in reference to the three great classes, we find that the dycotyledonous family diminishes as we proceed from the equator towards the poles; that this law is reversed in respect to the acotyledonous class; whilst the monocotyledonous plants, in which De Candolle includes the ferns, exhibit but little variation of number in different zones. "If we know," says Humboldt, "in any country under the temperate zone, the number of Cyperaceæ or of Compositæ, it will be possible to estimate that of the Gramineæ or of the Leguminosæ." But, notwithstanding a certain analogy in the character of vegetation in distant countries, lying on the same parallels and characterized by similar physical circumstances, we do not discover an identity of species. America has, in common with Asia and Europe, many genera; but on comparing the intertropical regions of these three countries,

the species, notwithstanding the genus may be common to two or even all three of them, are in each very dissimilar. It has been remarked by M. de Humboldt, as was before observed by the Count de Buffon in relation to the distribution of animals, that it is chiefly in the Arctic regions where the two continents approximate, that we discover the same identical species of the vegetable kingdom common to both. Proceeding south, as for example in the United States, we meet these common plants more rarely; and in their travels in equinoctial America, MM. de Humboldt and Bonpland found only twenty-four species, (all of which belong to the monocotyledonous tribes,) identical with those of any part of the Old World. In ascending a lofty mountain of the torrid zone, we also find that the parallel temperatures of more northern latitudes display a general botanical analogy. Hence several attempts have been made to divide the surface of the earth into botanical provinces or distinct regions of vegetation.

But as Nature seems to have provided means for the dispersion of plants, it is necessary to consider the bearing of these facts upon the present inquiry. Of these means, one of the most obvious is human agency. Animals in general, more particularly birds, also contribute to their dispersion. The same end is promoted by means of atmospheric currents; for we often find the smallest seeds provided with winglets and feathery appendages, which facilitate their transportation by winds. Lastly, we know from actual observation that plants have migrated from distant coasts by means of the great oceanic currents.

From a consideration of these various facts, Prichard arrives at the inference, "that the vegetable creation was originally divided into a limited number of provinces,"—a conclusion which he thinks strongly corroborated by the fact that in the northern continents, where their near approach affords facilities for migration, many plants are common to both, whilst in proportion as the continents become widely separated the number diminishes. "On the whole," he says, "we may conclude, with a great degree of probability, that each tribe of plants, and especially of the more perfect plants, had on the earth one original habitation, from which it

has been dispersed according to the capabilities afforded by its structure, and the aid of external agencies." The phenomena connected with the vegetation of islands are also thought by Prichard to be strongly confirmatory of the dispersion of species from particular central points. In opposition to the hypothesis that the vegetable tribes, independent of any centres of propagation, will spring into existence wherever the physical conditions are congenial to their nature, he adduces also the negative evidence that similar climates on each continent, notwithstanding a general analogy, have dissimilar vegetation. But if we reject the theory of equivocal production, that is, of the spontaneous generation of the same species in many and remote localities, how are we to account, by the means of dispersion above enumerated, for the existence of similar aquatic plants in the marshes of distant countries? We find, for example, that under the same physical circumstances, the *Nymphæa Lotus* will spring up in India and in Hungary, and the *Potamogeton Natans* in Europe and in St. Domingo. To what other theory can we refer the phenomenon observed by Humboldt, that the same subterranean cryptogamous plants are seen in the mines of New Spain, which are known to grow in deep excavations of the earth in Europe? How else are we to explain the fact that when those mountains of Italy, which are of comparatively modern origin, were upheaved, their upper regions became covered with the vegetation of Lapland, whilst the intermediate country is devoid of those plants? In ascending Mount Ararat, according to Tournefort, we observe at its foot the plants of western Asia; a little higher up, the vegetable forms of Italy are recognized; next, those of central France; at a still higher level those of Sweden; and beyond this last point, the flora of Lapland and the Alps. Besides, geological investigations prove that subsequent to the era of the secondary formations, there has been a new development of vegetation on the surface of the earth. These facts favor the hypothesis that plants, independent of original dispersion from certain centres, will spontaneously arise wherever physical conditions exist adapted to their nature.

Reference may here be made to the

fact that seeds may actually lie concealed in the earth for ages without losing their vitality. Thus, seeds found at Stirling, Scotland, in a bed of clay, which had been buried under fourteen feet of peat-earth, produced, upon being sowed, a crop of *chrysanthemum septum*! The circumstance that the pine forests of our western States, when burnt or cut down, are succeeded by forests of oak trees, is an analogous fact. It would seem, then, that where both the soil and the atmospheric conditions are equally suitable for many social plants, the strongest will choke the others, and finally obtain the complete mastery: but that the seeds of the weaker plants will for ages preserve their vitality in the earth, and spring into visible existence as soon as the proper conditions arise.

Dispersion of Animals.—One of the most powerful supporters of the theory of the spontaneous origin of animals is Rudolphi. "As mould and various fungi," he says, "generate themselves under the necessary conditions, so likewise do infusory animalcules; and the most unbridled fancy can hardly imagine that the infusoria were produced in Asia, and from thence have been spread over the world." But whether or not these lower orders of animals, whose diminitiveness baffles all accurate researches into their mode of origination, spring into existence without parentage, we know at least that the opinion derives no confirmation from the argument of analogy among the higher order of animals, whose structure admits of more satisfactory investigation.

As the existence of insects is closely connected with that of the plants and animals on which they subsist and often live, it follows that the laws of their dispersion must be much dependent upon those of the latter. According to M. Latreille, who has given much attention to the geographical distribution of the insect tribes, it appears that they are very distinct in countries separated by seas, vast deserts, and lofty chains of mountains, of which the locality, soil, temperature, and other physical conditions, are apparently similar. But although the same tribes of insects may not be found under the same parallel and similar local conditions, yet it has often been observed by naturalists that they are replaced by analogous groups.

Notwithstanding the adaptation of birds for extensive migration, we find that their geographical distribution bears an analogy to the rest of organized nature. Thus, in regard to the vulture tribe, we discover peculiarities in Europe and America, whilst in New Holland they are entirely unknown. Again, the parrot tribes found in Asia, Africa, and America, are each peculiar.

Although the inhabitants of the ocean are not, like those of the land, confined to particular regions, yet even among them we find a geographical distribution. If there do exist any cosmopolites in the ocean, it is some species of whales, which, according to the testimony of whale-fishers, traverse the globe from pole to pole. In regard to fishes it is known that those of the Mediterranean differ entirely from those of the Red Sea; that the silurus electricus appertains exclusively to the rivers of Africa, and the electric gymnotus to those of America; that flying-fishes are almost unknown beyond intertropical seas, and that among a vast assemblage of antarctic animals, none is found which is known to the waters of the northern hemisphere. The phenomenon of the same species of fishes being found in inland collections of water, however distant from one another, is very analogous to the fact of the diffusion of aquatic plants under the same circumstances. Those opposed to the theory of equivocal generation explain this fact by reference to the inundations attested by historical and geographical proofs, or on the supposition, as is done by Lyell, that the minute eggs of fishes are occasionally transported from lake to lake among the feathers of birds.

Having now reached that part of our inquiry which refers to the mammifers and reptiles of the land—animals confined by their limited powers of locomotion to the regions that gave them birth—the facts presented will lead to more positive conclusions, than in the case of the animals that cleave the air with wings, or elude our view in the ocean's depths, or in the researches of the botanist who may mistake for original centres of diffusion plants whose seeds have been transported to a distant shore by an oceanic current. In regard to tellurian animals, we may divide the surface of the earth into zoological provinces, each the abode of a particular group of animals, illus-

trating an admirable conformity between the organic capabilities of each and the surrounding physical circumstances. Thus, in the Old World, in analogous climates north and south of the equator, the species, notwithstanding many genera exist in common, are entirely different. The horse and the ass found in the northern hemisphere, are represented in the southern by the zebra and the quagga. On comparing the two continents, if we except the northern regions which approximate, the same law is discovered. When the Spaniards landed in the new world, they did not find a single quadruped of Europe, Asia, or Africa. For instance, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the camel, the dromedary, the hippopotamus, the giraffe, the lion, the tiger, the horse and the ass, were not found in America. On the other hand, the lama, the peccari, the tapir, the jaguar, the agouti, the sapajou, the sloth, and others, were equally unknown in the eastern hemisphere. We read, it is true, of the American lion, but he is widely different from the lion of Africa—a remark that applies equally to the monkey tribes. As the continent of New Holland is remotely separated from all the other extensive tracts of land, so it has an assemblage of animals not less peculiar than its vegetation. Of the marsupial or pouched animals, which are so exceedingly rare in other countries, there are here more than forty species. In the class of reptiles, the same law obtains. Thus, the crocodile of the Nile is totally different from the alligator of America, and so of the boa of India and the python of the New World; and, as regards the poisonous species, the hooded snake is peculiar to Asia, the cerastes to Africa, and the rattlesnake to America. The peculiar adaptation of organic structure to local conditions is apparent in the camel of the sandy deserts, in which he is placed, as his stomach has cells for holding water; and also in the circumstance that the hoofed animals of South America are suited to the precipitous Cordilleras, whilst the solidungular quadrupeds of southern Africa are equally adapted to its vast sandy plains. With the exception of the extreme north, where the two continents so approximate that the distance between them, which is broken by islands, is partially frozen

over in winter, the researches of the zoologist have not yet discovered that any individual species are common to distant regions. Nevertheless, particular groups are represented in parallel climates of distant countries by analogous tribes; for example, the tribes of the simiæ, and the dog and cat kinds, and other terrene animals, which, however, are very differently organized in the three great continents; and, notwithstanding this diversity of organization in the monkey, (an animal supposed by some to have a close affinity to man,) all the tribes, in the natural state, are confined almost wholly to the intertropical zone. As regards the zoology of islands, we find that small ones, remotely situated from continents, are in general quite destitute of land quadrupeds, whilst those near to continents have mostly the tribes which belong to the main land.

From a general view of the facts above adduced, the inference may be fairly drawn that each species of animal had an original centre of existence, to which it was by nature peculiarly adapted, and from which point they have dispersed themselves in proportion to their capabilities of enduring a change of physical circumstances.

Lest these conclusions, in regard to the distribution of organized beings, should be deemed hostile to the sacred records, a word of explanation may be necessary. If we follow the words of Scripture literally, maintaining that a pair of all living species was gathered from all the climates of our globe and preserved in the ark of Noah, we become involved in a zoological inconsistency, unless we call in the aid of supernatural agency; for, as animals are adapted by their structure and functions to the local conditions of food, soil, temperature, &c., all could not have existed on the same spot. Moreover, either the carnivorous animal must have perished in the ark, or some other species have been annihilated. Independent of this, the same supernatural agency was demanded in restoring these animals to their natural and primitive abodes; for how else could the polar bear, whose organization is adapted to a frozen region, retrace his steps through the torrid zone? But it is unnecessary to call in the aid of such a suspension of the ordinary

laws of nature; for the meaning of the passage, in reference to the submersion of the "universa terra"—the whole earth—may be fulfilled by rendering it in the words, "the region inhabited by man." inasmuch as the destruction of the depraved human race was the end proposed by the deluge. Hence the tribes of wild animals belonging to remote regions may have been spared.

We have now reached the main object of the inquiry before us—*Do the various races of man belong to a single species?* In the general classification of mankind, we find that nearly every author has some peculiar views. Thus, whilst Cuvier makes the distinction of three races, Malte-Brun has no less than sixteen. As the division of Blumenbach, consisting of five varieties, viz., the Caucasian, Mongolian, American, Ethiopian, and Malay, is the one most generally adopted, it may be well to present here their general distinguishing characters. Among their principal characteristics, those of the skull are most striking and distinguishing. It is on the configuration of the bones of the head that the peculiarity of the countenance chiefly depends.

In the *Caucasian* race, the head is more globular than in the other varieties, and the forehead is more expanded. The face has an oval shape nearly on a plane with the forehead and cheek-bones, which last project neither laterally nor forwards as in other races; nor does the upper jaw-bone, which has a perpendicular direction, to which the lower jaw corresponds, give a projecting position to the front teeth, as in the other varieties. The chin is full and rounded. The skin may be described as generally fair, but it is susceptible of every tint, and in some nations is almost black; and the eyes and hair are variable, the former being mostly blue, and the latter yellow or brown, and flowing. It is the nations with this cranial formation that have attained the highest degree of civilisation, and have generally ruled over the others; or, rather, as we will attempt to show more fully, it is among these nations that the progress of civilisation and the development of the anterior portion of the brain, each exercising on the other a mutual influence, have gone hand in hand. Of this variety of the human race, the chief families are the Caucasians proper,

the Germanic branch, the Celtic, the Arabian, the Lybian, the Nilotic, and the Hindostanic.

In the *Mongolian* variety, the head, instead of being globular, is nearly square. The cheek-bones project from under the middle of the orbit of the eye, and turn backwards in a remarkable outward projection of the zygoma. The orbits are large and deep, the eyes oblique, and the upper part of the face exceedingly flat; the nose, the nasal bones, and even the space intermediate to the eye-brows, being nearly on the same plane with the cheek-bones. The color of this variety is olive or yellowish brown, and the hair is blackish and scanty. This variety of the human family has formed vast empires in China and Japan, but its civilisation has been long stationary.

The *Ethiopian* variety, which recedes the farthest from the Caucasian, presents a narrow and elongated skull, the temporal muscles, which are very large and powerful, rising very high on the parietal bones, thus giving the idea of lateral compression. The forehead is low and retreating. The cheek-bones and the upper jaw project forwards, and the alveolar ridge and the teeth take a similar position. The nose is thick, being almost blended with the cheeks; the mouth is prominent and the lips thick; and the chin is narrow and retracted. The color varies from a deep tawny to a perfect jet; and the hair is black, frizzled, and woolly. It is not true, as is remarked by M. Cuvier, that the people composing this race have always remained in a state of barbarism. On the contrary, we will adduce facts showing that many negro tribes have made considerable advances in civilisation, and that in proportion to this improvement do they approximate to the physical characters of the Caucasian.

These three constitute the leading varieties of mankind, the American and Malay being no more than mere intervening shades. In the *American* race the head is less square and the face less flattened than in the *Mongolian*. The color resembles that of copper, and the hair is black, thick, and straight. "Although the Americans," says Morton, "possess a pervading and characteristic complexion, there are occasional and very remarkable deviations, including all the tints

from a decided white to an unequivocally black skin." This race was originally spread over nearly the whole of the Americas south of the sixtieth degree of north latitude. From this point, towards the Arctic circle, our Indian manifestly belongs to the *Mongolian* variety; from Greenland, we trace the same family of men to the north of Europe, comprising the *Finland* and *Lapland* coasts; and thence to the polar races of Asia, which are part of the *Mongolian* tribes, covering the immense region extending from the line of the *Ural* and *Himmaleh* mountains to *Behring's Straits*.

As the *American* variety seems to form a middle point between the *Caucasian* and *Mongolian*, so may the *Malay* be said to hold a similar relation to the *Caucasian* and *Ethiopian*. The forehead is more expanded than in the *African*, the jaws are less prominent, and the nose more distinct. The color is blackish brown or mahogany, and the hair is long, coarse, and curly. This variety is found in *New South Wales* and the *South Sea Islands* in general.

To these great races, more especially the first three, it has been customary to refer all the ramifications of the human family. Taking the country of the *Georgians* and *Circassians* as the radiating point of the *Caucasian* race, we may trace out its principal branches by the analogies of language. The *Armenian* or *Syrian* division, directing its course to the south, gave birth to the *Assyrians*, *Chaldeans*, and untamable *Arabs*, with their various subdivisions. In this branch, science and literature have occasionally flourished, but always under fantastic forms. Another division embraced the *Indian*, *German*, and *Pelasgic* branch, in whose four principal languages we recognize a striking resemblance. The first is the *Sanscrit*, now the sacred language of the *Hindoos*; the second is the *Pelasgic*, the common mother of the *Greek* and *Latin*, and of almost every language now spoken in the south of Europe; third, the *Gothic* or *Teutonic*, from which arose the *German*, *Dutch*, *English*, *Danish*, and *Swedish* languages, and their dialects; and fourth, the *Sclavonian*, from which are derived the *Russian*, *Polish*, *Bohemian*, &c. This division is the most respectable branch of the *Caucasian* variety; for among

them have philosophy, the arts and sciences, been carried to a degree of perfection unknown to any other race. This subject, by tracing out the analogies of language, has been followed up into its minutest ramifications. Much credit is due to Prichard for his indefatigable researches in this respect in reference to Europe, Asia, and Africa; but it too often happens that the affinities of languages in the last two are not sufficiently known to lead to undoubted results. Among the American variety, it has been generally believed that the languages are as innumerable as the tribes, it being impracticable to establish any analogies among them, or with those of the eastern continent; but this opinion is manifestly founded in error. "With respect to the American languages," Morton says, "it may be sufficient in this place to observe, that they present resemblances not less remarkable than those we have noticed in the physical and moral traits of these people." (p. 85.) This analogy, it would seem, is not of an indefinite kind. It consists mostly in peculiar conjugational modes of modifying the verbs by the insertion of syllables. The supposed infinite variety of North American tongues has been reduced by the late researches of Dr. Heckewelder and other American archæologists, to three or four radical languages; and the belief in the affinities between these languages and those of Eastern Asia has been strengthened by the researches of Klapproth and other German philologists. This affinity with the people of Eastern Asia, it may be here added, is confirmed by the inferences drawn from physiognomy. Thus Sidi Mellimelli, Tunisian envoy to the United States in 1804, on seeing the deputies of the Cherokees, Osages, and Miamis, assembled at Washington city, was instantly struck with the resemblance between their general physiognomy and that of the Asiatic Tartars.*

But the question still recurs—*Whence proceed the remarkable diversities ob-*

served among the different nations of the earth?

If we pursue an analogical mode of investigation in reference to the various branches of the human family, we will arrive at certain results, the aggregate of which will throw much additional light upon the question, whether they all belong to a single species. These conclusions will now be summed up under distinct heads.

From an extensive survey of various nations in reference to the proportionate duration of human life, it is evident that there exist no well-marked differences in this respect among the different families of man. If the comparison, however, is extended to the simiæ, notwithstanding they approximate to man very closely in physical structure, the contrast is very great. The greatest longevity of the troglodyte is no more than thirty years. As we discover no difference in this respect between the Negro and the European, there is little ground, as was done by Linnæus, Buffon, Helvetius, and Monboddo, for introducing the orang-outang into the human family. Moreover, we find as attributes common both to the Negro and the European, the erect attitude, the two hands, the slow development of the body, and the exercise of reason. On the other hand, the whole structure of the monkey, who is four-handed, proves that to him the erect attitude is not natural. The striking characteristics of the predominance of the fore-arm over the upper arm, and the great length of the upper and the shortness of the lower limbs, are peculiarly adapted to his climbing habits. How beautifully is the majestic attitude of man, which announces to all the other inhabitants of the globe his superiority, described in the words of Ovid:—

Prænaque cum spectent animalia cetera
 terram,
 Os homini sublime dedit; cælumque tueri
 Jussit; et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

* There is nothing in the relative position of America that forbids the supposition of an eastern origin of its aborigines. Navigators have often picked up frail boats in the ocean, containing people who had been driven five hundred, one thousand, and even one thousand five hundred miles, from their homes.

† And while all other creatures to the dust
 Bend their low look, to man a front sublime
 He gave, and bade him ever scan the skies,
 And to the stars lift up his lofty gaze.

In regard to the principal phenomena of physical life, such as the progress of corporeal development, the periodical phenomena of the constitution, and those other processes termed by physiologists the natural functions, the opinion is warranted, from a comprehensive view of the question, that there is no marked difference among the different races of mankind.

The pathological history of the different races constitutes as much a part of their physical description, as any feature in their anatomical structure. From a survey of the facts connected with this question, it appears that the whole human family, making due allowance for endemic influences, are equally subject to those ills which "flesh is heir to," thus confirming the doctrine that a common nature pertains to mankind. This comparison is based on the fact that certain diseases are peculiar to man, a list of which has been made out by Blumenbach.

An identity of species between two animals, notwithstanding a striking difference in some particulars, has been inferred, as a general rule, if their offspring has been found capable of procreating. Although this doctrine has been generally maintained by our most distinguished naturalists, yet some have rejected it as a hasty generalization. The production of hybrids is a phenomenon observed not only among mammals, but among birds, fishes, the insect tribes, and the vegetable kingdom; and when we survey the numerous facts opposed to the generally admitted law of nature that all hybrid productions are sterile, there would seem to be some ground for doubting the soundness of the general conclusion. Thus the dog and the wolf, and the dog and the fox, will breed together, and the mixed offspring is capable of procreation. And that mules are not always barren, is a fact not unknown even to Aristotle. But as hybrid productions are almost unknown among animals in their wild and unrestrained condition, it would seem that there is a mutual repugnance between those of different species; and thus nature guards against a universal confusion of the different departments of organized creation. Notwithstanding the occasional exceptions to the general fact of the sterility of hybrid productions, it has never been observed that an offspring

similar to themselves has proceeded from hybrids of an opposite sex. It is thus apparent that the *vis procreatrix* between different species, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is very defective, and that the law of nature which maintains the diversity of tribes in the organized world, is not really infringed by the isolated phenomena observed in reference to hybrid productions. That animals generally have the same form and endowments now as at the remotest period of our acquaintance with them, is an opinion confirmed by the oldest historical records, as well as by the works of art and the actual relics found in Egyptian tombs. The zoological descriptions of Aristotle, composed twenty-two centuries ago, are still faithful to nature in every particular. Hence it would appear that insurmountable barriers to the intermixture of species, at least among wild animals, have been provided by nature, in the instinctive aversion to union with other species, in the sterility of hybrid productions, and in the law of the reproduction of the corporeal and psychical characters of the parent in the offspring.

These facts have an important bearing upon the doctrine that mankind constitutes a single species. It is well known to horticulturists and those engaged in breeding domesticated animals that, by crossing and intermixing varieties, a mixed breed superior in almost every physical quality to the parent races is often produced; and it has also been observed that the intermixture of different races of the human family has produced breeds physically superior, generally speaking, to either ancestral race. Now, as it is a law, according to the high authority of Buffon and Hunter, that those animals of opposite sexes, notwithstanding some striking differences in appearance, whose offspring is equally prolific with themselves, belong to one and the same species, it follows that these facts afford a strong confirmation of the conclusion deduced from many others, viz., that there is but one human species; for, as just remarked, whilst the offspring of distinct species, (real hybrids,) are so little prolific that their stock soon becomes extinct, it is found that the mixed offspring of different varieties of the same species generally exceeds the parent races in corporeal

vigor and in the tendency to multiplication. This law, however, does not apply to the moral and intellectual endowments; for we find these deteriorated in the European by the mixture of any other race, and, on the other hand, an infusion of Caucasian blood tends in an equal degree to ennoble these qualities in the other varieties of the human family.

Before proceeding to the consideration of the diversities exhibited among the various tribes of mankind, we will bring under notice what may be called *accidental* or *congenital* varieties. Among all organized productions, we find variety of form and structure in the same species, and even in the offspring of the same parents; and what is equally remarkable, we discover a tendency to perpetuate in their offspring all individual peculiarities. This constitutes an exception to the general law that animals produce their like,—an exception by which it were easy to explain the present existence of diversified races, originating from the same primitive species, did not a new difficulty arise in the question, having reference to the extent of deviation of structure that may take place without breaking in upon the characteristic type of the species. There are many instances on record in which these accidental varieties have been perpetuated by hereditary transmission. One of the most extraordinary is the recent origination of a new variety of sheep in New England, called the "*ancon* or *otter breed*," in consequence of the shortness of the limbs and the greater proportionate length of the body, the fore-legs being also crooked. A male lamb produced by a ewe of the common kind, was the first ancestor of this breed; and his offspring often exhibited the same peculiarity of organization. Finding the animal unable to jump over fences, the propagation of the breed became a desirable object. That the breed is permanent appears from the following facts, communicated to the Philosophical Transactions for 1813, by Col. Humphreys:—

"When both parents are of the otter breed, their descendants inherit the peculiar appearance and proportions of form. I have heard but of one questionable case of a contrary nature.

"When an otter ewe is impregnated by a common ram, the increase resembles

wholly either the ewe or ram. The increase of a common ewe, impregnated by a ram of the new breed, follows entirely the one or the other, without blending any of the distinguishing and essential peculiarities of both.

"Frequent instances have happened where common ewes have had twins by otter rams, when one exhibited the complete marks and features of the ewe, the other of the ram. The contrast has been rendered singularly striking when one short-legged and one long-legged lamb, produced at a birth, have been seen sucking the dam at the same time."

Among instances of variety of structure originating in the race of man, which are in like manner propagated through many generations, may be mentioned the oft-observed fact of supernumerary toes or fingers, and corresponding deficiencies. Hence the names of Varus and Plautus among the ancient Romans. Likewise those peculiar features by which the individuals of some families are characterized; as, for instance, the singular thickness of the upper lip in the imperial house of Austria, which was introduced, three centuries ago, by intermarriage. These organic peculiarities are often transmitted to children, even when one of the parents is of the ordinary form, for three and four generations. Hence there is reason to believe that if persons of this organic peculiarity were to intermarry exclusively, we might have a permanent race characterized by six toes or fingers. We have a similar fact in the history of the English family of "porcupine men," in whom the greater part of the body was covered with hard excrescences of a horny nature, which were transmitted hereditarily. These remarks apply equally to those peculiarities of organization which predispose to many diseases, as well as to the transmission of mental and moral qualities, all of which are truly hereditary. It is thus seen that varieties of structure are not always transmitted from first parents, and that when they have once arisen, they become, under favorable circumstances, permanent in the stock.

In considering the diversities presented by the human family, we will notice first the varieties of color. The Negro and the European are the two extremes, which, as in every other particular in which the various tribes of

the human family differ, run into each other by the nicest and most delicate gradations. Hence we are warranted in the opinion that difference of complexion constitutes no distinction of species, inasmuch as the skin is almost black in some nations classed as Caucasian, and even among the American tribes the extreme of a white and a black skin is exhibited. This subject is investigated at length both by Lawrence and Prichard, the former maintaining that climate has no agency in causing the varieties of color observed in the human species, whilst the latter advocates the opposite opinion. That Prichard is correct to a certain extent we will attempt to show in the sequel; but it is equally evident that the difference of color in the primary races comes under the head of accidental or congenital diversities. Having stated many facts which favor the latter opinion, Lawrence adduces analogous ones among the inferior animals. Thus, the circumstance that in many parts of England all the cattle have the same color, he refers to the custom of slaughtering all the calves which have not the desired tint. We also know that white sheep may produce black lambs; and so well aware are farmers of the liability of this color's being again transferred that they always reject black rams in breeding. But the influence of local circumstances, on the other hand, is apparent in the fact that, notwithstanding the horses which run wild in Paraguay are descended from variegated European stocks, yet they are now of one peculiar color.

As regards the hair, beard, and color of the iris, we also observe strongly marked varieties in the human family. Whilst the head of the Caucasian race is adorned with an ample growth of fine locks, and his face with a copious beard, the Negro's head presents short woolly knots, and that of the American or Mongolian, coarse and straight hair, all having nearly beardless faces; and with this diminution of the beard is combined a general smoothness of the whole body. That the coloring principle in the skin and hair is of a common nature is evident, from the fact that among the white races every gradation from the fair to the dark is accompanied by a corresponding alteration in the tint of the hair. This remark applies equally to the colored varieties of men,

for all these have black hair; but among the spotted Africans, according to Blumenbach, the hairs growing out of a white patch on the head are white. These facts, in connection with others observed among inferior animals, as the dog, sheep, and goat, prove sufficiently that a distinction of species cannot be established on the mere difference in the hair. What a striking contrast there is between the hairy coat of the argali or mouflon and the beautiful fleeces of our most valuable sheep, both of which belong to the same species. It is probable that the black and crisp hair of the negro tribes, called from a loose analogy *woolly*, may be an accidental variety. That a similar connection in point of color also exists between the skin and iris was noticed as long ago as the days of Aristotle.

As regards the difference of stature and features, and peculiarity of organization, it has been already remarked that these do not give sufficient ground for establishing a distinction of species.

Hence, seeing the varieties of form and structure which distinguish the inhabitants of the same region, it should not excite our surprise when we consider the diverse influence of external agencies in remote regions, to find a much greater diversity between the natives of each respectively. Indeed we find in all the departments of organized nature a diversity of structure within the limitations of species analogous to those exhibited in the human races. It is conceded on all hands, as is remarked by Blumenbach, that swine were unknown in America until carried hither from Europe; yet, notwithstanding the comparatively short period that has intervened, there now exist many breeds, exhibiting the most striking peculiarities as compared with each other or with the original stock. The pigs carried in 1509 from Spain to Cuba degenerated, according to Herrera, into a monstrous race, with toes half a span long. They here became more than twice as large as their European progenitors. Again, we find the breed of domestic swine in France, with a high convex spine and hanging head, just the reverse of that of England, with a straight back and pendulous belly. In Hungary and Sweden we meet a solidungular race. It is also observed by Blumenbach "that

there is less difference in the form of the skull in the most dissimilar of mankind than between the elongated head of the Neapolitan horse and the skull of the Hungarian breed, which is remarkable for its shortness, and the extent of the lower jaw." It thus appears, as was shown before, and will be still further illustrated, that organic structure is strikingly adapted to the necessity of local circumstances.

The classification of skulls under the five general forms already described, is of course entirely arbitrary. As in every other corporeal diversity, so we find in regard to crania an imperceptible gradation among the nations of the earth, filling up the interval between the two extremes of the most perfect Caucasian model and the most exaggerated Negro specimen. Hence we must conclude that the diversities of skulls among mankind do not afford sufficient ground for a specific difference,—an inference confirmed by the variations which occur in animals of the same species.

Admitting then that the phenomena of variation brought under view in regard to inferior animals, which are observed both in their wild and domestic state, are analogous to the varieties which distinguish the various races of the human family, it follows that the latter should present still greater differences; for whilst each species of animals inferior to man is mostly confined to a limited region and to a mode of existence that is simple and uniform, the human races are scattered over the whole face of the earth, under every variety of physical circumstances, in addition to the influences arising from a moral and intellectual nature.

Having surveyed the diversities of corporeal formation among the various races of man, it now remains to con-

sider their moral and intellectual differences; and so remarkable are these contrasts between the races usually distinguished as *white* and *black*, that the distinction of color is not more striking. Whilst the most disgusting moral as well as physical portrait of man is exhibited by the hideous savages of Congo, New Holland, and New Guinea, we discover, on the other hand, that those nations which have produced the richest fruits in art and science, in religion and morals, in civilization and government—in a word, in all that can dignify and ennoble man,—have a beautifully formed head, characterized by great development of its anterior portion. It is these races which have, at all times, not merely vanquished those of a more ignoble formation, characterized by the low retreating forehead, but held them in permanent subjection. The remarkable prominence of the cheek-bones and the projection of the jaws is another characteristic trait of savage tribes, indicating their coarse and animal nature in a great development of the organs of taste and smell.* But notwithstanding their cruelty and selfishness, their unfeeling barbarity to women and children, and their brutal apathy and indolence, unless stimulated by the desire of revenge, or roused by the pressure of actual physical want, which give to the dark races, generally speaking, the lowest degree of moral feelings, we yet find the inferiority of the intellectual faculties, compared with the white races, more general and strongly marked.†

From an extensive series of analogies among the different races of man brought under view by Prichard, he attempts to establish the conclusion, "that the phenomena of the human mind and the moral and intellectual history of the human races afford no

* The physiognomy of the Fejee Chief, recently brought to this country by the squadron of the Exploring Expedition, and who had been captured on account of the massacre, several years ago, of part of the crew of one of our vessels, upon whom he displayed his cannibal propensities, afforded a fine illustration of this law.

† We would be distinctly understood as using the terms, *white* and *black* races, in the general sense of Caucasian and Ethiopian varieties. The color of the skin implies no distinction of races; for, as is shown throughout this article, the African tribes vary much in this respect,—the American exhibit the extremes of white and black,—and even the Caucasian, generally characterized as *white*, present nations decidedly black. In the frontispiece to the third volume of Prichard's work, we have a striking specimen of a black Caucasian, being a portrait of Ramohun Roy, "a Brahmin of undoubtedly pure race."

proof of diversity of origin in the families of men. * * * Nor can it be pretended that any intellectual superiority of one human race over another, which can be imagined to exist, furnishes any argument against this conclusion. If, for example, it were allowed that the Negroes are as deficient in mental capacity as some persons have asserted them to be, this could not prove them to be a different species, since it must be allowed that there are differences equally great, and even greater, between individuals and families of the same nation. * * * There are some Negroes whose mental faculties fully attain the standard of European intellect."

From these facts, as will be seen, Prichard, following the footsteps of Blumenbach, draws the inference that there is nothing in the organization of the brain of the most debased Negro tribes, which affords a presumption of inferior moral or intellectual endowments. On the other hand, Lawrence uses the following language:—"I deem the moral and intellectual character of the Negro inferior, and decidedly so, to that of the European; and, as this inferiority arises from a corresponding difference of organization, I must regard it as his natural destiny." Now, we will attempt to show, in following up the physical ethnography of various nations, that both these conclusions, though correct in part, abound in error.

The writer would here, however, first announce his own creed. We believe that the brain is an aggregate of many distinct organs, each having a peculiar function,—that the varieties of moral feeling and of capacity for knowledge and reflection, as a general law, depend on diversities of cerebral organization, which are indicated by differences in the shape of the skull,—that a cerebral organ is not, perhaps, less susceptible of improvement and development than a muscle,*—that moral and intellectual qualities, not less than physical, are transmissible from the

parent to the offspring,—that the mind, notwithstanding it is immortal and immaterial, depends for its manifestations and developments on organic structure, which last determines the intellectual grade of the individual,—and that there is an intimate connection between physical features and moral and intellectual character, both of which are influenced by local causes.

Hence it follows that we regard the mind of every human being, as it emanated from the Creator, identical in its nature. The difference between individuals, in this respect, is the result of the peculiar organization of the brain and of education. Towards the Deity, the original relation of the Negro and the European is the same, but the one has far outstripped the other in the development of the material structure through which mind is manifested. We repudiate the idea of a "mind diseased;" for as it is immortal and immaterial, it can suffer no change from disease; but to have sound manifestations of mind, we must have healthy organic structure. Upon the doctrine of a plurality of mental organs, we are enabled also to explain the phenomenon of monomania or madness upon a single subject.

In taking a general survey of the physical ethnography of the African races, it will be necessary first to advert to its physical geography. Africa has generally been divided into three great regions, two of which comprise immense mountainous tracts or tablelands, whilst the third is the intervening space consisting of an ocean of sand. The elevated region of Northern Africa is a continuous system of highlands, which, under the denomination of Atlas, extend along the Mediterranean coast. These highlands on the border of the Atlantic ocean seem to be a continuation of the system of mountains in the Spanish Peninsula, separated only by the narrow strait of the Mediterranean; and on each side of this sea, the vegetation in general presents a marked analogy. The

* It cannot be doubted that a partial change of figure in the cranium of the adult takes place from time to time, according to the pursuits of the individual. That bones change more easily than the softer parts is proved by physiological experiments and the phenomena of disease. By the absorbents, their elements are continually removed—a loss which is as constantly repaired by the deposition of new particles secreted from the blood.

mountainous region of Central Africa, lying south of the Great Desert, still remains the "terra incognita" of the civilized world. This high plateau extends, according to Laccépède, from 10° north to 20° south of the equator, approaching the sea-coast in some parts, whilst other portions are environed by vast deserts of sand, which, as a sea of fire, prevent all approach to the centre of the continent. As the rivers, compared with those that descend from the steppes of Central Asia, are small, it is inferred that the mountain elevations contain great lakes, or that snow and rain fall in comparatively small quantities. Of the lowlands of Africa, the fertile plains are mostly confined to the immediate vicinity of the mountain-chains, which supply them with rivers. These fertile tracts bound on the north and south the great Sahara, whose vast sandy plains, estimated at half the extent of Europe, are traversed by chains of rocky mountains, interspersed by innumerable oases—islands of verdure that spring into existence wherever water finds its way to the surface.

From Prichard's survey of the ethnography of Central Africa, it appears that the native races of this region, properly called Negroland, differ much in their physical, intellectual, and moral state, according as they have lived under moral and physical conditions of a different character. As human races, as we are taught by history, seldom emerge from the state of instinctive existence until moved by some impulse from without, so we here find tribes of aboriginal people secluded amid their mountains and forests, which serve as almost impenetrable barriers against foreign influence of every kind. But even among these tribes, human society has not been stationary and unprogressive from age to age. There have existed for centuries, (not to speak of the kingdom of which the ancient city of Timbuctoo is the capital,) several Negro empires, originally founded by Mahomedans, in which many of the arts of civilized society have been adopted. They even live in large cities of 30,000 inhabitants—a fact which implies a considerable advancement in civilisation. The Mandingos, for example, are a numerous and powerful tribe; their government is well organized; they have public schools, in which the

children are taught to read the Koran; and their fields are well cultivated and ornamented with palms, fig-trees, and bananas. Now, there is the strongest evidence to show that the decided superiority of this nation over many other African tribes, who are found in various stages of improvement, did not arise from any original difference, but from the circumstance of the degree of civilisation brought about by the religion of Islam. As the various races of man constitute but a single species, is it not then reasonable to ascribe the superiority of the Caucasian variety to a similar impulse? When a people have once received the impulse of social improvement, the portion of the brain devoted to the intellectual powers will be stimulated into more than ordinary action, and as these two causes mutually re-act on each other, we ultimately behold the coincidence of a high degree of civilisation and a great development of the intellectual organs, as manifested in the cranial formation of the Caucasian race. As mind is immortal, and the brain is the material instrument of its manifestation, we conceive that this doctrine reconciles the diversities observed in the moral and intellectual qualities of the various races of man, with the well-established conclusion of a *single* species.

These inferences are not hypothetical, but deduced from historical facts relative to the aborigines of Central Africa. "Tribes having what is termed the Negro character in the most striking degree," says Prichard, "are the least civilized. The Papels, Bisagos, and Ibos, who are in the greatest degree remarkable for deformed countenances, projecting jaws, flat foreheads, and for other Negro peculiarities, are the most savage and morally degraded of the nations hitherto described. The converse of this remark is applicable to all the most civilized races. The Fulahs, Mandingos, and some of the Dahomeh and Inta nations, have, so far as form is concerned, *nearly European countenances and a corresponding configuration of the head.*" Strange to say, this evidence is afforded by the writings of a philosopher who, with Blumenbach, maintains that there is nothing in the cerebral organization of the debased and savage Negro

tribes, which affords a presumption of inferiority of moral or intellectual endowments!

It may be here remarked, that the cradles or nurseries of the first nations of which we have any historical records—the people in which the intellectual faculties were first awakened from the brutal sloth of savage life—appear to have been extensive plains or valleys, irrigated by fertilizing streams, and blessed with a mild climate. As the means of sustenance are in such localities easily obtained, the human mind, if man in this primitive state will reflect at all, is most apt to receive that impulse which leads to the cultivation and development of his nature. It is in such regions that we discover the most ancient centres of population; as, for example, the splendor and luxury of Nineveh and Babylon were exchanged by the Semitic nations for the simple habits of wandering shepherds; and in the fertile valley watered by the Nile, we also find the first foundation of cities and the earliest establishment of political institutions; and here, too, were invented hieroglyphic literature and those arts which embellish human life.

Having taken a general survey of African ethnography, Prichard attempts to arrive at some conclusions in reference to the relation, if any exists, between the climate of Africa and the physical character of its nations, and in regard to the constancy or liability to variation of these physical characters.

That the physical characters of nations have certain relations to climate, is an opinion warranted by facts, the erudite arguments of Lawrence to the contrary notwithstanding. The limits of Negroland, properly so called, seem to be confined to the intertropical regions of Africa. Now, if we proceed southward of Central Africa, we find the hue of the Negro grow less black, as in the Caffres and Hottentots; and, on the other hand, we discover the same law north of the tropic of Cancer. Although some of the tribes in the oases of the Great Desert are said to be black, yet they are generally brown or almost white; and when we reach the second system of highlands, which has a temperate climate, the inhabitants present the flowing hair and complexion of the southern Europeans.

This general law, if the comparison is extended to Europe, is confirmed. On comparing the three elevated tracts bounding and containing between them the Mediterranean and the Great Sahara, we find that the intermediate region, (Mount Atlas,) differs much less from the northern, (the Alps and Pyrenees,) than from the southern chain, (the Lunar Mountains). The same law is evident in each, as respects vegetation and the physical characters of the human races. Whilst the mountains of Central Africa are inhabited by Negroes, the Berbers of Mount Atlas show but little difference of physical characters when compared with the Spaniards and Piedmontese. For the purpose of more extended comparison, Prichard divides Europe and Africa into eight zones, through which he traces a gradation in the physical characters of the human race. Within the tropics, as just observed, the inhabitants, if we confine ourselves to the low and plain countries, are universally black. South of this region are the red people of Caffreland; and, next to these, are the yellowish brown Hottentots. North of Negroland, are the "*gentes subfusci coloris*" of Leo,—tribes of a brownish hue, but varying from this shade to a perfect black. The next zone is the region of the Mediterranean, including Spaniards, Moors, Greeks, Italians, &c., among whom we find black hair, dark eyes, and a brownish white complexion, predominant features. In the zone north of the Pyreneo-Alpine line, the color of the hair is generally chestnut-brown, to which that of the skin and eyes bears a certain relation. Next come the races characterized by yellow hair, blue eyes, and a florid complexion, such as those of England, Denmark, Finland, the northern parts of Germany, and a great portion of Russia. And north of these are the Swedes and Norwegians, distinguished by white hair and light grey eyes.

We could have wished that Prichard had proceeded still farther north, and told us why the Laplanders, Greenlanders, Esquimaux, Samoiedes, &c., have a very dark complexion. This fact has always been a stumbling-block in the way of the advocates of a connection between climate and the human complexion. By them it has been referred to their food, consisting

of fish and rancid oil, to the grease and paint with which they besmear the body, aided by the clouds of smoke in which they sit constantly involved in their wretched cabins. The agency of these causes is strongly advocated by Dr. Smith, who also refers to Blumenbach, Fourcroy, and J. F. Meckel, who concur in the opinion that, from the affinity of the bile with the fat or oil of the animal body, nations that subsist chiefly on food consisting of animal oil, not only smell of it, but acquire a very dark complexion. But these northern tribes have the olive complexion, the broad large face and flat nose, and the other features which characterize the Mongolian variety. Hence Lawrence maintains that the distinguishing characters of the German and French, or the Esquimaux or more southern Indians, find no explanation in climatic influences. On the contrary, he ascribes the peculiarities of these northern pigmies to the same cause that makes the Briton and German of this day resemble the portraits of their ancestors, drawn by Cæsar and Tacitus. The French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italians, belong, he says, to the Celtic race, whose black hair and browner complexion are distinguished from the blue eyes and fair skin of the German tribes, which include the Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, English, modern Germans, &c. It is moreover alleged by Lawrence, that the Germans, who, under the names of Saxons, Angles, Danes, and Normans, successively invaded England, and gradually drove the original Celts into the most distant and inaccessible parts of the island, have not, in the smallest degree, approximated to the latter in their physiognomy. The varieties of the human species he considers to be as distinct as the greyhound and bull-dog, the essential distinctions of which can be blended only in their mutual offspring.

As the Jews have been scattered for ages over the face of the whole earth, and as the race has been kept uncommonly pure by the most sacred prohibition against intermarriage with strangers, it might be supposed that here is presented a case decisive of the question at issue. But, alas! for human knowledge. "In Britain and Germany," says Smith, "they are fair, brown in France and in Turkey, swarthy in Portugal and Spain, olive in Syria

and Chaldea, tawny or copper-colored in Arabia and Egypt." Besides, a tribe of Jews, according to Buffon, was discovered in India, known to be of the stock of Israel, by the Hebrew Pentateuch preserved among them from time immemorial, who had become as black as the natives. But this swarthiness, it is maintained by Lawrence, is the effect of the sun's action upon the individual, whose children will have the original complexion of the race; and that, in the case of the black Jews, an explanation is found in their intermarriage with the Hindoos.

Blumenbach and Smith maintain that the different shades of the dark colors prevail in proportion to climatic heat and the predominance of bile in the constitution, which is a refinement upon the opinion of the ancients; for Pliny ascribes the complexion of the Africans solely to the excessive ardor of the sun in that region, whilst Ovid, in his fable of Phæton, refers it to the same cause. The diversities of the human family, found in Africa for example, are, according to Smith, abundantly explained by reference to the following causes:—"Vicinity to the sun, elevation of the land, the nature of the soil, the temperature of winds, the manners of the people, and the mixture of nations who, at different periods, and in a state more or less civilized, have established themselves within it, either by conquest or the purposes of trade." Thus, the jetty hue of the skin on the coasts of Congo and Loango, he refers to the tropical winds which traverse three thousand miles of sand heated by a vertical sun, whilst the eastern coast receives the breezes tempered by the vast expanse of the Arabian and Indian seas.

Of all writers, Smith is the most determined advocate of the absolute dependence of all the diversities of mankind upon local causes. He erroneously thinks every other explanation incompatible with the doctrine of the unity of the human race, which rests upon the authority of divine revelation. Hence, too, he argues that the primitive man was placed upon the earth surrounded by the elements of civilisation, and that the barbarous state had its origin in man's degeneration. It has ever been the misfortune of metaphysics to have among its cultivators a greater number of divines than of phy-

sicians. Hence arose the many absurd speculations on the nature of the mental faculties, regarding them as independent of the corporeal organs through which they are manifested.

That climate exercises an influence in causing the diversities of mankind, is an opinion likewise strengthened by the analogy of inferior animals. As we approach the poles we find everything progressively assume a whiter livery, as bears, foxes, hares, falcons, crows, and blackbirds; whilst some animals, as the ermine, weasel, squirrel, reindeer, and snow-bunting, change their color to grey or white, even in the same country, as the winter season advances.

We thus discover a marked relation between the physical characters of nations and climate as expressed by latitude—a law that obtains equally in the modification of climate induced by elevation. Thus the sandy or brown hair of the Swiss contrasts strongly with the black hair and eyes of those that dwell below on the plains of Lombardy. Among the natives of the more elevated parts of the Biscayan country, the black hair and swarthy complexion of the Castilians give place to light blue eyes, flaxen hair, and a fair complexion. In the northern parts of Africa we observe the same law as regards the Berbers of the plains and the Shulah mountaineers. And even in the intertropical region of Africa, several examples are adduced by Prichard.

As regards the influence of locality, it is also observed by Prichard that those tribes which have the Negro character in an exaggerated degree dwell in the marshy lowlands. "Not only the Mandingos and Fulahs," he says, "but all the other races yet described who are aborigines of mountainous regions are more intelligent than the maritime tribes, as well as physically superior to them." As these effects result mainly from the deterioration of the constitution induced by malaria, this law is mostly confined to the region of the tropics; for it has been already shown that the first centres of civilisation were in the extensive plains of temperate latitudes. We may trace a still further connection in the fact that the physical characters of tribes are intimately connected with their moral and social condition. The Negroes in the lowest stage of civilisation are the

ugliest, having depressed foreheads, flat noses, projecting jaws, and crooked legs. Such are the most ferocious savages—stupid, indolent, and sensual. On the other hand, whenever we find a negro tribe who have been elevated in the scale of social condition, we observe a correspondent improvement in their physical features.

Whether the woolly nature of the hair is connected with local causes is a question not positively admitting of solution in the present state of our ethnographical researches. Although the shape of the head among the South African tribes differs in a degree corresponding to the extent of their civilisation, yet it would seem that the crisp and woolly state of the hair, notwithstanding the complexion is considerably lighter than among the tribes of Central Africa, experiences no modification. The Caffres, for example, who have black and woolly hair, with a deep brown skin, have the high forehead and prominent nose of the Europeans, with projecting cheek-bones and thickish lips. This tribe, as well as the Iolofs near the Senegal, scarcely differ from Europeans, with the exception of the complexion and woolly hair. Other tribes, as for instance the darkest of the Abyssinians, approximate the Europeans still more in the circumstance that the hair, though often crisp and frizzled, is never woolly. Again, some of the tribes near the Zambesi, according to Prichard, have hair in rather long and flowing ringlets, notwithstanding the complexion is black, and the features have the negro type. The civilized Mandingos, on the other hand, have a cranial organization differing much from that of their degraded neighbors, yet in respect to the hair there is no change. In the United States, it has been alleged by Dr. Smith, with much confidence, that the features of the Africans, after several unmixed generations, lose much of the native African cast. Approximating the white races, the nose becomes higher in the ridge, the mouth smaller, the teeth less prominent, and the hair considerably longer and less crisp. As Central Africa presents a region of burning sand, Dr. Smith thinks that the excessive heat of a vertical sun here tends to curl and involve the hair—an inference that he derives from the analogous effects produced upon other animals by hot

and arid climates. But he thinks it probable that this curl may be chiefly caused by the quality of the secretion by which it is nourished, as the strong and offensive smell of the African Negro indicates something peculiar in this respect. "The evaporation of such a gas," he says, "rendering the surface dry, and disposed to contract, while the centre continues distended, tends necessarily to produce an involution of the hair." Upon the whole, however, the woolly hair of the Negro may be, with good reason, classed among the *accidental* or *congenital* diversities of mankind, which are transmitted from the parent to the offspring. But in no point of view can the facts presented above be reconciled with the hypothesis that the Negro constitutes a distinct species, inasmuch as we do not find in any department of nature that separate species of organization ever pass into each other by insensible degrees.

The complexion, however, cannot, as has been already shown, be legitimately placed in the category of *accidental* diversities. Even admitting that the color of the skin has no relation with the laws of climate, it is plainly obvious that it has an intimate connection with local circumstances. We surely cannot regard as a mere coincidence, the two facts that the intertropical countries all around the globe have black inhabitants, (tropical America, from its great elevation, constituting only an apparent exception,) and that the constitution of these races is better adapted than that of the whites to these climates. As the cells of the camel's stomach show a wonderful adaptation of organic structure to local conditions, without being referrible to climatic agency, so the system of the negro, as his skin is a much more active organ of depuration than that of the white man, is better adapted, let the remote cause be what it may, to the warm, moist, and miasmial climates of the tropics.

If it be claimed, however, that the characters of nations have their origin in local causes, it will at once be contended that a transmutation of other races ought to occur when exposed to similar external agencies,—that the descendants of the European, for example, after living several generations in Southern Africa, ought to exhibit

some of the peculiarities which distinguish the Hottentot. But the fallacy of this inference can, we think, be readily shown. We agree with Prichard that the experiment has never been fairly tried, as the European and Asiatic, who dwelt for generations on the soil of intertropical Africa, never adopted the manners of the aborigines. But even if a nation, by migrating to a different climate, should, in time, be impressed with new characteristics, the primitive features and complexion would be *the ground* for the impressions of the second climate; and if we thus make a third and fourth removal, we perceive, each time, a new cause of variety in the family of nations. Prichard contends that the Arab races in Africa have undergone a change of complexion, and maintains, upon the authority of Mr. Waddington, Dr. Rüppel, and M. Roget, that there are black races in Africa among the genuine descendants of emigrants from Arabia. But we have no authentic instance of the transmutation of other races of mankind into negroes, unless we admit as an established fact the statement of Lord Kaimes that a colony of Portuguese in Congo, in less than three centuries, so degenerated in complexion and figure as to be no longer distinguishable from the neighboring tribes of Hottentots; or the similar facts, mentioned by Dr. Smith, that the descendants of the Spaniards in South America acquired absolutely a copper color, and that a colony of Hungarians, who are among the best-proportioned people of Europe, became, on migrating to Lapland, completely assimilated to the diminutive and deformed natives of that region. That deviations towards the European, however, have taken place, there is no doubt, thus demonstrating that the physical characters of human races are not permanent. There is positive evidence showing that the descendants of genuine Negroes have, in several instances, lost many of the peculiarities of the original stock.

It must be borne in mind, however, that climate is but one among many causes which modify the human frame. Hence it were absurd to contend that the well-developed head of the European should sink back into the low retreating forehead of the savage Negro, as a consequence of climatic influence.

What may have been the relative cranial organization of the Briton and the African, at the period when the former, as described by Julius Cæsar, was smeared over with paint and clothed in the skins of wild beasts, whilst the latter was far advanced in civilisation in the kingdom of Bambarra, of which Timbuctoo is the capital? Comparing these barbarian Circassians with these civilized Negroes, it is found that the relation which now exists between the well-developed European skull and that of the savage African, was then reversed; for the crania of the ancient Britons found in different parts of England, according to Prichard, are characterized "by a remarkable narrowness of the forehead compared with the occiput, giving a very small space for the anterior lobes of the brain, and allowing room for a large development of the posterior lobes." Here then we still observe an inseparable relation between physical characters and social condition, if we may judge from the barbarous state in which the natives of Ireland are represented to have been in the first century of the Christian era. "They are voracious cannibals," says Strabo, "and even think it a laudable thing to eat the dead bodies of their parents." Strabo, however, does not put much confidence in his witnesses. Diodorus also asserts that the Irish were man-eaters. In the writings of St. Jerome it is stated that he saw, during his residence in Gaul, human flesh eaten by certain Scots. These Scots are supposed to refer to slaves or other persons brought from Ireland.

But it may be asked—What has enabled the rude and painted Britons to become the most renowned people on the face of the earth, whilst the Bambarens, like the Chinese, have been almost stationary for, perhaps, more than two thousand years? It is certainly not the difference in the complexion; for we have evidence in the history of the ancient Egyptians that the Africans are capable of the highest degree of civilisation. The cause may doubtless be found in the nature of political and religious institutions and social organization.

In regard to the Egyptians, Prichard has entered into the most extensive and learned researches, the results of which are thus summed up:—"We may consider the general result of the facts

which we can collect concerning the physical characters of the Egyptians to be this: That the national configuration prevailing in the most ancient times was nearly the Negro form, with woolly hair; but that in a later age, this character had become considerably modified and changed, and that a part of the population of Egypt resembled the modern Hindoos. The general complexion was black, or at least a very dusky hue." That this people had the Circassian form of skull is an inference that might be legitimately deduced merely from the innumerable monuments still existing of their former splendor, after so many ages of desolation; but positive evidence in confirmation is afforded by their mummies.

We have further evidence in the ethnography of Europe of a connection between physical features and moral and intellectual character. The separation of the Magyars from the other Ugrian nations, for instance, took place about ten centuries ago; and their descendants who now inhabit Hungary, differ widely in physical and moral character from their ancestors. "They exchanged," says Prichard, "their abode in the most rigorous climate of the old continent, a wilderness where Ostiaks and Samoiedes pursue the chase during only the mildest season, for one in the south of Europe, amid fertile plains, which abound in rich harvests of corn and wine. They laid aside the habits of rude and savage hunters, far below the condition of the nomadic hordes, for the manners of civilized life. In the course of a thousand years they have become a handsome people, of fine stature, regular European features, and have the complexion prevalent in that tract of Europe where they dwell." Now these people were originally not superior to the most destitute tribes of Central Africa.

Lawrence maintains that the Negro has a moral and intellectual organization inferior to that of the white races, and that this is his "natural destiny." "The retreating forehead and the depressed vertex of the dark varieties of man," he says, "make me strongly doubt whether they are susceptible of these high destinies;—whether they are capable of fathoming the depths of science; of understanding and appre-

ciating the doctrines and the mysteries of our religion." In opposition to the opinion that a natural and *permanent* inferiority, compared with the white man, belongs, as a general attribute, to the Negro, Blumenbach and Prichard maintain that there is nothing in the organization of his brain which affords a presumption of inferior moral or intellectual endowments. Now, we think that we have already clearly shown that both these opinions are founded in error. That the Negro race is intellectually inferior, at the present day, to the European, is a position established beyond the shadow of a doubt; but that this inferiority, at least to the degree now existing, is a *permanent* law of nature, is not even probable. As regards the perceptive faculties, the Negro is evidently not inferior to the white man, but in the organs of reflection he evinces a decided inferiority. As respects, for example, what phrenologists designate as *time* and *tune*, the African as a general rule is superior to the European. To show that the native races of Africa are not mentally inferior to the rest of mankind, Prichard adduces the example of the woolly-haired Caffres of Southern Africa, who approximate to the European characteristics, whilst the tribes that we meet on approaching the intertropical region gradually present the peculiarities of genuine Negroes. He also thinks, in confirmation of the same position, that he has "collected evidence sufficient to prove that the languages of many African nations, including particularly the Egyptian, the Caffre, and the Kongoese nations, belong to one department of human idioms." And lastly, he believes the same opinion established by the relative capacity of the entire cavity of the cranium, as regards the Negro and the European, based on the measurements of Tiedemann, who shows satisfactorily that it is in no degree smaller than in other races. Now, it is truly extraordinary that a man of the intellectual acumen of Prichard, and with such a multitude of facts before him, should allow his judgment to be so greatly prejudiced by the preconceived opinions of earlier years. In the instance of the Southern Caffres, we see the depressed forehead of the uncultivated Negro rising into high and broad dimensions *pari passu* with civilisation; and as

respects the people of ancient Egypt, venerated even by antiquity as the birth-place of the arts and sciences, the same law doubtless obtains. That the mere relative capacity of European and Negro skulls, as determined by Tiedemann, (who weighed them when empty and when filled with millet seeds,) affords no criterion of the comparative degree of intellectual power, may now be regarded as an admitted truth. Surely no one who has kept pace with the progress of modern psychological science, will deny that the organs through which the nobler attributes of man act and manifest themselves, reside in the anterior portion of the brain; or that the superior development of this part,—a principle by which even the Grecian sculptor was guided,—is an index of those exalted prerogatives which elevate man above the brute. Assuming these as admitted truths, how absurd is the idea of taking simply the whole mass of brain as a standard of moral and intellectual power!

That the number and kind of psychological phenomena in different animals have a close relation with the development of the brain, is not only evident from a comparison of the Negro and the European, but we also observe that the large cranium and high forehead of the ourang-outang elevate him above his brother monkeys. And this comparative relation between organization and mental power, (if we may apply this latter term to brutes,) may be traced, in the descending scale, through the monkey, dog, elephant, horse, etc.; thence to birds, reptiles, and fishes; and so on till we reach the last link at which the animal chain loses itself in the commencing degrees of the vegetable world.

Although, upon this point, the facial angle is not an exact test, yet it may be remarked that in the human race, it varies from 65° to 85°, the former being a near approach to the monkey species. Amongst the remains of Grecian art, we find this angle extended to 90° in the representation of poets, sages, legislators, etc., thus showing that the relation here referred to was not unknown to them, whilst at the same time the mouth, nose, jaws, and tongue, were contracted in size, as indicative of a noble and generous nature. That the development of the organs of

taste and smell, is in an inverse ratio to that of the brain, and consequently to the degree of intelligence, is considered by Bichat as almost a rule in our organization. In the statues of their gods and heroes the Greeks gave a still greater exaggeration to the latter, and reduction to the former characteristics, thus extending the forehead over the face, so as to make a facial angle of 100°. It is this that gives to their statuary its high character of sublime beauty. Even among the vulgar, we find the idea of stupidity associated with an elongation of the snout.

It is further alleged by Prichard that the crania of Negroes found in European collections, are mostly unfavorable specimens, being the skulls of the most degraded tribes on the African coast, who have been kidnapped, or the skulls of the enslaved offspring of these unfortunate wretches. But this difference in the shape of skulls merely proves that the physical characters of the human family are not permanent. Thus the Mandingos, who are strictly Negroes, have shown themselves susceptible of civilisation and mental culture; and as a consequence, we observe a correspondent change of cranial organization. This tribe and many others of Africa, are, at this day, much superior in civilisation to the aborigines of Europe at the period which preceded the conquest of the Romans in the south of Europe, and of the Goths and Swedes in the northern parts. Living in the squalid sloth of a mere animal existence, our European progenitors might have continued thus for as many ages more, had not their conquerors from the East introduced the rudiments of mental culture—that impulse which has been found necessary to rouse a barbarous people from the slumber of ages. Can it be supposed that their European descendants have not changed in physical character—that the noble developments of the present races contrasted with the low forehead, diminutive stature, and deformed figure, of some of the northern hordes who overran Southern Europe, are not owing mainly to the influence of civilisation and a more genial clime? And hence, too, there are incontrovertible reasons for doubting the truth of the universally admitted opinion, that human nature is the same in all ages and in all countries.

It is thus seen that the inhabitants of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, present distinct and permanent features of character, which strongly indicate natural differences in their mental constitution. The inhabitants of Europe have, in all ages, evinced a strong tendency towards moral and intellectual improvement. The people of Asia early arrived at a certain degree of civilisation, comparatively low in the scale, beyond which they have never passed. The history of Africa, if we except ancient Egypt, presents similar phenomena. And the aspect of America, with the exception of ancient Peru and Mexico, is still more deplorable. That there is a remarkable coincidence between the natural talents and dispositions of nations and the development of their brains, cannot be denied. And what object more replete with interest than an inquiry into the causes of this difference in national character, can be presented to the philosophic mind? If the causes are physical, do these differences originate in corporal organization or in the influence of climate? Or are they the result solely of moral and political circumstances? That this subject has been investigated by philosophers in general, without any knowledge of the functions of different parts of the brain, is evident from the following extract from Dugald Stewart, who says that the favorite opinion with philosophers has been, “that the capacities of the human mind have been, in all ages, the same; and that the diversity of phenomena, exhibited by our species, is the result merely of the different circumstances in which men are placed.” Now we think it may be set down as established truths; firstly, that the physical frame is not independent of external or even mental causes, and that the moral, and intellectual phenomena of man are not independent of the former; and, secondly, that the key to a correct appreciation of the differences in the natural mental endowments of the various nations of the earth, is found in a knowledge of the size of the brain and the relative proportion of its different parts. As different mental faculties are manifested by different parts of the brain, it is necessary to judge of the size of these different parts in relation to each other. For example, the anterior lobe of the brain is the seat chiefly

of the intellectual powers; the organs devoted to the moral and religious sentiments lie in the region of the crown of the head; and posterior to this is the seat of the animal propensities, and of the sentiments common to man and the lower animals. Among individuals and nations distinguished for great aggregate force of mind, moral, intellectual, and animal, we find large brains. It thus appears that mind dwells in a material tabernacle, and is acted upon by material causes.

There is great probability even that among neighboring nations, as, for example, between the German and French, distinct differences in the shape of the skull would be found to exist on minute inquiry. Thus it is well known that among the French the lower region of the forehead is large, whilst the upper parts are more prominent in the Germans; and hence, too, in conformity with the doctrine of the phrenological school, we find the latter characterized by a great development of the reflective faculties, whilst the former are more remarkable for the exercise of the observing organs.

Much attention has been given by Smith to the peculiarity of features observed in different nations, but many of his explanations will be deemed fanciful. Thus the elevation of the shoulders and the shortness of the neck in the Tartar race, are referred to the effects of extreme cold. As exposure to severe cold prompts involuntarily the raising of the shoulders in order to protect the neck, this cause, acting with the constancy inseparable from the frigid zone, from the tenderest period of infancy, when the features are most susceptible of impressions, affords, he thinks, an adequate explanation.

Reference may here be made, in a few words, to the effect produced by the climate of the United States upon its inhabitants of European, and more particularly of Anglican descent. The frame of the American is longer and leaner, at the same time that it is less compact and symmetrical, and the countenance does not exhibit so clear a red and white as the British or German—effects ascribable to the great extremes of the seasons. On the lowlands, more especially as the southern States are approached, the complexion has a tinge of sallowness, which con-

trasts strongly with the ruddy countenances of those that dwell in the parallel mountainous regions. In casting one's eye over our national legislature, the diversity of physiognomy, caused by endemic influences, is so obvious, that the general countenance of each State's delegation sometimes affords a pretty sure criterion to judge of its comparative salubrity.

That the civilisation of countries is likewise greatly influenced by their physical features and by the relation of the interior to the coast, has been very correctly observed by Professor Ritter. As the Mediterranean coasts have been the great centres of early civilisation, Europe has derived the greatest advantage in consequence of the easy communication with the interior by separating gulfs and inland seas. The continent of Africa, on the other hand, exhibits a compact and undivided form, thus cutting off the great regions of the interior by natural barriers from the same influence. It was in the river-system of Egypt alone that the progress of civilisation was favored. Asia also contains vast interior spaces, individually distinct, each of which must depend for culture upon its own impulses. Europe and the greater part of Asia, however, are devoid of these insulated tracts, the inhabitants of which exhibit strongly marked peculiarities of physical character, which may be attributed to their subjection from immemorial ages to the influence of the same external agencies. Hence we find the most distant parts of Europe and Asia overspread by the same races of people, brought about chiefly by those repeated migrations of whole communities from one region to another, recorded in history, by which the social condition of entire nations has often been changed. In Italy we find geographical features which seem to have destined that country for the abode of a peculiar people, inasmuch as it is accessible on every side, and has a position which enabled it to partake, at an early period, of the advances of civilisation made among the nations of the Mediterranean coast. In the land of Greece, we discover a similar combination of circumstances. But in which of its physical features are we to seek for the causes which produced in the Hellenic race the most perfect corporeal organization and the fullest deve-

lopment of the mental powers? Why was it that barren Attica effected almost superhuman achievements in sculpture and painting, rhetoric, and oratory, and developed systems of philosophy that were taught in a language the most majestic, expressive, and eloquent of human idioms? An offset from the same stock from which arose the nations who spoke the Gothic, Celtic, Slavonic, Sanscrit, and Latin languages, is the superiority of the Greek, or are the differences among all these nations, to be ascribed to physical agencies? As the same nation subsequently sank, as though a period of growth, acmé, and decay, belong to races, the result shows that not only physical, but moral and political circumstances control the destinies of a people. But notwithstanding nations may degenerate, the qualities which distinguished them in their proudest state will still burst forth in glowing impulses. Italy, even in her degradation, can boast the immortal names of Dante and Petrarca, Tasso and Alfieri, Galileo and Torricelli, Raphael and Michael Angelo, and what a shining host of others!

It is, according to Malte-Brun, between the fortieth and sixtieth degrees of north latitude, that we find the nations most distinguished for knowledge and civilisation, and the display of courage by sea and by land. This limitation, as a general law, no doubt well adapted to Europe, is inapplicable to the United States, inasmuch as the *isothermal* lines suffer great depression in the Atlantic region of North America. With us, then, the thirty-second and the forty-sixth parallels would form a correspondent boundary. It has been well remarked, that for a full mental and corporeal development, the due succession of the seasons is requisite. Those countries which have a marked spring, summer, autumn, and winter, are best adapted, by this agreeable and favorable vicissitude, for developing the most active powers of

man. In countries which have no summer, the inhabitants are destitute of taste and genius; whilst, in the regions unfavored by winter, true valor, loyalty, and patriotism, are almost unknown. In surveying the different regions of the earth, as it were with a *coup d'œil*, the mental eye is equally struck with the dissemblances and analogies which appear. Each climatic zone has a peculiar aspect, the physical circumstances of which mould everything with a plastic hand. Even man, endowed with those functions which constitute him a cosmopolite, becomes, in appropriating to his wants the objects which surround him, assimilated in nature. At the same time, it is equally apparent that political institutions and social organization often struggle successfully against climatic agency; for, heroes, men of genius, and philosophers, have arisen both in Egypt, under the tropic, and in Scandinavia, under the polar circle.

It is thus seen that the natural history of man presents a most extensive and complicated subject of investigation. Much research and erudition have been employed by anthropological writers to establish the unity of the human family; but as insuperable difficulties have been presented in tracing back the diverse varieties of mankind to the same single pair, some have cut the Gordian knot by calling in the aid of supernatural agency. Thus Morton, like others before him, thinks it "consistent with the known government of the universe to suppose that the same omnipotence that created man, would adapt him at once to the physical, as well as to the moral circumstances, in which he was to dwell upon the earth." Now this supposed miracle did not of course occur until the dispersion of Babel; and inasmuch as man is endowed with a pliability of functions, by which he is rendered a cosmopolite*—a faculty possessed in the highest degree by the inhabitants of the middle latitudes—there is not the slightest

* It may perhaps with good reason be alleged, that man is more indebted for the boasted power of accommodating himself to all climates, to the ingenuity of his mind than to the pliability of his body; for, whilst inferior animals are naturally less defenceless against external agents, man, by the exercise of his mental endowments, can interpose a thousand barriers against the deleterious effects of climate. It is thus seen that he and other animals, in their terrestrial migrations, set out upon very unequal terms.

ground for the belief that it ever did occur, simply because no such special adaptation was demanded. Equally irrational is the opinion of Good, in his "*Book of Nature*," that, like the "otter-breed" of sheep in New England, "from some primary accident resulted the peculiar shape of the head and face in most nations as well as in most families." Still more irrational are the conclusions of Lawrence:—"First, That the differences of physical organization and of moral and intellectual qualities, which characterize the several races of our species, are analogous in kind and degree to those which distinguish the *breeds of the domestic animals*; and must therefore be accounted for on the same principles. Secondly, That they are first produced, in both instances, as native or congenital varieties; and then transmitted to the offspring in hereditary succession." The conclusion of Prichard that there is an intimate relation between the physical features of man and his moral and intellectual character, is indisputably founded in nature; but, wedded to the old opinion that the mind is a unit, he obstinately maintains, with Blumenbach, that there is nothing in the cerebral organization of the most barbarous Negro tribes, which indicates an inferiority of moral or intellectual endowments; and, although he tells us that the most civilized Negro tribes have "*nearly European countenances and a corresponding configuration of the head*," yet he cannot see that the intellectual superiority of an individual or a nation depends upon the development of the anterior portion of the brain.

As regards the long-continued discussion relative to Negro slavery, we thus perceive that both parties have contrived to be in the wrong. Constituting a single species, the European and the Negro, however unwelcome to the former, must necessarily trace back their origin to the same Adam. Although the Negro is not *originally* inferior, yet the abolitionists have erred in denying that he is *naturally* so at the present day, when compared with the Caucasian race. We must, therefore, admit the quaint but humane expression of the preacher, who styled the Negro, "God's image, like ourselves, though carved in ebony." Whilst this, however, is an error on

the side of humanity, the advocates of the anti-christian practice of traffic in human flesh, have committed the moral mistake of perverting into a justification that which should constitute a claim upon those to whom nature has granted higher gifts. Instead of depressing more deeply into the abyss of barbarism those naturally low in the intellectual scale, the superior endowments of a more fortunate race should be exercised in extending the blessings of civilisation. "From him to whom much is given, much will be required."

We shall conclude this article, which we have vainly endeavored to compress within more narrow limits, with some observations relative to the ancient inhabitants of our own continent. It is remarked by Morton, that "the concurrent testimony of all travellers goes to prove that the native Americans are possessed of certain physical traits that serve to identify them in localities the most remote from each other; nor do they, as a general rule, assimilate less in their moral character and usages," (p. 62.) The ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, however, appear to have constituted an exception to this general resemblance; so much so, indeed, that they have been considered by some as a race of mortals *sui generis*. The arid region of Atacama, which was the favorite sepulchre of the Peruvian nations for successive ages, divides the kingdom of Peru from that of Chili, and is nearly one hundred leagues in length. "In the midst of it," says Herrera, "is the River of Salt, the water whereof is so brackish that it presently grows thick in the hand or any vessel, and the banks are covered with salt." As the climate, owing to the mixed sand and salt of the desert, tends rather to the desiccation than to the putrefaction of the dead, the lifeless bodies of whole generations of the ancient Peruvians, like those of the Theban catacombs, may at this day be examined.

From an examination of about one hundred of these crania, Morton arrives at the opinion, "that Peru appears to have been at different times peopled by two nations of differently formed crania, one of which is perhaps extinct, or at least exists only as blended by adventitious circumstances, in various remote and scattered tribes of the present Indian race." p. 97.

In physical appearance, these people do not appear to have differed from cognate nations, except in the conformation of the head, which is greatly elongated, with a very retreating forehead. Morton is decidedly of opinion that these skulls afford no evidence of mechanical compression, as they do not present the lateral expansion found among the tribes who have this artificial formation. Reasoning from the analogy of all other nations, it would be natural to infer that a people with heads so badly formed, if not distorted by art, would occupy the lowest point in the scale of intelligence. Such was not, however, the case with these people or the ancient Mexicans. Morton shows conclusively, "that civilisation existed in Peru anterior to the advent of the Incas, and that those anciently civilized people constituted the identical nation whose extraordinary skulls are the subject of the present inquiry."

Mr. Pentland, an intelligent English traveller, who has recently visited the upper provinces of Peru, says that he, as quoted by Morton, "discovered innumerable tombs, hundreds of which he entered and examined. These monuments are of a grand species of design and architecture, resembling Cyclopean remains, and not unworthy of the arts of ancient Greece or Rome. They, therefore, betokened a high degree of civilisation; but the most extraordinary fact belonging to them is their invariably containing the mortal remains of a race of men, of all ages, from the earliest infancy to maturity and old age, the formation of whose crania seems to prove that they are an extinct race of natives who inhabited Upper Peru above one thousand years ago, and differing from any mortals now inhabiting our globe." So greatly is the cranium distorted that "two-thirds of the weight of the cerebral mass," says Pentland, "must have been deposited in this wonderfully elongated posterior chamber." He adds the opinion that these extraordinary forms cannot "be attributed to pressure, or any external force similar to that still employed by many American tribes;" and adduces, in confirmation of this view, the opinions of Gall, Cuvier, and other naturalists and anatomists.

The constructive talent of this people is also conspicuous in their roads, one of which is thus described by Hum-

boldt, in his journey across the plains of Assuary:—"We were surprised to find in this place, and at heights which greatly surpass the top of the Peak of Teneriffe, the magnificent remains of a road constructed by the Incas of Peru. This causeway, lined with freestone, may be compared to the finest Roman roads I have seen in Italy, France, or Spain. It is perfectly straight, and keeps the same direction for six or eight thousand metres."

Another writer, (*Long, Polynesian Nation*, p. 78,) remarks that "at a time when a public highway was either a relic of Roman greatness, or a sort of nonentity in England, there were roads fifteen hundred miles in length in the empire of Peru. The feudal system was as firmly established in these transatlantic kingdoms as in France. The Peruvians were ignorant of the art of forming an arch, but they had constructed suspension bridges over frightful ravines: they had no implements of iron, but their forefathers could move blocks of stone as huge as the Sphinxes and Memmons of Egypt."

In the ancient Mexican skulls, we behold a sugar-loaf formation, even more extraordinary, perhaps, than the Peruvian. Of the skulls examined by Morton, he says—"No one of them is altered by art, and they present a striking resemblance, both in size and configuration, to the heads of the ancient Peruvians."

As regards the degree of civilisation of these Mexicans, when first known to the Spaniards, it has been justly remarked, that it was superior to that of the Spaniards themselves on their first intercourse with the Phenicians, or that of the Gauls when first known to the Greeks, or that of the Germans and Britons in their earliest communication with the Romans. They seemed to have a mental constitution adapted to scientific investigation. Their knowledge of arithmetic and astronomy was both extensive and accurate. In architecture and sculpture they had made great advances. The remains of aqueducts and canals for irrigation yet exist. They knew how to extract metals from ores—how to form images of gold and silver, hollow within—how to cut the hardest precious stones with the greatest nicety—how to dye cotton and wool, and to manufacture them into figured stuffs.

As the monuments of the Egyptians

indicate a Caucasian formation of the skull—an inference confirmed by the positive evidence of their mummies, and as this connection between civilisation and cranial organization holds good among all races now living, we cannot but regard the opinion of Morton and others, that the Peruvian and Mexican cranial configuration is natural, as contrary to a universal law of nature. Besides, there seems no necessity, simply because there are no lateral expansions, to resort to this conclusion, inasmuch as when the pressure is as great on the sides of the head as on the forehead, the skull must necessarily assume the cone shape. At the period of the Spanish invasion, the custom of moulding the cranium into artificial forms was quite common. Cieça, one of the oldest authorities, states that, “in the province of Anzema, and that of Quimbaya, as well as in some other parts of this continent, when a child is born they fix its head in the shape they wish it to retain; thus, some have no occiput, others have the forehead depressed, and a third set have the whole head elongated. This conformation is, in the first place, produced by the application of small boards, and is subsequently continued by means of ligatures.”* As it is one of the human weaknesses, both in savage and civilized communities, for every one to admire his own national characteristics, so we find each evincing a disposition to exaggerate this peculiar feature by artificial means. Hence, whilst the Greeks in their Apollo increased the facial angle preternaturally, the naturally elongated head of the Mexican and Peruvian—a feature that was considered beautiful—was doubtless rendered more so, by the intervention of art, the compression being so applied as to prevent the lateral expansion.

As these ancient Peruvians do not differ in stature from the rest of mankind, reference may here be made to the general notion that the human family have undergone a physical as well as moral degeneracy since their first formation—a notion that was not less prevalent in ancient than in modern times. The frequent comparisons by Homer of the powerful heroes of the Trojan war, with his own degenerate

contemporaries, are very disparaging to the latter. The assertion that men in general were taller in the earlier ages of the world than at the present time, is not sustained by proof. It finds no confirmation in the remains of human bones discovered in the most ancient burial-places, nor by any mummies ever brought to the light of day, nor by the sarcophagus of the great pyramid of Egypt. That civilisation has been no cause of degeneration is obvious in every quarter of the globe—a truth that we can confirm from extensive personal knowledge in regard to our Aborigines. On the contrary, in proportion to its advancement, does man improve morally and intellectually, and to some extent physically. The experiments of the voyager Peron with the *dynamometer*, showed that Frenchmen and Englishmen have a physical superiority compared with the natives of the southern hemisphere. But the same thing is established by a hundred historical facts. “Bodily strength,” says Mr. Lawrence very correctly, “is a concomitant of good health, which is produced and supported by a regular supply of wholesome and nutritious food, and by active occupation. The industrious and well-fed middle classes of a civilized community, may reasonably be expected to surpass, in this endowment, the miserable savages, who are never well fed, and too frequently depressed by absolute want and all other privations.”

We have now passed under review the leading principles of the works, the titles of which head this article. Although our remarks have frequently not been in commendation, yet we take pleasure in bearing testimony to the great value of all these erudite researches. So well are these works, however, established in public estimation, that any praise from us were supererogatory. Like the ancient Egyptians, whose still existing monuments of the arts attest that their authors had the shape of head now called the Caucasian, so do these literary monuments, of themselves, mark the heads of such men as Blumenbach, Prichard, Lawrence, Morton, and Smith, not only as belonging to the same race, but as laying claim to the *beau ideal* of cranial organization.

* Chronica del Peru, chap. xxvi., as quoted by Morton, p. 116.

THE CONSTITUTION—THE FRAMERS AND THE FRAMING.*

THE publication of these long-desired "Madison Papers" affords one of the few instances in literary history, in which the public expectation, though raised to a high pitch, has been fully satisfied. The nature of the subject with which the work is occupied sufficiently establishes its intrinsic importance. An authentic record of the proceedings of the assembly that formed the constitution of the United States, by one of the leading members of that illustrious body, must of course be a document second in interest to none in the whole circle of political literature. By a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, this precious document is presented to us in a form so nearly perfect that it would, perhaps, be difficult to point out any particular of the least consequence in which it could be improved. Mr. Madison, in fact, united in his person a number of different, and in some cases almost discordant qualities, which were yet all necessary to the reporter of these great debates, in which the fortunes of countless millions,—perhaps the failure or success of the great cause of good government itself through all future time,—were so deeply involved. His position as a prominent—we might, perhaps, say, without injustice to others, the most prominent member of the Convention, made it necessary for him to attend to every part of the proceedings, while the superiority of his talents qualified him to appreciate with correctness the force and bearing of every argument, and to present its strong points in a condensed and summary shape. In addition to these essential qualifications he had the habits of constant attendance and indefatigable industry, not always the companions of first-rate intellectual power, which were requi-

site to enable him to discharge simultaneously the almost incompatible offices of actor and historian,—to be, like Cæsar, but on a far more glorious field, the commentator of his own campaigns. He was never absent from his place for more than a few minutes at a time during the whole course of the proceedings. The return of every morning found him seated at the desk in front of the President's chair, which he had selected as the best position for hearing everything that should be said. There, with the delegates from the thirteen States arranged around him, and the good genius of his country, personified in the manly form of Washington, presiding in graceful majesty behind, he pursued his steady course of labor through the day, interrupted only by his own frequent participation in the debates, for the purpose of offering the most important motions and making the most judicious remarks. Other qualities of mind and heart were still wanted, and these too Mr. Madison possessed;—the perfect discretion which enabled him to select the materials proper for his use from a vast mass, of which a small part only could be preserved;—the kind and candid nature which prompted him, on all occasions, to render the fullest justice to every adverse or rival pretension; and the fine taste in style which instinctively taught him to clothe his work in language as pure and pellucid as the light of day, dignified, correct, and elegant, without the slightest effort at effect, in short, precisely what it should be. The brilliant political career which he subsequently ran under the constitution that he had done so much to form gives a new sanction of authority to his report. Finally, the almost fastidious reserve with which he kept

* The Papers of James Madison, purchased by Order of Congress, being his Correspondence, and Reports of Debates during the Congress of the Confederation, and his Reports of Debates in the Federal Convention, now published from the Original MSS., deposited in the Department of State, by Direction of the Joint Literary Committee of Congress, under the Superintendance of Henry D. Gilpin. 3 vols. 8vo. New York: J. and H. G. Langley. 1841.

it unpublished in his own possession till the close of his protracted life, while it for a time somewhat tantalized the public curiosity, contributed, nevertheless, by affording ample opportunity for repeated revision, to give it, in point of form, the last degree of finish and perfection.

This prepared, elaborated, and perfected, it has at length come before the country. We receive it with welcome, as a precious treasure for ourselves and our offspring through all future time, — *εργα ες αει*. It comes to us in the midst of our distracting controversies on topics of transient and often very trifling interest, like a voice from the sepulchre of our departed fathers, fraught—if we could but listen to it—with lessons of the deepest import; or rather it evokes and brings before us, from the night of the past, the vision of our ancestors, as they thought and spoke and acted in the fulness of their strength, and the rich maturity of their mental powers. We hear their words of truth and wisdom. We witness the calmness, the grave decorum, the mutual condescension and gentle courtesy, with which they conducted their momentous discussions. Difficult as it is, in all cases, to gather wisdom from the example and experience of others, we cannot believe that such a spectacle can fail of producing a most salutary effect. What reward—were he still living to receive it—would be too great for the service which the distinguished reporter has rendered to the country and the world by this publication. In this, as in most other cases of disinterested labor for the public good, the act itself carried with it its own best recompense, in its results to the actor and the country. It was his good fortune—the greatest that can happen to any man—to witness, through a long course of years, the fruits of his early efforts realized in the prosperity and happiness of his fellow-citizens; while this report,—which, valuable as it is, was yet in itself one of the least important and substantive of these efforts,—will remain an imperishable monument to his memory, perpetuating his renown through all time, as the immediate Father and Founder of the Constitution of the United States.

It is unnecessary, for the present purpose, to recapitulate in detail the history of the preparation and publication

of this interesting work. It is given with sufficient fulness in the prefatory notice of the Editor, and in the introduction to the debates, by Mr. Madison himself. But we should do injustice to the occasion, if we were to omit to notice, with proper commendation, the diligence and discretion with which the accomplished editor, Mr. Gilpin, lately attorney-general of the United States, has executed the task committed to him by Congress. Resisting with resolute consistency the temptation to incorporate his own labors with those of his illustrious author, in the form of annotation, or commentary, he has strictly limited himself to the unpretending but indispensable duty of facilitating the use of the work by copious references to contemporary documents and collections. The publishers have also contributed their share to the general result by the beauty and almost faultless accuracy of the impression, so that the work has finally found its way to the light in an outward form not less agreeable to the eye of taste, than the substance is gratifying to the discerning mind and patriotic heart.

A publication like this is entitled to something more than the merely transient observation which is given to the countless literary novelties of the day. We propose in our humble sphere, to bestow upon it a more extended and careful notice than our monthly limits generally permit, and in order to accomplish our purpose shall be compelled to distribute our remarks into two or three articles. On the present occasion we shall make a few suggestions in regard to the characters of the members of the Convention who took the most prominent part in the debates on the constitution. In our future papers on the same subject we shall add a rapid sketch of the proceedings, and some concluding remarks on the character of the great result, *the Constitution of the United States*.

It has been already observed, that although the formation of the constitution followed so nearly after the close of the revolutionary war, the persons who took the most active part on that occasion were not precisely those who had fought, in civil life, the battles of Independence. They belonged, in general, to a younger generation, the worthy rivals and imitators of their gen-

erous fathers. Of the prominent revolutionary patriots, JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON, the twin pillars of independence in the Continental Congress, were serving the country, at the time when the constitution was formed, on foreign embassies. HANCOCK, SAMUEL ADAMS, PATRICK HENRY, were opposed to innovation, and were not elected to the Convention, or refused to attend. WASHINGTON, as the presiding officer, took no part in the debates, though his name and influence were far more powerful than any other single cause in determining the result, and recommending its adoption to the people. FRANKLIN, who was just then terminating his long career, by a close corresponding well with its calm and varied glories, could now, under the disadvantages of extreme old age, and feeble health, do little more than throw the shield of his world-renowned name over the acts of the Assembly. SHERMAN, ELLSWORTH, and others who were active in proceedings, were no doubt already somewhat advanced in years, but the labor, the responsibility, and, on the whole, the ultimate honor of forming the constitution devolved upon a younger class, still comparatively unknown to fame, the most prominent of whom among the members of the Convention, were such men as MADISON, HAMILTON, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, PINCKNEYS, RANDOLPH, WILSON, ELLSWORTH, and RUFUS KING. The Constitutional Convention was a body so limited in number, and considered at the time of so much importance, that almost every member was a citizen of weight and influence within his sphere; but the persons we have mentioned were those who generally gave the impulse to the proceedings, and are mainly responsible for their character.

Of these persons the one who was considered at the time, perhaps by all, certainly by the large and respectable portion of the community which then and since sympathized with him in his peculiar opinions and feelings, as decidedly the *primus inter pares*, the prominent one among the intellectual and moral peers of the republic, was HAMILTON. Although it has been generally understood that this distinguished patriot and statesman did not fully concur, as a member of the Convention, in some of the leading principles of the constitution, the decision and activity with which after its adoption he labored by his eloquence as a

member of the New York Convention, and with his pen, as a writer in the *Federalist*, in recommending it to the people, brought him before the country as one of the principal champions of the new form of government. It is, therefore, not without a feeling of surprise and almost regret, that we find, from the complete record of the debates, now published, for the first time, in the Madison papers, how very small was the part taken by Hamilton in forming the constitution, which he afterwards defended with so much energy and effect; and how entirely adverse the spirit of the new plan was to his own ideas of political justice, expediency, or truth. Of the four months, during which the Convention sate, he was absent nearly two, and those the busiest of the whole. During the time when he was in attendance, he appears, from the report, to have hardly made any attempt to exercise influence, either in suggesting plans of his own or maturing those of others. His reason for this inactivity, so foreign to his natural character, as repeatedly given by himself, was a total disapprobation of the leading principles of all the plans proposed. Thus, in a speech made on the 18th of June, a month after the opening of the Convention,—in the discussion of the comparative merits of the two projects of Randolph and Patterson, which divided the opinions of the meeting,—he remarks, that he “had hitherto been silent on the business before the Convention, partly from respect to others, whose superior abilities, age, and experience, rendered him unwilling to bring forward ideas dissimilar to theirs; and partly from his delicate situation with respect to his own State, to whose sentiments, as expressed by his colleague, he could by no means accede. He was obliged, however, to declare himself *unfriendly to both plans*.” On the 29th of June he left the Convention, and, though he is said by Mr. Madison to have resumed his seat on the 13th of August, his name does not appear again in the proceedings until the 6th of September, about three weeks before the close. In the discussion of that day, upon the mode of electing the President, he made some observations, which he prefaced by saying, “that he had been restrained from entering into the discussion by his *dislike of the scheme of government in general*; but, as he meant

to support the plan to be recommended as *better than nothing*, he wished in this place to offer a few remarks." In fact, no sooner was the plan adopted and sent out to the people, than he became its most active and strenuous supporter. In the New York Convention he was the leading champion of the constitution, and simultaneously with his efforts in that body, wrote, as is well known, above two-thirds of the *Federalist*,—by far the most effective, if not the only formal defence of the system that was furnished at the time through the press:—a work, which, by its great intrinsic merit, taken in connection with the interesting character of the subject and of the crisis when it appeared, has been rescued from the class of ephemeral newspaper publications to which it belonged by its form, and incorporated with the standard and classical literature of the country.

It may appear, at first blush, as if this sudden change of position was a proof, in Hamilton, either of a very fickle mind, or of insincerity in one or the other of the opposite courses which he took before and after the adoption of the constitution. But a nearer view of the circumstances under which he acted shows that neither conclusion is necessary. The constitution was opposed, in the Convention, by two distinct classes of persons, on directly opposite grounds. One of these classes considered both of the plans which chiefly occupied the attention of the meeting, and particularly that of Governor Randolph, which finally became, with many alterations, the basis of the constitution, as too strong. The other class regarded even this plan as much too weak. Hamilton, as we have seen, belonged to this latter class, and made no secret of his opinions. In the speech of the 18th of June, alluded to above, he explained at some length the nature of the system which he should himself have recommended, and, at the close of his remarks, read a formal draft of a constitution founded on his own views, which appears in the present report. Towards the close of the proceedings he gave to Mr. Madison another still more formal draft, of which the latter took a copy, and which is published in the appendix to the work before us. It provides for an Executive and Senate, who are to hold their places, like the judges, during

good behavior; the Senate being, like the House of Representatives, made up of members elected from each State in numbers proportioned to their wealth and population. The governors of the States were to be appointed by the general government, and to possess an unqualified negative on the acts of the State legislatures. It is hardly necessary to say, that in this system the political efficiency of the States is entirely destroyed, and that the confederation is consolidated into a *simple elective monarchy*. Even this plan, however, did not probably indicate the full extent of Hamilton's theoretical views, which undoubtedly included a preference for even the *hereditary* feature of the British constitution. He was aware that this preference was not shared by any considerable portion of the American people, and did not make it the basis of either of the two systems which he drafted for the constitution; but it is very distinctly expressed in many of his remarks, even as reported by the candid and considerate pen of Madison. It stands out in still bolder relief under the less delicate, though perhaps not less correct hand of Yates. Thus, in his speech of the 18th of June, he is represented by Madison as saying, that he adopts the sentiments of Necker, that "the British government is the only government in the world which unites public strength with individual security." He declares the British House of Lords to be a "noble institution"—the British executive, the "only good model" for this part of the government. "The *hereditary* interest of the king was so interwoven with that of the nation, and his personal emolument so great, that he was placed above the danger of being corrupted from abroad, and, at the same time, was both sufficiently independent, and sufficiently controlled, to answer the purpose of the institution at home." The same ideas are thus expressed in the report of the same speech in Yates: "I believe the British government forms the best model the world ever produced." "Nothing but a permanent body can check the imprudence of democracy." "It is admitted that you cannot have a good executive upon a democratic plan. See the excellency of the British executive. He is placed above temptation. He can have no distinct interest from

the public welfare. Nothing short of such an executive can be efficient." After reading his plan, he concludes his speech, according to the report of Yates, in the following terms:—"I confess that this plan, and that from Virginia, are very remote from the ideas of the people. Perhaps the Jersey plan is nearest their expectation. But the people are gradually ripening in their ideas of government. They begin to be tired of an excess of democracy: and what even is the Virginian plan, but *pork still, with a little change of the sauce?*"

Hamilton's opposition to the constitution, while a member of the Convention, proceeded, therefore, from his conviction that it was too weak to accomplish the object of government. Had it been opposed in the New York Convention, or before the people, on the same ground, he would have found it difficult, without obvious inconsistency, to occupy the position which he took as its leading champion and advocate. But this was not the case. The constitution, after it had been adopted in the Convention and submitted to the people, was publicly opposed in the State Conventions, popular meetings, and newspaper publications, on no other ground, than that it was altogether *too strong*—that the liberties of the people were in danger—that the rights of the States would be lost in the overwhelming power of the general government—that the form of administration established by it would be, in short, nothing better than an *elective monarchy*, and the future President a despot in disguise, who, as Patrick Henry afterwards said in the Virginia Convention, would place one foot on the borders of Maine, and the other on the farthest extremity of Georgia, and thus bstride the narrow world like a colossus, while the citizens, like the degenerate Romans in the time of Cæsar, would have no option left but to

"Walk under his huge legs, and creep about
To find themselves dishonorable graves."

With the views which Hamilton entertained of the character of the constitution, it was easy for him, without even the appearance of inconsistency, to defend the constitution against an opposition founded on such apprehen-

sions. Believing the plan, as he did, to be quite too weak, it was no very difficult exercise of his faculties to find reasons which tended to show that it was, at least, not too strong. In points of detail there was, no doubt, a probability that his position, as the leading champion in the New York Convention, would sometimes lead him to express views at variance with those which he had supported before. This result appears, in fact, to have occurred on one rather remarkable occasion, and to have produced a disagreeable scene, which occupied the meeting for two days. In the discussion of the relations established by the constitution between the general and State governments, Hamilton remarked that, "the State governments were necessary to secure the liberty of the people, and treated as chimerical the idea that they could ever be hostile to the general government." In reply to these remarks, Mr. Lansing, who had also been a member of the general Convention said, that he "was firmly persuaded that a hostility between them would exist—that this was a received opinion in the general Convention—that Hamilton himself then entertained the same view, and argued with much decision and great plausibility, that the State governments ought to be subverted, at least, so far as to leave them only corporate rights, and that even in that situation they would endanger the existence of the general government. The honorable gentleman's reflections had probably induced him to correct that sentiment." Mr. Hamilton, says the report of the debate, "here interrupted Mr. Lansing, and contradicted in the most positive terms the charge of inconsistency included in the preceding observations. This produced a warm personal altercation between these gentlemen, which engrossed the remainder of that and the greater part of the following day." The particulars of this altercation are not given in the report. It might not, perhaps, be easy to reconcile the assertion here attributed to Hamilton, with some of his remarks, as reported by Madison and Yates; and though no great importance can ever be attached to particular expressions in reports, not revised by the speaker himself, it cannot be questioned that the general view of Hamilton, as developed in his

speeches and drafts, contemplated leaving to the States a much less considerable share of power than they, in fact, possess under the present constitution.

It may be proper to remark, that far from regarding the opinions on government expressed by Hamilton in the general Convention—including even his avowed admiration of the British constitution—as evidences either of erroneous judgment, or of undue aspirations after political distinction,—we consider them rather as showing the firmness and ability with which he reasoned from the premises then before the world, and the honorable frankness with which he declared his conclusions, without inquiring whether they were likely to be popular or not. He had too much sagacity not to know, if he entertained any ambitious views, the surest way of defeating them would be to declare himself in favor of a strong government.

“Lowliness is young Ambition’s ladder.”

As to the correctness of his opinion, although a preference for the British constitution over others might not be thought, at the present day, to argue, in a citizen of the United States, much soundness of judgment, it should be recollected that the constitution of the United States did not then exist. The State constitutions had been very recently established, and, as their value cannot be realized without the co-existence of an effective general government, they had not yet, in practice, worked very well. The attempts at purely democratic institutions, which had been made in other countries in ancient and modern times, had been all unsuccessful, and had thrown discredit on the very name of *democracy*, which was, accordingly, a bye-word of reproach with all parties in the Convention. The British constitution was, in fact, as Hamilton and others described it, “the only model *then existing* of good government.” It was natural, therefore, and necessary, that men of powerful intellect and extensive information should desire to see it copied in this country, as closely as the popular feeling would permit. The opposition to such a course was the result of state pride and the instinctive jealousy of power inherent everywhere in the mass, rather than from an enlightened

preference for the particular form of government now established, which, at the opening of the Convention, was not contemplated, even in some of its most important features, by any one. It appeared in the Convention too strong to one-half of the members, and too weak to the other. One of its two most essential principles, and the one which is probably ever regarded by most persons as the most beautiful and characteristic trait in the system—we mean the equal vote of the States in the Senate—was extorted from the Convention with the utmost difficulty, in the way of compromise, by the smaller States, and was regarded by the prominent members, at the time, as fatal to the success of the plan; for Randolph, the father of it, for this reason chiefly, renounced his offspring, and refused to sign the constitution as adopted, though he afterwards became reconciled to it, and defended it vigorously in the Virginia Convention. But the force of circumstances is a safer, as well as a more efficient guide for practical purposes than mere theory. The friends of a stronger and more consolidated system yielded with a good grace to what they probably thought the honest prejudices and errors of less enlightened men, and even stood forward as open champions of a system which they valued only as “*better than nothing*.” The result was, a form of government which no one anticipated, but which has far surpassed, in its practical operations, through the first, and, of course, the most dangerous half century of its existence, the most sanguine calculations that had been formed by any one of the results of his own favorite views. This constitution, thus tried and approved by the only sure test of experience, has now become another “*model of good government*”—the “*model republic*”—as the British constitution may still, perhaps, be called the “*model monarchy*.” Those among us, if any such there be, even with this splendid system in full operation around them, who still feel the same preference which Hamilton did for the British constitution, must do it on other grounds, and from an abstract preference for monarchical forms and principles over republican ones, even when the latter are ascertained to be practicable, and are working out the best results,

with, perhaps, as little alloy of any kind as is consistent with the imperfection of all human institutions.

Most of the remarks which we have made upon the part taken by Hamilton in the proceedings of the general Convention, apply with equal force to GOUVERNEUR MORRIS and RUFUS KING, —who approached, if they did not fully equal him in talent, shared his political opinions, and pursued practically nearly the same course. Gouverneur Morris was absent from the Convention for several weeks after the opening, but resumed his seat in season to oppose the report of the compromise committee in favor of the equal yote of the States in the Senate, which formed the principal crisis in the progress of the debates. The leading features of the constitution having been settled by the adoption of this report, though without his concurrence, and against his opinion, he nevertheless appears, like Hamilton, to have cheerfully acquiesced in the result, and took a rather more active part in the subsequent debates on matters of detail. The only independent proposition of much importance which he submitted to the Convention, was that of establishing a Council of State to aid the President in the discharge of his executive duties. This suggestion was afterwards renewed in a different form by Mr. Madison. Mr. Morris was a member of the committee of five, appointed on the 9th of September to arrange the articles that had been agreed upon, and revise the style. The other members were Dr. JOHNSON of Connecticut, HAMILTON, MADISON, and KING. It has been stated, —we do not recollect in what quarter,—that in this committee MORRIS held the pen. If so, he is, of course, entitled to the honor of having made the final draft of the constitution. But as every clause, and almost every word, had been the subject of long discussion, and finally settled by vote, there was, at this stage of the business, not much scope for revision. MORRIS does not appear to have been a member of the State Convention of Pennsylvania, where he then resided. Mr. KING, whose activity in the general Convention was rather less than that of Morris, was a member of the Massachusetts Convention, and took an efficient part in the proceedings.

The persons whom we have thus far

mentioned, belonged to the portion of the Convention whose views in regard to the strength of the constitution went far beyond the plan finally adopted. This plan, though much undefined in the course of the debates, represented, as proposed, the feeling of Virginia. It is impossible, in reading the history of the country at this period, not to be struck with the great predominance of Virginia in the affairs of the Union, and her vast superiority in political efficiency and intelligence over her sister States. If any doubt were entertained upon this subject after the perusal of the work before us, it would be settled by a comparison of the debates in the State Conventions of the other States with those in the State Convention of Virginia. The debates in the Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania Conventions, were highly creditable to those States, and, though imperfectly reported, comprehend fine specimens of eloquence, as may well be supposed, when it is recollected that they were honored by the presence of such men as KING, AMES, JAY, WILSON, and HAMILTON. But the Virginia volume, while it includes the speeches of champions, on both sides of the question, who would not have shrunk from comparison with any of those, such as MADISON, HENRY, and MARSHALL, is fuller, richer, and, on the whole, far superior in general ability. The decided ascendancy of Virginia at this period is naturally accounted for, as well by her precedence in years, population, and extent of territory, as by the simultaneous appearance among her citizens of several individuals,—WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, HENRY, MARSHALL,—who must have taken the lead in public affairs in whatever part of the Union they might have flourished, and who have left the decided impression of their personal qualities upon several of the great departments of our social institutions.

At the particular moment of the establishment of the constitution, the influence of Madison in his native State was, perhaps, more conspicuous than that of any other person. It seems to have been his *mission*,—as honorable an one as could well devolve upon any individual,—to be the immediate agent in recommending and carrying through all its stages from the first to the last, the great reform then necessary in the

political system of his country. As a member of the Continental Congress he had been compelled to witness, more nearly than most other persons, for a series of years, the defects of that plan; and had naturally turned his thoughts very intently upon the means of amending it. In the introductory article, prefixed to the report of the debates in the Convention, he gives a succinct account of the measures resorted to for this purpose, in all which he appears himself to have taken the initiative. As early as the year 1783, he retired from Congress, and accepted a place in the Assembly of Virginia, in order to employ his influence there in effecting the desired object. He took his seat in May, 1784, and after struggling for two years against a strong, and often successful opposition, obtained, on the 26th of January, 1786, the appointment of commissioners, of whom John Randolph and himself were the two first named, to "meet such commissioners as might be named by the other States for the same purpose, in order to take into consideration the trade of the United States,—to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations may be necessary to their common interest, and their permanent harmony, and to report to the several States such an act, relative to this great object, as, when unanimously ratified by them, will enable the United States in Congress effectually to provide for the same."

The appointment of this commission was the first public proceeding in the course of measures that terminated in the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The resolution was moved by Mr. Tyler,—father to the present President of the United States,—"an influential member," who, from not having been a member of Congress, was thought a more suitable person than Mr. Madison to make the formal motion. It met, at first, with very little favor; but after the failure of some other propositions for increasing the powers of Congress, was proposed a second time by Mr. Tyler, on the last day of the session, and met with general acquiescence. Three of the commissioners, including the two first named, met at Annapolis on the first of September following, where they were joined by commissioners from Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and

New York. Not deeming it prudent for a meeting so thinly attended to attempt to transact the important business entrusted to them, the commissioners contented themselves with a recommendation to the State Legislatures, by which they had been delegated, "to concur themselves, and use their endeavors to procure the concurrence of the other States, in the appointment of commissioners, to meet at Philadelphia on the second Monday in May next, to take into consideration the situation of the United States; to devise such farther expedients as may appear to them necessary to render the Constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union, and to report such an act for that purpose to the United States in Congress assembled, as, when agreed to by them, and afterwards confirmed by the Legislatures of all the States, will effectually provide for the same." The recommendation, of which these are the concluding sentences, was written by Hamilton, and is a document of great ability. It is inserted entire in Mr. Madison's introduction to the debates. The Legislature of Virginia was the first that acted upon this recommendation. The proceedings were arranged with great unanimity, and delegates were appointed on the 4th of December. The venerated name of WASHINGTON, standing at the head of the line, already sanctified, as it were, to the American people, the plan in question, and gave, at the very outset, that favorable impulse to public opinion which is always so important to success. The law passed by the Virginia Legislature in compliance with the recommendation from Annapolis was drafted by Madison, and is given entire in his introduction. The preamble contains a succinct, but impressive statement of the motives for attempting a reform, and is written with not less ability than the recommendation of Hamilton. Thus, these two illustrious men, who figured afterwards so prominently together, as the leading supporters of the Constitution, are seen already, moving harmoniously, side by side, towards the accomplishment of the great object, in the very initiatory steps of the proceedings.

The idea of a general Convention was not entirely new to the American people, having been previously suggested

in several quarters of greater or less authority. Hence the proceedings in Virginia, sanctioned as they were by the great name of Washington, were immediately imitated in all the other States, with the single exception of Rhode Island. That State, as is well known, took no part in the Convention, and did not adopt the constitution until two years after it went into operation. She was determined to this course, according to Mr. Madison, "by an obdurate adherence to an advantage which her position gave her, of taxing her neighbors through their consumption of imported supplies,—an advantage which it was foreseen would be taken from her by a revival of the Articles of Confederation."

As Virginia had thus taken the lead in the proceedings which produced the Convention, it was natural that she should also take the lead in the Convention itself; and Mr. Madison, as the most effective member of the delegation from that State on the floor, became, of course, the most important and prominent member of the body. Unaffectedly modest as he was, and continued to be through life, he was yet fully aware of the nature of his own position, and of the character of the proceedings in which he was engaged. He was resolved to do justice, so far as lay in his power, to the occasion. His remarks on the spirit with which he entered on the business, and the arrangements which he made for reporting the debates,—as given in the introductory article before alluded to,—are highly interesting:

"On the arrival of the Virginia deputies at Philadelphia, it occurred to them that from the early and prominent part taken by that State in bringing about the Convention, some initiative step might be expected from them. The resolutions introduced by Governor Randolph were the result of a consultation on the subject, with an understanding that they left all the deputies entirely open to the lights of discussion, and free to concur in any alterations or modifications which their reflections and judgment might approve. The resolutions, as the journals show, became the basis on which the proceedings of the Convention commenced, and to the developments, variations, and modifications of which the plan of government proposed by the Convention may be traced.

"The curiosity I had felt during my researches into the history of the most distinguished confederacies, particularly those of antiquity, and the deficiency which I found in the means of satisfying it,—more especially in what related to the process, the principles, the reasons and anticipations which prevailed in the formation of them,—determined me to preserve, as far as I could, an exact account of what might pass in the Convention, whilst executing its trust, with the magnitude of which I was duly impressed, as I was by the gratification promised to future curiosity by an authentic exhibition of the objects, the opinions, and the reasonings from which the new system of government was to receive its peculiar structure and organization. Nor was I unaware of the value of such a contribution to the fund of materials for the history of a constitution on which would be staked the happiness of a people, great even in its infancy, and possibly the cause of liberty throughout the world.

"In pursuance of the task I had assumed, I chose a seat in front of the presiding member, with the other members on my right and left hands. In this favorable position for hearing all that passed, I noted, in terms legible and in abbreviations and marks intelligible to myself, what was read from the chair or spoken by the members; and, losing not a moment unnecessarily, between the adjournment and re-assembling of the Convention I was enabled to write out my daily notes during the session, or within a few finishing days after its close, in the extent and form preserved in my own hand and on my files.

"In the labor and correctness of this I was not a little aided by practice, and by a familiarity with the style and the train of observation and reasoning which characterized the principal speakers. It happened also that I was not absent a single day, nor more than a casual fraction of an hour in any day, so that I could not have lost a single speech, unless a very short one.

"It may be proper to remark that, with a very few exceptions, the speeches were neither furnished, nor revised, nor sanctioned by the speakers, but written out from my notes, aided by the freshness of my recollections. A farther remark may be proper, that views of the subject might occasionally be presented in the speeches and proceedings, with a latent reference to a compromise on some middle ground, by mutual concessions. The exceptions alluded to were,—first, the sketch furnished by Mr. RANDOLPH of his speech on the introduction of his propositions on

the 29th day of May; secondly, the speech of Mr. HAMILTON, on the 18th of June, who happened to call upon me when putting the last hand to it, and who acknowledged its fidelity, without suggesting more than a very few verbal alterations, which were made; thirdly, the speech of GOUVERNEUR MORRIS on the 2d day of May, which was communicated to him on a like occasion, and who acquiesced in it without even a verbal change. The correctness of his language and the distinctness of his enunciation were particularly favorable to a reporter. The speeches of Dr. FRANKLIN, excepting a few brief ones, were copied from the written ones read to the Convention by his colleague, Mr. Wilson, it being inconvenient to the doctor to remain long upon his feet.

“Of the ability and intelligence of those who composed the Convention the debates and proceedings may be a test; as the character of the work, which was the offspring of their deliberations, must be tested by the experience of the future, *added to that of nearly half a century that has passed.*

“But whatever may be the judgment pronounced on the competency of the architects of the constitution, or whatever may be the destiny of the edifice prepared by them, I feel it a duty to express my profound and solemn conviction, derived from my intimate opportunity of observing and appreciating the views of the Convention, collectively and individually, that there never was an assembly of men, charged with a great and arduous trust, who were more pure in their motives, or more exclusively or anxiously devoted to the object committed to them than were the members of the Federal Convention of 1787 to the object of devising and proposing a constitutional system, which should best supply the defects of that

which it was to replace, and best secure the permanent liberty and happiness of the country.”

It appears from the phrase marked in italics that the interesting paper of which these paragraphs form the conclusion, and which is not dated in the original manuscript, was written nearly fifty years after the adoption of the constitution, and was, of course, one of the lamented author's last productions. The draft does not even appear to have been corrected with much care, as there are some errors in it either of the pen or the memory. One of these will be observed in the remark included in the above extract upon a speech of GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, which is supposed to have been made on the 2d of May, when the Convention was not in session. In general the paper is distinguished by the same correctness and simple elegance of style, the same purity of sentiment, and the same vigor and clearness of thought, which have been so much admired in the author's more elaborate efforts. It affords a satisfactory evidence of the full perfection in which Mr. Madison retained his intellectual and moral powers up to the very close of his long-continued life.

In a future paper we propose, with the aid of the information supplied by the invaluable work now before us, to offer a rapid sketch of the several plans that were offered to the Convention,—of the progress of the discussion, and of the manner in which the materials employed were finally wrought up into the mature and finished instrument that has obtained so extensive a celebrity as THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

LINES.

SING ON, THOU WAYWARD WIND!

SING on, thou wayward Wind! and sweep
 The lyre as suits thy will;
 And be the strain sad, wild, or deep,
 Right glad the music still;
 Right glad—for it so mindeth me
 That thou art fetterless and free!

Man binds the mountain stream, and guides
 The lightning's fiery wing;
 And o'er the ocean billow rides
 A ruler and a king;
 But thou, the wayward and the bold,
 Goest forth, unconquered, uncontrolled!

Sing on! Right glad it is to hear
 Thy free and fearless song,
 Where Power and pamper'd Pride career,
 And hearts are crush'd by Wrong;
 Where spirits bruised and broken cry,
 For vengeance to the shuddering sky!

Oppression wrings, with iron hand,
 The withers of the weak,
 Nor heeds the burning tears that brand
 Pale Hunger's hollow cheek;
 And Pride in joy looks on, the while
 The Many weep, that Few may smile!

Fetters and prison-bars control
 The children of the poor;
 And, not content, upon the *soul*
 Power shuts the dungeon door;
 But, praised be God! it cannot bind
 In chains or walls the wayward Wind!

Sing on, proud spirit! then, and sweep
 The lyre as suits thy will;
 And be the strain sad, wild, or deep,
 Right glad the music still;
 Right glad—for so it mindeth me
 That *thou* art fetterless and free!

New Bedford, Mass.

RH. S. S. ANDROS.

NEW NOTES ON RUSSIA.

BY A RECENT VISITER.

St. Petersburg.—WE are surprised to find a population of 470,000 in a city founded only in 1703, on a barren, desolate, and discouraging spot, and liable to occasional and disastrous inundations. More than 200,000, however, consists of the army, nobility, and their domestics. Its effective population is about 100,000 less than New York, including its suburbs on the opposite bank of the East River. The latter is rapidly outstripping the former. Since 1783 St. Petersburg has increased from 200,000 to 470,000, while New York has risen from 20,000 to 360,000, with its suburbs; and in another generation the latter will have a greater number of inhabitants than the capital of Russia, even including the army, nobility, and their servants.

The Architecture of St. Petersburg is distinguished for an admirable union of classic taste and oriental grandeur. It has nearly five hundred palaces, temples, and other public edifices, and a hundred and fifty bridges over the Neva and its branches, and the Moika, Fontanka, and Catherine canals. The Neva is walled with the red granite of Finland, and bordered on one side for more than a mile and on the other for more than two miles with ranges of palaces. Nothing can be more enchanting than the appearance of this fairy

city, when illuminated, and the glittering lights of the palaces on its border are reflected in the clear and rapid waters of the Neva. At such a moment, stationed on the Admiralty Place, you are surrounded by the most splendid specimens of architecture in St. Petersburg. Below, on the opposite bank of the Neva, you have the chaste and beautiful Academy of Fine Arts; above, you see the new Exchange, a copy of one of the ruins of Pæstum; opposite to this stands the colossal Winter Palace,—in its rear, the column of Alexander and the admirable architecture of the *Etat-Major*. Returning to the Admiralty Place, you have the Admiralty on one side, the Palace of the Senate on the other; in front the still-unfinished church of St. Isaac, the grandest in Russia; and in the centre of this brilliant illumination rises the splendid statue of Peter the Great,—the flying horseman, apparently coursing his way among the stars, and waving the hand of that magician who raised all these glittering palaces from the marshes and solitudes of the Neva. But how long distant may be the day when all this magnificence is to be destroyed by the inundation to which it is well known that the peculiar situation of the city renders it every year liable?*

* The following speculation, by another late traveller in Russia, M. Kohl, in a work entitled "Scenes in Petersburg," may be here appropriately quoted:—"The Gulf of Finland stretches in its greatest length in a straight line from Petersburg westward. The most violent winds are from this quarter, and the waters of the gulf are thus driven direct upon the city. Were the gulf spacious in this part, there would not be so much to apprehend; but, unfortunately, the shores contract immediately towards Petersburg, which lies at its innermost point; while close to the city the waters lie hemmed in the narrow bay of Cronstadt. In addition to this, the Neva, which flows from east to west, here discharges its waters into the gulf, thus encountering the violent waves from the west in a diametrically opposite direction. The islands of the Neva Delta, on which the palaces of Petersburg take root, are particularly flat and low. On their outer and uninhabited sides, towards the sea, they completely lose themselves beneath the waters, and even those parts which lie highest, and are, consequently, most peopled, are only raised from twelve to fourteen feet above the level of the gulf. A rise of fifteen feet is sufficient, therefore, to lay all Petersburg under water, and one of thirty or forty feet must overwhelm the city. To bring about this latter disaster, nothing more is requisite than that a strong west wind should exactly concur with high water and ice-passage. The ice masses from

St. Petersburg in Summer is comparatively dull and deserted, although it is the season of its foreign trade, and when most travellers visit it. But the imperial family are at one of the imperial villas—usually Peterhoff or Tzarskoe-selo, the Tzar's village—with its celebrated palace, parks, and grounds, and its halls of amber and lapis-lazuli. The nobility have generally gone to their estates in the interior, except those connected with the government at St. Petersburg. Summer is, however, not without its enjoyments even in the latitude of sixty. The nobility remaining resort to their retreats in the Summer Islands, where the people of St. Petersburg, fashionable and of all classes, spend most of their long midsummer evenings. Here we find the neat and unpretending wooden cottages of the nobility; gardens filled with flowers of every clime; and boatmen in their caiques, on the branches of the Neva, chaunting their mariners' hymns,—indeed we can almost fancy ourselves suddenly transported to some Neapolitan or Sicilian scene. It is delightful to wander in the long summer evenings through the parks and grounds of Imperial Yelagin and the other islands; passing from island to island, over light and airy bridges, through gardens of flowers and groves of fir, larch, cedar, beech, and weeping birch; watching the waning splendor of a northern sky—the blended hues of red, orange, and violet gradually fading away till midnight—when you behold, in the same landscape, the pale twilight welcoming, as it expires, the silver gleam of the morning dawn—a sublime emblem of immortality.

The Winter in St. Petersburg is a very different affair. We pass through

the fogs and storms of autumn till winter comes, when the Summer Islands are deserted, the flowers gone, and the cottages, literally, boarded up; presenting, indeed, a scene of wintry desolation. Then St. Petersburg itself becomes all bustle and activity. The ice-hills are in motion, and the Neva ornamented with its evergreens. You see all the costumes of Europe and Asia—the Laponian and Siberian hunter of the North—the Kossack, Georgian, Circassian, Calmuck, and Tartar of the South. The markets are supplied with fish, flesh, and fowl, frozen as hard as marble, from Archangel and Astracan—from every province of the empire; the mighty Autocrat of all the Russias is seen flying about in his little one-horse sleigh, without an attendant but his coachman—driving with great rapidity, and occasionally tumbled out into a snow-bank by the “fortune of war” as unceremoniously as the humblest of his subjects; the solemn ceremony of the blessing of the waters of the Neva is performed, after which some at least believe them to be a sovereign remedy for all diseases; and last come the popular amusements of the carnival.

The Winter Palace has an appropriate name; for in that season it blazes with oriental splendor—with its crystals and gold, its rubies and diamonds, fountains and baths (the latter copied from the Alhambra) its winter garden, *salle-blanche*, Hall of St. George and its banquet room—resembling, on grand occasions, an orange grove laden with fruit. In these halls assemble the court of Russia—the most splendid in Europe. Its gorgeous nobility appear all glittering with jewellery and shining with embroidery, and amidst all this splendor the monarch enters in

the gulf would then be driven landward, and those of the Neva seaward, whilst in this battle of the Titans, the marvellous city, with all its palaces and fortresses, princes and beggars, would be swallowed in the flood like Pharaoh in the Red Sea. Scarce may we speak thus lightly of the future, for, in truth, the danger lies so near that many a Petersburg heart quails at the thought. Their only hope lies in the improbability of these three enemies, west wind, high water, and ice-passage, combining against them at one and the same time. Fortunately for them there are sixty-four winds in the compass. Had the old Finnish inhabitants of the Neva Islands made their observations and bequeathed them to their successors, the average chances would have warned them how often in a thousand years such a combination must occur. In short, we shall not be astonished to hear any day that Petersburg, which, like a brilliant meteor, rose from the Finnish marshes, had just as suddenly been extinguished in the same. God protect it!”

a simple but graceful military costume. At his approach all this jewellery and embroidery, these plumes and ribbons, epaulettes and orders, fall back and open a path, as if an uncaged lion were advancing. But the most extraordinary scene in the Winter Palace, or in any other in the world, is unquestionably the national popular festival. It is an annual fête. That in 1840-41 was the first given in the Winter Palace since it was rebuilt, and the most numerous assemblage ever within its walls. This festival includes every class from the Emperor to the peasant, all in appropriate costumes; on that occasion more than forty thousand tickets were said to have been issued, and there were probably not far from that number assembled within the walls of the palace. There were seen the Imperial family and court, surrounded by merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, servants, and peasants, forming vast and waving crowds, impenetrable to all but the Emperor and his train when promenading. It is curious to see the embroidered nobleman, proud of the antiquity of his blood—boasting his Scandinavian or Tartar origin—elbowed, jostled and pushed aside, by the humble Sclavonian peasant, in his anxiety to approach nearer to his monarch, as he passes through the halls. For one night in the year there is certainly "liberty and equality" even in the Imperial Winter Palace. Opposite to this colossal palace, on the other bank of the Neva, stands, in humble contrast within and without, the wooden palace of Peter the Great, which may truly be called Peter's log-cabin; for it is nothing more. While the Winter Palace blazes with its thousand lights, this log-cabin, now converted into a chapel, is only lighted by a few candles on the altar—the one a scene of revelry, the other of devotion, where the peasantry stop to worship.

Moscow.—The road from St. Petersburg to Moscow presents little to interest the traveller. The country is generally, like most of northern Russia, flat and barren, until you reach the hills of Valdai; and towards Moscow, it becomes undulating; but is still uninteresting to an eye accustomed to our luxuriant and varied scenery. You pass over an admirable turnpike of about 500 miles in length, drawn by miserable looking but hardy and quick

horses, and driven by postillions, generally in shabby costumes. You pass many villages and but few towns. Among the latter is Novgorod—anciently renowned as the Rome of the north, and the seat of Scandinavian power—now a town of 8,000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on Lake Ilmen and distinguished for its Kremlin. The beautiful lake and convent of Valdai and the town of Tver are worthy of notice; after passing the latter there is nothing of interest till you reach Moscow. St. Petersburg, now the capital of the empire, cannot be called, like Moscow, a Russian city. The former is altogether modern in its style, almost entirely European—the latter ancient, more Asiatic and truly Russian. The destruction of the city in 1812 has not altered its general appearance. It changed the style of some of the private buildings; but the venerable Kremlin, the churches, convents, &c., &c., appear now very much as they did before the conflagration, and give the city its ancient, and in a great degree, oriental character. The general view of Moscow is more striking and combines more sublime features, than that of any other city in Europe: approach it from what quarter you may, you are on some elevated ground. You suddenly see before you the panorama of an immense city, with its thousand towers and steeples—its green, red, violet, and gilded domes glittering in the sun—its seven gracefully undulating hills, spreading over a vast area—all combining something of Europe and Asia, of Rome and Constantinople, and uniting the cross and the crescent.

The Peasantry.—It is almost dangerous to say anything favorable of the Russians, so universal is the opinion in Europe, and America too, that they are a nation of ignorant and savage barbarians, not susceptible of civilisation, and fit only for the brutal bondage in which we are told they are still held. These impressions arise from travels written a century ago, copied by succeeding travellers, even to the present time; from the monthly fabrications of English and French journalists, who find it a profitable business to abuse Russia and the Russians; and from hasty opinions formed by discontented travellers, who fly, as fast as they can, through a country where they find few good roads or public conveyances, soft

beds, or comfortable inns. The American traveller, as he passes through their villages and towns, and sees the Russian peasants clothed in sheep-skins and sleeping in groups upon the pavements, is strongly reminded of the savages of our wilderness, and imagines them equally benighted. But those who will take the trouble to inform themselves will learn that the Russian Slavonians, though held in vassalage for centuries, are naturally distinguished for genius, enterprise, courage, devotion to their country, an unwavering fidelity to their vows, and a devout reverence for their church. There are innumerable instances of the inventions and mechanical works of serfs who could neither read nor write. At the present time the instructed serfs are employed in every branch of trade and industry—in every art and science. This was in some measure the case even in the last century. We are told by the Count de Ségur, who was the Minister of France in the time of Catharine II., that on her return from her celebrated expedition to the Crimea, Count de Cheremetieff gave a splendid entertainment at his beautiful villa near Moscow, on which occasion there was an opera and ballet. He says that the architect who constructed the hall for the opera, the painter who ornamented it, the poet and the musicians, the authors of the opera, the performers in it and in the ballet, and the musicians of the orchestra, were all serfs of the Count de Cheremetieff. The peasants are also remarkable for their superstitious courage. On more occasions than one have the Russian troops been slaughtered by an overpowering force, refusing to obey the order to retreat, in consequence of some vow that they would not turn their backs upon the enemy. Their conduct in abandoning their homes and evacuating Moscow in 1812—following their priests with the sacred symbols of their religion, chanting hymns of lamentation, and invoking the aid of heaven,—as the scene is described by the French historian of that disastrous campaign—was characteristic of the self-sacrificing devotion of the Russians to their country.

The number of serfs is estimated at about forty-five millions. Little reliance, however, can be placed on Russian statistics, whether relating to finance or population, owing to the fluctuat-

ing value of the currency; the vast extent of her dominions; the imperfect returns from the provinces, and the variety of tribes and nations composing that empire. Most travellers take it for granted that all these peasants are not only in a state of deplorable ignorance but of abject slavery. This is not so. About one third, as is estimated, pay an annual hire to their masters or to the crown, and are employed as merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, architects, nay, in every branch of industry, art and science; some of them are wealthy, and some distinguished for their skill and talents. Such is the condition of this portion of the serfs. It is supposed that about another third are on the crown lands. These pay an annual quit-rent to the crown, and enjoy the produce of their own labor. They are virtually mere tenants of the crown, and are in as good a condition as any peasantry in Europe. The remaining third are on the lands of the nobility. Even these would be quite as well off as most of the peasantry in neighboring nations, if the laws for their protection were executed. According to these they cannot be sold without the land; their punishment is regulated; they are required to labor only three days for their master and three for themselves, on land which the master must set apart for their use. But these laws are evaded or violated; and, on badly managed estates particularly, the condition of the serf is wretched indeed. It may well be imagined what must be the condition of this portion of the peasantry of Russia in times of famine, when a single proprietor, perhaps without any property but his lands and serfs, and without credit, is called upon suddenly to supply food for the ten, twenty, thirty, forty, nay up to 150,000—for that is the estimated number belonging to the estates of the Count de Cheremetieff. The serfs of some of the nobility are no doubt cruelly treated; and when the crops fail, the peasants, on improvidently managed estates, wander about begging for food, and in their desperation sometimes commit horrid atrocities. But a large majority of the serfs of Russia suffer less than most of the peasantry and laborers of Europe.

The Emperor Nicholas.—It is still more dangerous to say anything in favor of, or even to do common justice to the

Emperor of Russia, whose character and fame seem to be under the special and charitable guardianship of British reviewers. If we believe these, and some French and German journals, the Emperor has not even the merit of Byron's Corsair—not "one virtue" amidst "a thousand crimes." Under a military despotism, where absolute power not only exists in the head, but, of necessity, is delegated to fourteen Governors General, or Viceroys, and more than a hundred civil and military Provincial Governors, scattered over a vast empire, and far removed from the fountain of authority, a thousand cruel and atrocious wrongs must be expected. For while there are many wise and just men among these Viceroys and Governors, (like Count de Woronzoff,) in so large a number there must unavoidably be many tyrants; for all whose acts the Emperor is held responsible, whether he has any knowledge of them or not. Whatever British reviewers may say, the Emperor Nicholas is an extraordinary man and admirably fitted for his station, as the chief in a military despotism. He is superior to his brother and predecessor, Alexander, in character and mind, and especially in those stern qualities so necessary to sustain a crown so often undermined by treason. His personal appearance and deportment are remarkable, and on all occasions he is distinguished for grace and propriety, whether in the martial pomp of a parade, on grave occasions of state, or amidst the solemn ceremonies of the Russian Greek religion. In his character he unites those extremes, so frequently found in men accustomed to military command or absolute power, of gentleness and fiery impetuosity. The slightest neglect or violation of military regulation instantly rouses his passions, and the reprimand follows quickly, whether the offender be his brother the Grand Duke, a major-general, or a subaltern. His conduct before and after his coronation, exhibited strong traits of character. Prior to the death of Alexander, at Taganrok, Constantine had renounced his right to the succession, and Alexander had sanctioned the act. These documents were sealed up and deposited with the Council of the Empire. When intelligence was received at St. Petersburg of the Emperor's death, Nicholas im-

mediately took the oath of allegiance to his brother, Constantine, required the army and all to do the same, and despatched a courier to his brother, who was then at Warsaw, announcing this intelligence. The Council of the Empire disclosed the renunciation of Constantine; but Nicholas persisted in his allegiance. Two days after, the Grand Duke Michael arrived from Warsaw, with a second renunciation of Constantine in favor of Nicholas; but the latter refused to accept it, and all the decrees were still issued in the name of the former. At length, seventeen days afterwards he received an answer by his own courier, with Constantine's final abdication of the crown. Not until then did the Emperor consider the act of his brother in conformity to the fundamental law regulating the succession, as the voluntary act of an acknowledged sovereign. But then occurred the stormy scenes following his coronation, when a conspiracy, which had been maturing for some time previous against Alexander, burst upon his head. The conspirators, availing themselves of the fidelity of the Russians to their oath, took the side of Constantine, to whom the army had sworn allegiance, notwithstanding his voluntary abdication. The Emperor Nicholas displayed extraordinary promptitude and courage in advancing to the revolting regiments and offering his life, if they desired it; and equal forbearance in not permitting a cannon to be fired, until Milarodovitch, a distinguished officer in the campaign of 1812, was shot down by his side. The events of that day have had, no doubt, a strong influence on the character and reign of the present Emperor; and have given a higher tone of severity to his conduct, as a military commander, and as the chief of the secret police of his empire.

Many striking anecdotes are told of the Emperor's conduct during and after this revolt; of his fearless exposure of his person, and of his anxious solicitude to conciliate a favorite regiment by personal appeals, to spare the effusion of blood. One of the conspirators, who had repeatedly attempted to fire at him, refused to make any confession except to the Emperor himself, and alone. It is said he immediately ordered him to be brought to him. What was the nature of their conference was

never known; but it was understood to have had some effect on the fate of the prisoner. One of the chief conspirators, Troubetskoi, an officer of high rank and one of the nobility, who had not acted, it is said, very bravely, when the Emperor found it necessary to fire upon the insurgents, was sentenced to death.* He petitioned the Emperor to change his punishment for exile to Siberia. He granted his petition, not as an act of grace, but as a heavier punishment, to live a dishonorable life, than to undergo the sentence of death. Others besides Troubetskoi will probably differ with the Emperor in this opinion, particularly after seeing, in the Museum of the Mines, landscapes of the beautiful scenery in Siberia. Indeed, looking at the barren and cheerless aspect of the country in Northern Russia in Europe, generally, and especially about St. Petersburg, rather than spend one's life in that region, we should be strongly tempted to petition the Emperor for the privilege of such an exile; or, if that was rejected, to commit some crime which would transfer us from the barren and desolate plains around St. Petersburg, to the grand and more refreshing scenery of the Oural Mountains.

Many of the measures of this monarch are worthy of admiration. The literature of the country has been much advanced during his reign. Notwithstanding the censorship of the press, there is a large and constant increase of printing establishments and journals, and more than a thousand volumes are printed annually. This is almost entirely the work of the present century and chiefly of his reign. He has had

published all the ukases, regulations, diplomas and treaties since 1649, and declared them to be in force since the 1st of January, 1835. Although these form an incongruous mass, they are useful for purposes of reference and reform, and the measure was an important step in the progress of law and civilisation in Russia. By his ukase of February, 1831, the Emperor ordered the establishment of 4000 primary schools on the crown lands, on which there are some fourteen millions of serfs. Another ukase of the 1st of January, 1830, decreed that the crown lands should be farmed out, and that of the 2d of November, 1832, ordered the execution of this important measure, on leases of 24 to 99 years, which must eventually, to a considerable extent, emancipate the serfs of the crown. In the present year, the Emperor has decided on the construction of a railroad of 500 miles, from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and has employed Major Whistler, one of our most distinguished engineers, to superintend the work. These are a few of many measures adopted during the present reign. It is but sheer justice to the Emperor Nicholas to say, that he has labored zealously, and has done more than any of his predecessors, to enlighten and improve the condition of the peasantry of Russia. These humane, wise, and just measures are, however, looked upon with jealousy and apprehension, by a portion of the ancient nobility, who believe that every measure tending to enlighten the serf undermines the foundation of their property and authority. The Emperor perfectly comprehends his position. He knows he is

* It is well known that the practice of Capital Punishment has been abolished in Russia for about a century, as forming any part of the ordinary penal justice of the country—exile to Siberia being substituted for it with most satisfactory efficiency and success. The occasion here referred to, after the suppression of this insurrection, was an isolated exception, the execution of a number of the conspirators being rather a political measure, than an ordinary criminal sentence,—and even to this it is said that the consent of the Emperor was not obtained without great reluctance and hesitation. One somewhat similar act took place during the reign of the great Catharine, in the case of Pougatcheff, the leader of a large predatory band or army, which had ravaged whole provinces, and for a considerable time defied and resisted all the forces sent for their suppression. Such exceptions in no respect militate against the settled regularity of the wise and humane principle of the penal law of Russia here referred to. The words of Catharine to the Count de Ségur convey a keen rebuke to the more "civilized" nations which have as yet been so slow in following so noble an example:—"We must punish crime without imitating it; the punishment of death is rarely more than a useless barbarity."

surrounded by a wealthy, powerful, and often discontented aristocracy, ambitious of regulating the succession to the crown as they have done repeatedly in past generations. He is admonished by the example of his predecessor, that towards them familiarity would be folly—concession dangerous. While, therefore, his manner is cordial to meritorious officers and those known to be his friends, he moves among his dissatisfied, intriguing, and frequently conspiring nobility, with all the stern majesty of a monarch.

One would naturally suppose that the head of a military despotism would be necessarily a sort of prisoner in his own palace; especially one who is so frequently denounced as a cruel tyrant, and against whom we might suppose a thousand daggers ever ready to be drawn. Or, if such a monarch ever passed the portals of his palace, we should suppose he would at least take the precaution of other monarchs, and appear surrounded by his attendants and guards. It is not so, however, with the Emperor Nicholas; whether walking, riding, or travelling, he is never attended by any, except upon some military occasion. His only guards seem to be "a lion heart and eagle eye;" for, fearless of danger and conscious of his own security, he suffers no other guards to attend him in his promenades or drives by day or night. No one knows better than the Emperor when to play the monarch, and when to dispense with majesty. He often visits balls and soirées at the houses of the nobility, and very frequently attends the balls and concerts at the Hall of the Nobility, where there are usually from two to three thousand persons assembled; among whom he moves about conversing familiarly with many. He seldom suffers a masquerade to pass without being present, whether at the theatre or the Hall of the Nobility; and no one engages in this amusement more heartily or familiarly. His manner is always adapted to the occasion. Indeed, had his lot been the stage, he would have been the Garrick of the day; for he is equally successful, whether he appears in comic or grave scenes. No monarch is seen so frequently among his subjects, or on so many and such various occasions; and none in a more unpretending style. Scarcely a day in winter

passes without his appearance in his one-horse sleigh. On his journeys he travels rapidly. He usually makes the journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, 754 versts, about 500 miles, in thirty-six hours, with post horses.

He is devoted in his attentions to the empress, who is and has been for years an invalid. It is said that her nerves were shattered by the revolutionary scenes at the time of his coronation, from which shock she has never entirely recovered. He frequently accompanies her in her walks in the streets of St. Petersburg, or on the English quay,—and in her rides, sometimes driving in a barouche and acting as her coachman.

Government and Laws.—The Emperor is the absolute head of every branch of the government, civil, military, and ecclesiastical. There are in the empire fourteen governors general, and about a hundred civil and military governors of provinces. The council of the Emperor is the highest in authority. The Senate is the high court of appeals in all civil and criminal cases; but the Emperor can reverse any of its decisions. While we see these despotic features in the higher branches of this government, we find in its minor institutions the forms of primitive democracy. The superintendants of labor, justices of the peace, petty police, mayors and assistants, assessors, and some of the judges, are elected by the people: and it is a rule there, as elsewhere, that the party prosecuted in any civil or criminal suit must be tried by his peers; that is, a portion of the judges must be selected from his class, whether peasant, freeman, or nobleman. All the ancient laws and regulations were ordered to be embodied by the present emperor, and have been in force since the 1st of January, 1835. They have now, at least, the forms of law in Russia; but it will require some generations to obtain what is more important, justice, owing to the habitual corruption so long and so universally practised in the courts of that empire, where in former times corruption was connived at by government as a means of support to the judges.

Religion.—Although the imperial family, and four-fifths of the Russian people profess the Russian Greek faith, there is universal toleration in that empire; and the avenues to office and

renown are open to all, whatever may be their religious doctrines. Some of the highest offices under that government are held by Protestants. The monks, of whom there are five or six thousand, do not marry; but the secular clergy of the Russian Greek church—more than two hundred and fifty thousand—are obliged to be married men.

Finances.—The public debt of Russia, funded and unfunded, amounts to upwards of three hundred millions of dollars, and was increased during the last year by a new loan; but its unfunded debt, of more than a hundred millions, consists of a government bank-note currency, which is constantly fluctuating, and will probably permanently increase, without any prospect of its ever being reduced. The government is, apparently, one of the most economical, considering the vast extent of the empire, its numerous governments, and large army. The whole of its expenditure appears to be little more than a hundred millions of dollars; and the expense of an army of about seven hundred thousand effective and three hundred thousand non-effective, with a perpetual war in the Caucasus, seems to be about thirty millions of dollars. But their financial reports present only a small proportion of the vast receipts and expenditures of the empire. The crown is an extensive agriculturalist, manufacturer, miner, banker, and merchant, in almost every branch of trade and industry. It is from all these sources, besides provincial commutations and contributions of commodities, that the supplies are chiefly drawn for the support of the armies, fleets, and governments of Russia. This extraordinary, and, as it would now be thought, unwarrantable interference of the crown with the industry of the nation, began prior to the time of Peter the Great, and owes its origin to the existence of a vast territory of crown lands and mines, and the possession of millions of serfs, then in a barbarous condition. It has been perpetuated because the officers of government have for generations profited by it. When we consider what a waste of labor must result from this trading and manufacturing system of the Rus-

sian crown, and the extensive corruption and speculation always attending it, we find that government to be one of the most expensive in the world. Its extravagance is not, however, the worst fruit of such a system. When government becomes, in effect, a monopolist in every branch of industry, it not only wastes labor and produces almost universal corruption and speculation, but it stifles private enterprise, restricts individual industry, and retards the growth of the aggregate wealth of the nation.

Banks and Currency.—The crown is the proprietor of three banks, of Assignats, of Loans, and of Commerce. The first was established by Catharine II., in 1768. It began with an issue of forty millions of roubles,* redeemable in current money, which meant copper; but the paper and silver rouble were nearly equal, and continued so for about twenty years. In 1787, another issue of sixty millions was made, and the faith of the crown pledged that the aggregate amount should never exceed a hundred millions; but in 1790 the faith of the crown was violated, and continued to be violated in each and every year, till 1810; issue followed issue, till the aggregate amount was five hundred and seventy-seven millions. The faith and wealth of the crown were then pledged for their redemption; but in 1811 one silver rouble was equal to four in paper. In late years the Emperor Nicholas has attempted to raise their relative value by ukase, and 3½ in paper are now exchanged for one silver rouble; but prices had become fixed for more than a generation in this currency, at the old rate of four for one. The consumer is thus obliged still to pay the same number of paper roubles, while he receives 3½ instead of four in paper, and the imperial decrees already operate as an indirect tax upon consumption to the extent of 12½ per cent.

The Bank of Loans was established by Catharine in 1786, for the purpose, it is said, of making the nobility more dependent upon the crown, by loaning them money upon their estates, to embarrass them and weaken their authority.

The Bank of Commerce was estab-

* The value of the rouble is about 76 cents. Google

lished by Alexander, in 1818. It makes advances on merchandise at 6 per cent. and receives money on deposit at 4. It has branches in the different cities of the empire, and deals in bills of exchange. Since the 1st of January, 1840, this Bank has been authorized to issue a new description of bank notes, equivalent to silver, in exchange for deposits. More than ten millions of these were issued in the first quarter. The crown monopolizes all the profit arising from the circulation of bank notes.

The Navy.—It is very much the fashion to treat the naval power of Russia with contempt. She has not, it is true, that essential basis of a navy, a commercial marine; but her navy is well manned and officered, and she has now what she had not formerly, about 2,300 naval cadets. In vessels and force her navy is nearly equal to the French, and is constantly increasing. Among her admirals are some of the most scientific members of the academy, especially Admirals Greig and the celebrated voyager Krusenstern. Although the Lord High Admiral of the Russian Navy is but a lad of fourteen, he is too important a personage to be overlooked. He is the Grand Duke Constantine, the second son of the Emperor, and a youth of great promise. Some anecdotes are told of him, which, whether accurate or not, afford an idea of his character. It is said that on one of his cruises in the Baltic, the little admiral fell from the shrouds and was caught by a sailor, to whom he instantly said, "I make you a midshipman." When this reached the ears of the officers, and especially the midshipmen—generally connected with the nobility—it created no little commotion. It became a subject of inquiry at the Admiralty, and ultimately the case came before the Emperor, who had a conference with the little admiral. After listening to his father attentively, it is said his reply was, "Either I am Lord High Admiral, or I am not; if I am not, then you are all right; but if I am Lord High Admiral, I have a right to appoint a midshipman, and you are all wrong." The Emperor, it is said, admonished him to take care how he made any more such midshipmen.

When afloat the young Grand Duke appears in his admiral's uniform and commands as such. We had but one

opportunity to witness this display, when two frigates were launched in honor of the marriage of the Grand Duke Alexander. After it was over, the Empress and others returned from the Admiralty to the Winter Palace in barges. The Empress was in the leading one, commanded by the little admiral.

Another anecdote told of the little admiral is, that while lying on the sofa, as it was thought asleep, his elder brother, the Grand Duke Alexander, in conversation with his sister, expressed his opinion of the difficulties and vexations attending the government of a vast empire, and hoped that it might never be his fate to ascend the throne. The little admiral, who is the next heir to the crown, immediately sprang up and exclaimed, "Why don't you abdicate?" Whether these stories be true or not, the young Grand Duke Constantine promises to make an able officer, and it is not improbable, at some future day, may realize the ambitious dream of Catharine II., and, with his fleet, summon the Sultan to surrender, or batter down the walls of the Seraglio.

The Military Power of Russia alarms Europe. If it was deemed formidable in 1812, what must be thought of it now, when a material change has occurred in the organization and discipline of the Russian armies. Prior to Napoleon's invasion Russia was dependent on the military science of Germany, France, and Great Britain. Suwarroff was said to have been the first native-born Russian who could fight a battle, or plan a campaign, without instruction from his foreign aids; and he relied, not upon science, but on his own genius, which enabled him, on the plains of Lombardy, to contend successfully with Moreau, M'Donald, and Joubert. Now, however, the Russian armies are commanded, generally, by natives of the empire, possessing all the skill and science of Europe, and actively employed in every province. There are besides about 9,000 military cadets at schools under the superintendence of the Grand Duke Michael, and more than 170,000 pupils at schools under the direction of the Minister at War, including more than 10,000 officers. St. Petersburg is a camp. Not a day passes without a review of some kind;

and on special occasions of 40 or 50,000 men, displaying the costumes of every regiment in the empire, and sometimes exercised in mock campaigns and sham battles. From this school of instruction officers and troops are sent to the provinces. Russia is ready for war at any moment, whether in the east or the west; and whenever she is governed by a monarch of an exclusively military ambition, willing to sacrifice his own country to acquire renown and transient dominion abroad, the nations of Europe may well fear the disciplined armies and immense resources of that mighty power, whose boundaries already extend to the Danube in Europe and the Araxes in Asia, near the foot of Mount Ararat—in the north to the Arctic Ocean; and whose longitude reaches the frontier of Prussia, through Europe, across the Oural Mountains, through Asia, even to the hunting grounds of the Hudson's Bay Company on our continent.

The History of this warlike people is worthy a brief notice—especially in their relations with the Poles. Tradition traces the origin of the great body of the nation to the ancient Sclavonians—the vassals for centuries of the Goths, the Huns, the Scandinavians and Tartars. To these masters may be ascribed their appetite for conquest and war; and to them, and other neighboring nations, are they indebted for that military instruction and character which have enabled them, for more than a century past, to turn the tide of war and conquest against their ancient invaders. Ten centuries ago they were conquered by the Scandinavians, who governed them more than three centuries and a half, and under whose banner they captured Byzantium. Next came the Tartars of the South, who ruled them for more than two centuries and a half. In the meantime and subsequently they had other instructors, in the Teutonic Knights of Livonia—now a Russian province—and especially in the Poles. The wars between the Poles and the Muscovites were frequent, during many centuries, and generally favorable to the former, who ultimately extended their frontier by conquest to Mojaïsk, not far from Moscow. The crisis, however, in the fate of Poland and of Russia happened in their wars from 1604 to 1613, when the former aided the two impostors, who assumed the name of Demetrius.

The result was that the King of Poland determined to unite the two crowns, through his son, to whom the Muscovites in 1610 did homage, by proxy, as their future sovereign, at the same time *surrendering Moscow to the Poles*. The hesitation of Sigismund to allow his son to adopt the Greek faith lost him the crown of Russia. He returned to Warsaw, carrying with him the Tzar in chains, and *leaving Moscow in the hands of a Polish garrison*. The latter, however, became disorderly, quarrelled with the inhabitants, and committed disgraceful excesses; and the result was, according to an English historian, “that the Poles murdered 100,000 Russians, and laid the greater part of Moscow in ashes, after having possessed themselves of a great quantity of treasure, with which they retreated into the citadel.” After a long and severe struggle and “an enormous sacrifice of blood,” the Muscovites drove the Poles out of the capital and the empire. The King of Poland then “offered to make his son conform to the Greek church;” but it was too late, and the proposition was indignantly rejected. After this bloody conflict was over, the nobles and people fasted for three days, and invoked the aid of heaven. The noblemen elected Romanoff, son of the Metropolitan, as their sovereign; but, admonished by the tyranny of former monarchs, in elevating him to the throne, they administered an oath, by which he was prohibited from altering any old or making any new law; from interfering in any manner with the administration of the laws, civil or criminal; or, of his own accord, making war or entering into any stipulations for a treaty of peace. Thus Poland not only lost the crown, but was instrumental in establishing, early in the seventeenth century, a limited monarchy in Russia. In 1709 Charles XII., by losing the battle of Pultowa, enabled Peter the Great to establish an imperial and absolute despotism on the ruins of the monarchy; and in 1812 Napoleon, by destroying the combined army of Europe in a disastrous campaign, enabled the Emperor Alexander, in 1814, to review the Russian Imperial Guard in the Boulevards at Paris in presence of the assembled sovereigns and armies of Europe, who thus tacitly acknowledged the military supremacy of that colossal power.

MADAME D'ARBLAY'S DIARY AND LETTERS.*

THIS is one of the very pleasantest books of the day—that is to say, the first two of the three parts which have as yet appeared. The third part, containing the journal of her court residence, as one of the attendants on the Queen of George III., not even her vivacity and gracefulness of style can rescue from the dullness derived from the stupid monotony of life which it portrays. It consists of the private diary and letters of a woman both witty and wise, spirited and *spirituelle*, who mingled intimately in all that was most distinguished alike in literature and rank in English society “Sixty Years Since.” A *bonâ fide* private diary, too, and not that mere “soliloquy” or “aside” of the stage, which is so often palmed off as such, and which is so artificially natural, so elaborately careless, so publicly confidential. No; a real and honest private diary, addressed, in an epistolary form, without the shadow of a shade of an idea of publication, chiefly to a sister and father, by the most affectionate of sisters and the fondest of daughters—free and frank, sportive and sketchy, gossiping and gay, and withal transparent in truthfulness and sincerity. Quick and just in her appreciation of character—not less quick and just in its expression by a word, and exactly *the* word, precise and pat—and with a fine felicity in dialogue style, by which to make her personages speak for themselves, so as to reveal in a few touches of their own talk all the sense or nonsense in them—no person could have been better fitted to diarize delightfully out of the rich materials afforded by her social position and career. There is much in the book that will remind the reader of the unforgotten pleasure derived from Boswell. In general plan—in the period and people—in the nice discrimination of character—in the happy knack of hitting off odd or whimsical

peculiarities of the *dramatis personæ*, and of recording, in evident freshness from the lip, their smart small-talk—they are, on the whole, much alike; though there is a finer delicacy of apprehension, a subtler sense of the ludicrous, and a more graceful sportiveness of style, in the light and lively lady than in the fond and foolish old Scotch “memorandummer,” the “caricature of a caricature,” as she herself calls him. After we have closed her natural and graphic pages, giving an account, from time to time, to the absent friends for whose benefit she writes, of the various people she has met, the when and the where, and how they talked and acted, and what was said and thought of them, and how they struck her, &c., &c., we feel very much as if we had been actually introduced into the midst of that splendid circle, and had formed a sort of personal acquaintance with a long array of the principal celebrities that gave it a brilliancy unsurpassed, unequalled, by any social period that has followed it. With Dr. Johnson we are on intimate terms—can visit freely at Bolt court—and are accustomed to bear with the growlings of the fine “old lion,” full well as we have come to know the right noble nature which, after all, so grandly characterized the mighty monarch of the forest. At Streatham we are quite the *habitués de la maison*, and have learned to love so well its bright and warm-hearted mistress that we are half inclined to quarrel with “dear little Burney” herself, for not standing more stoutly by her side when all the world felt called upon to turn so unmercifully against her, for presuming to marry without their consent a man they did not approve, and to transform the beloved and bewitching Mrs. Thrale into the abused and deserted Mrs. Piozzi. With Sir Joshua Reynolds we are on quite good terms.

* Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, author of “Evelina,” “Cecilia,” &c. Edited by her Niece. “The spirit walks of every day deceased.”—Young. In two volumes. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1842.

We have had the honor of being introduced to Edmund Burke—have met our own Franklin, on his dropping in once just after tea, in Dr. Burney's quiet parlor—have frequently seen Hannah More in the *suite* of Mrs. Garrick—have often heard Mrs. Montagu “flash away” for a whole evening—and have made some pleasant additions to our visiting list, in such names as Sheridan, Horace Walpole, Mrs. Siddons, Gibbon, Madame de Genlis, Benjamin West, Nollekens, Soame Jenyns, Dr. Parr, General Paoli, Boswell, Hoole the translator of Tasso, Warren Hastings, Cumberland, Barry the painter, Arthur Young, Murphy, the dramatist—a score of other “nice people,” whose names we forget—and, most democratically last, we will add King George III., a very respectable old lady his wife, that profligate and undutiful reprobate the Prince of Wales, and in short the royal family in general.

“Where will you meet with such another set?”—is the language of her dear, delightful old friend, Mr. Crisp, written to her from his own hermit retirement at Chesington. “O Fanny, set this down as the happiest period of your life; and when you come to be old and sick, and health and spirits are fled, (for the time may come), then live upon remembrance, and think that you have had your share of the good things of this world, and say, ‘For what I have received, the Lord make me thankful!’”

A few words about Miss Burney herself—afterwards Madame d'Arblay—and we shall then proceed to give up a few of our pages to a purpose more entertaining, probably, to the reader than any other we could put them to, by quoting from her own as liberally as we may find it in our power. She was the second daughter of Dr. Burney, the author of “The General History of Music,” and was born in the year 1752. Whatever she was destined to become in after-life, she exhibited nothing of the “infant phenomenon” in her childhood, having been remarkable for little else than an extreme shyness and backwardness at learning; for we are told that at eight years of age she did not even know her letters, and her elder brother used to amuse himself by pretending to teach her to read, and presenting the

book to her turned upside down, which he declared she never found out. The future author of “Evelina” and “Cecilia,” who, while yet a mere girl, was to command the admiration and homage of all the wits of the day, and to be the delight of all that was greatest and highest in the world of letters and of intellect, was designated generally among her mother's friends as “*the little dunce.*” That mother, however, knew her own child rather better, backward and unpromising as she seemed to those who saw only the surface of her bashful and silent manner, and was always content to reply, that “she had no fear about Fanny.” Unfortunately, she lost that mother when but nine years old, on which occasion the agony of her grief was such that her governess declared she had never met with a child of such intense and acute feelings. After this time she enjoyed fewer of the ordinary external advantages of education than her sisters, having been brought home from school while her two sisters were sent to a seminary in Paris. Her education “carried itself on.” By the age of ten years she could read, and she taught herself to write with the occasional assistance of her eldest sister. She immediately became a great scribbler of little poems and works of invention; and after two or three years her curiosity waked up so effectually that she became a most devoted though desultory reader, and by the age of fourteen she had carefully studied many of the best authors in her father's library, of which she had the uncontrolled range—making extracts and keeping a very intelligent *catalogue raisonné* of the books she read. A large part of her education, however,—like Madame de Stael, on her little stool at her mother's knee, in the midst of the visitors who frequented the house of M. Neckar—she picked up from the conversation of the enlightened literary circle of acquaintance which was accustomed to assemble around her father's tea-table. When she afterwards became herself so suddenly and brilliantly distinguished, he used to say that she had received no other education than she had made out for herself; and her own words were, that “her sole emulation for improvement, and sole spur for exertion, were her unbounded veneration and affection for her father, who nevertheless had

not, at the time, a moment to spare for giving her any personal instruction, or even for directing her pursuits."

Dr. Burney married a second time—a very sensible and excellent lady; an event which, instead of at all marring its harmony, brought only a new happiness to the most affectionate and amiable of homes. She happened, however, not to have a very exalted idea of the profitableness or propriety of female authorship, and did all in her power to discourage the tendency early betrayed by Fanny, who was constantly employed in secret scribbling, of which her elder sister, Susanna, was the sole confidante. Her affectionate alarm led her, as we are told, to inveigh very frequently and seriously against the evil of a scribbling turn in young ladies—the loss of time, the waste of thought, in idle, crude inventions—and the (at that time) utter discredit of being known as a female writer of novels and romances. And such was the effect of her homilies on this theme, that Fanny, when in her fifteenth year, made an *auto-da-fé* of a great accumulation of her manuscripts, in the shape of a bonfire in a paved play-court, a sacrifice which was copiously moistened with the tears of her faithful Susanna, if not with her own. But whatever virtuous resolutions she may have been thus induced to form to throw away her pen, they do not seem to have availed much more, against the strong bent and destiny of her genius, than the rhymed promises of young Watts when under the persuasion of the paternal whip. She not only began, from about that period, to diarize pretty copiously, but she could not resist the temptation from time to time, as an occasional interval of leisure and solitude would permit, to scribble disjointed scraps, out of which she afterwards put together her first published novel, which ushered her with so much *éclat* into the literary world, "Evelina." It was written, for the most part, at the age of about eighteen, though it was arranged for publication, and actually published, about seven years afterwards. Within that period she was kept pretty laboriously at work for her father, as an amanuensis and assistant (besides other tasks) in preparing the great work to which he devoted a most zealous industry and research, his "History."

This was not published till 1776. It was while thus actually engaged in the midst of this kind of literary occupation and publishing concerns, that—naturally enough, in sympathy with her father's feelings—she too was seized with that passion of print, which is the legitimate instinct and tendency of the most modest genius, as well as so often the fond fancy of conceited folly. But as she had not written for print, so did she not print for praise—at least for the public praise of acknowledged authorship. So timid was her diffidence, almost to a degree of morbid absurdity, that she kept her secret carefully dark from her most intimate associates, even the father to whom she was attached with the tenderest devotion. Her sisters and her younger brother, Charles, were her only accomplices—the latter as the necessary intermediary between herself and the publisher. Her two aunts, as persons of reliable discretion, were afterwards let into the secret. It was in January, 1778, that the book was published, by Lowndes, a comparatively obscure bookseller, who gave for the manuscript the price of twenty pounds—an offer which was accepted "with alacrity and boundless surprise at its magnificence!" From the successful run it had, the lucky publisher made for himself an enormous profit—though he never remembered to feel that there was any call upon his generosity or justice to admit the author to any degree of participation in the fruits of the success due solely to her own talent. However, she received an ample compensation in other and better ways, as is made abundantly manifest in the pages of the Diary, the publication of which, in the volumes before us, is made to commence at this point—where she for the first time emerges out of the modest shades of her former quiet and retired life, into a strong light of fame and social distinction, which might well have dazzled stronger eyes with so sudden a blaze. Never was a book more instantaneously and universally successful—and never did one procure for its author more flattering tributes from quarters whose praise was praise indeed. For several months she enjoyed the success of which she heard in all directions, herself snugly ensconced in her well-guarded anonymity. Nothing gave her equal pleasure with that

afforded her by the praise of her own father—who, after reading it, in perfect innocence of all suspicion of its authorship, expressed an unbounded admiration of it, setting it down as the best novel he knew, except Fielding's, and, in some respects, *better* than his. "This account," she thereon remarks, after hearing of this from her sister, "delighted me more than I can express. How little did I dream of being so much honored! But the approbation of the world put together would not bear any competition in my estimation with that of my beloved father." The happy secret could not long after this be withheld from him. One of her sisters let the cat out of the bag, and the proud and fond father was not slow in carrying it about to let all the world see it. He told it to Mrs. Thrale—and this brought Fanny fairly "out" at Streatham, a house upon which she seems to have looked with an awe, for the high and rare literary tone and character of its circle, which made her first *entrée* there a matter of no slight degree of terror and trepidation. Johnson fell dead in love with her at once, as he had with her book on his perusal of it, and she continued an unabated pet with the rough old mammoth till the day of his death. And when to all this was added the fact, speedily bruited about, that Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds entertained a similar opinion of it—that the former had sat up all night to finish it, and that the latter had not only done the same, but offered fifty pounds to know the name of the author—it will not be surprising that all the rest of the gay and literary world thronged to obey the authority of such an *imprimatur*; and that she speedily found herself transformed, in spite of her own most painful timidity and modesty, into a lion of the most approved roar and most fashionable parts. She afterward published "*Cecilia*" with a not inferior success, and was induced by the importunities of her friends (Sheridan included) to attempt a play, which she completed, with the title of "*The Witlings*;" but was wisely led to suppress it, by the kind criticism of her father and her excellent old friend, Mr. Crisp, of Chesington, of whom a delightful portrait appears, as well on the face of his own letters as of her own account of him. She continued to

move as a courted and flattered member of the best society of England at that period, and herself as highly respected for her dignity and sweetness of character and manners, as admired for her talents and literary successes, till she was invited by the Queen to accept a post at court as one of her own personal attendants, in the year 1786. It was not without reluctance that she was induced so far to sacrifice her personal freedom, as to accept this honor, though it was an object of ambition to thousands of the daughters of the nobility. Her "place" was that of Keeper of the Robes, in which she had the misfortune of having for her senior coadjutrix a mighty disagreeable and ill-tempered old German lady, Madame Schwellenberg. She had to assist at the toilet of the Queen at stated hours, the duties very nearly resembling what would be termed, if performed in any inferior service, those of a "lady's maid." The highest pride of English nobility rarely, however, sees degradation in the most menial duties about the sacred person of royalty; and however they may sneer at the Yankee pride which more truly expresses the relation it denotes, by the more kindly word of "help," they have no objection, in their own persons, to being held in the regular attendance of a hireling servitude, morning, noon, and night, fed at an inferior table, and obedient to the tinkle of a bell, summoning to the duty of dressing and undressing a mistress, whose every smile they are officially bound to regard as a sunbeam, and whose every word of kindness a grace and condescension ineffable.

So much, then, for Miss Burney herself, and her mode of life during the period embraced within these portions of her "*Diary and Letters*." We will now turn to other people, and as we skim lightly over the leaves of the book itself, dipping in as we pass here and there, introduce our readers to as many of the agreeable acquaintance she has helped us to form, as we can accommodate with room within our present limits.

And first, enter old Johnson. Indignant as we are so often made by his savage temper, his cruel rudeness, and his merciless tyranny in criticism and social intercourse, there is always, after all, something so great and good and glorious about the old fellow, bitter and

bad Tory as he was, which always fascinates our attention, and gives an interest to the slightest anecdote about him and almost every word that drops from his lips. She hears of his applause of "Evelina," in a letter from Mrs. Thrale to her father, before she had herself seen Mrs. Thrale, or known Dr. Johnson—with what sensations she shall herself relate :

"But Dr. Johnson's approbation!—it almost crazed me with agreeable surprise—it gave me such a flight of spirits that I danced a jig to Mr. Crisp, without any preparation, music, or explanation;—to his no small amazement and diversion. I left him, however, to make his own comments on my friskiness, without affording him the smallest assistance. . . . Well may it be said that the greatest minds are ever the most candid to the inferior set! I think I should love Dr. Johnson for such lenity to a poor mere worm in literature, even if I were not myself the identical grub he has obliged."

She is soon after invited and taken to Streatham; is placed at dinner next to his seat,—and

"Soon after we were seated this great man entered. I have so true a veneration for him, that the very sight of him inspires me with delight and reverence, notwithstanding the cruel infirmities to which he is subject; for he has almost perpetual convulsive movements, either of his hands, lips, feet, or knees, and sometimes of all together.

"Mrs. Thrale introduced me to him, and he took his place. We had a noble dinner, and a most elegant dessert. Dr. Johnson, in the middle of the dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him.

"'Mutton,' answered she, 'so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it.'

"'No, madam, no; I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day!'

"'Miss Burney,' said Mrs. Thrale, laughing, 'you must take great care of your heart if Dr. Johnson attacks it; for I assure you he is not often successful.'

"'What's that you say, madam?' cried he, 'are you making mischief between the young lady and me already?'

"A little while after he drank Mrs. Thrale's health and mine, and then added :

"'Tis a terrible thing that we cannot

wish young ladies well, without wishing them to become old women!'

"But some people,' said Mr. Seward, 'are old and young at the same time, for they wear so well that they never look old.'

"'No, sir, no,' cried the doctor, laughing, 'that never yet was; you might as well say they are at the same time tall and short. I remember an epitaph to that purpose, which is in——'

"(I have quite forgot what,—and also the name it was made upon, but the rest I recollect exactly:)

"——— lies buried here;

So early wise, so lasting fair,

That none, unless her years you told,

Thought her a child, or thought her old."

Johnson was too sensible a man not to understand the charms of occasional nonsense—too wise and too great a one not to be fully up to the philosophy of fun. If he was often savage as a tiger, he was at times frolicsome as a kitten. The following is a scene from her journal at Streatham :

"I fear to say all I think at present of Mrs. Thrale, lest some flaws should appear by and by, that may make me think differently. And yet why should I not indulge the *now*, as well as the *then*, since it will be with so much more pleasure? In short, I do think her delightful; she has talents to create admiration, good humor to excite love, understanding to give entertainment, and a heart which, like my dear father's, seems already fitted for another world. My own knowledge of her, indeed, is very little for such a character; but all I have heard, and all I see, so well agree, that I won't prepare myself for a future disappointment.

"But to return. Mrs. Thrale then asked whether Mr. Langton took any better care of his affairs than formerly?

"'No, madam,' cried the doctor, 'and never will; he complains of the ill effects of habit, and rests contentedly upon a confessed indolence. He told his father himself that he had "no turn to economy;" but a thief might as well plead that he had "no turn to honesty."'

"Was not that excellent?

"At night Mrs. Thrale asked if I would have anything? I answered 'No;' but Dr. Johnson said,

"'Yes; she is used, madam, to suppers; she would like an egg or two, and a few slices of ham, or a rasher—a rasher, I believe, would please her better.'

"How ridiculous! However, nothing could persuade Mrs. Thrale not to have the cloth laid: and Dr. Johnson was so

facetious, that he challenged Mr. Thrale to get drunk!

"I wish," said he, "my master would say to me, 'Johnson, if you will oblige me, you will call for a bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till it is done;' and after that I will say, 'Thrale, if you will oblige me, you will call for another bottle of Toulon, and then we will set to it, glass for glass, till that is done;'" and by the time we should have drunk the two bottles, we should be so happy, and such good friends, that we should fly into each other's arms, and both together call for the third!"

"I ate nothing, that they might not again use such a ceremony with me. Indeed, their late dinners forbid suppers, especially as Dr. Johnson made me eat cake at tea, for he held it till I took it, with an odd or absent complaisance.

"He was extremely comical after supper, and would not suffer Mrs. Thrale and me to go to bed for near an hour after we made the motion."

We here get a glimpse into Dr. Johnson's own domestic economy at Bolt Court, which is altogether too good to be lost:

"At tea-time the subject turned upon the domestic economy of Dr. Johnson's own household. Mrs. Thrale has often acquainted me that his house is quite filled and overrun with strange creatures whom he admits for mere charity, and because nobody else will admit them—for his charity is unbounded—or rather, bounded only by his circumstances.

"The account he gave of the adventures and absurdities of the set was highly diverting, but too diffused for writing—though one or two speeches I must give. I think I shall occasionally theatricalize my dialogues.

"Mrs. Thrale—Pray, sir, how does Mrs. Williams like all this tribe?

"Dr. Johnson—Madam, she does not like them at all; but their fondness for her is not greater. She and De Mullin quarrel incessantly; but as they can both be of occasional service to each other, and as neither of them has any place to go to, their animosity does not force them to separate.

"Mrs. T.—And pray, sir, what is Mr. Macbean?

"Dr. J.—Madam, he is a Scotchman: he is a man of great learning, and for his learning I respect him, and I wish to serve him. He knows many languages, and knows them well; but he knows nothing of life. I advised him to write a geographical dictionary; but I have lost

all hopes of his ever doing anything properly, since I found he gave as much labor to Capua as to Rome.

"Mr. T.—And pray who is clerk of your kitchen, sir?

"Dr. J.—Why, sir, I am afraid there is none; a general anarchy prevails in my kitchen, as I am told by Mr. Levat, who says it is not now what it used to be!

"Mrs. T.—Mr. Levat, I suppose, sir, has the office of keeping the hospital in health? for he is an apothecary.

"Dr. J.—Levat, madam, is a brutal fellow, but I have a good regard for him; for his brutality is in his manners, not his mind.

"Mr. T.—But how do you get your dinners drest?

"Dr. J.—Why, De Mullin has the chief management of the kitchen; but our roasting is not magnificent, for we have no jack.

"Mr. T.—No jack? Why, how do you manage without?

"Dr. J.—Small joints, I believe, they manage with a string, and larger are done at the tavern. I have some thoughts (with a profound gravity) of buying a jack, because I think a jack is some credit to a house.

"Mr. T.—Well, but you will have a spit too?

"Dr. J.—No, sir, no, that would be superfluous, for we shall never use it; for if a jack is seen a spit will be presumed!

"Mrs. T.—But pray, sir, who is the Poll you talk of? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out 'At her again, Poll! Never flinch, Poll!'

"Dr. J.—Why, I took to Poll very well at first, but she won't do upon a nearer examination.

"Mrs. T.—How came she among you, sir?

"Dr. J.—Why, I don't rightly remember, but we could spare her very well from us. Poll is a stupid slut; I had some hopes of her at first; but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical. I wish Miss Burney would come among us; if she would only give us a week, we should furnish her with ample materials for a new scene in her next work."

Presently afterward—(he had been complaining that he could not get Miss Burney to "prattle" with him)—Mrs. Thrale told him that Mrs. Montagu was to dine there the next day,

and then he would have talk enough, when—

“ Dr. Johnson began to see-saw, with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun, and after enjoying it some time in silence, he suddenly, and with great animation, turned to me and cried,

“ Down with her, Burney!—down with her!—spare her not!—attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and when I was beginning the world, and was nothing and nobody, the joy of all my life was to fire at the established wits! and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered; but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor little dear soul! So at her, Burney—at her, and down with her.”

“ O how we were all amused! By the way I must tell you that Mrs. Montagu is in very great estimation here, even with Dr. Johnson himself, when others do not praise her improperly. Mrs. Thrale ranks her as the first of women in the literary way.”

In these passages we have exhibited “the old lion” roaring you as gently as any sucking dove. But there are plenty of instances at hand in which he gives some very cross growls, and shows his teeth and claws in a manner which would tempt any one to protest against so disagreeable a brute being suffered to go at large throughout society. Poor Miss Hannah More gets a very savage pat of his paw—though she deserved it for her habit of adulation to the great and grand. And, by the way, that was a habit which she never entirely cured herself of; and if half the stories are true which are yet told of her by those who knew her, she was a much more agreeable acquaintance to that class of her friends, than to the humbler ones whom she could very unceremoniously thrust behind the screen to make way for a statelier visitor. A few such rebuffs as the following, however, might probably have sufficed to cure the worst degree of such a habit:

“ When she was introduced to him, not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and the instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her

with that quietness which a long use of praise has given him: she then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly; till, at length, he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, ‘Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having.’”

On Johnson’s part this was abominable enough, there being no point of wit to sharpen the blunt roughness of its incivility. He must have had at the moment a very sharp twinge of his malady to afford a palliation for it. Nor is the next instance much better, which was addressed to a gay, good, and good-humored girl, to whom it was cruel to administer such a box on the ears as the following:

“ Mr. Seward then told another instance of his determination not to mince the matter, when he thought reproof at all deserved. During a visit of Miss Brown’s to Streatham, he was inquiring of her several things that she could not answer; and, as he held her so cheap in regard to books, he began to question her concerning domestic affairs,—puddings, pies, plain work, and so forth. Miss Brown, not at all more able to give a good account of herself in these articles than in the others, began all her answers with ‘Why, sir, one need not be obliged to do so,—or so,’ whatever was the thing in question. When he had finished his interrogatories, and she had finished her ‘need nots,’ he ended the discourse with saying, ‘As to your needs, my dear, they are so very many, that you would be frightened yourself if you knew half of them.’”

And was there ever anything more unbearable than the following?

“ Lady Ladd; I ought to have begun with her. I beg her ladyship a thousand pardons—though if she knew my offence, I am sure I should not obtain one. She is own sister to Mr. Thrale. She is a tall and stout woman, has an air of mingled dignity and haughtiness, both of which wear off in conversation. She dresses very youthful and gaily, and attends to her person with no little complacency. She appears to be uncultivated in knowledge, though an adept in the manners of the world, and all that. She chooses to be much more lively than her brother; but liveliness sits as awkwardly upon her as her pink ribbons. In talking

her over with Mrs. Thrale, who has a very proper regard for her, but who, I am sure, cannot be blind to her faults, she gave me another proof to those I have already had, of the uncontrolled freedom of speech which Dr. Johnson exercises to everybody, and which everybody receives quietly from him. Lady Ladd has been very handsome, but is now, I think, quite ugly—at least she has a sort of face I like not. Well, she was a little while ago dressed in so showy a manner as to attract the doctor's notice, and when he had looked at her some time he broke out aloud into this quotation :

“ With patches, paint, and jewels on,
Sure Phillis is not twenty-one!
But if at night you Phillis see,
The dance at least is forty-three !”

I don't recollect the verses exactly, but such was their purport.

“ However,” said Mrs. Thrale, “ Lady Ladd took it very good-naturedly and only said,

“ I know enough of that forty-three—I don't desire to hear any more of it !”

However, he sometimes got from Mrs. Thrale, though in a very nice and ladylike way, almost as good as he gave :

“ I have had a thousand delightful conversations with Dr. Johnson, who, whether he loves me or not, I am sure seems to have some opinion of my discretion, for he speaks of all this house to me with unbounded confidence, neither diminishing faults, nor exaggerating praise. Whenever he is below stairs he keeps me a prisoner, for he does not like I should quit the room a moment; if I rise he constantly calls out ‘ Don't you go, little Burney !’

“ Last night, when we were talking of compliments and of gross speeches, Mrs. Thrale most justly said, that nobody could make either like Dr. Johnson. ‘ Your compliments, sir, are made seldom, but when they are made they have an elegance unequalled; but then when you are angry, who dares make speeches so bitter and so cruel ?’

“ Dr. J.—Madam, I am always sorry when I make bitter speeches, and I never do it, but when I am insufferably vexed.

“ Mrs. T.—Yes, sir; but you suffer things to vex you that nobody else would vex at. I am sure I have had my share of scolding from you !

“ Dr. J.—It is true you have; but you have borne it like an angel, and you have been the better for it.

“ Mrs. T.—That I believe, sir: for I

have received more instruction from you than from any man, or any book: and the vanity that you should think me worth instructing, always overcame the vanity of being found fault with. And so you had the scolding, and I the improvement.

“ Fanny Burney.—And I am sure both made for the honor of both !

“ Dr. J.—I think so too. But Mrs. Thrale is a sweet creature, and never angry; she has a temper the most delightful of any woman I ever knew.

“ Mrs. T.—This I can tell you, sir, and without any flattery—I not only bear your reproofs when present, but in almost everything I do in your absence, I ask myself whether you would like it, and what you would say to it. Yet I believe there is nobody you dispute with oftener than me.

“ F. B.—But you two are so well established with one another, that you can bear a rebuff that would kill a stranger.

“ Dr. J.—Yes; but we disputed the same before we were so well established with one another.

“ Mrs. T.—Oh, sometimes, I think I shall die no other death than hearing the bitter things he says to others. What he says to myself I can bear, because I know how sincerely he is my friend, and that he means to mend me; but to others it is cruel.

“ Dr. J.—Why, madam, you often provoke me to say severe things, by unreasonable commendation. If you would not call for my praise, I would not give you my censure; but it constantly moves my indignation to be applied to, to speak well of a thing which I think contemptible.

“ F. B.—Well, this I know, whoever I may hear complain of Dr. Johnson's severity, I shall always vouch for his kindness, as far as regards myself, and his indulgence.

“ Mrs. T.—Ay, but I hope he will trim you yet, too !

“ Dr. J.—I hope not: I should be very sorry to say anything that should vex my dear little Burney.

“ F. B.—If you did, sir, it would vex me more than you can imagine. I should sink in a minute.

“ Mrs. T.—I remember, sir, when we were travelling in Wales, how you called me to account for my civility to the people; ‘ Madam,’ you said, ‘ let me have no more of this idle commendation of nothing. Why is it, that whatever you see, and whoever you see, you are to be so indiscriminately lavish of praise ?’ ‘ Why, I'll tell you, sir,’ said I, ‘ when I

am with you and Mr. Thrale, and Queeny, I am obliged to be civil for four!"

"There was a cutter for you! But this I must say, for the honor of both—Mrs. Thrale speaks with as much sincerity, (though with greater softness,) as he does to her."

One more specimen of Johnson in his real wrath. The following scene takes place at a dinner at Mrs. Thrale's:

"The long war which has been proclaimed among the wits concerning Lord Lyttleton's 'Life,' by Dr. Johnson, and which a whole tribe of *blues*, with Mrs. Montagu at their head, have vowed to execrate and revenge, now broke out with all the fury of the first actual hostilities, stimulated by long-concerted schemes and much spiteful information. Mr. Pepys, Dr. Johnson well knew, was one of Mrs. Montagu's steadiest abettors; and, therefore, as he had sometime determined to defend himself with the first of them he met, this day he fell the sacrifice to his wrath.

"In a long *lê-le-à-lê-le* which I accidentally had with Mr. Pepys before the company was assembled, he told me his apprehensions of an attack, and entreated me earnestly to endeavor to prevent it; modestly avowing he was no antagonist for Dr. Johnson; and yet declaring his personal friendship for Lord Lyttleton made him so much hurt by the 'Life,' that he feared he could not discuss the matter without a quarrel, which, especially in the house of Mrs. Thrale, he wished to avoid.

"It was, however, utterly impossible for me to serve him. I could have stopped Mrs. Thrale with ease, and Mr. Seward with a hint, had either of them begun the subject; but, unfortunately, in the middle of dinner it was begun by Dr. Johnson himself, to oppose whom, especially as he spoke with great anger, would have been madness and folly.

"Never before have I seen Dr. Johnson speak with so much passion.

"Mr. Pepys," he cried, in a voice the most enraged, 'I understand you are offended by my "Life of Lord Lyttleton." What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!"

"No, sir," cried Mr. Pepys, 'not at present; I must beg leave to decline the subject. I told Miss Burney before dinner that I hoped it would not be started.'

"I was quite frightened to hear my own name mentioned in a debate which began so seriously; but Dr. Johnson

made not to this any answer: he repeated his attack and his challenge, and a violent disputation ensued, in which this great but *mortal* man did, to own the truth, appear unreasonably furious and grossly severe. I never saw him so before, and I heartily hope I never shall again. He has been long provoked, and justly enough, at the *sneaking* complaints and murmurs of the Lyttletonians; and, therefore, his long-excited wrath, which hitherto had met no object, now burst forth with a vehemence and bitterness almost incredible.

"Mr. Pepys meantime never appeared to so much advantage; he preserved his temper, uttered all that belonged merely to himself with modesty, and all that more immediately related to Lord Lyttleton with spirit. Indeed, Dr. Johnson, in the very midst of the dispute, had the candor and liberality to make him a personal compliment, by saying—

"Sir, all that you say, while you are vindicating one who cannot thank you, makes me only think better of you than I ever did before. Yet still I think you do me wrong,' &c. &c.

"Some time after this, in the heat of argument, he called out—

"The more my "Lord Lyttleton" is inquired after, the worse he will appear; Mr. Seward has just heard two stories of him, which corroborate all I have related.'

"He then desired Mr. Seward to repeat them. Poor Mr. Seward looked almost as frightened as myself at the very mention of his name; but he quietly and immediately told the stories, which consisted of fresh instances, from good authorities, of Lord Lyttleton's illiberal behavior to Shenstone; and then he flung himself back in his chair, and spoke no more during the whole debate, which I am sure he was ready to vote a bore.

"One happy circumstance, however, attended the quarrel, which was the presence of Mr. Cator, who would by no means be prevented talking himself, either by reverence for Dr. Johnson, or ignorance of the subject in question; on the contrary, he gave his opinion, quite uncalled, upon everything that was said by either party, and that with an importance and pomposity, yet with an emptiness and verbosity, that rendered the whole dispute, when in his hands, nothing more than ridiculous, and compelled even the disputants themselves, all inflamed as they were, to laugh. To give a specimen—one speech will do for a thousand.

"As to this here question of Lord Lyttleton I can't speak to it to the purpose, as I have not read his "Life," for

I have only read the "Life of Pope;" I have got the books though, for I sent for them last week, and they came to me on Wednesday, and then I began them; but I have not yet read "Lord Lyttleton." "Pope" I have begun, and that is what I am now reading. But what I have to say about Lord Lyttleton is this here: Mr. Seward says that Lord Lyttleton's steward dunned Mr. Shenstone for his rent, by which I understand he was a tenant of Lord Lyttleton's. Well, if he was a tenant of Lord Lyttleton's, why should he not pay his rent?"

"Who could contradict this?"

"When dinner was quite over, and we left the men to their wine, we hoped they would finish the affair; but Dr. Johnson was determined to talk it through, and make a battle of it, though Mr. Pepys tried to be off continually.

"When they were all summoned to tea, they entered still warm and violent. Mr. Cator had the book in his hand, and was reading the 'Life of Lyttleton,' that he might better, he said, understand the cause, though not a creature cared if he had never heard of it.

"Mr. Pepys came up to me and said,--

"Just what I had so much wished to avoid! I have been crushed in the very onset."

"I could make him no answer, for Dr. Johnson immediately called him off and harangued and attacked him with a vehemence and continuity that quite concerned both Mrs. Thrale and myself, and that made Mr. Pepys, at last, resolutely silent, however called upon.

"This now grew more unpleasant than ever; till Mr. Cator, having some time studied his book, exclaimed,--

"What I am now going to say, as I have not yet read the "Life of Lord Lyttleton" quite through, must be considered as being only said aside, because what I am going to say--"

"I wish, sir," cried Mrs. Thrale, "it had been *all* said aside; here is too much about it, indeed, and I should be very glad to hear no more of it."

"This speech, which she made with great spirit and dignity, had an admirable effect. Everybody was silenced. Mr. Cator, thus interrupted in the midst of his proposition, looked quite amazed; Mr. Pepys was much gratified by the interference; and Dr. Johnson, after a pause, said,--

"Well, madam, you *shall* hear no more of it; yet I will defend myself in every part and in every atom!"

"And from this time the subject was wholly dropped. This dear violent doctor was conscious he had been wrong, and

therefore he most candidly bore the reproof."

Johnson afterwards behaved much better in relation to this matter—making the advances and the *amende honorable* with great magnanimity the next time he met poor Mr. Pepys. On a subsequent occasion, meeting Mrs. Montagu herself, he had great difficulty in refraining from a similar scene with her, being held in check only by a promise to Mrs. Thrale not to quarrel any more in her house. We are not surprised to learn that society in return could punish him back, in some degree, for the habit of rude and unmerciful domineering in which he used thus to indulge—for we find the following entries in Miss Burney's Diary, close to each other, together with other occasional intimations of the same kind. All the world was not so servilely grateful for the conversational kicks and cuffs which he used to dispense right and left, as his own Boswell:

"Thursday, October 31, (1782).—A note came this morning to invite us all, except Dr. Johnson, to Lady Rothe's. Dr. Johnson has tortured poor Mr. Pepys so much, that I fancy her ladyship omitted him in compliment to her brother-in-law. She mentions me in the civilest terms, &c."

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"Saturday, November 2.—We went to Lady Shelly's. Dr. Johnson again excepted in the invitation. He is almost constantly omitted, either from too much respect or too much fear. I am sorry for it, as he hates being alone, and as, though he scolds the others, he is well enough satisfied himself; and, having given vent to all his occasional anger or ill-humor, he is ready to begin again, and is never aware that those who have so been 'downed' by him, never can much covet so triumphant a visiter. In contests of wit, the victor is as ill off in future consequences as the vanquished in present ridicule."

But enough of the glorious old lexicographer—or rather as much of him as we can find room for now. His name runs like a thread of gold through the varied web of Miss Burney's diary down to the period of his death, on the 12th of December, 1784, of which she gives a very impressive and touching account.

Her first meeting with Sheridan, accompanied by his beautiful wife, was at a party at Mrs. Cholmondeley's—(pronounced, by the way, *Chumly*.) The lady of the house had just been scattering her guests about into little parties, or cabals, of three or four each,—

“Just then the door opened, and Mr. Sheridan entered.

“Was I not in luck? Not that I believe the meeting was accidental; but I had more wished to meet him and his wife than any people I know not.

“I could not endure my ridiculous situation, but replaced myself in an orderly manner immediately. Mr. Sheridan stared at them all, and Mrs. Cholmondeley said she intended it as a hint for a comedy.

“Mr. Sheridan has a very fine figure, and a good though I don't think a handsome face. He is tall, and very upright, and his appearance and address are at once manly and fashionable, without the smallest tincture of foppery or modish graces. In short, I like him vastly, and think him every way worthy his beautiful companion.

“And let me tell you what I know will give you as much pleasure as it gave me,—that, by all I could observe in the course of the evening, and we stayed very late, they are extremely happy in each other; he evidently adores her, and she as evidently idolizes him. The world has by no means done him justice.”

“About this time Mrs. Cholmondeley was making much sport, by wishing for an acrostic on her name. She said she had several times begged for one in vain, and began to entertain thoughts of writing one herself.

“‘For,’ said she, ‘I am very famous for my rhymes, though I never made a line of poetry in my life.’

“‘An acrostic on your name,’ said Mr. Sheridan, ‘would be a formidable task: it must be so long that I think it should be divided into cantos.’

“‘Miss Burney, cried Sir Joshua, who was now reseated, ‘are not you a writer of verses.’

“F. B.—No, sir.

“Mrs. Chol.—O don't believe her. I have made a resolution not to believe anything she says.

“Mr. Sheridan.—I think a young lady should not write verses till she is past receiving them.

“Mrs. Chol. (rising and stalking majestically towards him.)—Mr. Sheridan,

pray, sir, what may you mean by this insinuation; did I not say I writ verses?

“Mr. Sheridan.—Oh, but you—

“Mrs. Chol.—Say no more, sir! You have made your meaning but too plain already. There now, I think that's a speech for a tragedy!”

The following extract introduces a name which will be welcome to the American eye, though it shows that the good old gentleman did not know much about “Evelina.” He had other things on hand to think of at that time (1779):

“On Thursday, I had another adventure, and one that has made me grin ever since. A gentleman inquiring for my father, was asked into the parlor. The then inhabitants were only my mother and me. In entered a square old gentleman, well wigg'd, formal, grave, and important. He seated himself. My mother asked if he had any message for my father?

“‘No, none.’

“Then he regarded me with a certain dry kind of attention for some time; after which, turning suddenly to my mother, he demanded,

“‘Pray, ma'am, is this your daughter?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“‘O! this is Evelina, is it?’

“‘No, sir,’ cried I, staring at him, and glad none of you were in the way to say Yes.

“‘No?’ repeated he, incredulous; ‘is not your name Evelina, ma'am?’

“‘Dear, no, sir,’ again quoth I, staring harder.

“‘Ma'am,’ cried he, drily, ‘I beg your pardon! I had understood your name was Evelina.’

“And soon after he went away.

“When he put down his card, who should it prove but Dr. Franklin! Was it not queer?”

She is introduced to another of her great admirers, at a dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds's:

“Miss Palmer soon joined us; and, in a short time, entered more company, three gentlemen and one lady; but there was no more ceremony used of introductions. The lady, I concluded, was Mrs. Burke, wife of the Mr. Burke, and was not mistaken. One of the gentlemen I recollected to be young Burke, her son, whom I once met at Sir Joshua's in town, and another of them I knew for Mr. Gibbon: but the third I had never seen before. I had been told that the Burke was not expected; yet I could conclude this gentleman to be no

other: he had just the air, the manner, the appearance, I had prepared myself to look for in him, and there was an evident, a striking superiority in his demeanor, his eye, his motions, that announced him no common man.

"I could not get at Miss Palmer, to satisfy my doubts, and we were soon called down stairs to dinner. Sir Joshua and the *unknown* stopped to speak with one another upon the stairs; and, when they followed us, Sir Joshua, in taking his place at the table, asked me to sit next to him; I willingly complied. 'And then,' he added, 'Mr. Burke shall sit on the other side of you.'

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Miss Georgiana, who had also placed herself next Sir Joshua; 'I won't consent to that; Mr. Burke must sit next *me*; I won't agree to part with him. Pray, come and sit down quiet, Mr. Burke.'

"Mr. Burke,—for him it was,—smiled and obeyed.

"I only meant," said Sir Joshua, 'to have made my peace with Mr. Burke, by giving him that place, because he has been scolding me for not introducing him to Miss Burney. However, I must do it now; Mr. Burke!—Miss Burney!'

"We both half rose, and Mr. Burke said,—

"I have been complaining to Sir Joshua that he left me wholly to my own sagacity; however, it did not here deceive me.'

"Oh dear, then," said Miss Georgiana, looking a little *consternated*, 'perhaps you won't thank me for calling you to this place?'

"Nothing was said, and so we all began dinner, young Burke making himself my next neighbor.

"Captain Phillips knows Mr. Burke, Has he or has he not told you how delightful a creature he is? If he has not, pray, in my name, abuse him without mercy; if he has, pray ask if he will subscribe to my account of him, which herewith shall follow.

"He is tall, his figure is noble, his air commanding, his address graceful; his voice is clear, penetrating, sonorous, and powerful; his language is copious, various, and eloquent; his manners are attractive, his conversation is delightful,

"What says Captain Phillips? Have I chanced to see him in his happiest hour? or is he all this in common? Since we lost Garrick, I have seen nobody so enchanting.

"I can give you, however, very little of what was said, for the conversation was not *suivie*, Mr. Burke darting from subject to subject with as much rapidity as entertainment, Neither is the charm of his

discourse more in the matter than the manner; all, therefore, that is related from him loses half its effect in not being related by him."

And the following letter among Madame d'Arblay's papers must be an autograph worth preserving to her family:

"From the Right Hon. Edmund Burke to Miss F. Burney.

"Madam,—I should feel exceedingly to blame if I could refuse to myself the natural satisfaction, and to you the just but poor return, of my best thanks for the very great instruction and entertainment I have received from the new present you have bestowed on the public. There are few—I believe I may say fairly there are none at all—that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature, and their stock of observation enriched, by reading your 'Cecilia.' They certainly will, let their experience in life and manners be what it may. The arrogance of age must submit to be taught by youth. You have crowded into a few small volumes an incredible variety of characters; most of them well planned, well supported, and well contrasted with each other. If there be any fault in this respect, it is one in which you are in no great danger of being imitated. Justly as your characters are drawn, perhaps they are too numerous. But I beg pardon; I fear it is quite in vain to preach economy to those who are come young to excessive and sudden opulence.

"I might trespass on your delicacy if I should fill my letter to you with what I fill my conversation to others. I should be troublesome to you alone if I should tell you all I feel and think on the natural vein of humor, the tender pathetic, the comprehensive and noble moral, and the sagacious observation that appear quite throughout that extraordinary performance.

"In an age distinguished by producing extraordinary women, I hardly dare to tell you where my opinion would place you amongst them. I respect your modesty, that will not endure the commendations which your merit forces from everybody.

"I have the honor to be, with great gratitude, respect, and esteem, Madam,

"Your most obedient and most humble
Servant,

"EDM. BURKE.

"Whitehall, July 29, 1782.

"My best compliments and congratula-

tions to Dr. Burney on the great honor acquired to his family."

At a party at a Miss Monokton's, the whole of which is sketched off with great vivacity, Mrs. Siddons is introduced :

"I was extremely happy to have my dear father with me at Miss Monckton's. We found Mrs. Siddons, the actress, there. She is a woman of excellent character, and, therefore, I am very glad she is thus patronised, since Mrs. Abington, and so many frail fair ones, have been thus noticed by the great. She behaved with great propriety ; very calm, modest, quiet, and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance, and her eyes look both intelligent and soft. She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging. Mrs. Thrale, who was there, said, 'Why, this is a leaden goddess we are all worshipping! however, we shall soon gild it.'"

She does not seem to have been a great favorite with Dr. Johnson, who thus makes, however, a very pretty speech to Miss Burney herself :—

"Mr. Burke then went to some other party, and Mr. Swinerton took his place, with whom I had a dawdling conversation upon dawdling subjects ; and I was not a little enlivened, upon his quitting the chair, to have it filled by Mr. Metcalf, who, with much satire, but much entertainment, kept chattering with me till Dr. Johnson found me out, and brought a chair opposite to me.

"Do you laugh, my Susan, or cry at your F. B.'s honors ?

"So," said he to Mr. Metcalf, 'it is you, is it, that are engrossing her thus ?'

"He's jealous," said Mr. Metcalf, drily.

"How these people talk of Mrs. Siddons !" said the Doctor. 'I came hither in full expectation of hearing no name but the name I love and pant to hear,—when from one corner to another they are talking of that jade Mrs. Siddons ! till, at last wearied out, I went yonder into a corner, and repeated to myself, Burney ! Burney ! Burney ! Burney ! Burney !'

"Ay, sir," said Mr. Metcalf, 'you should have carved it upon the trees.'

"Sir, had there been any trees, so I should ; but being none, I was content to carve it upon my heart."

She does not say much of Horace

Walpole, to whom she evidently did not "cotton" very closely :—

"I went to Mrs. Vesey's in the evening, for I had promised to meet at her house Mrs. Garrick, who came to town that day from Hampton. I found her and Miss More, and Lady Claremont, and Horace Walpole, Mr. Pepys and Miss G. ; no one else.

"Mrs. Garrick was very kind to me, and invited me much to Hampton. Mrs. Vesey would make me sit by Horace Walpole : he was very entertaining. I never heard him talk much before ; but I was seized with a panic upon finding he had an inclination to talk with me, and as soon as I could I changed my place. He was too well-bred to force himself upon me, and finding I shied, he left me alone. I was very sociable, however, with Mrs. Garrick."

And on another occasion she thus hits him off with fine and just point :—

"In the evening, indeed, came in Mr. Walpole, gay, though caustic ; polite, though sneering ; and entertainingly epigrammatical. I like and admire, but I could not love, nor trust him."

Miss Burney gives a great deal of detail of the life and talk of the King and Queen—a very kind, good-natured, and worthy old couple, no doubt. The former's opinion about Shakspeare is as much, however, as our readers will care to see :—

"'Was there ever,' cried he, 'such stuff as great part of Shakspeare ? only one must not say so ! But what think you ?—What ?—Is there not sad stuff ?—What ?—what ?'

"Yes, indeed, I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellences, that—'

"O !" cried he, laughing good-humoredly, 'I know it is not to be said ! but it's true. Only it's Shakspeare, and nobody dare abuse him.'

"Then he enumerated many of the characters and parts of plays that he objected to ; and when he had run them over, finished with again laughing, and exclaiming,

"'But one should be stoned for saying so ?'"

We will make but one more extract—for the sake of this saucy Mr. Turbulent, who certainly wrote no misnomer when he signed his name, and

who was one of the King's equeries. Occurring as it does in the midst of her life at court, where all is usually a most tiresome monotony of homage and reverence toward all the members of the royal family, it is quite refreshing. It was certainly, under the circumstances, a flight of impudence approaching the sublime:—

“With all the various humors in which I had already seen Mr. Turbulent, he gave me this evening a surprise, by his behavior to one of the princesses, nearly the same that I had experienced from him myself. The Princess Augusta came, during coffee, for a knotting shuttle of the Queen's. While she was speaking to me, he stood behind and exclaimed, *à demi voix*, as if to himself, ‘*Comme elle est jolie ce soir, son Altesse Royale!*’ And then, seeing her blush extremely, he clasped his hands, in high pretended confusion, and hiding his head, called out, ‘*Que ferai-je?*’ The Princess has heard me!”

“‘Pray, Mr. Turbulent,’ cried she hastily, ‘what play are you to read to-night?’”

“‘You shall choose, ma'am; either *La Coquette Corrigée* or—’ [he named another I have forgotten.]”

“‘O no!’ cried she, ‘that last is shocking! don't let me hear that!’”

“‘I understand you, ma'am. You fix, then, upon *La Coquette*? *La Coquette* is your Royal Highness's taste?’”

“‘No, indeed, I am sure I did not say that.’”

“‘Yes, ma'am, by implication. And, certainly, therefore, I will read it, to please your Royal Highness!’”

“‘No, pray don't; for I like none of them!’”

“‘None of them, ma'am?’”

“‘No, none;—no *French plays* at all!’”

“And away she was running, with a droll air, that acknowledged she had said something to provoke him.”

“‘This is a declaration, ma'am, I must beg you to explain!’ cried he, gliding adroitly between the Princess and the door, and shutting it with his back.”

“‘No, no, I can't explain it; so pray, Mr. Turbulent, do open the door.’”

“‘Not for the world, ma'am, with such a stain uncleared upon your Royal Highness's taste and feeling!’”

“She told him she positively could not stay, and begged him to let her pass instantly.”

“But he would hear her no more than he has heard me, protesting he was too much shocked for her to suffer her to depart without clearing her own credit!

“He conquered at last, and thus forced to speak, she turned round to us and said, ‘Well—if I must then, I will appeal to these ladies, who understand such things far better than I do, and ask them if it is not true about these French plays, that they are all so like one to another, that to hear them in this manner every night is enough to tire one?’”

“‘Pray, then, madam,’ cried he, ‘if French plays have the misfortune to displease you, what *National* plays have the honor of your preference?’”

“I saw he meant something that she understood better than me, for she blushed again, and called out ‘Pray, open the door at once! I can stay no longer; do let me go, Mr. Turbulent.’”

“‘Not till you have answered that question, ma'am! what *Country* has plays to your Royal Highness's taste?’”

“‘Miss Burney,’ cried she impatiently, yet laughing, ‘pray do you take him away! Pull him!’”

“He bowed to me very invitingly for the office; but I frankly answered her, ‘Indeed, ma'am, I dare not undertake him! I cannot manage him at all!’”

“‘The *Country!* the *Country!* Princess Augusta! name the happy *Country!*’ was all she could gain.”

“‘Order him away, Miss Burney,’ cried she: ‘tis your room: order him away from the door.’”

“‘Name it, ma'am, name it!’ exclaimed he; ‘name but the *chosen nation!*’”

“And then, fixing her with the most provoking eyes, ‘*Est-ce la Danemarck?*’ he cried.”

“She colored violently, and quite angry with him, called out, ‘Mr. Turbulent, how can you be such a fool?’”

“And now I found . . . the Prince Royal of Denmark was in his meaning, and in her understanding!”

“He bowed to the ground in gratitude for the term *fool*, but added with pretended submission to her will, ‘Very well, ma'am, *s'il ne faut lire que les comédies Danoises.*’”

“‘Do let me go!’ cried she, seriously;—and then he made way, with a profound bow as she passed, saying, ‘Very well, ma'am, *La Coquette*, then? your Royal Highness chooses *La Coquette Corrigée?*’”

“‘*Corrigée?* That never was done!’ cried she, with all her sweet good-humor, the moment she got out, and off she ran, like lightning, to the Queen's apartments.”

“What say you to Mr. Turbulent now?”

“For my part I was greatly surprised. I had not imagined any man, but the King or Prince of Wales, had ever ventured at a *badinage* of this sort with any of the Princesses; nor do I suppose any other man ever did. Mr. Turbulent is so great

a favorite with all the Royal Family, that he safely ventures upon whatever he pleases, and doubtless they find, in his courage and his rhodomontading, a novelty extremely amusing to them, or they would not fail to bring about a change."

We must here take our leave of the very entertaining gossip who has led us into the midst of so much distinguished and agreeable company. She herself appears throughout in a very amiable light—exhibiting so much ingenuousness, modesty, playfulness, delicacy, and dignity—so much freedom from vanity and egotism at the very time when diarizing about her own adventures and in the first person singular—and so much warmth of feeling and sweet familiar fondness toward her own family and friends, combined with rectitude of principle, and prudence and propriety of conduct—the whole exhibited on the face of these records of herself with the most innocent unconsciousness, and absence of all desire or thought of *effect*—that you cannot help liking herself best of all the persons on her pages, and feeling anxious to welcome the appearance of

the promised continuation of her Diary. Few of her readers will wonder that old Johnson could not bear to let her go a moment out of his sight when in her vicinity, and none, we think, refuse to ratify and adopt his favorite mode of speaking of her, as "dear little Burney." In one of his admirable letters to her, her old friend Mr. Crisp, before mentioned,—after reproaching her for a long lapse of time without the receipt of one of her journalizing letters—thus prophesies, what no doubt proved true to herself, as we fully vouch for the truth of the concluding words as applicable to us:—"If you answer me you have not continued it, you are unpardonable, and I advise you to set about it immediately, as well as you can, while any traces of it rest in your memory. It will one day be the delight of your old age—it will call back your youth, your spirits, your friends, whom you formerly loved, and who loved you, (at that time, also, probably, long gone off the stage,) and lastly, when your own scene is closed, remain a valuable treasure to those that come after you."

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA.*

MR. GRISWOLD has "done the state some service" in the preparation of this elegant volume; and there is probably no other man who could have done the same. In no other repository, we believe, than on his shelves, is to be found so complete a collection of all the printed records of American verse, from its earliest quaint rhymings to its latest strains whose echoes may be yet lingering on the ear. In no other repository than in the faithful memory where an enthusiastic industry has stored it, is to be found such a fund of knowledge, at once extensive and minute, respecting its authors, great and small, their histories, works, and personal and poetical characters. It is well, too, that Mr. Griswold, thus pos-

sessed of so rich an accumulation of materials, and well qualified in point of cultivated literary taste to digest and use them, should have performed this task,—for it may well be questioned whether any other individual than our insatiate *helluo* would ever have dared to venture upon, would ever have been able to persevere through it. Let the reader expand his imagination to a full conception of its extent and nature. In the body of the book there are between ninety and a hundred of the "Poets of America" from whose writings he has made selections, in some cases pretty copious, and upon whom he passes successively his sentence of critical judgment, implying a careful familiarity with all they have

* The Poets and Poetry of America. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Philadelphia: Royal 8vo. pp. 468. Carey & Hart: 1842.

written ! God forbid that we should be competent, as an appellate court of review, in all these cases to revise his decrees and criticise his criticisms !—since the possession of the proper degree of acquaintance with his subjects would imply the devotion of so large a part of the brief span of human life to their study, as must needs have left but slender opportunity for the cultivation of any other. We therefore make the confession without shame—nay, with satisfaction—that, with respect to not a few of them, till we saw them here arrayed in regimental line, we were innocent as the unborn child, not only of their “Poetry,” but of the fame, yea, even of the very names, of the “Poets” now for the first time introduced to us. The more, then, the praise to Mr. Griswold, whose antiquarian ardor, and spirit of avaricious accumulation in the way of poetical treasure—disdaining not to gather coppers to add to the store already rich with ingots—have stimulated and sustained him through so tedious a toil—“*Multa tulit, fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit !*”

In justice to our indefatigable collector, we will give the muster-roll of this regimental array he has thus recruited, and which it is ours to review. Omitting all the ante-revolutionary names which he enumerates in the Historical Introduction prefixed to the work, we take from Mr. Griswold's table of contents the following list of those whom he admits to rank under the designation attached to the volume :—

Philip Freneau, John Trumbull, Timothy Dwight, David Humphreys, Joel Barlow, Richard Alsop, St. John Honeywood, William Clifton, Robert Treat Paine, Washington Allston, James Kirke Paulding, Levi Frisbie, John Pierpont, Andrews Norton, Richard H. Dana, Richard Henry Wilde, James A. Hillhouse, Charles Sprague, Hannah F. Gould, Carlos Wilcox, Henry Ware, Jr., William Cullen Bryant, John Neil, Joseph Rodman Drake, Maria Brooks, James Gates Percival, Fitz-Greene Halleck, John G. C. Brainard, Samuel Griswold Goodrich, Isaac Clason, Lydia Huntley Sigourney, George Washington Doane, William B. O. Peabody, Robert C. Sands, Grenville Mellen, George Hill, James G. Brooks, Albert G. Greene, William Leggett, Edward C. Pinckney, Ralph

Waldo Emerson, Sumner Lincoln Fairfield, Rufus Dawes, Edmund D. Griffin, J. H. Bright, George D. Prentice, William Crowwell, Walter Colton, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Mrs. Seba Smith, N. P. Willis, Edward Sanford, J. O. Rockwell, Thomas Ward, John H. Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, William Gilmore Simms, George Lunt, Jonathan Lawrence, Elizabeth Hall, Emma C. Embury, John Greenleaf Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Albert Pike, Park Benjamin, Willis Gaylord Clark, William D. Gallagher, James Freeman Clarke, Elizabeth F. Ellett, James Aldrich, Anna Peyre Dinnies, Edgar A. Poe, Isaac M'Lellan, Jr., Jones Very, Alfred B. Street, William H. Burleigh, William Jewett Pabodie, Louis Legrand Noble, C. P. Cranch, Henry Theodore Tuckerman, Epes Sargeant, Lucy Hooper, Arthur Cleveland Coxe, James Russell Lowell, Amelia B. Welby, Lucretia and Margaret Davidson—*ninety-two*, all told !

He then spreads a sort of second table for the servants, as it were—bundling up together a considerable number of fugitive productions, under the general title of “Poems by Various Authors,”—luminaries of a lesser brilliancy, yet not wholly unworthy of the privilege of giving a single modest twinkle or two in an Appendix. We must confess that in the descending scale of our measurement of poetic genius, as we behold it become “fine by degrees and beautifully less,” we do not find it easy to discern the rule or principle of discrimination by which Mr. Griswold has been guided, in distributing the several names on the one side or the other of this broad line of distinction. There are certainly several among the more “common sort,” of the Appendix, who would be justly entitled to contest the right of some of the others to the seats above the *dais* which Mr. Griswold, in the omnipotence of editorial discretion, has seen fit to assign them. Were we constituted the judges of such a new election case, we frankly confess that we should be sorely puzzled in some instances how to decide—though we fear we should have to take refuge under the example of some of the late election committees in Parliament, who were compelled to oust the sitting members—but at the same time to declare the claimants equally unworthy of the seats. The following is the list

of the names composing the "under crust" of the poetical pie, according to Mr. Griswold's distribution of the parts and places:—

Edward Everett, John Quincy Adams, Henry Pickering, Samuel Woodworth, John Shaw, Robert M. Reid, Katharine A. Ware, Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, J. K. Mitchell, Elizabeth Townsend, R. C. Waterston, James J. Fields, Sarah Josepha Hale, George P. Morris (ah, Mr. Griswold! Mr. Griswold! was not this cruel, if not unjust?), Prosper M. Wetmore, Mrs. Lydia M. Child, William B. Tappan, James Nack, George B. Cheever, Alexander H. Bogart, Catharine H. Esling, John B. Van Schaick, Elizabeth Margaret Chandler, Hugh Peters, Frederick W. Thomas, C. G. Gamage, Horace Greeley, William H. C. Hosmer, Seba Smith, William Pitt Palmer, James Hall, Charles West Thompson, Robert M. Charlton, Horatio Hall, Charles W. Everett, George W. Patten, William Wallace, Mary E. Brooks, Micah P. Flint, William Lloyd Garrison, Otway Curry, Frances Sergeant Osgood, Nathan C. Brooks, Mrs. Laura M. Thurston, Carter Morris, Rev. George W. Bethune, Job Durfee, Bryan Ransom, Henry Carey, Mrs. Sarah Ellen Whitman, Benjamin D. Winslow, C. G. Eastman, Ephraim Peabody, John M. Harney, Sarah L. P. Smith, Elizabeth Bogart, P. P. Coke, Julia H. Scott, Caroline M. Sawyer, W. J. Snelling, Lindley Murray, John Rudolph Sutermeister, Theodore S. Fay, Clement C. Moore, Francis S. Key, Joseph Hopkinson.

There is one omission, by the way, in Mr. Griswold's work, which we are sure our readers, after exhausting their breath in the rehearsal of all this long array, will agree with us in censuring. It is on the title-page, and on the back of the cover. The alliteration of the name of the volume ought to have been carried out one step farther, and it should have run "The Poets, Poetry, and Poetasters of America." It is true that in the Preface to the Reader this omission is substantially supplied; but this was hardly enough to give us that fair and public warning we have a right to look for on the outside title to a volume. In the passage of the preface we allude to, Mr. Griswold tells us, with great *naïveté*, that in selecting the specimens in the work, he

has not hampered himself by any very "strict definition" of "POETRY," but that he has regarded "humorous and other *rhythmical compositions*, not without merit in their way, as poetry, though they possess but *few of its true elements*." And he absolves himself from the literary responsibility of the case, and hints at the necessity imposed on him by his contract with his publishers in relation to the cubic bulk of the projected book, by intimating that if he had acted on a different principle he "might have experienced difficulty in filling so large a volume." However, we have no idea of seriously finding fault on this ground with either the accomplished editor or the beautiful result of his labors. His remark is as true as it is gratifying, that "nearly everything in the poetic manner produced in this country is free from licentiousness, and harmless, if not elevating in its tendencies." All the selections which he has admitted rise up to the level of a certain degree of merit; many indeed constitute genuine poetry of a high order; and the collected whole makes a truly valuable volume, which the public ought to be glad and grateful to receive,—glad and grateful for what is given—in some instances, we are half tempted to add, and grateful for what is omitted.

"There is in all this nation hardly a native inhabitant of Saxon origin who cannot read and write,"—is an exclamation of just patriotic pride in which Mr. Griswold indulges. We think he might almost have ventured to add, "and rhyme." The question among us will not long be, who is a "poet," but who is *not*; and among all "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," it will be quite refreshing to find anything over the age of military duty who has escaped the epidemic cacochetes, and who can declare himself, on honor, innocent of all flirtation with the universal muse. Among the various passports to distinction one of the rarest as well as most honorable, it seems to us, will ere long be, that "he is the man who never wrote a verse"—and *that* man, we venture to predict, will be quickly sought out by a grateful people, in the retirement of his modest merit, and rewarded with at least the just tribute of a presidential election.

It is really astonishing the quantity

of very decent verse which is poured forth by every day's fresh issue of its fresh periodicals of all sorts—abounding in smooth and flowing rhyme and rhythm, correct language, pretty conceits, and imagery that might pass for beautiful were it not all already hackneyed in the service of a thousand bards. Any quantity of this may be collected every year into as large a volume as that before us—all rising up just so high and no higher—all intolerably tolerable. This is all very well, and we have no disposition to quarrel with its amiable authors, who are perfectly welcome to the flattering unction for their souls of fancying themselves possessed of "the vision and the faculty divine." They have an incontestable right to print it too, if such be the impulse of the innocent illusion under which they labor—for no one is under any obligation to read, at least beyond the first stanza. We are strenuous advocates of "the largest liberty"—the liberty to write, the liberty to print, and the liberty to skip. We only remark on the fact incidentally in passing,—seeing in it simply one of the consequences of the general diffusion of a certain degree of education; of the influence of republican institutions suggesting universally that sentiment of *equality* which scorns to shrink from what other men, named Milton, or Shakspeare, or Byron, or Shelley, or Wordsworth, or Bryant, have attempted and achieved; and of the poetical culture which the language has received within the present century, bidding it flow more smoothly and easily than of old into rhythmical moulds and patterns, of every variety of shape and size. They are pretty little things while they last, these myriad ephemera, which thus flutter into their harmless existence with every morning's dawning beam, and fade again out of life and remembrance with the same evening's parting ray—let them flutter and let them fade! We have no objection either to any curious entomologist gathering up a few of each kind as specimens, from time to time; spreading out the filmy gauze of their bright little wings, and preserving them pressed and dried for immortality between the leaves of a book—as Mr. Griswold has done. Let them remain there, not only to show that they once existed themselves, but

as mementos of those countless swarms of others just like them, though less fortunate in being thus caught and kept for the gratification of the curiosity of posterity. We take it for granted that—throwing out of view some dozen or half-dozen, perhaps, of the names above transcribed from Mr. Griswold's *catalogue raisonné*, which will live by their own deathless vitality, "for a spirit is in them"—the immortality of this volume, or of some other anthological collection of the same kind, is all that is to be expected for the "Poets and Poetry of America" here embodied.

A few words in conclusion on one other point in Mr. Griswold's preface. He falls into a great mistake in the importance he attaches to what he terms "an honest and politic system of RECIPROCAL COPYRIGHT and PROTECTION to the native mind," for the encouragement of men of the first order of genius to devote themselves to authorship—especially in the poetical "line of business." This argument assumes that fewer English books would be printed for circulation in this country, if they had the benefit of a copyright protection, than is now the case, inferring that a sort of monopoly of the home market would accrue to the benefit of the "native mind," which would constitute a stimulus to its activity analogous to that supposed to reside in a protective tariff for the promotion of the "native manufactures." Now we think there is little doubt that a much larger number would in that case be published, of the very works he would discourage. Many books would then be undertaken, with the protection of copyright, by the publishers who now shrink from the insecurity of such enterprises, liable to be baffled to-morrow by the competition of a cheaper edition, driven with steam-engine velocity through the unresting press of their opposite neighbors. The fact, now well settled, that it is the best interest of all concerned, author as well as publisher, in the book trade, to reduce prices down to the minimum point of profit, would prevent the addition of the author's copyright remuneration from being very sensibly felt in the market price, to any extent sufficient to counteract this tendency on the other side of the balance. The only effect would probably

be to discourage the system which has recently grown up of the republication of the current popular novels of the day in the mammoth weeklies—a result which would enure rather to the benefit of the regular book-selling publishers, than either to the American author or the American public; while there can be no doubt that many books in England would be written for the American market, either chiefly, or conjointly with a reference to the English sale; so that the competition of the rich and active talent of the English literary classes with our own would be rather favored and extended than discouraged by the operation of such a law. Not that we are opposed to it—on the contrary, on the ground of abstract justice we would rather advocate its passage—though neither of the two nations concerned has yet recognised the very principle, of the essential and perpetual right of literary property, on which alone can rest the claim so

strenuously urged for the reciprocal protection of international copyright. Supporting that principle, we must needs admit the inference resulting from it, on the ground of its abstract moral obligation; though we think that in demanding the recognition of the one before that of the other, its necessary “condition precedent,” the internationalists commit the mistake of proposing to drag forward the horse by the cart—at the same time that the American portion of them totally mistake the grounds of national interest, and of peculiar benefit to themselves, on which we see them generally rest their argument. This point, however, we propose to discuss more fully and elaborately at an early day—having for some time been compelled or induced, by the claims of other matter for insertion in our pages, to postpone the publication of an article prepared on the subject.

THE PRINCE OF EDMON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Kings I., chapter 11.

THE warriors of David came down in their ire,
And Edom was scathed 'neath their deluge of fire,
O'er the wrecks of its throne rolled oblivion's dark flood,
And the thirst of its valleys was satiate with blood.

Its prince, a lone outcast, an orphan distrest,
In the palace of Egypt found refuge and rest,
And the queen's gentle sister, with eye like the dove,
Became in her beauty the bride of his love.

Yet, still a dark shade o'er his features would stray,
Though the lute-strings thrilled soft and the banquet was gay,
For the land of his fathers in secret he pined,
And murmured his grief to the waves and the wind.

“The voice of my Country! It haunteth my dreams!
I start from my sleep, at the rush of its streams,—
Oh monarch of Egypt!—sole friend in my woe,—
I would see it once more,—Let me go! Let me go!”

“ Would'st thou hie to the desert, and couch with the bear ?
Or the lion disturb in his desolate lair ?
Would'st thou camp on the ruins, with brambles o'ergrown,
While the blasts in their mockery respond to thy moan ?

“ Know'st thou not, that the sword of stern Joab was red,
Till the dukes of Idumea were slaughtered and dead ?
Know'st thou not that his vengeance relaxed not, nor stayed
Till six moons waxed and waned, o'er the carnage he made ?”

“ I know that our roof-trees in ashes were laid,
And the vine and the olive hewed down from each glade,—
Yet still, some pale sprouts from their roots may be seen,
And the clefts of the rock with their foliage be green.

“ I know that our virgins, so stately and fair,
Who wreathed with the pearl and the topaz their hair,—
That our merchants, whose wealth with a monarch has vied,—
In Phenicia and Sidon like servants abide.

“ But roused by my trumpet, the exiles shall haste,
From the far, foreign realms where their life-blood they waste ;
From the walls of Azotus with speed they shall fly,
And rest, like the bird, 'neath their own native sky.”

“ O, prince of red Edom,—content thee,—be still !
In the treasures of Egypt partake at thy will ;
Lo ! thy wife lights thy bower with the wealth of her charms,
And thy babe, as she names thee, leaps high in her arms.

“ Thou know'st from thy realm all the people have fled,—
That the friends of thy childhood are cold with the dead,—
Every drop of thy blood from that region is left,
Not a voice of thy kindred to welcome thee left.”

“ Let me go, king of Egypt, to visit my slain,—
To weep o'er their dust, who revive not again ;
Though nought in their courts save the lizard, should glide,
And the bat flap his wing in their chambers of pride.

“ Yet still doth Mount Seir in his grandeur remain,—
Still the rivers roll on, to the fathomless main,—
Though no voice of the living should solace my woe,
To the land of my birth,—let me go ! let me go !”

L. H. S.

Hartford, (Conn.), July 4th, 1842.

THE YEOMAN'S REVENGE.

THE events of the following story occurred in England, about fifty years ago, the principal persons concerned being well known to the writer. The established rule of fiction, when an ignoble lover is brought on the stage in conjunction with a high-born mistress, is to compensate for his inferiority of rank by an inverse ratio of superiority in all the truer nobility of nature. If this rule is not strictly adhered to in this instance, it is not her fault but that of the fact.

The sweetest creature in all Cheshire was young Alice B——, the pride of one of its proudest old families, and the delight of one of its happiest and most splendid homes. It was one of those families of very ancient and pure descent, and vast landed wealth, in which, though not within the pale of the peerage, the sentiment of aristocracy of birth and blood is perhaps stronger than in the highest ranks of the latter. Her father, Sir Wilmot B——, was a mighty hunter before the Lord—a regular, glorious old fox-chasing squire of the most thorough breed, such as there are but few to be found, lingering like last roses, at the present day. With the finest pack in the county, the places of the numerous retainers in his hunting establishment were no sinecures; and a week rarely passed that the Hall did not ring from foundation to roof-tree with the loud and long revelry that wound up the sports and fatigues of a hard day's hunt.

Next to the chace, his second passion was his beautiful and lovely child. He could never tolerate her absence from his side or sight for many hours at a time; so that from her earliest years he had so trained her up to a participation with him in the sports of the field, that there were few better shots or bolder riders in all the country round than the fair young girl, who, under all other circumstances, was everything that was delicate, feminine, and refined, in womanly sweetness and loveliness. She had never breathed any other atmosphere than one of idolatry and happiness. The early death of her mother had been the only

grief she had known. She had an independence of character and of habits amounting sometimes to a wild wilfulness, which was almost her sole imaginable fault, and to a proud contempt for the opinion of the world, which was the most threatening danger that seemed to await her in life. Romantic, generous to a weakness, with a deep and impetuous tide of affections, not only was there no sacrifice of which she was incapable in obedience to the impulses of any noble passion, but she would be rather likely to find a pleasure in such a sacrifice proportioned to its magnitude, and to the high disinterestedness of her own efforts in making it.

She had a brother, about two years older than herself, who was at Cambridge—a young man of a less high and noble natural mould than Alice—proud and passionate, yet withal affectionate and not ungenerous, though possessed with a morbid jealousy of his family dignity, as also of his sister's charms and claims to the most splendid rank and distinction in society, whenever she should condescend to bestow the priceless treasure of her heart upon any of the applicants who had thronged to aspire to her hand. A very respectable old maiden aunt, the baronet's only sister, as stiff as buckram in a straight-lacing of etiquette and propriety, though kind-hearted and simple, completed the family at the Hall.

But there was another person whose intimacy made him almost an inmate there, though occupying a peculiar and somewhat equivocal relation to the family. It was a young farmer, whose property, very considerable in extent, and held in his family for many generations, adjoined the B—— estates, the successive owners of which had frequently in vain attempted to purchase the former, but had always met with a peremptory refusal. The Fletcher farm happened to occupy a situation in which it seemed a very inconvenient intrusion on the completeness and symmetry of the lands surrounding the Hall. Whether from this cause, or from any other, a certain ill feeling seemed to have subsisted for two or

three generations between the great people of the Hall and the yeoman family of the farmstead. In another way, the latter, themselves at the head of their own class in the country round, were probably not less proud than the former—toward whom, from the immeasurable social distance that separated them, they looked up with a kind of envious though hopeless jealousy, which was almost a family hostility, angry and even bitter, though smothered and without ostensible excuse. There had been several displays of ill-will between them, on some of the various occasions created by the relation of such close neighborhood; and the scornful superiority with which the pride and power of the B——'s had borne down the humbler and weaker party in such collisions, together with the contempt with which the dogged independence set up by them was treated, had rankled down deep on the side of the latter. This had been especially the case with the father of the young Edward Fletcher above alluded to, now the present owner; and almost from his infancy the latent germs of this malignant poison of hereditary bad feeling had been planted among his earliest associations and impressions.

However, no trace of their existence was apparent to any eye, nor indeed to the consciousness of the young man himself, at the period here referred to. On the contrary, notwithstanding the wide disparity of birth and social position, circumstances had brought him into a close intimacy at the Hall, which seemed to have obliterated even all recollection of the old feud, if so it may be called, of former years. About eight years before, he had happened, at great peril to his own, to save the life of the young heir of B——, while swimming, by an extraordinary effort of courage, strength, and self-possession, having plunged into the water with all the encumbrance of his clothes. He was then less than fourteen years old, being about a year the senior of the boy he so gallantly rescued. The feat was witnessed by Sir Wilmot himself, as also by the little Alice, who already, child as she was, was the frequent companion of the latter in his rides, herself mounted on a little pony specially trained for so gentle a service. The bold young farmer's son, his own

brave and handsome face glowing with the excitement of the moment, and his stout frame easily supporting his slight and now insensible burthen, had borne the boy he saved in his arms, the pallid face of the latter drooping upon his own ruddy cheek, till he delivered him into those of the distracted father himself,—from whom, as also from the beautiful girl who shared all the intensity, first of despair, and then of rapture, that marked the moment, he received such demonstrations of gratitude as would well have tempted and repaid—so felt the delighted boy—a hundredfold greater efforts and dangers. The consequence of this was that Edward Fletcher became the constant companion and playmate of George and his sister; he was admitted to share their education, under the guidance of an excellent tutor and masters, at the Hall; while from his boldness and dexterity in all the sports to which the life of the old baronet was chiefly devoted, he became the peculiar pet and attendant of the latter, a special aide-de-camp, as it were—a service which the youth discharged with the less unwillingness because, in addition to the charms of the various sports themselves, it threw him more constantly than any other opportunities could have done, into the society of Alice, who was growing up through this period a perfect flower of loveliness and a perfect star of brightness. His own parents having been dead many years, he had no restriction at home upon the course of habit into which he insensibly ran, of almost living at the Hall. Everything went on smoothly and happily. In the easy and affectionate familiarity of the relations in which he lived with the family, of which he seemed all but a member, his own natural pride and imperiousness of temper found nothing to chafe or cross its grain. When George went to college he did not accompany him. Sir Wilmot never dreamed of such an idea; and though for George, a "gentleman," and the heir of B—— and its baronetcy, it was proper, as a matter of course, he would have as soon imagined the propriety of sending a colt of one of Edward's own plough-horses to Cambridge, as their young owner and destined driver. Besides "Ned" was to himself an absolute indispensable—especially in George's absence

—and so, nothing loth to remain in his present relation to the *one* inmate of the Hall who had long been all in all to his secret heart, Edward remained behind; though the proud ambition which was the second—perhaps the first—passion in his nature, made him a hard student at home, with the benefit of the library of the Hall, in all the intervals of time he could command, from the constant round of the sports which were there the chief employment of life.

It was, perhaps, a singular infatuation, but such was the fact, that no thought of alarm for the possible consequences of so close and constant an intercourse between so handsome and gallant a youth and a maiden so lovely in herself, and so ardent and generous in her own affections, ever for a moment seemed to cross the mind of either Sir Wilmot or his sister, the presiding personage of the Hall, so far as regarded the department of female concern and control. They would as readily have imagined a similar danger between Alice and the "Man in the Moon," as conceived the idea that the young yeoman, who was made a *quasi* gentleman only by the kind patronage of B— Hall, and who was nowhere else known or recognised as anything more than his father and grandfather had been before him, would ever think of raising so bold an eye as to aspire to such a star;—still less that the star could ever cast down on such an aspiration any other look than a twinkle of infinite contempt. However, they did not think of either boldness or contempt in the matter—they did not think about it at all, any more than they would concern themselves with speculations on the possibility of that long-propheesied falling of the skies, at which, as is well known, so many larks are to be caught. What would have been the rage of the old Baronet!—what the dismay of prim and stately Aunt Edith!—had they known that their Alice loved the presumptuous peasant with all the fervor of her tender and generous nature—that she was to him the object of a passion in which was concentrated all the fiery force of his high-toned and energetic character—nay more, that for nearly a year from the time to which this narrative refers, they had been self-betrothed to each other, with all the solemnity that vows

can add to the sacred meeting and mingling of hearts. But so it was. How it had come to pass, I cannot afford the time to tell,—nor would it much matter if I could.

One evening, after a morning of a most glorious run, in which Edward Fletcher had met with his frequent fortune of carrying off the brush, while Sir Wilmot had returned home with one of the fox's paws in his cap, as a trophy and proof that he had got in at the death, the former made his escape, at an earlier hour than was often permitted, from the table at which the Baronet dispensed a flowing and rather uproarious hospitality to the hunt of the day. The company breaking up and dispersing about a couple of hours afterward, Sir Wilmot himself followed him to Alice's parlor, with a step steady enough, it is true, for all practical purposes, but with the habitual hale and hearty ruddiness of his complexion flushed to a more than ordinary hue, and his faculties not quite so clear and distinct in their intelligence as they had been before breakfast, and as they probably would be again to-morrow morning. As he approached the door he paused a moment to listen to the beautiful effect of the mingling of the two voices of Alice and young Fletcher, in one of the fine old English duets which they often sang together.

"Bravo, Ned—bravo, my boy!" was the exclamation with which he interrupted them—with a slap on the shoulder of the young man, which was a much more energetic demonstration of affection than would have been at all agreeable to a less stout and stalwart frame. "And as for you, you dear little bird, your voice is almost as sweet as your kiss to your foolish old father. Your humble servant, Madam!" he then added, turning round to Madam Edith, with a bow and flourish of mingled gallantry and gravity which were highly comical. "But Ned, you ought to have been down there,—why, they unkenelled you after you had gone, and were off in full cry on the scent, with a regular tallyho! You ought to have been there to see how I stood up for you. They talked of your pride and your airs, and so forth, above your station in life, and all that sort of thing. But I stood up for you, that I did—and swore it was all envy, because you got the brush which Sir Harry

Horn had vowed should be his, with that new hunter he sported this morning,—and because you cleared so handsomely those five bars which young Lord Maurice Paget was compelled after all to get down and open on their hinges. And I swore, too, what none of them could gainsay, that even though you weren't a gentleman—and that's only your misfortune, too, Ned, and no fault of yours—'egad, I wish you were though, Ned, 'pon my soul I do!—yet this I said for you, that you were the best shot, the best rider, the best trout-fisher, and the best swimmer, too,—havn't forgot that, Ned!—no, we never forget that, do we, Alice?—and altogether, except in blood and birth and all that, you know, altogether about the best fellow in general, in the whole county."

If Alice could have dared to give the utterance of words to the thought that sprang quick and warm up from her heart, as she listened to her father's category of Edward's manifold superiorities in his eye, she could have added, "the best lover." Whoever could have looked down yet deeper into the darker elements of his character, than either father or daughter had done, might have seen that which would have taught them that he could become "the best hater" too.

During this speech, most cruel when meant to be most kind, the face of the young man had alternately flushed and faded into a deadly paleness. In her pain and mortification, Alice had not ventured even to steal a glance at it. With a strong effort mastering the passion that shook his very soul, he commanded his voice so far as to ask, with a tone that strove to be calm, but which betrayed the futility of the effort even to the not very delicate ear of the Baronet at the present moment—"Your high-blooded and high-bred guests have done me too much honor, sir, in taking for their topic a humble farmer and farmer's son, who claims to be nothing more than a Man. I regret indeed that I was not there, to take some slight part in such a discussion; but I should be glad to know who it was in particular who thus indulged himself in my absence?"

"Nonsense, Ned,—why, they were most of them pretty well agreed, I believe; and there was after all nothing you've any right to take offence at; and

all that was to be said, and all that could be said, I did say—and that right stoutly and cordially, my dear boy. Besides it was at my table, too, you know—and it's myself who told you—I thought you'd be glad to hear what I said. Pooh, pooh! there's nothing for you to quarrel about—and then, you know, what would you have? Of course, you know, you could not expect or ask any of them to fight you, or any of that sort of thing. But 'egad, Ned, you ought to have been born a gentleman, as well as a good fellow as you are—and what's more, I wish from my heart you had been! You and George together could then—by the way, Alice, I've got a letter from George, and he'll be here in three or four days, and that same handsome Cantab chum of his who was with him before, Lord Frank Forester,—it's you he comes to see, Alice, much more than my hounds and horses,—ah, yes it is, you little mischief, you!"

The old gentleman kept all the talk to himself for some time longer, and went on with the most perfect unconscientiousness, turning the steel round and round, and deeper and deeper, in the wound he had made in the proud and sensitive heart of the youth before him. The latter seized the first moment to withdraw, abruptly, in a tumult of bitter and stinging feelings, which even the gentle whisper added by Alice to her good-night—"to-morrow morning!" had no power to assuage.

I pass rapidly over all unessential details. In a long and passionate interview on the following morning, Alice was startled and grieved to observe how deeply and even fiercely the soul of her lover was roused in arms by an occurrence so little worthy of producing such an effect, on a nature so noble and gallant as she loved to consider his. She did not dissemble the effect it had produced on her own mind, not only of pain for him, but of almost despair of ever obtaining her father's sanction to an idea so preposterous as her marriage to this humble "peasant." In his impetuous resentment, Edward Fletcher was strongly bent on making an immediate disclosure to him,—of claiming his daughter's hand, boldly, if not even haughtily, by the right divine of the possession of her heart,—and of at once speeding the last extremity, when, if he should not ex-

tort the consent which he now panted for as much for pride as for love, from that antagonist pride which he would freely give life and all it could contain to force down to the level of his despised and insulted position, he would at least make one decisive trial of his dominion over the affections of his mistress; and either quaff at one draught the mingled bliss of triumphant revenge in triumphant love, or, if disappointed, casting the latter scornfully forth, surrender his heart to hate, and his whole faculties to the aim of compassing its indulgence. She shrank from thus precipitating all the worst she apprehended. She knew the certain consequence of such a collision between the quick and vehement passions of her father and the terrible temper she trembled to discover in her lover. There was one hope remaining, to which, though with dark misgivings, she clung as the drowning mariner to a straw—George's aid and influence. He owed his life to Edward—had been the affectionate playmate of his childhood and friend of his youth—and his own warm fondness for her would appeal strongly to his heart when he should come to know the extent to which her hopes and happiness were involved.

"We will wait for George's return," she urged with an earnestness and eagerness not to be resisted. "He knows you, as I know you, Edward, for what you are in yourself. He knows you his full equal—nay, even his superior in all manhood and true nobleness," and her eye brightened proudly through her tears, as she placed her hand confidently in her lover's; "he loves you, too,—he is not ungrateful,—he will not forget that hour when my love for you first entered my heart, child as I was, through the avenue of my love for him,—when the young hero who had saved his life, almost at the sacrifice of his own, brought him to us on the bank, nearly beyond recovery, and looked so bright and beautiful to our eyes as he did it! He will not forget, either, that it was your brave and strong arm, dear Edward, that saved my life, too, that terrible day when the lightning drove poor Rowena wild, and you prevented her and me from plunging down the Wolf Crag, only by dashing your own horse in between me and it, when it

was only a miracle that kept you from going over yourself! He has not forgotten all this—and when I see him—when I tell him all—he will not have forgotten how dear my happiness used to be to him, ought to be to him still! Let us wait for George—he will be home in a few days—and he will not, he cannot refuse to help us, and all will be safe."

"I fear, Alice, that your own heart overcolors George's feelings in regard to me. We have been much apart of late years. He has been at college, and in the world, in the midst of every influence to strengthen his natural pride of birth and rank. I have no very strong hold on his heart now—I saw it when he was home last—nor has he written me a line since he left. And you know he has his heart set on your being won over to favor the suit of his present friend, that Lord Forester! No, Alice—if I have little hope in your father, I have not much more in George! I have only one hope, dearest and sweetest, and in whom that hope is garnered, who knows so well as herself?"—and his arm encircled the fair girl's slender waist, and no resistance repelled the kiss accompanying the look with which he seemed to ask what was to be his reliance on that hope.

"Come what may," was the beautiful answer of the trusting and enthusiastic maiden, "the life you saved is justly and rightfully yours,—when I confessed to you that my heart was yours also, I told you nought,—and when I added the pledge over my mother's grave, I felt all the sacredness both of the pledge and the place; and never fear, Edward, that I shall be the first to forget it!"

Her spirit moved over the dark and troubled elements of his like the wing of a seraph on a mission of peace. He was calmed, and consented to her counsel, though still at the bottom of his heart there was a dull and compressed heaving of the waves of the worst passions, which might yet break forth with a fury which he could not himself calculate nor perhaps restrain.

On the third day from this morning the expected arrival took place. Edward was at first shy of coming in contact with his former friend; and very soon found or fancied reason to feel confirmed in his worst apprehensions as

to the relation and the sentiments with which he was regarded by him.

There was a great deal of kindness, and a certain kind of familiarity; but there was something of condescension in it, of conscious distinction of rank and social position; altogether a something which he felt to be very different from the tone and manner of his intercourse with his newer but more "noble" friend, whom he brought with him from Cambridge. But he before long found the opportunity he sought. Alice detained George at home one morning that the Baronet rode out to show Lord Forester some fine coursing with a favorite pair of greyhounds. The two young men strolled together in the park. Edward opened the subject with a fluttering heart, though abruptly and with a bold and proud manliness which was almost haughtiness, and which would have done no discredit to any peer or prince in the realm. The other listened for a while, first in incredulity, then amazement, then pity for the insane infatuation which had led Edward even to admit within the range of his wildest fancy a thought so absurd as that of aspiring to the love of his sister—still less, to a hope of winning it. But when the whole truth came out, and he heard—and instinctively felt even a species of latent exultation which lent a peculiar emphasis and energy to the speaker's language—that this insolent love had been not only avowed but returned, and sealed with a secret but sacred pledge of betrothal, dating back as far as nearly a year ago,—and that Alice's own affections were so deeply involved in this plebeian and impossible union, that she even authorized Edward to plead the certain wreck of her whole happiness in life, if not her life itself, as an inducement to his consent and aid,—a deep and powerful revulsion of feeling swept over his heart. His astonishment kept him for some moments speechless, though his flushed and darkened countenance foreboded the storm that was about to break; and, even before he spoke, roused as to a deadly conflict of antagonist passions, all those fierce devils of a bad and selfish pride, which, long undeveloped, had nevertheless made their home deep in the breast of the youth who stood before him, silent, with compressed lips and ominous eye, awaiting the

answer in words, already sufficiently given by the electric and more eloquent expression of looks.

A bitter quarrel ensued. With a thousand words of keenest sting and of the most scornful bitterness, the brother charged the lover with a treacherous abuse of the privileges of hospitality; of the opportunities afforded by a patronizing kindness which had its origin in an accidental occurrence of childhood; and of that confidence which was founded on the presumed impossibility of such a return. He accused him of taking an unmanly and ungrateful advantage of his position to ensnare the too generous and romantic feelings of an enthusiastic girl, whose life he had happened to save, for the promotion of an overweening ambition even if for no baser motive. Rejecting the idea that so unworthy a sentiment could possibly have taken any deep root in his sister's heart, he repulsed with every the most contemptuous insult the application which it was Edward's object to make, for his own consent, and aid to obtain that of his father. On the other hand, the latter met him with equal haughtiness and anger, scoffing contemptuously at his pretensions of aristocratic superiority; and losing sight of every prudential motive, as well as all command of his temper, he repaid insult with insult, and scorn with scorn. What would have been the result of so fiery a collision, notwithstanding all the restraints, on the one hand of a conscious debt of life, and on the other, of the fraternal relation of his antagonist to his mistress, cannot be known; for before it had proceeded to the length of a blow on either side, on the very verge of which the altercation seemed already to hover, the Baronet and Lord Forester appeared at a turn of the avenue of the park where they stood, riding leisurely back from their sport. Observing the flushed and angry countenances of the young men and the violence of their manner, he spurred quickly up to them, and in great surprise inquired the meaning of what he saw. Almost beside himself with the exasperation both of the quarrel and its cause, George at once disclosed the whole, in the bitterest language of invective against the treachery and ingratitude and base presumption of the other. Its effect on Sir Wilmot—presented so suddenly—in so dark an

aspect—in a form calculated most violently to shock all his deepest prejudices and to arouse all his angriest passions—was fearful. His face purpled with the blood that flooded to his head—it was a moment of insanity—"Serpent!—Hound!" were the only words he could articulate,—when, denied the vent of language, his passion, always impetuous but never perhaps similarly enraged, sought that of instinctive action. Spurring his horse upon the youth, who stood bareheaded, with his arms folded across his breast, and without a syllable of reply to either, the old Baronet, in his madness, with the handle of a very heavy riding-whip, dealt him a sudden blow on the right temple, which, stalwart as he was in frame, stunned him instantly and felled him to the earth. When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in the hands of the servants who had been left with him as he lay, and who, by the command of their master, had borne him for some distance across the park, (which on this side was on the edge of the B— estate,) and placed him *outside* of the lodge and wall, and of course beyond the limit of the domain from which, by this act, in addition to his other insults and wrongs, he was even forcibly ejected. Disengaging himself from their hands when they were in the act of wiping from his face the blood which had trickled down from a broad gash made on his forehead by Sir Wilmot's blow, he made his way to his own home, his head whirling with a chaos of confused thoughts of vengeance, and all hell in his heart. All this had taken place, too, in the presence, forgotten or disregarded, both of Lord Forester and of the two servants by whom they were attended.

A servant soon arrived from the Hall, bringing a variety of articles of sporting gear which belonged to him, and a prohibition against being ever again seen either at the Hall or within the B— domain.

Poor Alice, sorely as she was stricken, behaved nobly and beautifully; developing a degree of independence and energy of character they were not prepared to find. When she was informed of what had occurred, she herself reproved even her father with a most eloquent severity for the great wrong he had done, to one whose only

crime, besides that of saving the lives of both George and herself, had been that of loving her well, and of well deserving her love. She steadily refused to send him any message of rejection, though she made no disclosure of what course she might pursue; and when hard pressed by her father, she claimed the right of being left to compose her own thoughts, so violently agitated and agonized by such events, within her own privacy; after which, for three days, she neither made her appearance among the family nor admitted any one but her own maid to her room, imploring her father's forbearance and permission to indulge for a few days her natural desire of being left alone and undisturbed.

She there formed her own resolve, through prayers and many tears, but bravely and worthily of her own right noble nature. She felt how heavily her lover had been wronged. Her sense of justice revolted indignantly against it. She felt his right to an atonement commensurate with the outrage that had been heaped upon him,—and that she alone could make it, she alone heal the deep and envenomed lacerations that had been ploughed into his heart. Had the course of her father and brother been different, had it been less violent and less unjust, her own too might have been different; and the affections of nature and kin might have triumphed over that other love which, however strong in her heart, was yet of later growth and less deep root. But they had placed themselves so widely in the wrong, that they cast over into the opposite side of the balance every consideration of justice and right, as approved by her conscience, to be added to every impulse of generosity and womanly tenderness, as prompted by her heart; and she resolved to abandon home and rank, father and kin, to be the wife of her lowly, yet, as she deemed him, noble and worthy peasant lover; and as such' to devote her life to the compensation of all he had had to endure on her account and from her own blood. It was a hard trial both of heart and conscience; yet, convincing herself, by a generous elevation of reasoning, that in the choice between conflicting duties she chose the highest and most truly sacred, in remaining faithful to the plighted troth she had given in

exchange for another heart, she wrote him the following note, which she had no difficulty in conveying to him through the agency of her devoted maid, to whom she did not hesitate to impart a full confidence of the determination she had arrived at:

"If the house of B—, in their pride, have scorned and spurned their very preserver, her gratitude, her love, and her faith are not forgotten by their daughter,

"ALICE."

When she re-appeared in the midst of her family, though sad and abstracted, Alice was yet calm. Her first words to her father were a simple request that no allusion should be made to the recent occurrence, or to any concerned in it. Deeply grieved as both he and her brother were for her, in the midst of all the stern bitterness of their resentment against Edward, whose conduct their deep-rooted prejudices of family pride permitted them to see only in the worst of lights, they willingly complied with this request; which, moreover, they construed into an acquiescence with their own severance of all communication with the low-born peasant, as they regarded him, who had been the cause of this thunderbolt which had thus fallen in their midst. If Alice now, for the first time in her life, departed from the transparent candor and truthfulness which had always hitherto so beautifully marked all her intercourse with them, if it was a fault—or, rather, *though* it was a fault, it was surely not "the unpardonable sin." In reply to her note she received the most devoted protestations of gratitude, and an entreaty for an interview, which, however, must not be within the limits of any portion of the B— domain. The spot he named was that at which he had been cast forth beyond the wall of the park—the hour being left to her to fix. There was an indescribable something in his letter which grated rather harshly on the intensely-strung feelings of Alice; but she complied with his request, and promised to be at the spot indicated that same night, at the only time at which she could escape the many eyes to which she was exposed, after the household of the Hall should have retired to rest. Attended by her maid, supported by

her own nobleness of spirit, and fearless in her innocence and loving trust, she kept the promise; and gliding noiselessly forth, stole like a ray of moonlight through the deep shadows of the stately avenues of the park, till she stood at the spot appointed, and was folded in the tender clasp of her lover, now as it seemed to her a hundredfold dearer than he had ever been before.

The Muse that invented history never meant it for such interviews. I confine my narrative to its results. In about a month George was to become of age, and a great family festival was to commemorate the event; after which, on the ensuing day, it had been planned that they were to leave the Hall, for a visit to town and a continental tour—designed chiefly for the purpose of withdrawing Alice from the scene of so much painful association, and of obliterating the impression of which they were as much ashamed as grieved that any trace should remain. She now consented that she would on that day become Edward's wife. She was half terrified still by a something in her lover's manner. Though vehement in his language and lavish in every endearment of tenderness, there seemed on the whole a want of a living warmth and truth; a dark shadow rested still evidently on his spirit; and occasional unguarded expressions half betrayed the fires of pride, revenge, and hatred, still pent up in his heart, and still burning to embrace the authors of his recent outrage, though they were *her* father and *her* brother, in some fierce and consuming vengeance. The fear more than once crossed her, like a cold shadow of death, that there was more of pride than love in the passion he pleaded,—that his heart was more earnestly bent on the punishment and humiliation of her house through her means, than on the possession of herself for herself alone. His protestations, however, re-assured her, aided as they were by the trusting impulses of her own sweet and generous nature; and they at length parted, not to meet again till the appointed hour on the morning of the day when she was to be received in a chaise which should await her in this very spot, and convey them to a church in a parish about twenty miles distant, where he would have every arrangement complete to take her, by the highest law of God

and man, under the protection of that relation paramount to any right or claim of parent or kindred. In the meantime, he was to absent himself from the county, both to avoid the chance of any rencounter with Sir Wilmot or George, and also to preclude the formation of any suspicion, and to favor the course she herself pursued at the Hall, of simple silence in relation to him. And so they parted. She was wrong perhaps; but if so, she was, or at least believed herself to be, generously and magnanimously wrong.

I hurry over the concluding incidents of my story. The appointed day came round, and grand preparations were made at the Hall for its celebration by all the tenantry. All was in readiness also for the intended departure of the family on the following day—arrangements in which Alice, silent and passive, had borne no personal part, everything being directed by Aunt Edith. She had requested that she might not be disturbed in her room, before the hour at which her presence would be required to greet the gathering of the guests of the day. Unobserved amidst the general confusion and excitement, she left the Hall, in her simple bonnet and shawl, accompanied by her maid; and making her way quickly through the park, was in season to meet the chaise which drew up at the spot of her former meeting at the exact hour of the appointment, ten in the morning. Startled and distressed not to find her lover in it, she would have hastily withdrawn had not a note been handed her by the driver, in Edward's handwriting—stating that a cause which need not then be explained, compelled him to send the chaise empty for her and her maid; but that the driver was entirely to be trusted, and would convey her to the church where the marriage ceremony would be immediately performed, for which he had procured the license and engaged the attendance of the minister. Retreat was now too late, even if it had been her own desire. Stepping hastily into the chaise and closing its blinds, they were whirled rapidly off. After a ride of about a couple of hours, and a single stoppage to change horses, the chaise drew up at the gate of an old churchyard, from which a pathway led to the open door of the church; one of the

prettiest of those old Gothic structures, small, half-covered with ivy, and embosomed in the solemn shade of venerable trees, of which there are so many scattered about in the most retired places in England. Embarrassed at remaining in the chaise at the gate, and uncertain what to do, while unable to conquer a certain feeling of vague uneasiness in her surprise at not seeing Edward ready to receive her, she alit from the vehicle; and raising the latch of the old worn and decayed gate, they passed up the path, and Alice presently found herself within the shadow of the deep and low-arched entrance or portico that opened into the main aisle of the building—when she was startled at the sound of a voice from within. Looking hastily in, she perceived a group of persons collected about the altar, at which the minister was standing in his white bands and surplice, evidently, as a glance revealed, performing some marriage ceremony, which had just been commenced. Not without some apprehension that a mistake had been committed as to the place, and concluding that, if such was not the case, some other couple must have destined nearly the same hour to the same purpose, she drew back behind the massive side columns of the arched doorway, greatly distressed and alarmed at her position, yet supposing that the postillion by an undue speed had anticipated the moment calculated by her lover for her arrival, and expecting him momentarily to relieve her by his appearance. Under any circumstances, retreat was out of the question. Before this time her absence must have been discovered, and the letter she had left in her room for her father must have disclosed the purpose though not the direction of her flight. It was conceived in a beautiful spirit, explaining all the grounds and motives of the step she had taken, and appealing earnestly for their forgiveness and reconciliation, though she knew it was vain to implore their consent. A certain vague fascination, too, perhaps of curiosity to hear the responses, and, when it should be concluded, to see the parties to the same ceremony she was herself about to take part in under circumstances so peculiar and painful, held her rooted to the spot. It was in vain, however, that she listened, Ut-

tered in the low tones usually prompted by the solemnity of such a moment, the words did not reach her ear, and only an indistinct murmur, swelling vaguely through the echoing arches of the building, told of its progress. At last she caught the familiar words of the concluding benediction, followed presently by a sound of the shuffling of feet, and it was evident that the bridal company was moving down the aisle towards the doorway within which she stood. Impelled partly by an irresistible though indefinable curiosity, and partly by a sense of awkwardness and shame at being surprised in a situation which seemed almost an impertinent intrusion, she moved hastily forth, her bonnet in the act falling half back from her head, and before turning to leave the church, paused for an instant, almost in the midst of the entrance, for a glance at the advancing train. In that momentary pause Alice B— stood fixed as a statue of marble—and as white and cold. A glance revealed everything to her, and pressed home—so rapid are sometimes the mental processes of such intense moments—a full understanding and feeling of all its horror. The bride was a fair, blue-eyed young creature, looking upward, with a countenance all flooded with light, into the face of a tall and noble looking young man, who walked by her side with a proud step, and a cold brightness of triumph and exultation in his eye, with her still ungloved hand in his. The bridegroom was Edward Fletcher. This is no fiction, but simple fact, familiar doubtless to the memory of not a few still living.

I should have mentioned before, that about half an hour after Alice's departure, a letter had been placed in Sir Wilmot's hands, strict injunction having been given by the messenger who brought it to the Hall, that it should be delivered immediately, however the Baronet might be engaged. It ran as follows:

"Mr. Edward Fletcher presents his compliments to Sir Wilmot B— and his son, and, congratulating them on the happy event of this day, begs leave to invite them, at the parish church of M—, at the hour of noon of this morning, to a wedding, from which, notwithstanding the unpleasant circumstances under which

he last parted from them, he should greatly regret their absence. To save Sir Wilmot the delay and trouble of seeking Miss Alice, he would inform him, that she has preferred to precede them, having taken a chaise furnished by Mr. Fletcher, in the lane by the eastern gate of the park; a spot marked by two previous events, namely, his kind ejection by the hands of Sir Wilmot's grooms when in a state of insensibility, and a subsequent interview with Miss Alice three days thereafter—at which she did not scorn to promise to bestow her fair hand, with all the broad estates of which she is heiress in her mother's right, on the humble farmer's son whom her father thought worthy of no better return, for the lives of his two children, than insult, outrage, and a blow."

It is needless to describe the rage of Sir Wilmot and George on the perusal of this terrible letter. To verify it so far as regarded Alice—to spring on the best and fleetest blood that his stable afforded, ordering a servant to follow with a travelling carriage—was the work of but a few minutes. To reach the place to which he was so tauntingly invited, in time to prevent the ceremony, he knew to be next to impossible. He saw that Fletcher had so perfectly combined his plans, that he was expected to arrive only to witness the completion of his own humiliation, and the triumph of his now hated enemy, who would then be placed beyond the reach of vengeance by the protection of Alice as his wife.

Still, trusting to the chances of delay or hindrance, and to the speed and bottom of the horses they bestrode, they thundered over the road, followed by a single groom, and hoped yet to succeed in averting the threatened ruin and despair.

But to return. Alice stood, as I before said, her face blanched to the hue of death, her eyes fixed in a glassy stare, and her whole frame as motionless as though struck instantaneously with the frozen spell of catalepsy. Edward continued to lead his bride steadily onward, though there was some movement of surprise at the sudden strangeness of this all-white apparition, standing in the very middle of the entrance, between them and the light of the open sky without. The thought crossed the mind of most present, that it was some maniac that had escaped

from her keepers, and had been attracted by the event of the wedding and the open door of the church. She stirred not though they approached within two or three paces of her, when Edward, bowing low and with a smile such as demons may smile, saluted her with—"We thank you, Miss Alice, for your kindness in coming thus, and all unattended, to witness our wedding, and only regret that you seem to have been a few minutes too late. We would beg, too, the kindness of being suffered to pass."

The sound of his voice seemed to break the spell of the deathly trance which had locked her senses and arrested the currents of her life-blood. Gasping quick and painfully, as though for the breath which was leaving her, the red tide rushing back from the heart about which it seemed to have retreated, almost empurpled her whole face;—she trembled as though about to sink to the earth; and able to articulate in a hoarse and husky whisper only one word, "*Edward!*"—she fell forward, and was saved from falling quite to the ground, on the stony flagging where they stood, only by being caught in the arms of her lover, now the husband of another bride. Without trusting himself with another glance at his lifeless burthen, the latter hastily placed her in those of her maid, bidding her tend her for a few moments, when her father would arrive; and at the head of the bridal train, following his guidance, he passed as before out of the church.

He reached the gate of the churchyard, at which was still drawn up the chaise into which he was about to hand his bride, just in time to meet the expected arrival of the other guests he had invited to this ill-omened marriage. Nothing would have induced him to go before their arrival. The Baronet, witnessing the issuing of the bridal train from the porch of the church, with another bride hanging on Fletcher's arm than the one he had expected to find, and seeing no appearance of Alice, was so bewildered as scarcely to have any distinct use of his faculties. He sat, without dismounting, at the gate, staring half vacantly at what he saw, till Edward addressed him, with a bitter mockery of politeness:

"I am too happy, Sir Wilmot, at the

favor of your presence,—too much honored that you should have ridden so far and so fast to witness the wedding of a farmer's son, a poor yeoman, sir, of England. You are perhaps disappointed, sir, in the bride—(suffer me to make known my sweet cousin, now my wife)—but I concluded to decline the honor of an alliance with your family; and you will find Miss Alice—'tis a pity, Sir Wilmot, that she should have taken the pains of coming so far for nothing—you will find Miss Alice within the church, and I fear she somewhat needs your presence."

Bowing with a studiedly scornful courtesy, he moved forward, and placed his bride within the chaise, handing forth, at the same time, to the enraged old Baronet, as a token full of silent significance, the shawl which Alice had left in it.

"Scoundrel! we will settle this account another time!" was all that Sir Wilmot was able to utter, as he threw himself from his horse, alarmed by what he had heard of Alice, and hastened forward into the church.

"With your grey hairs," Sir Wilmot, was the prompt reply, "I can have no other account to settle than is now sufficiently discharged; but if you, sir," to George, "have anything farther with me, either on your own account or that of your father, I need not express the gratification with which I shall be only anxious to afford you every facility for such a purpose."

"Depend upon it, infernal villain, that every account with you shall be fully settled," the latter answered, as he hastily followed his father, comparatively indifferent to any other present object than the care of his sister.

Edward Fletcher bowed a courteous farewell to the other guests composing his wedding train; and without bestowing on them any explanation of all the strange scene they had witnessed, quickly entered the chaise, which, as before, drove rapidly off. Dark, stern, silent, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, and under a terrible reaction from the wild and fierce excitement under which he had been acting, he sat in one corner through the whole ride, conscience-stricken with the sense of his own baseness, his arms folded over his breast, and with neither word nor look for his hapless bride; who, a timid though affectionate little creature, covered, fright-

ened, and sick at heart, by his side. It was not till they arrived at his home that a syllable was interchanged between them. As he then turned, after himself alighting, to assist her from the chaise, she gave a slight scream, and shrinking back, exclaimed, "Ah! there's blood on you!—on your bosom!—on your hand!"

Edward Fletcher then himself for the first time perceived red spots on the whiteness of one of his gloves, and more of the same crimson horror on his bridal vest,—and he then knew that Alice had burst a blood-vessel at the moment when she fell forward into his arms. We need not linger longer with the wretched author of so much wretchedness. It suffices to say, that when he that night crossed the threshold of his nuptial chamber, he had rather it had been the portal of hell.

The Baronet found Alice lying inanimate on the ground, supported by her maid, who, together with the clergyman and one or two others who remained by her, was endeavoring to revive her. The whiteness of her dress was here and there flecked with a light crimson stain, while the blood continued to ooze slowly from both her mouth and nostrils. I hasten to conclude so melancholy a recollection. With great care and difficulty they were able to reach the Hall that night with their burthen of blighted and heart-broken loveliness, borne on a litter. The agonies of father and brother I need not attempt to depict.

On the following morning, though feeble and faint, she was considerably restored; and, while conscious that she had but a few hours yet to live, was in full possession of her faculties.

Supported by the pillows of her bed, she wrote with a trembling hand the following lines, which she sealed, and begged that they might be immediately despatched:—

"You have taken the life you once saved. If it is for your happiness, it is willingly given. I would see you, Edward, once more before I go. But if you would receive my farewell blessing yet from my own lips, hasten or it will be in vain. If not, take it by this, for yourself and your fair bride, from ALICE."

Informing her father and brother of what she had done, she claimed for

them all personal forbearance and respectful treatment for Edward when he should come. He came—already crushed in spirit, and with the tortures of the damned at his heart. Yet had he not reaped the full fruition of his vengeance, even beyond the measure of his hope or his aim?

His interview with her was long and private. She spoke to him as an angel might speak to the human wretchedness and guilt which its own pure essence fled from, back to heaven, at the same time that it wept over it, would comfort, and purify it. She at last touched a little silver bell that lay by her on the white coverlet, and her father and George entered the room, and stood on the opposite side of the bed from that at which the miserable man was kneeling, his face buried in his hands, and his whole frame heaving with fearful sobbings to issue from the breast of a great strong man.

"I bring you together, before I go," the dying girl thus spoke, in a voice low and trembling, though sweet as some dim spiritual music borne faintly to the ear from the world on whose threshold she was standing, and whose light seemed already reflected upon the unearthly beauty shining on her countenance, "I bring you here together, father—George—Edward—to unite you thus all in my last prayer and my last blessing—so that it will be a sacrilege to my memory and my grave if any further enmity continue between you. We all suffer in a common retribution—you all, for your evil pride and passions—I, for my sin in so wildly loving anything below my God—and most justly for my want of perfect truthfulness to you, dear father. Edward, you have acted awfully, but you stand now more awfully blighted than your victim;—and father—George—it was you that maddened him to it, and turned to bitterness and poison a heart which nature filled with all sweet and noble things, though it had one element of evil which I knew not, at least in its terrible force. I do not bid you not to mourn me, but I would have you mingle your tears and your hearts, now chastened, I trust, not fruitlessly though so sorely. Edward, as you would have been to me, be to her who now fills the place which was to have been mine. Father, it is hardest to leave you!"—She sank back exhausted

by the effort she had made, and the intensity of her own feelings. The sweet spell of her words, and the looks that gave them their eloquence, fell upon the hearts of her listeners with a power like the descent of the dove of the holy spirit; and before they parted, at her request, and in her calm sight—so solemn is the sway of the presence of death over the wildest rage of human passions!—so almighty the power of divine forgiveness and love!—incredible as it might almost seem, Edward Fletcher had been locked in the arms of the heart-stricken father and the mourning brother, even as might be a son and a brother, by the death-bed of a sister, in the sympathy of a common anguish. Blood and birth were forgotten now.

She did not die till the following day—though she never spoke any more, except a slight motion of her lips in an attempt to join in the services of the church which were performed at her bedside. She passed away so calmly and quietly, that it can be no better described than in the following lines of which I have forgotten the author:—

“ We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As o'er her heart the waves of life
Came heaving to and fro.

“ And still our hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died!”

A few words will conclude all that remains to be told. Edward never came again into contact with any of the family at the Hall. That such a meeting should have been avoided by all was but natural. The old Baronet did not survive his daughter quite a year. All his habits broken up—his accustomed sports and exercise entirely abandoned—his home and heart now all desolate and dark—it is not sur-

prising that he sank rapidly and fatally, though he died of no particular disease. According to his own request, he was laid by her side, in the family vault. His son may, perhaps, survive still in possession of the baronetcy, though doubtless disjoined for ever from the inordinate family pride which seemed to have made so fatal a part of its inheritance. Edward Fletcher withdrew from that part of the country, selling the patrimony which had also descended to him through many generations. He settled in a rude neighborhood on the west coast of Ireland, within the sound of the great surge of the Atlantic; to whose wild and dark unrest he was, perhaps, attracted by an unconscious sympathy, such as often exists between the soul of man and the mysterious soul of nature and its elements. His eventual fate I do not know. One circumstance only I afterward learned respecting his future life. His marriage was for ever, in one respect, under the shadow, as it were, of a curse. He had many children. One after another they grew up around his board, in an outward show of beauty, which was their natural birthright. They were healthy, too, and they neither sickened nor died. Yet, whether girl or boy, no one attained the age of seven or eight years, before it became manifest that all this beauty, strength and health, were but the most fearful of mockeries to the eye and heart of the father. They were all pure *idiots*. And when he looked around upon the ghastly loveliness of the array that would encircle his board, he thought not of any natural physical laws of which they might by others be regarded as a terrible evidence; but, as his eye rested on one after another of his children, he saw in each—and his heart sank and sickened as he saw—only a living and an undying monument of the just moral retributive fruits of his unhallowed and vainly repented revenge.

HOME FLOWERS.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

HOME flowers! dear flowers! as I pause to inhale
 'The perfume each zephyr hath stole,
 What loved recollections are borne on the gale,
 And sweep, with your breath, o'er my soul!

Fair flow'rets! what spells round each bud are entwined!
 What dreams of the past ye renew!
 As, raptured, I gaze, 'mid your rosy leaves shrined,
 Lo, memory's mirror I view!

Reflected before me, in brilliant array,
 What scenes of enchantment now rise!
 Sweet scenes that have faded, as ye must decay,
 And bright as your rainbow-hued dyes.

The time-endear'd mansion, the bride's early home.
 Whose portals joy guarded, I see;
 The garden, where erst I delighted to roam,
 And feel 'twas an Eden to me.

The vine-covered arbor—mine own shaded bower—
 Rise again on my sorrowing sight!
 And with them full many a long vanished hour,
 By hope and affection made bright.

The tones that I hung on, oh! now I recall,
 And love-breathing accents I hear,—
 And gleeful-toned laughter, that shook the old hall,
 Now peals as of erst on mine ear!

The friends by that hearth that so lovingly thronged
 Are crowding around me once more!
 The friends! Oh, that thought! who forsook me—who wronged!
 And where is the friendship of yore?

This heart's fond affections, how ran they to waste?
 This bosom, by whom was it torn?
 Go, flow'rets—I linger'd your sweetness to taste,
 And now I can feel but your thorn.

THE REBELLION OF FREEDOM.

AN EXTRACT FROM "THE REBEL CHIEFTAIN," A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

BY GEORGE D. STRONG.

'Twas sunset, and the scepter'd Day
 But half his golden banner furled,
 Reluctant to resign his sway,
 And leave so fair, so bright a world;

The sobbing waves had sunk to rest,
 Like infant on its mother's breast,
 Beneath thy shadow, bleak Cronest !
 The placid slumberers, gently fanned
 By fragrant breezes from the land.
 The smile how bright, the kiss how sweet,
 When summer winds and waters meet !
 And though the zephyr doth but lave
 His warm lip in the amorous wave,
 And though unto its swelling breast
 The wanderer is but briefly pressed,
 Yet have not myriad lovers sworn
 Of such fleet joys is rapture born ?
 While in one fond endearing kiss
 Is centred, at a time like this,
 A whole eternity of bliss !
 The light had paled in hall and bower—
 The virgin dew had kissed the flower—
 The dog-wood's odorous blossoms swung
 Like snowy censers o'er the deep,
 And vines, like faithful vassals, clung
 To crag and fissure, rock and steep ;
 But though each sweet, low sound that rose
 From vale and thicket, breathed repose,
 Yet he who viewed the gathering storm
 That lowered o'er manhood's brow of care,
 And scanned, in many a varied form,
 The stern resolve that triumphed there,
 Would deem some moral earthquake thro'—
 Was heaving in the depths below.
 The sexton's spade slept by the tomb,
 The shuttle paused upon the loom,
 The axe reposed within the wood,
 The plough-share in the furrow stood,
 Inactive lay the useless flail,
 The rusty scythe swung from the nail,
 No echo from the anvil came,
 Mute hung the millstone on its frame,
 No more the herd-boy's whistle rang,
 But soon was heard the cymbal's clang,
 While battle shout and cannon's roar
 Shook the vexed earth from sea to shore.
 Fierce carnage, then, with crimson trail
 Rode like a meteor on the gale,
 And leprous wrongs, by hatred nursed,
 In lava streams of vengeance burst !
 Then forth in dazzling streams of light
 Our Eagle standard winged its flight !
 Where'er it waved, o'er land or sea,
 Uprose the anthems of the free,
 Till nations, awed, in wonder gazed,
 To where its spangled glories blazed !
 They saw before its track of fire
 Systems of fraud in pangs expire,
 While bigot thrall and despot sway
 Were swept like noxious mists away !

DEMOCRACY AND LITERATURE.

THE Literary state has always been represented under the form of a Republic—a free Commonwealth—of all others the most liberal, where every shade of opinion was tolerated, and every varying creed allowed. This polity is not always the same, nor does it possess a character of permanency. On the contrary, its chief defect arises from its instability and tendency to change; changes, sometimes, that threaten to destroy its primitive simplicity and independent republicanism. At one epoch, it is “a fierce democracy,” in which a number of candidates happen, at the same time, to be struggling for pre-eminence; at another period, it is a quiet despotism, under which a powerful dictator lords it without opposition over his rivals; but in the latter case this dictator must be a Johnson or a Voltaire, to preserve his supremacy unquestioned. It is now a community of sages presiding in joint and harmonious dignity and power, like the Athenian Archons or the Venetian Council of Ten, the nominal head of whom, for the time being, possesses a nominal superiority conceded by the rest of his associates. Again it sometimes approaches, though very rarely, the haughty pride of an aristocracy, a form it cannot long hold in its integrity, as the literary spirit can no more be confined within such narrow limits, than the spirit of liberty. If, as we find it to have been the case at a few epochs, the republic ever loses any portion of its internal integrity and becomes merged in a monarchy, it may be noticed that its chief or king, is literally—by the birthright of nature, not the lineage of even centuries—a king of men; that his is an *elective* sovereignty like the kingdom of Poland. This is the only redeeming feature, which plainly implies, that there is no hereditary line of genius royal, though there may be of blood royal. Intellect is too divine a thing to be accidentally transmitted, as wealth and titles are. We generally find the children of great men much inferior to their fathers.

The spirit of Literature and the spirit

of Democracy are one. They both cherish the feeling of man by self-reliance and an untrammelled will; they both speak to the instinctive aspirations of the human soul after liberty of thought and freedom of expression; both recognise in a wise toleration and an intelligent self-dependence the two great principles of all nobility of character and manly achievement. Letters are the best advocates of principles. Philosophy, next to religion, recognising the demands of the Divine will, and acknowledging the dictates of the conscience as the sole source of inviolable authority, forms the best defence of all creeds, human and divine. Thus Literature is not only the natural ally of freedom, political or religious; but it also affords the firmest bulwark the wit of man has yet devised, to protect the interests of freedom. It not only breathes a similar spirit,—it is imbued with the same spirit. It employs analogous means to reach the same end: in what manner and with what effect we shall endeavor to show.

Of all men the author and scholar should come nearest to the ideal of the Patriot. His pursuits, his reflections, his feelings, his mode of life, all tend to that character. Every discovery he makes is for the benefit of his countrymen: every truth vigorously enunciated should instruct them. National honor, national admiration, is more eagerly coveted by him than a wide and undistinguishing regard. He would be loved by those in whose mother tongue he speaks or writes; foreign nations may admire his writings in the gross, but his own countrymen alone can appreciate his individuality of character, and relish the idiomatic graces of his style. From the very nature of things, too, every true writer is an *independent*, and in some one or more particulars, in however low a degree, is likely to resemble those two grand specimens of the Patriot and Independent united, John Milton and Oliver Cromwell.

His circumstances, too often narrow and circumscribed, impress the noble virtues of fortitude and self-denial, the most efficient tutors of the genuine phi-

losopher. The same poverty which emasculates the merely elegant scholar, who seeks patronage instead of independence, imparts fresh energy to the conceptions, and higher aims to the ambition of the manly student and the robust thinker. The education and training of the scholar, moral as well as intellectual, are calculated to foster generous ideas of development, and an abhorrence of servility, narrowness, and cant. The sequestered path of life in which he willingly walks, attended by his immortal friends, "his master and the angel death," leads him to form a truer estimate of things and a juster conception of character, than he can arrive at whose whole existence is passed in the confusion and hurry of business, or spent in the breathless pursuit of short-lived and inconstant pleasure. And, above all, the natural sympathy with his race, that innate love of his fellow creatures which every manly heart delights to cherish, more than anything else contributes to impel the author to stand forward as the advocate of humanity, the friend of the oppressed, the defender of the rights of man. Thus have we seen the great men of all ages acting or speaking; thus spoke Demosthenes and Henry—thus wrote Plato and Montesquieu—for this fought Gustavus and Washington—for this lived Howard and Xavier—for this died the Christian martyrs, and that Sublimest of all Martyrs, in whose name and for whose name they died.

The sincerest Christian should be the firmest democrat; for democracy is that creed which teaches peace on earth and good-will toward men, reverence for the innate worth of all humanity, and respect for the equal divinity and ultimate capability of all human souls. Its missionaries are the political high-priests of the ark of state, and they have ever been its Prætorian guard, also. The noble synonyme and badge of freedom, has been so often perverted from its true meaning, to express a vicious unbelief and destructivism, for unbelief's and destruction's sake, that it is too often confounded with it. In its pure sense, an upright democrat is no more, but on the contrary far less, a time-server than a sincere believer in any other political creed. Democracy is a principle not a fashion, and hence appeals neither to prejudice nor passion.

It is supported by justice and humanity, two unfailing pillars. Surely, a rock of defence for ever.

The moralist, the historian, and the poet, the three intellectual characters who include all others, are essentially democratic,—with very rare exceptions, which may be easily reconciled to the general facts.

The sagacious moralist inculcates republican doctrines for obvious reasons. The advocate of freedom of the will, (as the soundest and profoundest ethical theorists have ever been,) must of consequence teach the doctrine of freedom in action—for the one doctrine leads naturally to the other. The free mind only can accept the plain precepts which are enforced by a regard to moral obligation. The licentiousness, an incidental evil accompanying this great good, is merely an incidental evil, and comparatively infrequent. It by no means amounts in importance to a cause sufficient for the extinction of liberty. The freedom of the press has been time and again most eloquently defended on the same general grounds, from the *Areopagitica* of Milton to the famous speech of Lord Erskine. We need not therefore repeat them here. The highest morality appeals directly to conscience, and truckles not to human creeds, nor that self-constituted authority which is wanting in its approval. It asserts the right of private judgment, implying intelligence and candor, at the same time that it respects the highest of all authorities, the sources of all others, and unadulterated by any admixture with them, Conscience and the Holy Scriptures. Pure ethics is *democracy moralized*, to speak after the quaint fashion of our forefathers. It would make a man erect, calm, courageous, and forbearing. Its object is, by the practice of self-denial and of uncompromising truth, to form a manly robustness of character.

It coincides with the purest Christian teaching, in striving to arouse the two finest and sublimest of all reliances, the two *heart-strings* of the human soul formed to create the most melodious music, Love and Faith; by the first of these, to encourage and extend an universal spirit of philanthropy; by the last, to preserve a steadfast hope and sacred trust in the truth, the beauty, and the wisdom of God's providence, and the operations of nature and for-

tune, guided by his unerring hand. This morality allows of a reasonable pride and a tolerant ambition: it is especially occupied in promoting the growth of the generous sympathies, the finest impulses of joy and gratitude; in encouraging works of charity and affection; and, in a word, in the cultivation of benevolence in its purest forms. At the same time, it renounces utterly all the meaner springs of conduct and palsies the action of fear. Its policy would make man better by making a friend and a freeman of him rather than a coward and a slave; by acts of mercy rather than by acts or words of harshness; by courting his good will rather than by appealing to his dread and hatred.

The study of history is a study of political importance, and which most effectually demonstrates the progress of the democratic principle. In the earliest ages, the people were considered as little better than a mere rabble rout. The immense armies of the first devastators of the globe were composed of willing slaves or timid mercenaries. Fear was the dominant principle, then. As we advance towards the progress of Grecian, and later yet, of Roman power, we perceive a republican spirit growing up gradually, which at times appeared maturing and about to promise the revival of a fabulous golden age. Brief experience soon, however, dispelled any such illusion, and the stately Roman no less than the lively Greek, ignorant of the true principles of Christian morality and individual liberty, on which alone democracy can rest, was found incapable of self-government for any length of time. In Greece, the force of intellect served to repress a constant revolutionary tendency in the fickle populace, who certainly wanted not information to become a free people: but in Rome, the intellectual refinements of Greece tended rather to emasculate than to invigorate a naturally stern and stoical people. The history of the middle age in Europe, is almost wholly taken up with the records of noble houses, of knights and courts, and bishops and earls, with their wars and tournaments, and councils and crusades. Feudalism prevailed, which resolved the whole of society into two classes, the patron and the follower, ennobling, as it were, personal depend-

ence by peculiar conditions, reciprocal rights, and mutual and generous sentiments of truth and loyalty.

After a while, a new class came to be considered, the wealthy mercantile class—the “merchant princes” of Amsterdam and Florence, of Antwerp and Genoa; and, in general, the middle classes in the Hanse towns, and the free Italian cities. Even at a much later date, and nearer to our own time, the middle class was, in effect, the predominant class in the state. But three great revolutions, the three revolutions of modern history, finally settled the question as to which power was to rank supreme—the English revolution, and the American and French revolutions. The first expelled one dynasty with one set of principles for another dynasty with another set. It did little for the people. The French revolution attempted to do more. It may perhaps be said to have attempted too much. Yet horrible as were the excesses it saw, still it was of unquestionable benefit to society and civilisation, if only by attracting attention to that forgotten, though most important class, the *third estate*; while the revolution itself was less justly responsible for those excesses than the perpetual counter-revolution which was always struggling against it, with all the animosities of a virtual civil war, of which the guillotine was the military engine. The American revolution, of all revolutions the justest, gave independence to the first of modern states, and put an end to foreign tyranny and ignorant despotism. These three great revolutions set in motion by the popular sentiment, if not led on directly in the first instance by the people, yet by their best representatives, have at last taught the world the simple lesson, that the people are the only rightful source of power—that government is a business delegated by them to their elected agents—that the voluntary obedience they pay to righteous law, is only the reasonable tax incurred for surrendering the smallest possible portion of individual freedom to the general guardian of national freedom.

The thorough historical student must therefore become a believer in democracy. It is the only creed which can be borne out by the facts of history: the only theory by acting on which

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

NO. XXXII.

THOMAS WILSON DORR, OF RHODE ISLAND.

(With a fine Engraving on Steel.)

"*Væ victis!*"—Wo to the conquered!—is as true now as when the speech broke from the fierce lip of the rude Gaul. And never is it more so, than when, in the civil struggles of parties, the cause of popular liberty sustains a reverse, and its supporters, by force, fraud, or fortune, find themselves compelled to succumb again beneath the pressure of the power they have vainly attempted to overthrow. The defeated are then, always and everywhere, traitors, rebels, catiffs and brigands! The felon's fate for their bodies—the felon's fame for their memories!

This is a sad truth—and it is still more sad to find the spirit out of which it proceeds not less rife and rancorous among a very large portion of our own population, than it has ever shown itself in the most insolent and bitter ferocity of English Toryism. It is brought strongly to our mind whenever we reflect upon the treatment which within the past few weeks has been showered upon the high-minded and pure-minded man, the courageous and patriotic gentleman, scholar, and democrat, with whose name—in the midst of all the obloquy with which the very air resounds—we esteem it no dishonor to adorn this page.

There is said to be but one unpardonable sin. So far as the affairs of this world are concerned, it is true,—and that sin is *failure*. Of this, Mr. Dorr has certainly been guilty. We are well aware that this is therefore precisely the proper moment at which every friend, whether of his principles or of his person, ought to turn round and abandon and abuse him. Now, though we happen to stand in this double relation toward him, yet, for the very singularity of the thing, we think proper to pursue a different course. When our intention was announced of inserting his engraved portrait in the present series of distinguished American Democrats, it was because we saw

in Mr. Dorr the representative of a great and true democratic principle, to which it was meet and right to do honor in his person. The misfortunes which have caused him to fail in carrying that principle into practical effect, in no respect weakening his identification with at least its abstract truth, constitute no sufficient reason to divert us from that purpose. On the contrary, we are induced by this cause to anticipate by several months the Number in which it was originally contemplated to insert it. However disastrous the event may have been, the principle remains untouched, and not less true and great than it was when it triumphed in the achievement of our own Revolution. And however disgraceful that event may have proved, its disgrace does not attach to Mr. Dorr, whose individual conduct—though he may have been at times mistaken in judgment, and deceived in his estimate of men—has in no single respect been wanting in courage, firmness, disinterestedness, or devotion to the cause at the head of which he stood.

It may have been Alexander, Cæsar, or Hannibal—no matter which—who said, that better was an army of deer with a lion for their chief, than an army of lions under command of a deer. There would probably be not much to choose between the two. Without desiring, by such a juxtaposition of names, to convert Mr. Dorr, from his proper peaceful capacity of a quiet civilian into the military one for which he was probably neither meant by nature nor trained by art, we may yet be permitted to express our doubt whether Alexander, Cæsar, or Hannibal—or all the "three single gentlemen rolled into one"—could have made much out of the greater part of the materials which seem to have surrounded him, in his recent unsuccessful attempt to establish and maintain the Constitution of the State of Rhode Island. It has been

stated in the examination of several of the prisoners taken in the recent miserable affair at Chepachet, that they said they had been stimulated to go and take part in the affair by the persuasions and taunts of the "girls." We are glad to find that they at least in Rhode Island are not unworthy of their mothers of old, however little credit their lovers may have done to the memory of the men of the past. It is only a pity that they did not go themselves instead of some of those they sent.

Mr. Dorr has little else of history associated with his name than that of his recent honorable though unsuccessful attempt. He was born in the year 1805, at Providence, his family being one of the most wealthy and "aristocratic" of the place. His father, Sullivan Dorr, has for many years been an extensive manufacturer, his mills being situated chiefly, we believe, in the town of Woonsocket. He received the rudiments of his education at Exeter Academy,* in the State of New Hampshire, and graduated at Harvard College in 1823; and after studying law in the office of the present Vice-Chancellor M'Coun, in the city of New York, was admitted to the bar in the year 1827. He has since pursued the practice of his profession in Providence, though we believe with but little zeal or interest in it; his tastes having inclined him much more to the cultivation of literary habits and enjoyments, and to the high and noble fascination of politics—studied in the light of the great principles of that political philosophy which is founded on the basis of the equal rights of all humanity, and in reference to the great aim of ameliorating and elevating the condition of the vast suffering and degraded mass of mankind. The associations and prejudices of his earlier years made him at that time a Federalist. But at about the year 1837, the independent action of his own manly

intelligence, aided by the generous bent of his popular sympathies, brought him out to a decided adhesion to the Democratic side of the great division of parties; in which faith he has ever since been earnest, unwavering, and active. The chief object to which he devoted himself from the outset of his political life, was that of overthrowing the antiquated and absurd anomaly of a government under which the people of that state were living—its Royal Charter; founded on no basis of popular adoption; which blended into one confused mass of legislative omnipotence, many of those different functions of government which all liberal and philosophical constitutions are careful to distribute and to surround with checks and limitations; which established an apportionment of representation at utter variance with the present numerical distribution of the population; and under the operation of which, not only was the elective franchise confined to about one-third of the resident white American citizens in the State, by means of a real estate qualification coupled with a primogeniture privilege, but also various other laws and practices existed, involving the most odious and disgraceful discrimination between the favored dignity and respectability of this dominant minority caste, and the presumed inferiority of the other two-thirds in personal worth and civil rights. Such was the character—indisputable, undisputed, in its broad *facts*—of the government for which Mr. Dorr was earnestly bent on substituting a constitution, in harmony with the enlarged political science of the age, and with the free institutions working with entire success and excellence in nearly every other State in the Union. He was a member of the Assembly in the years 1834-5-6-7, laboring zealously toward this end. With what chance of success in obtaining anything from the

* The following anecdote is related of Mr. Dorr's childhood, which we insert as illustrative of the character which years have only served to mature. In his whole walk and aim of life, Mr. Dorr is no less just and generous, no less warm in his sympathy with the rights of humble and hard-toiling poverty, as a man, than he was as a boy. In the award of some prizes at a Sunday School, we believe, the master hesitated between two boys whose claims were so evenly balanced that he was at a loss to decide between them;—the one was a rich man's son, and the other of a poor mechanic. "Give it to him," was the answer of the former boy, who was young Dorr; "he has the best right, as I have nothing else to do than to study as much as I please, while he has to work hard a good deal of his time beside." Digitized by Google

voluntary concession of the dominant *caste*, may be judged from the fact that the highest vote he could get for an extension of the suffrage was *seven*. A few years before, the efforts of Mr. Dutee J. Pearce, in the same body, had obtained the votes of *three*. Mr. Dorr made an effort to organize a separate party for the promotion of the object in view, under the name of the Constitutional Party; but in the midst of the violent excitements of the general political contest of that period, it was impossible to maintain the cohesion of any distinct party organization; and he found himself after two or three years compelled to abandon it—though he continued unremitting in his own zeal and personal labors in the same cause.

We need not repeat here the narrative of the recent effort, at the head of which he stood, in its public aspect. Mr. Dorr's individual part in it may be briefly related. Though he had long been the head and heart of the Suffrage Party in the State, yet so far was he from pushing himself forward for the post of distinction and honor under the constitution, as Governor, that he consented to accept it only after it had been offered in vain to several other of the prominent individuals of the party. And when he accepted it, it was with the mutual interchange of the pledge between himself and the leading members who pressed it upon him, that they should faithfully in all events stand by each other, and the principle and cause to which they committed themselves. That pledge has been as honorably redeemed on the one side, by Mr. Dorr, as it has been shamefully broken and betrayed on the other.

The ground on which he stood in that capacity should be distinctly understood by all who would pass a judgment on his conduct. It was this:—

1. He assumed the right of the people, as a fundamental principle of American political law, to establish a constitution for their own self-government, in the mode regulated by their own wise discretion, and without regard to the pleasure or displeasure of the authorities existing under the forms of government which it is proposed to supersede. If this principle is wrong, then almost every existing constitution of this Union ought to be re-written—the Declaration of Independence cancelled—and the Revolution itself rolled back again, to the point at which the

consent of the British Crown and the British Parliament might be obtained, to the initiatory steps for the organization of the new and independent government, which our fathers believed they had the right, as they had the determination, to establish. If this principle is wrong, then ought an expurgating pen to be passed through the writings of many of the most revered sages of political science, to whom we are wont to look for authority and guidance, including even some who have never been charged with too strong a leaning to popular ideas and sympathies—such as a Marshall, a Jay, a Wilson, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Rawle; and even from all future impressions of the Farewell Address of the Father of his Country, ought to be erased such a heresy as this, that “the basis of our political systems is *the right of the people to make and alter their constitution of government.*”

2. The constitution proposed to the people by a publicly and freely elected convention, was adopted by a large majority of the *resident white male American citizens above the age of twenty-one*. This fact was declared by the convention on the strength of the returns by the officers who conducted the voting, accompanied by the original ballots, with the names of the voters inscribed. The Charter Legislature was invited to investigate the genuineness and truth of this expression of the will of the people; which they refused to do, on the ground of the illegality of the whole proceeding—that is to say, because it was a spontaneous movement of the people themselves, and not founded on the authority of the Charter government. Mr. Dorr and the Suffrage Party, therefore, having fairly satisfied themselves of this fundamental fact of the *popular majority*, having offered to the other party the means of scrutiny into its genuineness, and being repulsed on the ground of the denial of the principle of their movement—the principle above stated—assumed, most rightfully, that the constitution was now the true fundamental organic law of the State; abrogating and superseding the old charter, which rested on no other sovereignty than that by which it was originally granted, which had been confirmed in no other mode by the people of Rhode Island than by *passive submission*.

3. The election prescribed by this constitution for the first organization of its machinery having been held, and Mr. Dorr having been elected Governor, he regarded himself, as most unanswerably he was, by perfect right, and the highest legitimacy, as *the Governor of the State*—bound by his oath, and by the most sacred of duties to a people and to a principle, to uphold the constitution, and to carry it into practical operation. The Constitutional Legislature which assembled on the third day of May, adjourned, after taking the proper initiatory steps to organize the new government, leaving on the Executive the responsibility and duty of sustaining it against all attacks that might be directed against it.

Such was the ground on which he stood. A great principle—a noble cause—himself a brave and resolute man, though at the same time mild, amiable, and humane; but the people of Rhode Island proved themselves unworthy of their principle, their cause and their leader. They have allowed themselves to be cowed and prostrated and bullied into submission, by the energy, activity, and resources of the minority in possession of the acting machinery of the old government, aided by the moral influence of the promised intervention of the Federal Government. Their leader has been at his post. He has twice summoned them to be true to themselves and to him. Though deserted by them, at the moment of crisis, on the first occasion, and overpowered by a combination of circumstances, he did not abandon their cause, but withdrew to organize other preparations for another attempt. He again afforded them a second opportunity, again raising the standard of the constitution, and summoning them to rally around it. They again proved faithless to it and to him. Full half of those who called the constitution into living being by their votes, ought to have gone up, armed or unarmed, to that call. They did not come—and he had no greater reliable force at Chepachet than about 300 men, against whom a well-armed and supplied force of ten times their number were advancing, confident in their own strength, and in the manifest weakness and disorganization of their enemy. Thus situated, Governor Dorr had done all his duty. The people interested failed in theirs. To engage in a battle

of desperation—to sacrifice the gallant few who might be willing to stand by him to that extremity, and to shed the blood of an equal number of their assailants—would have been as wicked as insane. He therefore, as any honorable, brave, and conscientious man must have done, dismissed them and withdrew again. The future course he may contemplate we have, at the date of this article, no means of knowing; but have no hesitation in declaring our confidence that it will exhibit nothing inconsistent with the simply true and just view of his character we have here presented. Perhaps (though it might by many be deemed an act of Quixotic heroism) he may be restrained from going back in person to Providence only by the martial law still most shamefully prevailing there, and the probability he would encounter of personal outrage, even if not of murder. Perhaps he may yet contemplate an appeal to the next Congress, to test the comparative legality of the two governments, the *de facto* government within the State, and the *de jure* government in exile from it. From the firmness and perseverance by which he is in a remarkable manner characterized, we should not be surprised if such should prove his purpose—even though under the circumstances it could not now but be vain and futile. But wherever he may be, whatever he may meditate, we are abundantly confident that he will neither by act or word disgrace his own past honorable career, nor discredit the eulogy which a simple sense of justice renders not less freely to adversity and defeat, than it would have done to prosperity and triumph.

Mr. Dorr has undoubtedly committed some mistakes, which it is easy now to scan and criticize by the light of the event. But if he did not take possession of the public buildings on the 3d of May, it was because his own views were overruled by the leading members of the Legislature then assembled. If he went on to Washington to endeavor to relieve his party from the depressing moral influence exerted against them by the Federal Government, it was because he was so urged by his supporters, and requested by the vote of a large public meeting, that he felt compliance to be necessary in order to satisfy them and secure their support. And if he returned to

the abortive attempt at Chepachet—though contrary to the counsels of some of his best friends *out* of the State—it was because he received from great numbers of his friends *within* it, both by letter and by personal visits, assurances of preparation and resolution, on the part of the people, which the result has proved utterly deceptive. If he has overrated the spirit of his own party and underrated that of his opponents, it is a mistake of judgment for which he has to pay in failure. His motives, however, have been as pure and high as his cause has been just and righteous; and for the devoted self-sacrifice with which he has given himself to it, at the cost of every personal interest and association of his own—persevering in opposition to the strongest family influences, and in contempt of munificent offers made to induce him to withdraw from the State—he deserves, as he will not fail to receive, the gratitude of the people of his own State and the admiration of those of every other. And whatever measure of extension of suffrage Rhode Island is now about to receive as a boon from the sovereign grace of her rulers, in-

stead of taking it by her own voluntary action, as her just and natural right, she will owe to him. For without him and what he has done, even this imperfect and deceptive concession involved in the late call of a Convention by the Charter Assembly would never have been obtained.

One other event in Mr. Dorr's political life claims a brief allusion. When a member of the Assembly in 1836, he introduced and carried through a very important bill of bank reform, which so far curtailed the powers of those institutions—especially the right of priority they before enjoyed in the collection of their debts over other creditors—that it made him an object of great outcry and odium on the part of the managers and special friends of those institutions. A year, however, had scarcely elapsed before the good effects of the measure were realized by the experience of 1837, when nearly the whole mass of property in the State would have passed at once into their hands, but for the operation of this law, for which he was then well repaid by a general sentiment of public gratitude.

CLAY IN THE FIELD AGAIN!

YES, and we are right glad of it. We hate ingratitude—we despise meanness—we scorn trickery—and these things are scarcely less disagreeable and offensive when we meet them in foe than in friend. In proportion, therefore, to the disgust with which we witnessed Mr. Clay's treatment by his party, at the time of their last Presidential nomination, is the gratification—yes, sincerely and truly, the real gratification—with which we now witness the more grateful justice which they do to him, the better credit they do to themselves, in again adopting him as their candidate and their chief. He is the best stone they have got, and though their builders and cunning architects rejected him before, they are now fain to pick him up again, in the hope, zealous however vain, of success in the object of making him the key of the corner.

Clay is a fine fellow, and our Whig readers, and those who do not and will

not read us because they are Whigs, are welcome to all the benefit of the admission. We have always had a considerable penchant to coquet a little with Clay. He is so bold, he is so brave, and in the political *mêlée* he rides thundering along at the head of his host, in the van of the strife, so gallantly, and with so "haught a crest." Like the *panache* of Henry IV., wherever the fight is hottest and the blows heaviest, there streams its white flutter as the signal to his friends of the point of pressure, and the direction to which they should follow. He is a man, every inch of him—worth fighting, worth beating. And when we hear and see in all directions the evidence of Clay in the Field Again, we repeat, as heartily as any of his own friends, that we are right glad of it!

"Give us light!" was the prayer of Ajax. Let us but see our foe, and not be compelled, while ourselves the aim of a thousand shafts, to deal about us,

in the dark, wild and random blows, which encounter no palpable and vulnerable enemy on whom to tell. So it was with us during the last Presidential contest. Laying aside their own proper and veteran leader, who was himself something, and whose name meant something, they seemed by the act almost expressly to disclaim responsibility as a party for the positive and tangible principles and plans of which he might be taken as the representative. They took up candidates whose "availability" consisted chiefly in the fact that they were not thus identified with any one distinct set of political opinions, the fact to which their success was mainly due. It was in vain that we might argue against a national bank, and impute to them the design of reviving the dead policy of such an institution,—in a section of the Union possessing a climate uncongenial to that idea, we are met by vehement protestations that the imputation is a falsehood and a calumny; as it was declared by no less eminent a person than General Harrison's Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Badger, in a public address to a State Convention in North Carolina. It was in vain that we might impute to them a probability of the revival of a high-tariff policy, when their candidate for the Vice-Presidency was a man who had stood next door to Mr. Calhoun himself in the day of Nullification. How could even the charge of an intended distribution of the proceeds of the public lands be sustained in all parts of the country, in the face of Harrison's letter, pledging himself emphatically against a disturbance of the Compromise Act?—evident as it was that without the revenue derived from that source the rate of duties of that act could not support the government; so that the promised maintenance of that measure necessarily involved the retention of the land fund. And where could we lay our fingers on the real responsible opinions of a party, which at the south, and at particular quarters of the north, was able to exhibit the most satisfactory evidences of diametrically opposite sentiments on such a subject as that of Abolition? But now all this is changed. They have reaped the bitter fruits of the former policy, as developed by time and Providence out of its very success; and they wisely

abandon all idea of its repetition. We shall hear no more of conscience-keeping committees. There will be no refusals to answer for fear of self-crimination, when bold Harry Clay is under examination before the country. His hand will be spread out fair and open, and there will be no "knave" in reserve, hid under his sleeve. He will sail under no false colors, but, nailing his true and long-borne flag to his mast, he will point manfully to the inscription on it, under which he will sink or swim—"A National Bank—Land Distribution—and the Highest Tariff that can be got!"

We hope that Mr. Clay will not refuse himself to the wishes of his friends. It may, indeed, be unkind of them—cruel—unmerciful—so soon after he has at last attained that haven of repose for which, as he has often assured the Senate and the country, he has so long been sighing, to force him forth again from the cool "shades of Ashland," to mingle again in the midst of the hot and dusty din of politics. It may be a hard and reluctant sacrifice of all his plans and desires, just at the very moment of first fruition, to yield to this unexpected, this unwelcome call from his party. Yet we appeal, and we are sure the appeal will not be in vain, to Mr. Clay's patriotism not to shrink from this sacrifice. In the name of both of the two great parties we call upon him for his consent to run again as a Presidential candidate—for the sake of the Whigs, as the easiest candidate for them to rally under again—for our own sake, as the easiest to beat. When Mr. Pickwick fell through the ice, he kindly yielded to Mr. Winkle's entreaties, who, without venturing from the shore to his aid, implored him to keep himself up "for his sake." We must frankly confess that we do not intend to help him much, yet we can conscientiously assure Mr. Clay that we are truly anxious that he should be the Whig candidate in the coming campaign, for our sake, if not for his own.

In his present position Mr. Clay reaps at least a full and fine triumph over his party, by which he was so shamefully treated in the last election—even though that may be all he will reap from his present nomination. The prodigal children have returned home, with tears of repentance—the deserters

flock back to the once betrayed and abandoned standard, having found that they had gained nothing by their treachery—the truant lover does penance for past fickleness, and beseeches a renewal of the former smile. This is all well; Mr. Clay will not be too obdurate; and he is now once more in his proper and rightful place, as the acknowledged head and representative of his party. This is the second post of honor in this country—to be the head and representative of the majority in their hour of triumph and dominion being the first; and as Clay is a man who would always prefer to be the Cæsar of the village than the second at Rome, we have no doubt he entertains a sense of pleasure and pride—and most rightfully and worthily—in the eminence of his present position, far greater than any inferior rank under any other chief could yield him, however it might be accompanied with the outward trappings of power or place.

Between the two parties, Mr. Tyler falls to the ground like lead. In the course he has pursued he seems to have exhibited great weakness, at the same time with a commendable firmness in some respects. It is a pity for his fame that he did not, early in his administration, come out with a declaration of adhesion to the “one-term principle,” which, coupled with their professed and promised “proscription of proscription,” was almost the sole distinctive principle which the Whigs, as a united party, carried into the election. There were, on the contrary, several indications which made it manifest that Mr. Tyler did cherish the idea of a possible re-election; and the course he has pursued ever since, endeavoring to organize a middle party for his support, between the opposite extremes of the two main bodies which divide the country, has resulted only in provoking suspicion of the disinterestedness of his motives on the part of all, without attaching to his administration any considerable strength from any quarter. Mr. Tyler *might have become* the candidate of the Democratic party for re-election. No statesman has ever had a more glorious opportunity than that afforded to him on his accidental accession to the Executive chair. There was a most liberal and patriotic disposition

on the part of the Democracy to sustain him, had his course been such as to challenge their sympathy, and to secure their respect and confidence. But he fell short—far short of those expectations and hopes which not a few were well disposed to cherish of him, that he would at once take a strong and bold position on the high ground of Virginia principles—frown sternly down the whole bad set of measures which a bad set of men, placed in the possession of power by the most abominable of political frauds, were endeavoring to fasten on the country—and by manfully braving, from the outset, the worst hostility he had to expect from the baffled cabal thus deservedly punished and exasperated, rally to his support, as against their opposition, that great mass of the Democracy who care far more for the ascendancy of their principles than for the possession of place by their politicians. No, he still clung to the ghost of the old imposture of “Whig Principles,” of which he made several demonstrations that went far to disgust the Democrats. It is true he vetoed the Bank Bills, but in the manner of the act he showed such a miserable want of any distinct and fixed ideas on the subject, and such a desire to keep still on the sunny side of Whig favor, as effectually threw the most freezing discouragement over any tendency of the Democrats to open their hearts to him and to identify with his person the cause of their principles. It is true, too, that he has now again given to the country another veto, for which he deserves well; yet the best that can be claimed for it is that he has thereby simply taken the sting of another bad measure which he ought to have vetoed at the last session. His course, too, in the Rhode Island affair, in suffering his mind to be swayed so weakly and so widely from the truth and the right, by the strong federal and anti-democratic advice that stood next to his ear, would alone have sufficed to be utterly fatal to any possibility of awakening a friendly feeling on the part of the Democratic Party. His promise of interference with the whole force of the armed hand of the General Government, was one of the most flagrant acts of invasion upon the independence of State sovereignty that has ever yet been perpetrated; while it

was put forward on the side of a cause and a principle irreconcilably hostile to the first elements of the democratic political theory. To that promise, too, in its moral influence upon both of the parties to that controversy, is more directly to be ascribed its mortifying and disastrous result than to any other cause,—and it could never be forgiven to Mr. Tyler, nor forgotten in the account of public opinion to be settled with his administration. Nor has he gained much more credit by his singular course on the Apportionment Bill—a measure of high-handed Federal usurpation, and clearly contrary to the contemporaneous views and understanding of a majority of the original parties to the compact of the Constitution. A statesman may entertain “serious doubts” as to the constitutionality of a measure on the first blush of its presentation to him; but to remain so long in such a state of opinion as to be able to sign a bill only under protest, after so thorough and protracted a discussion as had taken place, argues a feebleness, and a want of all clear and manly decision of mind, calculated to forfeit still more of our respect for the head, than it can gain for the heart, of a President so acting.

Mr. Tyler, then, has no chance now left with the Democratic party. He lost them, irrecoverably, while he was trying to maintain his foot-hold among the Whigs. The latter attempt proved as futile in its results as it was feeble in its mode of action. Clay would not tolerate the idea an instant. Early perceiving the aspiration Mr. Tyler dared to entertain, and for the promotion of which the latter had the power and influence incident to the actual possession of the administration, he exhibited his characteristic energy and promptness in the means he adopted to drive him off into a hostile relation toward the main body of his party;—an object in which he so well succeeded, that poor Mr. Tyler, though then guilty of no other serious offence against his party than the veto of the Bank Bills, and though straining every point in his power to enable himself to remain a Whig, and retain the favor of the

Whigs, soon found himself so abused by the Clay press and Clay politicians, and so harassed by the opposition of the Senate in the performance of his Executive duties, that a mutual exasperation of the angriest character arose between the united body of the Whig leaders and himself. Nor has either side been sparing in the most candid expression of their mutual feelings; to the signal entertainment and edification of the Democrats standing quietly by the while, and generally disposed to regard both as not far from right in their mutual opinion of each other.

Who may be the candidate whom the Democratic Party will select to beat Mr. Clay, we neither can know, nor do we regard it as a point of much comparative importance. There are half a score it would be easy to name, among whom it would be safe enough that a choice should be made blindfold. The object of our efforts will be, less that a great statesman, of this name or of that, of this section of the Union or from that, should be made President, than that the Divorce of Bank and State, involved in the policy of the Independent Treasury, should be consummated; that the indirect and partial assumption of the State Debts by means of the distribution of the land revenue, to be replaced by custom-house taxation, should be rescinded; and that Federal Taxation—the proper name for a tariff—should be kept down to the lowest possible point. These are the three main branches of the issue now to be contested between the two great parties of the country—the one under the guidance of Clay, and the other under the lead of we little care whom. We have now a fair field, and ask no favor. And if the American People—as we have, indeed, little apprehension—should hesitate to decide such an issue, thus distinctly made up, in accordance with that enlightenment we are wont to ascribe to them, it is enough to say, that they will well deserve the infliction of the worst consequences to result from the consummation of all the measures, of which Mr. Clay may be regarded as the embodiment and expression.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

SINCE our last Number the aspect of financial and commercial affairs has undergone no very material alteration. The general state of the country is such that the rapid recovery of its commercial activity might be safely looked for, were it not for the untoward action of the federal government. There are now no revenue laws, or, at least, none the validity of which is undisputed, and the imports are wavering between free entry and high protective duties, affording so broad a sweep, that, in the extreme uncertainty which attends the result of the present movements at Washington, but few merchants are inclined to speculative enterprises, the success or ruin of which must depend alone upon the fortune of desperate political partisans. The holders of those goods on which a high duty is proposed to be levied by the advocates of protection, are firm in their demands, and by no means anxious to sell. On the other hand, buyers and importers have not given up the hope of receiving goods on more liberal terms. The influence of these conflicting opinions, growing out of the state of the tariff question, causes all branches of trade to be exceedingly inert. There is no demand for money for business purposes, and the banking institutions continue to find great difficulty in employing their funds to advantage. The Banks of this city have more specie in their vaults than circulation outstanding, so that the volume of the currency would absolutely be increased were the institutions to redeem their liabilities. A large proportion of the capital employed in banking is now idle for want of suitable investments; consequently the institutions have been obliged, some of them, to pass their usual dividends, and others to declare a reduced per centage.

They are all making efforts, generally with fair success, to collect the old debts due them in various parts of the country. This process moves very slowly, however, in consequence of the

greatly reduced volume of the currency of the interior, which diminishes the means of remittance to the Atlantic merchants on their old indebtedness, as well as the availability of the Bank assets. The condition of the Western Banks has generally improved, since our last, with the exception of the Bank of Illinois, at Shawneetown, which has refused to resume. There is, therefore, now no sound bank in that State. One only of the New Orleans Banks has maintained specie payments, viz.: the Bank of Louisiana. The Mechanics' and Traders', and the Union Bank, having again stopped before the opposition of the suspended banks. All the others have failed, and their circulating bills are from 10 to 40 per cent. discount. The Banks of Tennessee have agreed to resume on the 1st of August; also, the Miners' Bank of Dubuque, Iowa. This will leave the following as the only States where an irredeemable paper currency is now tolerated, and in Virginia the Banks have held a consultation as to the propriety of immediate resumption, which resulted in a resolution to resume on the 15th of August next.

	Depreciation.
Illinois, . . .	50 to 60
Arkansas, . . .	50 to 75
Alabama, . . .	35 to 40

While the currency is thus purifying itself and approaching a sound basis, the productive wealth of the country is greatly in excess of that of any other period, and the elements of prosperity exist in greater abundance than ever. Agricultural products, which are the chief source of wealth in this country, exist now at the close of the year, just previous to the receipt of the new crops, in such quantities, that prices rule lower now in the New York market than for any period within ten years. The following is a table of the prices of the leading articles in the month of July of each year since 1833:

PRICES OF LEADING ARTICLES OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS IN NEW YORK, IN JULY,
FOR TEN YEARS.

	1833.	1834.	1835.	1836.	1837.	1838.	1839.	1840.	1841.	1842.
Beef, mess,	\$9.50	8.75	13.00	11.00	13.00	15.00	15.50	15.75	9.50	7.69
Pork, "	13.75	12.75	17.00	19.00	19.00	20.00	18.00	14.00	10.00	8.00
Cotton,	11a15	11a14	17a21	15a20	8½a12	9a13	12a15	7½a11	10a12	5a10
Flour, Western,	5.50	5.00	6.50	7.00	9.50	7.50	5.50	4.75	5.50	6.00
Wool, Am.,	42	44	50	50	52	36	37	40	42	30

In the abundant products and low prices now presented by the above table, we have the sure indication of great national wealth, as well as of an absence of paper credits. Where those credits cease to be the means of purchase, only those become the possessors of the product of the farmer's industry, who can give him an equivalent. All these articles enter into the cost of manufactured products, the prices of which must be proportionably reduced. The abundance and cheapness of agricultural products become, therefore, the cause of abundant and cheap manufactured goods. The interchange of these goods and produce forms the great trade of the country. Every canal and every rail-road carries the produce in one direction, and transports the goods back in payment. The great medium by which these exchanges are effected, are the private bills of the dealers, which are created in representation of

every bill of goods shipped, and every quantity of produce sent to market. These take the form of foreign bills of exchange, internal exchange, and the notes of all grades of dealers, coming between the importers and manufacturers, and the consumers. These bills are all based upon, and represent actual property, the equivalent values of which are all measured by the constitutional standard—gold and silver—which is itself the product of labor, and therefore an actual equivalent. In England a stamp duty is paid on all similar bills, which is necessary to their recovery at law, consequently the quantity in circulation may be pretty nearly approximated, and was ascertained to average for five years, outstanding at one time, £116,000,000 or \$580,000,000. In the United States, by data derived from the late census, these bills outstanding, or running to maturity, may be estimated as follows:

Individual notes based on the imports,	\$125,000,000
“ “ “ “ manufactures,	125,000,000
Internal bills based on the crops,	200,000,000
Foreign bills,	20,000,000
Total business paper,	\$470,000,000

This amount of private paper forms the real credit system of the country. This paper in a great measure cancelled itself; that is, the notes given for imports and manufactures in one section, were cancelled by the bills drawn against the crops on their being sent forward. At the close of the accounts, the existing balances required to be settled in specie, in which all this paper was payable. This paper was, however, seized upon and made the basis of the banking system. Through the instrumentality of the banks, accommodation paper began to be mixed with the mass of business paper, and liabilities to a great extent were set afloat, to meet which no actual wealth existed. The specie, which was be-

fore equal to the wants of the community, no longer sufficed to represent the volume of paper afloat. Instead, then, of requiring specie in payment of these bills, the promises of the banks became substituted. An immense fictitious system became thus engrafted upon and interwoven with the regular business of the country, burdening it with most oppressive taxes for the support of the banking machinery by which the false paper was engendered and kept afloat. The operation now going forward is to sift out this false paper from that which represents the real wealth of the country, to confine banking to this latter description, payable in the constitutional standard.

We some time since gave a table of

the comparative cost of the paper and specie currencies of the United States, France, and Great Britain. Events recently transpired in London enable this comparative cost to be traced more closely. The government of England issued a proclamation calling in all the light sovereigns in exchange for those of standard weight, preparatory to a new coinage. The result of this movement exhibits in a clear and tangible light the economy of a specie over a paper currency. We refer now to the mere expense of keeping up the circulation, without taking into view the immense losses growing out of the disastrous revulsions incident upon the fluctuation of paper money. Of 50,000 sovereigns received at the bank, 15,000 were light—averaging about $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. short weight. These sovereigns were mostly of the coinage of 1817, and the average time of the circulation of the whole was computed at twenty years. The whole gold circulation being estimated at £12,000,000, one half, or £6,000,000, may be considered as light. This would give a loss of 1.25 per cent. upon the whole amount, or £150,000 for the wear and tear of the gold circulation of the realm for twenty years, equal to 1-16 per cent. per annum. This was

	Expense per annum.	Expense 20 years.
English gold currency, 60,000,000 1	per cent. 37,500 - -	\$750,000
United States bank paper, 8,500,000 6	“ 510,000 - -	10,200,000

In this enormous expense of the paper currency to the public, consisted the chief source of the profits of the bank, and enabled it during twenty years to divide 8 per cent. on its capital of \$35,000,000, which dividends amounted to the enormous sum of \$59,000,000! Of this amount \$37,333,000 were sent to England. This was the case with the United States Bank alone. The other bank capital in the United States averaged, in the twenty years from 1820 to 1840, \$251,000,000, on which 7 per cent. dividends were declared, making the enormous sum of \$351,400,000 taxes paid by the producers of this country to the banks for the use of their credits as paper money to the average amount of \$105,000,000 per annum. A large proportion of this bank capital was fictitious. One half the remainder, say \$100,000,000, would, if applied to the prosecution of productive industry, have been instrumental in developing

the whole loss to the nation by the use of a metallic currency. Let us now examine the cost of the paper circulation furnished by the late National Bank. It has been ascertained that the mere cost of the material to manufacture paper money is 1 per cent. The highest circulation of the late National Bank was \$24,000,000, which must have cost \$240,000 to make it. From the creation of the bank up to the time when the United States government dissolved partnership with that precious concern, its circulation had averaged per annum \$8,500,000. The committee of examination at that time, with the concurrence of its president, allowed \$900,000 for circulation worn out and lost. This for sixteen years was \$56,250 per annum, or .66 per cent. of the circulation. Here are two items of expense which are more than equal to that of the gold currency of England; but there is a far more important consideration. Specie gets into circulation in exchange for the products of industry as a fair equivalent without extra charge; on the other hand, every emission of paper money is attended with a charge of at least 6 per cent. We may now compare the expense of the two currencies for a period of twenty years.

the actual wealth of the country, to an extent probably equal to its own value. On the other hand, it has decreased the wealth of the country by promoting consumption instead of production, and sloth instead of industry. Burdened with the enormous bank tax indicated in the above figures, it is no wonder that the people have found themselves too poor to pay their debt, and have in some instances had recourse to repudiation.

We have here treated only upon the actual cost of the paper money. The ruin and distress caused by its disastrous fluctuations and revulsions are incalculable. These effects are described in a parliamentary speech of Henry Lord Brougham, as follows:—

“It is monstrous, my Lord, that any man or body of men, corporate or otherwise, should have the power of making money cheap or dear, at will, combining the office of regulator of national cur-

rency, with that of bankers—that they should be both the money-makers and money dealers—that they should have the privilege at any one period of inundating the country with an immense amount of paper currency, thereby stimulating speculation as well as trade, raising prices, and profits; and at another period drawing in their rags, screwing up all legitimate sources of credit, as well as capital, and thereby lowering prices and wages, and diminishing profits, producing a stagnation of trade, ruining merchants and manufacturers by the hundred, and spreading misery and wretchedness among thousands.”

If this was the experience of the eminent men of England, what must have been the case in this country, where the inherent evils of the system have been heightened by the most palpable charlatanism, ignorance, presumption, knavery, and fraud, on the part of those who have undertaken to administer the paper currency. The people of the United States will not soon forget the monstrous delusion which made them look upon the late national bank as the great giver of all good, and fix their eyes upon its mountebank president, who, like a rocket, dazzled their visions for a moment in his flight, and then exploded in corruption, leaving nothing in the darkness that succeeded but an offensive odor, which Daniel Webster mistook for the “odor of nationality.”

The enormous cost of banking has been a main cause of the inability of many of the States to pay their debts; accordingly we find that those States, where banking has been pushed to the greatest extent, are the first to dishonor their liabilities. Six sovereign and independent States are now under disgrace, as follows :

Mississippi,	Arkansas,
Michigan,	Indiana,
Illinois,	Pennsylvania.

And the territory of Florida has threatened repudiation through its executive. In all these States banking has been most encouraged, and has been attended with the most disastrous results. The great and rich State of Pennsylvania has been eminently the victim of her banks. Her wild and speculative system of public improvements, which have cost the State near \$20,000,000, and yield no revenue, was the result of

her fatal connection with the late National Bank. That institution was the direct agent in the negotiation of the stock, and its malign influence was the cause of their creation. The debt of the State is now near \$40,000,000, nearly one-fourth of which was borrowed to pay the interest on, and the expenses of negotiating the other half. For a long time the State existed by borrowing money from her banks, until, in the winter of 1840, public opinion demanded a resumption on the part of the banks. To enable themselves to pay their own debts, it became necessary for the banks to cease lending money to the State; and pending the passage of a law in the Pennsylvania legislature, compelling the banks to resume on the 15th of February, 1840, the State interest to the amount of \$800,000 fell due, and was not paid. At this moment of discredit, the insolvent banks came forward, and offered to furnish the money to the State on condition that they should be allowed a longer period for suspension. This disgraceful compact was completed, and the interest paid. The Pennsylvania House of Representatives instituted a committee to investigate whether any corrupt means was used by the Banks of that State, in 1840, to procure a legalized suspension of specie payments. The chairman of that committee reported, on the 13th of July, that corruption had been used, but that there had been no *direct* evidence that the Executive or Legislature had received money. The U. S. Bank alone was reported to have disbursed \$131,400 for corrupt purposes. Since that time the State has continued its payments, by various expedients, up to the present month, when the payments again fell due. Notwithstanding all the experience of the past, the Legislature, which has been convened in extra session, have again neglected to levy a tax; but have again authorized the governor to borrow the money on a 6 per cent. stock, or to issue that stock in payment of the State interest. This, at best, is but a partial payment, as the stock will be unavailable to the holders. The 5 per cent. stock of Pennsylvania is selling at 32 cents on the dollar, and the State is bankrupt, although possessing one of the largest, richest, and most industrious populations in the Union. It is true that these people are

already heavily taxed, paying, according to a late message of the Executive, near \$4,000,000 per annum; of which, however, but \$700,000 comes into the State Treasury—the balance being town and county taxes.

We have gone thus particularly into the state of affairs in Pennsylvania, because she assumed in relation to the late National Bank the position before occupied by the Federal Government; and the question may be well asked, with this fearful wreck before us, what would have been the fate of these United States, had that concern been rechartered by Congress? What Pennsylvania now is, on comparatively a small scale, would have been the whole Union, on a plan so magnificent, that its fall would have shaken Europe to its centre. The bubble, which was blown up to such a height on the basis of State credits, would have overshadowed the commercial world, backed by the support of the United States; and when the towering mass of credits was sapped by the utter exhaustion of the country, what wide-spread and irretrievable ruin would not the fall have occasioned?

The state of commercial affairs throughout the month has been characterized by the same degree of uncertainty as described in our last; and for the same cause, viz., the want of some permanent settlement of the tariff laws, through legislative action. The tariff bill, which we noticed in our last as likely to be vetoed, and the object of which was to extend the revenue laws to the first of August, has met the fate anticipated, and for the cause alluded to in our last Number. The collection of duties has, however, been continued under regulations prescribed by the President; not, however, without opposition from the merchants, who pay duties, under protest. The prob-

ability now is, that this state of things will exist until a new Congress shall give a more efficient action to federal legislation. Should the Executive be sustained by the judiciary in his construction of the existing powers to collect revenue, the existing rate of duty, viz., 20 per cent. on the home valuation, will probably be the best, both for the revenue and the country, that could be adopted under existing circumstances. The abundance of produce in this country renders it necessary that a foreign market should be found to as great an extent as possible; and to do so the return of foreign goods in payment must be encouraged. The specie level of the currency forbids the idea that goods can be imported to any great extent under high duties. Duties levied upon the foreign cost of goods, when prices here are inflated by the action of a paper currency, do not much restrict trade; but duties levied upon the home valuation, when demand and supply in a specie currency alone govern prices, must seriously affect the amount of imports. It has been a favorite notion with the advocates of a high tariff, and has been frequently laid down by Daniel Webster, that where one country is the principal producer of one article, and another a principal consumer of it, a duty imposed by the latter would have the effect, not of raising the price in the country where it was laid, but to reduce it where they were produced. To illustrate the fallacy of this assumption, we have compiled the following table of three articles of import into the United States, from the Treasury returns, from 1821 to 1841, showing the quantity imported, the foreign cost, and the home value under each rate of duty. The value is that contained in the Treasury reports for the same articles exported, as follows:—

QUANTITIES OF HAMMERED IRON, HEMP, AND COAL, IMPORTED ANNUALLY, UNDER THE VARIOUS DUTIES SINCE 1821, WITH THE FOREIGN COST OF EACH ARTICLE, AND THE HOME VALUE OF EACH ARTICLE AT THE CORRESPONDING PERIOD.

Duty.	HAMMERED IRON.			HEMP.			COAL.		
	Cwt. 45	Foreign cost.	Price.	Cwt. 150	Foreign cost.	Price.	Bush. 5	Cost.	Price.
1821,	343.094	3.12	2.85	86.192	5.92		627.717	14½	29
1822,	532.805	2.94	4.25	178.503	5.97	10.00	970.828	14½	26
1823,	591.880	2.76	3.30	115.735	5.84	7.35	854.983	13½	38
1824,	426.966	2.80	3.51	94.846	5.10	7.00	764.815	14½	36
Duty.	90			175			6		
1825,	492.998	3.17	4.30	76.817	5.61		722.255	15½	31
1826,	467.515	3.23	4.71	88.116	6.21	11.50	970.021	14½	27
1827,	440.200	3.00	4.34	100.566	6.31	12.80	1.127.388	12½	38
1828,	667.849	3.20	4.42	161.604	6.65		906.200	11½	38

Duty.	112	3.19	6.50	300	95.195	6.83	9.20	6	1,272.970	11½	43
1829,	589.638	3.19	6.50	95.195	6.83	9.20	1,272.970	11½	43		
1830,	613.920	2.85	4.30	30.782	6.55	8.35	1,640.295	12½	19½		
1832,	763.001	2.55	3.01	150.739	5.95		2,043.389	10½			
Duty.	90	2.50	3.85	200	96.026	5.10	10.80	6	2,588.102	10½	19
1833,	722.486	2.50	3.85	96.026	5.10	10.80	2,588.102	10½	19		
1834,	635.698	2.75	3.10	102.211	5.30	6.00	2,005.522	9½	21		
1835,	630.584	2.60	4.36	102.163	5.12	5.10	1,679.119	8½	20		
1836,	658.752	2.87	4.70	147.190	5.55		3,076.087	8½	32		
1837,	626.512	3.21	4.90	84.965	5.52	11.00	4,268.598	8½	30		
1838,	426.389	2.75	4.10	81.391	6.25		3,614.320	8½	27		
1839,	711.159	2.87	5.50	87.461	7.95	11.10	5,082.424	8½	26		
1840,	576.381	2.95	4.25	93.788	7.35		4,560.287	8½	24		

This presents the operation of four different tariffs, on two articles, the chief products of England, and one, hemp, a staple of Russia. It will be seen, in the case of iron, that under the low duty of 1816, the foreign cost of the article was less than that of the four succeeding years, when the duty was doubled here, and that the value in this market bore the same proportionate increase. In the year 1828, when the high duty was expected, the demand for iron in England to export to this country before the new duty should be levied, increased 50 per cent., and apparently caused an increase in the foreign cost of 20 cents. This was the natural operation of trade, and is directly the reverse of the assumption of Daniel Webster and others. In the next two years of high duty, the foreign cost was higher than in the four years of low duty prior to 1825; and the value in the home market was reduced apparently by the increased supply. Since 1832 the duty has undergone biennial reductions. We have not here taken the influences of the paper currencies in both countries, upon prices, into consideration. The article of hemp exhibits still more clearly the operations of trade, in opposition to the

propositions of the tariff men. In the article of coal the price in this country has fluctuated in a great degree. The tariff has not been altered since 1825; but the foreign cost has steadily decreased, while the import has increased in the same proportion, the price here remaining nearly the same, giving evidence of the greatly increased consumption of the article here, as well as of its production abroad. The import of iron, since 1832, has been greatly increased by the internal improvements of the States. The iron in very many cases was purchased for State bonds, without much regard to cost. This operating cause will cease to act for the future, and the effective demand for foreign iron will be regulated by the profit that it will yield to import it, and the American ironmasters will have decidedly the advantage over others. A very moderate duty under such circumstances must be protective. The same influences operate upon all articles of import, to a greater or less extent. The breaking down of the credit system affords of itself the most ample protection to manufactures, and to yield a revenue the rates of duty must be very moderate.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poems. By ALFRED TENNYSON. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston: William D. Ticknor. 1842.

We have long regretted that the exquisite verse of Alfred Tennyson has been suffered to remain comparatively unknown to the American reader, for want of a publisher who would venture on the enterprise of reprinting, what has been before the public on the other side of the Atlantic for nearly ten years. The same intelligent publisher, to whom we were indebted a few months ago for the sweet sadness of Motherwell's volume, has now again rescued the "trade" from the imputation of insensibility to the merits of some of the most beautiful poetry of the day. We are half inclined to place Tennyson at the head of that younger growth which, in the sacred groves of Poesy, has sprung up under the shadow of those towering monarchs of the wood, whose contemporaneous greatness illustrated the past generation. We speak thus of the *past* generation, for although some of those "mighty masters of the lyre" may yet survive, who swelled the grand chorus of English song to which the first quarter of the present century listened enchanted, yet it is only as retired veterans—the *emeriti* of campaigns now historical—that they are reposing on their unfading laurels. True, the traveller still visits the home of Wordsworth as the shrine of a pious pilgrimage, and the beautiful abode of Rogers as a museum replete with charming interest—and deems himself fortunate in meeting Moore or Campbell as the greatest of the lions he is anxious to see abroad—yet are Wordsworth, and Rogers, and Moore, and Campbell, as *poets*, quite as much of a day that is past, as the contemporaries with whom we are wont to associate them, Byron and Shelley, Coleridge and Scott—and poor Southey, who, between the living and the dead, occupies now a middle place which is scarcely more the one than the other.

A certain dim and shadowy beauty, a fanciful and floating grace, with a very tender sweetness, a delicate and refined purity of taste, and a melody of language as soft as a flute, are the chief characteristics of Tennyson's poetry. Some of his poems on the various loveliness of young maidenhood, seem to have a charm almost as exquisite as their inspiration. But there is also a certain effeminacy in his

verse, which does not permit it to rise to the level of the more severe and robust dignity and power of that of Bryant. It flies on the humming-bird's wing, sucking the sweet soul out of the loveliest flowers it meets, rather than on the pinion of the eagle which spurns the cloud and soars toward the sun. The present volumes are a reprint of a recent new edition published by Moxon, in London, the first containing the earlier poems which appeared in 1829 and 1832; and the second consisting of poems published now for the first time. The last exhibit a sensible progress in comparison with the former,—which are themselves in not a few instances amended by a judicious revision. Tennyson has already what may almost be termed a "school" of imitators—of whom, in this country, the most successful is Mr. Longfellow.

The Fountain, and other Poems. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 12mo. pp. 100. New York and London: Wiley and Putnam. 1842.

Another volume from Bryant—no much of it perhaps in bulk, but so, too, may it be said of diamonds. The greater part of these poems, we observe, including the one from which the volume takes its title, have appeared originally in the pages of the Democratic Review—and many of our readers doubtless, therefore, know them by heart, though we are well assured that that will constitute a recommendation, rather than a reason to deter them from purchasing the beautifully-printed volume in which they will find them here collected, together with a number of others of kindred beauty, well worthy to be threaded on the same string of pearls.

The Poetical Works of John Sterling. (First American Edition.) 12mo. pp. 268. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker. 1842.

Mr. Griswold, who appears as the editor of this volume, has conferred a substantial benefit on the public by the act, for which, independently of his other literary deserts, he is entitled to its thanks. There is a calm contemplative depth of thought, and a pure tenderness of senti-

ment, with a classic chasteness of language and versification, in the poetry of the Rev. Mr. Sterling, (better known as the "Archæus" of Blackwood,) which will secure for this volume many a reader who will return more than once to dwell upon the quiet and pleasant charm of its pages. "The Sexton's Daughter" is one long strain of deep and gentle pathos, inexpressibly sweet and beautiful; and several of the Hymns are a fit music to swell through the echoing temple of a devout heart in adoration to its God.

The Climate of the United States, and its Endemic Influences. By SAMUEL FORRY, M.D. 8vo. pp. 380. New York: J. and H. G. Langley. 1842.

Several months have now elapsed since the appearance of this work, during which period it has been noticed by nearly all of our periodicals, both literary and exclusively medical, in terms of very high commendation. "The design of the work," says the writer, "is to exhibit a connected view of the leading phenomena of our climate both physical and medical, comprising a condensation of all the author's observations on the subject." It is based chiefly on the "Army Meteorological Register," and the "Statistical Report on the Sickness and Mortality in the Army of the United States," embracing a period of twenty years, (1819 to 1839,) both of which are the result of the labors of the same author. We hail the appearance of this volume with no ordinary degree of pleasure, inasmuch as it is the first systematic treatise on the climate of that great portion of the globe, embraced within the boundaries of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Unlike all other treatises on the same subject, which are generally loosely written and made up of the most vague and general statements, Dr. F.'s deductions are based upon precise instrumental observations. The isolated facts relative to our climate have been carefully collated by him, and their relations to one another and to general laws determined. Having thus presented in Part First a classification of the principal phenomena of our climate, *physically* considered, he traces out in Part Second the *medical* relations of these laws, thus establishing in both a classification of climates having for its basis observation; and by extending his observations through a long series of years, and over vast masses of individuals, Dr. F. has disclosed many important relations having reference to the health and disease of our wide-spread borders. The advantages

of change of climate to pulmonary and other invalids—a subject of the highest interest to every class of readers—have been pointed out most happily by the author. But as we do not feel ourselves competent to express an opinion upon a subject pertaining strictly to medical science, we will here make the following quotation from the "Select Medical Library" of Philadelphia, edited by Dr. John Bell:—"The present work of Dr. F. comes out under peculiarly imposing auspices. This is just such a volume as every physician has felt the want of, whether his opinion be invoked respecting the effects of season or of travel and change of place for a common invalid, to say nothing of the eagerness and anxiety with which these questions are propounded, when the answer will direct the movements of a person in incipient consumption, or one, alas! in its last, and, to all others but himself, hopeless stage."

Did our space permit, we would willingly present to our readers some extracts bearing upon the interesting topics discussed in this volume; such as the influence of our ocean-lakes on our climate—the different laws of temperature on the eastern and western coasts of the same continent—whether the climate of Europe has experienced any permanent change since the era of the first Roman Emperors—whether the climate of the New World has been rendered milder by the cultivation of the soil—whether the region west of the Alleghanies enjoys a milder temperature than that to the east. We must conclude, however, with the remark that Dr. F. has brought to the investigation of these various points, great industry and method as well as good sense; and, that seeing the vast mass of information collected and digested into fixed results in this volume, and adapted, too, for general perusal, we take pleasure in commending it to our readers as a standard production.

Forest Life. By the Author of "A New Home." In 2 vols. 12mo. New York: C. S. Francis and Co., 252 Broadway. Boston: J. H. Francis, 128 Washington street. 1842.

No less graphic, witty, kindly, sensible, and amusing a book than the predecessor of which it is a sequel. And agreeable as are both the volumes from beginning to end, there is no portion of either which we read with greater pleasure than the concluding intimation, that it is only "for the present" that the

charming author, who still denies her real name to fame, takes her leave of the public. Her voice comes to us out of the far unknown wilderness from which she sends it forth, like the clear ringing song of a bird, issuing from the heart of a wood; although we may not see the sweet vocalist, nor distinguish the particular tree within whose green shade it is hiding and singing, yet we listen with delight, and wait impatiently at every pause for another strain of the merry music.

Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. By JAS. F. W. JOHNSTON, M.A., F.R.S., Honorary Member of the Royal English Agricultural Society, and Author of "Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology." 12mo. pp. 250. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1842.

We noticed in our last number the appearance of Professor Johnston's larger work on this same subject—or rather of the first portion of it—his "Lectures," in terms of praise not beyond its deserts. The present volume will doubtless diffuse a more widely-spread usefulness, from the cheap and compendious form which adapts it to large classes of readers into whose hands the former would probably never come. Its price (50 cents) places it within the reach of every farmer, to whom, as well as to the miscellaneous reader, unwilling to remain ignorant of so useful and interesting a branch of general knowledge, we would strongly recommend it.

A Discourse delivered upon the Opening of the New Hall of the New York Lyceum of Natural History. By JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., Member of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, late Professor of Materia Medica, Medical Jurisprudence, Institutes of Medicine, and of Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children, in the University of the State of New York, &c. New York: H. Ludwig, Printer, 72 Vesey street.

The distinguished reputation of Dr. Francis, both in the profession of which he is an ornament, and as a man of high and extensive scientific and literary cultivation, will awaken an expectation in the reader taking up this Discourse, which, when he lays it down at its close, he will acknowledge not to have been disappointed. It is an eloquent and elegant production, evidently the overflowing of a mind laboring only with the *embarras de richesses*; and presents an outline com-

prehensive, though necessarily rapid and general, and nowhere else within our knowledge to be found, of the various contributions by American writers and observers to the cause of natural science, in all the leading branches into which it distributes itself.

A Treatise on Algebra; embracing, besides the Elementary Principles, all the higher parts usually taught in Colleges; containing moreover the New Method of Cubic and Higher Equations, as well as the Development and Application of the more recently discovered Theorem of Sturm. By GEO. R. PERKINS, A. M., Principal and Professor of Mathematics in the Utica Academy, and author of "Higher Arithmetic." Utica: D. Hutchinson. New York: Saxton & Miles. 1842. 8vo. pp. 360.

Compared with the great mass of books which are constantly falling from our American press, very few are purely scientific works. Out of that few, many possess little merit, except that they may be good translations of some foreign author. Not so with the work which is at present before us. There is an air of newness and originality about it, which few volumes of the kind seem to carry with them. Not that the grand principles laid down are new; but that the methods of operating are, in many respects, original. The great fault with most of the existing works upon this interesting branch of mathematics, seems to be a want of judicious arrangement and practical combination of its parts. To the remedy of this defect, we think the present valuable "Treatise" well adapted. The new rules for extracting the roots of cubic polynomials—the extensive formulæ on the progressions—the clear elucidation of equations of the third and fourth degrees—together with the new and complete rule for the numerical solution of equations of all classes, constitute an improvement upon former works, which cannot fail to be noticed by all who are interested in the subject.

In addition to the above will be found a new Logarithmic Theorem, by Prof. Catlin; also, a very neatly abridged exemplification, and the application of the lately discovered theorem of Sturm, for the discovery of the number of real roots in any equation, which has now, for the first time, found its way into an American publication.

The typographical execution of the book is of the best order; and it comes

out to the world in a dress which does much credit to the enterprise of the publisher.

A Treatise on the Right of Suffrage, with an Appendix. By SAMUEL JONES. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. 1842. 12mo. pp. 274.

Had this work appeared but a few months ago, we should have expressed some surprise at beholding any writer coming before the public, at the present day, in this country, with a grave and formal treatise on this subject, to argue *backward* in favor of such propositions as—a general property qualification for the elective franchise; a real estate qualification for the franchise as exercised in the election of one of the two branches of the legislature; and for naturalized citizens, a ten years' residence, and real estate in the district of residence, of the clear value of \$1000. But after recent events, instead of surprise, we must content ourselves with a simple expression of regret. We recommend the book to the Charter Party in Rhode Island, and to their friends the Whig Party elsewhere. It will hardly find much sale among democratic readers,—unless they should seek to confirm their own different faith, by the feebleness of the best argument that can be made by an intelligent and well-meaning writer on the opposite side. To Mr. Jones we would recommend Dr. Franklin's story of the Ass, worth the prescribed property qualification, which passed successively from one owner to another, carrying with him the elective franchise; and would invite from him an answer to Dr. Franklin's shrewd question, which of the two possessed the franchise, the Man or the Ass? And before he should issue a second edition (assuming that the first will be promptly absorbed by the Rhode Island demand), we would recommend to him to consider what greater "stake" any man can have in a community, than his existence, his humanity, his body and his soul, his head and his heart, his wife and his children, his past, present and future, his memories and his hopes,—and whether the poor man has not all these as well as the rich man. We would advise him to reflect, too, whether the poor man, hanging ever over the gulf of starvation, and holding on to subsistence only by the unrelaxing clutch of perpetual toil, has not quite as great an interest in wholesome and wise government, as his rich neighbor, who has but to curtail a luxury where the former yields a necessary of life.

He may also with advantage consult the science of political economy, where he will learn the fallacy of the idea which constitutes one of the principal foundations of his reasoning—namely, that it is Property which really pays Taxation. But Mr. Jones means well, and does not write ill, though he argues from wrong assumptions to necessarily wrong results; and there is something in the kindly spirit of his book, which wins from our good-nature a forbearance of severe criticism—a forbearance even to a heresy so justly provocative of democratic wrath.

Facts involved in the Rhode Island Controversy, with some views upon the rights of both Parties. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 1842.

A Discourse delivered in the Meeting House of the First Baptist Church, Providence, May 22, 1842. By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Providence: R. Comstock & Co., and H. H. Brown. 1842.

Review of Dr. Wayland's Discourse on the Affairs of Rhode Island. By a Member of the Boston Bar. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 1842.

In our notice of these three pamphlets, we place Dr. Wayland's in the middle, to typify how completely he is crushed between the other two as by the upper and the nether millstones. The learned President has added nothing to his past laurels by this publication; and the day is not distant when he will sincerely regret, that he ever allowed himself to be so far overcome by the contagious excitement surrounding him, as to give the double utterance of speech and print to all the falsehoods of fact, the fallacies of reasoning, and the uncharitable errors of judgment contained in his pamphlet, and so pungently and forcibly exposed in the Review of it by a very able "Member of the Boston Bar." We would recommend this with the first named of the above, particularly to our democratic readers, as containing together both a valuable and succinct summary of the historical facts of the case, and a lucid and unanswerable statement of the argument in justification of the popular side of the question. The ablest of the writers on the opposite side may safely be challenged to the attempt at refuting them.

The American in Egypt, with Rambles through Arabia Petrea and the Holy Land, during the Years 1839 and 1840. By JAMES EWING COOLEY. Illustrated with numerous steel Engravings: also with Designs and Etchings, by Johnston. 8vo. pp. 610. New York: D. Appleton and Co., 200 Broadway. 1842.

An odd, rambling, but entertaining volume, beautifully printed and "got up," and copiously and richly illustrated. The author is well known in this city, as having formerly been for a number of years the conductor of the semi-annual book-trade sales. He has now so far modified his vocation as to manufacture the books he once only sold; and he proves that he can do the one as well as of old he did the other; for we doubt not this volume, which is laid on our table in advance of its public appearance, will prove one of the most popular and saleable of those that were formerly wont to pass under his hammer. There is a great deal of good writing and good sense in it, though rather more profusely intermixed than need have been with nonsense; and we sincerely hope that in the next volume, which is hereafter to follow the present one, when he is to carry us with him on his travels out of Egypt into Arabia and Palestine, he may not again fall in with the *Builderdashes*, *Rintapers*, the Reverend Mr. *Dunderblix*, Dr. *O'Squeebey*, or any of the English acquaintance who figure so largely in the present narrative of his adventures and observations on and about the banks of the Nile; through which we shall probably in an early Number follow him a little more closely than we can do on the present occasion, when our chief purpose is to announce the appearance of the book; and to recommend it as a novelty quite unique in its plan, and containing a great deal of agreeable information and amusement, presented in a very elegant style of publication.

Tales for the People and their Children. Little Coin, Much Care. By MARY HOWITT. 18mo. pp. 171. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1842.

A nice little tale, in Mary Howitt's easy and natural vein, presenting at the same time a sad picture of the hardships and sufferings of the poor in an English manufacturing town.

A Memoir of India and Arghanistawn, with Observations on the present Exciting and Critical State and Future Prospects of those Countries. Comprising Remarks on the Massacre of the British Army in Cabul, British Policy in India, a Detailed Descriptive Character of Dost Mahomed and his Court, &c. With an Appendix. By J. HARLAN, late Counsellor of State, Aide-de-Camp, and General of the Staff to Dost Mahomed, Ameer of Cabul. 12mo. pp. 208. Philadelphia: J. Dobson, 106 Chesnut-street; R. Baldwin, Paternoster Row, London; H. Bossange, 11 Quai Voltaire, Paris. 1842.

This volume appears very seasonably at the present moment, to convey reliable information from a source eminently able to furnish it, in relation to the scene of the late disastrous military operations of the British in India, and of the future ones which they are now preparing. Of the personal history of the author, and of the adventures which placed him in the various important posts indicated on his title-page, and which have again brought him back to the plain capacity of a citizen of his native country, resident, we believe, in Philadelphia, we are not informed. He is evidently, from the internal proof of this volume, a man of a high order of ability, and he writes from the abundance of great familiarity with his subject, as well in its more minute details, as in its larger general aspects. It is pervaded also by an air of truthfulness which wins the entire confidence of the reader. It is accompanied with a topographical map of Cabul and the surrounding country. General Harlan writes in a spirit of strong hostility to the British dominion in India, which is, indeed, as it has ever been, in the words of Burke, "an awful thing." Their late disaster, while he freely bestows on so much human suffering the sigh which it must extort from every human heart, he regards as but the just retribution of Providence upon their own rapacity, cruelty, and injustice; and prophesies the speedy advent of the day which shall witness the crumbling into the dust of all that stupendous blood-cemented structure of the Anglo-Indian Empire. At the conclusion we find announced, as in preparation for the press, what we shall look for with much interest, a personal narrative of the author's eighteen years' residence in Asia, comprising an account of the manners and customs of the various Oriental nations with whom he has had official and familiar intercourse.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

The first edition of Mr. GRISWOLD'S elegant and valuable volume of American Anthology, "*The Poets and Poetry of America*," which is more particularly noticed in another part of our present Number, having been exhausted, another is to be issued, incorporating some improvements, probably as soon as the present announcement of it reaches the eye of our readers. Mr. Griswold, we understand, has nearly ready for the press his "*Curiosities of American Literature*," a work for which the Puritan period of our history especially affords much valuable material, and which must prove one of the most entertaining and curious performances yet published in this country. Mr. Griswold is, without doubt, better qualified than any other person to prepare a book of the kind. In this connection we take pleasure in noticing the fact, that this gentleman, who possesses peculiar qualifications for such a post, has been placed in the editorial charge of one of our most popular monthly miscellanies, "*Graham's Magazine*," in which capacity he has made arrangements with a number of the ablest writers in the country to contribute to its pages. Cooper is to furnish a series of sketches of naval biography, and Bryant, Longfellow and Hoffman, are to be regular contributors to its poetical department. The change of editorial policy denoted in these announcements promises to raise this magazine to the level of a literary rank to which it has heretofore scarcely pretended, and which we deem a just subject of congratulation to the public as well as to the enterprising publisher.

A new edition of Dr. CROLY'S celebrated romance, "*Salathiel, a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future*," will be published in a few days by Mr. L. Johnson, of Philadelphia, and Mr. James, of Cincinnati. "*Salathiel*" is one of the best romances in the language, and it will always be eminently popular. It has been out of print for several years, and the new edition will therefore be eagerly sought.

We understand that the *Report of the Geological Survey of the State of New York* is in process of printing in a very

splendid style; and that Governor Seward has taken measures to enrich it by an Introduction, contributed from the pens of various scientific and literary gentlemen, to whom he has addressed himself for the purpose, designed to present a general view of the industrial, educational, literary, and moral history, progress, and present greatness of the State.

We are happy to find that a new work is about being prepared by Messrs. STREPHENS and CATHERWOOD, embodying the result of their recent additional explorations in Central America. Their materials, we understand, are abundant, and exceedingly novel. The illustrations are already progressing in the hands of the engravers, and from the specimens we have seen, are of a deeply interesting character.

Dr. ANTHON is rapidly advancing with the printing of his new Archæological work, — a Sequel to his Classical Dictionary.

WILEY & PUTNAM have just issued JONHSTON'S new volume on "Agricultural Chemistry." The same publishers have nearly ready, DOWNING'S "*Cottage Architecture*," with beautiful illustrative designs, uniform with that writer's former work, "*Landscape Gardening*." Also, the third, and will in a few days, we believe, publish the fourth, number of Prof. BRANDE'S invaluable Cyclopædia, to be completed in one handsome octavo.

D. APPLETON & Co. are about immediately to publish Mr. COOLEY'S "*American in Egypt*," in one handsome octavo, with numerous illustrative engravings, some of which are beautifully executed; of its literary character we have already spoken. The same firm have the following just completed—"The Book of the Navy," with many plates; the volumes already announced, under the general title of "*A Library for my Young Countrymen*." Also some new volumes of the series "Tales for the People and their Children;" "*The Favorite Child*," and "*First Impressions*," by Mrs. ELLIS, and "*Work and Wages*," and "*Little Coin, Much Care*," by MARY HOWITT. Dr. URE'S valuable Dictionary, No. 12, is just out; also No. 6 of Handy Andy, and No. 3 of Hector O'Halloran, all of which need no fresh commendatory notice.

DAYTON & NEWMAN have just put out a volume by Prof. OLMSTED, of considerable interest, a "Biographical Sketch of Ebenezer P. Mason," a youth of singular precocity, who exhibited indications of extraordinary genius, and whose premature decease imparts an additional interest to the narrative. The biographer ranks the subject of his memoir not merely with Kirk White as a poet, but even with Herschel, Galileo, and Newton, for his surprising attainments in philosophy and the abstract sciences;—but here, of course, allowance must be made for the enthusiastic admiration of the writer.

CAREY & HART will, we observe, complete the publication of QUAIN's splendid work of *Anatomical Plates*, edited by Prof. Pancoast, of Jefferson College, early this month. They also announce for speedy publication, a new volume of "*The Gift for 1843*;" which is to include a series of superb illustrations, after Chapman, Cheney, Sully, Inman, and several other of our leading artists. This new Annual is to exceed all its predecessors, we understand, in the exquisite beauty of its embellishments.

We would again remind our readers of the announcement by Mr. RIKER, of a new Dictionary of the English language, designed for Schools, on an original plan; also his other novelty, before alluded to, of a *Scripture Floral Album*, with finely colored embellishments, &c.

A clever little elementary work on the study of Conchology, has just appeared, entitled "*Lessons on Shells*," with ten plates, exhibiting upwards of eighty specimens, drawn from nature. This popular Manual has already passed through three editions, and the present is greatly improved by the editor, Mr. Cozzens, Librarian of the New York Lyceum. Scarcely any scientific subject can be selected more agreeable and amusing for youth, as well as adults, or one from which may be educed a finer moral than this favorite study. Published by FOLSOM, of this city.

A new and elegant Annual is announced by WILLIAMS, of Boston, for the 15th prox. It is entitled "*The Christian Souvenir for 1843*;" its embellishments will be well executed, and literary matter characterized by a high religious tone, &c.

ENGLISH.

We observe the announcement of a new work from the pen of Horace Smith,

entitled, "*Masaniello*." Much new light, it is said, is about to be thrown on the history of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, by the publication of her recently discovered correspondence at Hampton Court Palace, by Prince Labanoff. The Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart, the Pretender, are also about to appear; and a new work of fiction is in progress from the pen of Bulwer, to be called "*Mabel Meredith, or the Bride of the North*;" the scenes of which are laid in Russia, during the luxurious and dissolute reign of the Court of the Empress Catharine. A superb work has just been completed, of which only 50 copies have been struck off, embellished by 75 sumptuous illustrations in colors, entitled "*Vestiariarium Scoticum*," by John Sobieski Stuart. This extraordinary work comprises a historical account of the tartans of Highland clans, and the feudal times of Scotland—the price is ten guineas. A new work on the Seat of the Eastern War is announced, as follows:—"Narrative of various Journeys in Balochistan, Afghanistan, and the Punjab; including a residence in those countries from 1826 to 1838." By Charles Masson, Esq. My Bee Book, by the Rev. W. C. Cotton, with many plates. Travels in Kashmir, Sadak, Iskardo, the countries adjoining the mountain course of the Indus and the Himalaya north of the Punjab. By J. T. Vigne, Esq. 2 vols. many plates.

The *posthumous* fame of poor Theodore Hook seems to be rapidly increasing, and his publishers will not be at fault at any rate if it shall not become greater than his reputation when living. Already we have had "*Fathers and Sons*," and even now observe two others, "*Peregrine Bunce, or Settled at Last*;" and "*The Man of Sorrow*." This last, however, is said to be *edited* by him only. We hear of several other new works of fiction, such as "*Stonehenge, or the Romans in Britain*;" "*The Marchioness, a strange but true tale*," by Mrs. Thornton; and "*The Hungarian Castle*," by Miss Pardoe.

CONTINENTAL.

Necrology.—France, as it appears from the last foreign news, has to register the death of several of her distinguished men, and among them two literary characters—J. N. Bouilly, a moralist and dramatic writer, and a member of the Academy, in which it leaves a new vacancy to be filled; the Count of Las Casas, the field companion of Napoleon

in exile, and the author of the *Atlas Historique, &c.*, and of the *Memorial de St. Helena*.

We understand the fifth volume of Professor Leo's *Course of Universal History*, for the use of superior Schools, is just out, (*Lehrbuch der Universalgeschichte zum Gebrauch in höhern Unterrichtsanstalten*), published at Halle. This volume treats of the history of the French Revolution and of Napoleon, and thus forms a valuable work of itself. It is written in a spirit of stern justice; the author, with the law of the gospel in his hand, sitting in judgment upon the deeds of nations and individuals, and tracing in all the ramifications of the astounding events of that memorable period, the finger of God. It will also please the English reader of German, for the beauty and simplicity of its style.

Der Nibelungen Noth, illustriert mit Holzschnitten nach Zeichnungen von Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld und Eugen Neureuther. Die Bearbeitung des Textes von Dr. Gustav Pfizer. 8 Lieferungen, à 14 gr.

Technologische Encyclopädie, oder alphabetisches Handbuch der Technologie, der technischen Chemie, und des Maschinenwesens. Zum Gebrauche für Kameralisten, Oekonomen, Künstler, Fabrikanten, und Gewerbtreibende jeder Art. Herausgegeben von Joh. Jos. Prechtl. k. k. n. o. wirkl. Regierungs-Rathe, und Director des k. k. polytechnischen Instituts in Wien. Die ersten neun Bände, mit 230 Kupferplatten, kosten jeder, 6 fl.

Der Magnetismus im Verhältniss zur Natur und Religion, von Dr. Jos. Ennemoser. Preis, 2 Rthlr, 12 gr.

Schutt, — *Dichtungen von Anastasius Grün.*

Sammlung Architektonischer Entwürfe von Dr. C. F. Schinkel, Königl. Preuss. Ober-Landes-Bau-Director, etc. etc. etc. Das Werk aus 16 Lieferungen à 6 Blatt bestehend, wird in drei Jahren vollständig sein, und der Subscriptionspreis, pro Lieferung Rthlr. 2., Pr. Cour. sein.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VALUE OF BOOKS IN THE MIDDLE AGES. —Dunau, a French philosopher, has observed that we live too near the epoch of the Discovery of Printing, to

judge accurately of its influence upon society, and yet too far from it to appreciate its earliest fruits; he says it will require perhaps many centuries before we can justly form an opinion of its effects upon the destinies of man. We may at least even now form something of an estimate, if we refer merely to the enormous cost of some MSS. prior to the invention of this invaluable art. One Parnarme, writing to the King of Naples, says, 'you lately wrote me from Florence that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold, in very handsome books, and that the price of each is 120 crowns of gold. Therefore I entreat your Majesty that you cause the same to be bought; and one thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggius have done best, —he, that he might buy a country house near Florence, sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fine hand, or I, that I might purchase the books have exposed a piece of land for sale?' —Tuscas, Petrarch's tutor, was, it is stated, obliged to pawn two little volumes of Cicero, to save himself from confinement for debt. A few MSS. were considered in early times a sufficient dower for the daughter of even a wealthy baron; and such importance was attached to the disposal of books, that they were sold on contract and securities in the same manner as landed property. To purchase a Bible in the fifteenth century, would have cost, according to their rate of wages, fifteen years of daily labor. In the middle of the 9th century, Lupus, the abbot of a monastery, sent a commission of two Monks to Pope Benedict III., with a letter requesting a copy of Cicero and Quintilian, assigning as the reason, that there was no copy of either throughout France.

In Spain also, books were so exceedingly scarce about this time, that one and the same Bible often served for the use of several Monasteries. And even the Royal Library at Paris down to the 14th century possessed only four of the classic authors, —Cicero, Lucan, Ovid and Boethius. The bestowment of a book on a convent, was furthermore looked upon as a highly religious act, —and at the Monastery of St. Swithin at Winchester, a daily mass was actually founded for the soul of Bishop Nicholas de Ely, because he had given a Bible to that institution.

THE
UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,
 AND
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Vol. XL

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

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LUCIAN AND HIS AGE.

“Μισαλαζών εἰμι, καὶ μισογάης, καὶ μισοψευδῆς, καὶ μισότροφος, καὶ μισῶ πᾶν τὸ τοιοῦτῶδες εἶδος τῶν μιαιῶν ἀνθρώπων· πάνυ δὲ πολλοὶ εἰσιν, ὡς οἶσθα.”—**ΑΛΕΙΥΣ, Η ANABIOYN-TEE.** LUCIANI OPERA, Ed. Lehman, tom. iii., § 20.

“I am the declared enemy of all false pretences, all quackery, all lies, and all false puffing; and hate, from the bottom of my heart, all and every one who belongs to that infamous tribe, including a mighty host, as you know full well.”—*Tooke's Lucian.*

Mr. EMERSON, in a course of lectures delivered in this city during the past winter, expressed his conviction that within twenty years, the literature and history of antiquity would become subjects of general interest and study among the American people. At first this would appear almost a paradox—for probably no other civilized nation has at any period of its history so completely thrown off its allegiance to the past, as the American. The whole essay of our national life and legislation, has been a prolonged protest against the dominion of antiquity in every form whatsoever. In our ethnical mythology, Jupiter has taken the place of Saturn, and all the old Saturnian prejudices and customs have been dethroned.

Yet extravagant as the above prediction may appear, we have no doubt that it is to be substantially fulfilled. We have rebelled against the dominion of antiquity, but we shall not remain long vindictive, nor harden our hearts but for a season to her advice. We are willing to be cautioned by her errors, to be sustained and encouraged

by her example, even though we cannot permit that example again to become our law.

And herein lies the error of all the idolaters of the past. Because the ancients did well in their day with their means, therefore we should do like them in our day with our means. Instead of qualifying our institutions to the changes wrought by time and reflection, they would have us translate the institutions of Greece and Rome into American forms. They have no sympathy or taste for native virtues. They grieve that we have no Cæsars in our day that they may show the stoical patriotism of Brutus, and they would almost take the trouble to be “just” if there were an institution of ostracism which could give them the immortality of Aristides. Until this spirit of imitation is eradicated, antiquity can never exert an altogether healthy influence. “Fool,” said St. Paul, “that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.” No man’s experience is useful to another for the same purposes exactly that it had been to himself. It dies out in him, but the

essentials of it are to be born again in a new body, that is, in a new state of facts. To the latter it becomes a law, but to issues as different as the circumstances under which he lives. This is true in respect to individuals, it is of course true in respect to nations. Among the American people this death, which is the harbinger of a regeneration, has overtaken antiquity. Our contest with the past has been long and very bitter, and some years must elapse before our animosity can subside, before we can exchange our agonistic attitude for one of unsuspecting ease and confidence. Should the free institutions of our country be permitted to continue for another quarter of a century undisturbed by any extraordinary political convulsions, we should expect to see the literature and history of the ancients more thoroughly understood by the American people than they have ever been by any other nation since the revival of letters, perhaps not excepting the ancients themselves. It is hardly to be expected that this regenerated taste for the works of antiquity will discover the same preferences altogether which have been entertained by those who have had charge of the ark of ancient learning for the last 300 years. We shall naturally search for that kind of experience which may be most readily adapted to our own wants, and which will most speedily solve the mysteries of our own condition. We shall appropriate the discovery of Archimedes for measuring the specific gravity of bodies, not because the author lived more than 2000 years ago, but because it is one of our most efficient coadjutors in multiplying our physical resources. We shall not commemorate the marriage of Geometry and Mechanics, because Archytas who officiated at the ceremony was a pupil of Pythagoras, or conversed familiarly with Plato,—he bridged together two continents of science—the usefulness of his labours is the only earnest of his immortality. In literature we shall exercise the same discrimination. We shall prize the most faithful exponents of the social system of the ancients, while their works of art and æsthetic achievement will be set aside for the present to constitute some subsequent formation in the strata with which our national character is being slowly

built up. With us the disputes about political constitutions and forms of government will soon have passed away. We are satisfied as a people that the less of government we have, consistently with the protection of the rights of all, the better. The age of individualism is already upon us. We are not much longer to judge of right and wrong by the statute book. The independence of the individual at once enthrones the conscience. The conscience will be disciplined and educated more or less by the complicated interest of individuals in society. The difficulties that will occur in harmonizing these interests are not to be cut by the sword of the state, but to be solved by the moral sagacity of each individual. Their interpretations will be the *veritate questiones* of the approaching phase of our civilisation. Casuistry and ethics will take the place of constitutional discussions and political engineering. Whatever will throw light upon this department of social science, whatever faithful experiments the ancients may have made therein, we shall undoubtedly esteem as so much labour saved and endurance spared us.

Such being our views on this subject, we feel justified in presuming that among the ancient writers, Lucian will be among the first to receive a widely extended and certainly a well deserved popularity. Indeed at this present, we know of no labour for a thoroughly liberal and accomplished scholar which would be likely to prove more generally acceptable to the mass of our reading community than a good translation and a thorough exegesis of Lucian's works.

The whole history of the human race through the mysterious operation of causes comparatively hidden from the observation of men, appears to have crystalized itself into cycles, in each of which some particular idea or aspiration has become dominant. That idea has usually incorporated itself into a peculiar body of institutions, and has organised for itself a priesthood or ministry, whose province it was to interpret them to the multitude. It was their mission to fortify, sustain, and propagate the doctrine of which they were made the apostles, until all opposition should be removed, and the public mind prepared to receive it without exhortation. After a time all

the truth of this doctrine is absorbed, and is taken up into the national character, while the formulæ through which its vitality was made manifest, the temple, the priesthood, and the worshippers, perhaps together with the bushel of error which entered in with the grain of truth, still go on in their appointed courses with as much seriousness and regularity as if fulfilling a destiny. The day comes, however, when some person out of sheer curiosity, perhaps, determines to look into this temple, and get a view of this mysterious spirit about which all his world is making such ado. He knocks repeatedly, but no answer; he timidly ventures to open the door—nothing is visible to satisfy his expectations. He looks to the altar and behind it—above and below—within and around,—he discovers nothing but the implements of priestcraft—there is no Divinity there. He rushes to the window and proclaims to the multitude the extent of the imposition. That the God whom they so ignorantly worshipped, was but a simulacrum. Then follows the reaction. They not only believe that they have been worshipping a simulacrum, but they are persuaded that the imposing altar was never sanctified by the spirit of truth. They thereupon tear down the temple—drive out and persecute the hierophants of its mystery, and for a time give themselves over to utter scepticism about the truth itself, which had once so engrossed their devotions.

Cycles like the one we have attempted to describe, were those illustrated by the early idolatries in Canaan, by the sophists of Athens, and their lineal offspring at Rome. The Koreshitish worshippers of the Black-stone in Arabia—the Knights Errant of modern Europe—the religious bigots of the sixteenth century. The idolaters of Canaan had their Iconoclast in Abraham—the sophists of Greece had their Aristophanes, those of Rome their Lucian—the Knights Errant had their Cervantes—the bigots had their Encyclopædists and writers of Philosophical Dictionaries. Men whose careers thus *résumé* or sum up their age, constitute altogether the most interesting subjects of study to the philosophical historian. Their interest never dies—they turn a new aspect full of attraction to every form of civilisation,

and to each succeeding generation. It is this pivotal position in history, which gives Lucian another claim to the careful study of posterity, and which has procured for his writings in our day, more substantial respect and consideration, than they have ever received in any preceding generation. He was present and an active agent in the dissolution of an old society, and was an unconscious participator in building up a new. He helped to eject one dispensation of prejudices, and thus prepared the world for a new faith. His was a mission kindred to that which every American in his humble sphere has been fulfilling either consciously or unconsciously for the last two hundred years. It is this reason that inclines us to think that a well-translated and well-edited edition of Lucian would be one of the most popular works, with the American people, which the ancients have left behind them. Being under the impression that a more elaborate statement of the ground of this position may be interesting to a portion of our readers, we trust we shall be pardoned for noticing more at length those points in the career of Lucian, which connect him most distinctly with social and political science.

Almost all the interest which attaches to the name of Lucian, springs from the writings which he left behind him, for it is a singular fact that no mention made of him by any of his contemporaries, has reached us, and the only notice approaching the truth which he has received, that transmitted by Suidas, might have been applied with as much propriety to any other saucy sophist of the third century as the one to whom it purports to relate. He simply says that Lucian was an "impious sophist," who lived about the time of Trajan or afterwards—which is too vague to constitute a fact; who practised law at Antioch—which is doubtful at least, "who wrote furiously against the Christian faith," as did almost every *unbeliever* of the period who wrote at all; and "was torn to pieces by dogs as a punishment for his blasphemy," which is altogether false. It is difficult to account for the weakness of Philostratus in leaving him out of his "Lives of the Sophists," though it was a gallery from which Lucian himself would not probably have experienced

much regret at the prospect of being excluded. The brave men who lived before Agamemnon would have hardly received the immortality which Horace promised them, if they had had no more adequate exponent of their prowess than the author of *Βίοι Σοφιστῶν*. By this suppression or exclusion, however, Philostratus has secured to his own bigotry and narrowness a very unenviable immortality.

As we are so exclusively indebted to the writings of Lucian himself, for the details of his life, it is not surprising that any accounts of him should be more or less imperfect. He never vaunts himself in his writings, and consequently none of them are in an autobiographic spirit at all, unless, perhaps, we except the "Dream" and the "Double Indictment," where he introduces his personal experience as auxiliary to other purposes which he then had in view.

Lucian was born about one hundred and twenty years after the advent of our Saviour, at Samosata, a small town on the west bank of the Euphrates. The early history of this town entitled it to some celebrity; but it is now an insignificant place attached to the pachalic of Aleppo, and is called Schemisat. Trajan had just completed his ambitious though comparatively happy reign, and the whole life of Lucian fell within that gilded parenthesis in the history of Imperial Rome, during which Gibbon thought the condition of the human race more happy and prosperous than during any other period in the history of the world.

The parents of our author appear to have lived in very humble circumstances, and to have been under the necessity of putting their son immediately after leaving school to some productive business. He was accordingly sent to work with his uncle, where he gained no distinction except that of passing his earlier years, like Socrates, in the trade of a statuary. In his "Dream," a short address delivered before his fellow-townsmen of Samosata after he had established his reputation as well as his pecuniary independence, he gives us an account of this, his first attempt

to take care of himself. He says that after considerable debate about the choice of his future occupation it is resolved that he might make a good stone-cutter, and that his uncle was the best person to teach him in the town, whereupon the father says to the uncle, "Take* the young man home with you, and make of him a dexterous stone-cutter and statuary; he is not deficient in abilities, as you know." This he said in allusion to certain toys, with the making of which while a boy I had amused myself. For after school hours I used to scrape together pieces of wax wherever they fell in my way, and make cows, horses, aye, God forgive me, even men! and very fine likenesses, as my father thought. This childish amusement, for which I had got many a box on the ear from my schoolmaster, was now brought as a proof of my natural turn, and the best hopes were conceived that by this plastic disposition I should in a short time become a great proficient in the art. As soon, therefore, as a lucky day had been pitched upon for entering on my apprenticeship, I was transferred to my uncle, and, to say the truth, not much against my will. On the contrary, I thought it would be very diverting, and procure me no small consideration among my comrades, to carve gods and other little images, for myself and those lads whom I liked best.

"It fell out with me, however, as is usual with young beginners; for my uncle giving into my hands a chisel, ordered me to ply it gently to and fro on a smooth slab of marble which lay upon the ground, adding withal the old saying: 'Well begun is half done,' and then left me to my own direction; but for want of knowing better, and striking too roughly, the marble broke in two. Upon which he fell into a passion, laid hold on a whip that was lying near him, and ushered me into a new trade, with so unfriendly a welcome as deprived me at once of all inclination to the art. I ran home, crying and roaring, related the story of the whip—showed the marks of the lash, and made vehement complaints

* We extract from Tooke's version of Wieland's translation of Lucian, to which we uniformly refer throughout the article, as the best English version in print. Vol. i. p. 4. quarto.

of the cruelty of my uncle. 'I am sure he did it out of pure jealousy,' said I, 'he being afraid that I should in the end prove a better workman than himself.' My mother at this was very angry, and vented bitter reproaches on her brother. Night coming on, however, I went to bed, where I passed many tedious hours of grief and vexation, till at length, with tearful eyes, I fell asleep,"—when the "Dream" is supposed to occur through of which he conveyed to his fellow-citizens the grounds of his preference for a literary profession.

After such an inauspicious collision with the graces of his new profession, we are not surprised that he declined any further attempt at forming a permanent attachment. He immediately resolved to qualify himself for the bar, and, like most headstrong and proud young men, vindicate the propriety of his rebellion by achieving the highest honors which the state could confer. As rhetorical brilliancy and artifice were at that period, as they had been for some 300 years previous, the chief pre-requisite to the success of an ambitious advocate, Lucian devoted himself to that study until he was about thirty years of age, meanwhile travelling through the principal cities of Asia Minor and Greece, and studying the manner of the best artists he could find. It is probable that at the conclusion of this period he commenced his professional career, at the city of Antioch. There is no evidence whatever of his success, nor, indeed, that he continued it for any length of time.

The profession of the law at Rome, and throughout the empire, was always a very unsatisfactory occupation to high-minded and accomplished men, unless they had already achieved a high reputation. A despotic government can only rule a people which feels little interest in the social oppression of tradesmen and handicraftsmen, and the lawyer whose reputation could secure him retainers from only such as these must have felt but too painfully the sickness of heart which comes from hope deferred. When some haughty proconsul had sacrificed a province to his pleasures, or some dis-

solute nobleman had murdered an imperial officer, the fashionable world was ready to forsake, for a period, the gladiatorial displays of the arena for those of the tribune. But Sylvanus Julian or Sabinus, the Ciceros or the Antonies of the time, engrossed all such retainers. An undistinguished Asiatic, of low birth, and with a tongue altogether too free for a despotism, who spoke bad Latin, though that was the language of the statute-book and the court room—certainly he was not the person whom, at such a bar, we should expect would achieve, to say the least, a very rapid distinction. We may readily conceive that Lucian could hardly have mistaken his vocation more signally. Here again, as before, his chagrin took refuge behind his pride, and he conceived a disgust for the profession, which he took every convenient opportunity to indulge. He charges upon its incumbents, and, doubtless, with propriety, ignorance, impudence, indecency, and corruption. "I had not long carried on the profession of a pleader at the bar,"* says he, "when experience convinced me that deceit, lies, unblushing impudence, clamor, chicanery, and a thousand more such odious qualities, are inseparable from that mode of life." Even when laughing at the absurdities of the prevailing mythology, he must go out of his way to have a fling at the lawyers. In his "Double Indictment," Drunkenness sues the Academy in the celestial courts for having seduced Polemon from his allegiance. But when Drunkenness is called upon to open his case, he finds his tongue too thick to articulate to his satisfaction, as might have been expected, whereupon Justice promptly intercedes, and says, "Then let her employ a proper attorney: there are advocates enough at hand who are ready to split their lungs for three oboli (about fourpence)." Whereupon they finally determine that the Academy should be his attorney; but the Academy is defendant; therefore it is resolved that the Academy shall speak first for the plaintiff, and afterwards for herself.†

But although Lucian abandoned his

* The Angler, vol. i., p. 254.

† Double Indictment, vol. ii., p. 606.

recently-adopted profession with so much disgust, yet we are inclined to think that its discipline had already been of essential service to him.

No one of the writers of the iron age approaches him in the skill with which he seizes the weak point of an antagonist's argument, and presses it by fair debate into every possible service which can be available to his own case. He seldom if ever states his antagonist's position unfairly for the sake of an argument, though frequently to make it more ridiculous; but once having seized his premises he never loses sight of them.

With a directness and a pertinacity which almost awakens our sympathy for his adversary, he forces him along until he has reduced both him and his argument to the most hopeless absurdity; for with Lucian they both usually have to expiate their errors together. His "*Hermitimus*" and his "*Convicted Jupiter*" are masterly exhibitions of dialectic sagacity and vigor. The absence of all evidence that Lucian possessed either a philosophical or an investigating mind, compels us to think that his superior dexterity in debate was chiefly the result of his education. He certainly had been exposed to no educational influences better adapted to such ends than the gymnastics of the Roman bar.

Having now abandoned the profession of an advocate, for which he entertained so little sympathy, he devoted himself chiefly to the profession of a rhetor, or sophist—travelled about in Greece, Italy, and Gaul, and, perhaps, in Spain. In Gaul he established a large school of rhetoric, and was so successful as to secure for himself, while there, a pecuniary independence, which enabled him to withdraw from all professional avocations, and devote himself exclusively to literature, an opportunity of which he was prompt to avail himself. For the sophists he appears to have entertained far deeper contempt than for the lawyers, although their professional education and duties were of so kindred a nature.

To him they appeared, as a class, a set of vulgar, presuming, and ignorant charlatans, who, if they had not been dishonest enough to be sycophants, would have been ostracised for their conceit.

In his "*School for Orators*," which is a letter of advice conceived through-

out in a spirit of most bitter and cutting irony, and which in form Swift has imitated with such signal success in his "*Directions to Servants*," he shows up the charlatantry of this class of literary functionaries with too much naturalness and graphic power to be far from the truth. "What therefore you must in the first place bring with you are, ignorance and audacity, with a good proportion of presumption and impudence; but you will do well to leave decency, modesty, and bashfulness at home, as they are not only perfectly useless, but would even prove prejudicial. Get, however, a good stentorian pair of lungs, and a confident declamatory tone, and a gait and gesture like mine: these properties are indispensably necessary, but these alone are not sufficient. You must strike the eye by the elegance of your dress. Provide yourself, therefore, a habit of the finest *Tarentine stuff*, white, and gaily embroidered, and have handsome Attic slippers, such as the ladies wear, or Sicyonian shoes, which suit admirably with white stockings. Next you must get by rote fifteen or at most twenty Attic phrases of all descriptions, and render them so fluent to you that they shall regularly slip off your tongue of themselves. With these bestrew all your speeches as with sugar, and never mind if the rest of your words suit well or ill with them, or what effect they have upon the sentence in which you introduce them. If the purple gown be extremely fine and of a fine color, the rest may be of ever so coarse a cloth.

"In the next place, you must take especial care to employ a great profusion of unintelligible, unprecedented words, seldom appearing in the ancients; for that gives you consequence with the great mass—causes them to regard you as a man of immense study, and learned above their comprehension. You may perhaps occasionally venture to surprise them with strange and quite new words of your own invention; and should it happen to you from time to time to commit solecisms and barbarisms, you have an infallible resource in impudence, and may name some poet or prose writer for your authority though he never existed, who was a profound scholar and an excellent judge of language, and approved of this mode of expression. Should a

case occur in which you are to speak on a given subject upon the spur of the occasion, put aside the difficult propositions with disdain as too easy and schoolboyish, and then begin without premeditation, and run with your discourse, speaking whatever comes into your head, careless whether you proceed from first to second, as the pedants do, and so on to the third, severally in their order; but what comes up is with you the first, though the boot light on the head and the helmet on the leg. Do you always rush on, make one word strike upon another; so that none of them stick in the middle, all goes well. Suppose you are to speak at Athens about some robber or adulterer, do you speak of what is done in India or Ecbatana, but above all forget not the battle of Marathon and Cynæzius, without which nothing at all is to be effected. Sail likewise round about Mount Athos, and cross the Hellespont on foot. Let the sun be darkened by the arrows of the Persians. Let Xerxes be put to flight, and Leonidas be the hero. Let the letter be read which Ottryrades wrote with his blood, and Salamis, Artemisium, and Plataea, be bravely blazoned forth; the thicker these come upon each other the better." This is doubtless caricatured, but "a character, even in the most distorted view taken of it by the most angry and prejudiced minds, generally retains something of its life. "No caricaturist ever represented Mr. Pitt as a Falstaff, or Mr. Fox as a skeleton."

We have nothing in modern literature which will compare exactly with the rhetorical exercises of the ancient Sophists. Our industrial classes in literature, as in all other occupations, aim at the advancement of some practical interest, to make out some point, to which the skill of the artist is only an auxiliary, otherwise they command the attention of a very limited class. The Rhetors, on the other hand, wrote and spoke, not to prove any case, nor "as they needed anything," but merely to display the capabilities of their art. Where the demand of society would sustain such a species of literary industry, we may readily conceive the character of the article produced. It

was the form of expression, not the thought expressed, upon which the speakers relied for awakening the interest of their hearers. Hence a perpetual demand for startling phrases, and forms of expression, for musically balanced periods and expressions, without any of that nervous energy which springs only from a mind in earnest and anxious to convince. Hence, too, a fatiguing sameness both in the outline and the filling up of these exercises. They are usually wrought upon some model which has become the fashion. They are filled up like a law pleading, from precedents, and altogether destitute of that *abandon* on the part of the artist which indicates earnestness, and which is the invariable accompaniment of true eloquence. Lucian ridicules this vice of the Sophists very happily in his Jupiter Tragedy. Jupiter is about to open a public assembly, when he suddenly discovers that he has forgotten a very fine exordium which he had prepared for his speech. In the extremity of embarrassment, he asks Mercury how it would do to rhapsodize to them the old Homeric Exordium :

"Mercury. Which ?

"Jupiter. 'Hear me, all ye gods, and eke ye goddesses all.'

"Mercury. Pshaw! you have so often chaunted that of old that we are surfeited of it. But if you will take my advice, let alone the jingling of syllables, and put together somewhat from one of the harangues of Demosthenes against Philip, with some slight alterations. It is the common practice of most of our modern orators."

Jupiter approves of the advice, and proceeds accordingly.

This absence of all originality, this sterile exuberance of words, could only have been aggravated by the singular insignificance of the topics which such a style was required to clothe and adorn; indiscriminating panegyric or abuse formed the burden of these discourses. Lucian confesses himself tired of "complaining in empty declamations against tyrants and praising heroes,"† as if that were the chief occupation of his craft. Probably Seneca would be as little inclined to trifle as

any of the rhetors of the empire; yet we are continually encountering in his "suasoriæ" and "controversiæ," questions in which he could never have taken other than a coquettish sort of interest. For example. Ought Alexander to have prosecuted his conquests by sea? Ought the three hundred Greeks to have fought when deserted by their comrades? Should Cicero have begged his life of Antony? Should Hannibal after the battle of Cannæ have marched directly to Rome? &c., &c. What amount of refreshment the audience might have derived from discussions of imaginary theses such as these, it is difficult for us at the present day to estimate; but under any view of the matter, we cannot think otherwise than meanly of the mental culture and aspirations of those who found in them permanent sources of amusement and occupation—doubtless fit audience, however, for such instruction. Both parties richly deserved the sarcasm which the philosopher Demonax applied to a pair of dunces standing in a somewhat similar relation to each other:—"One of these honest men," said the philosopher, "appears to be milking a he-goat, while the other is holding a sieve for him."

The success of Lucian as a rhetor was very distinguished. The best exercises of this kind which he has left us, and which he seems to have selected himself from a mass of similar compositions most deserving preservation, are "the Tyrannicide," the "Disinherited Son," and the "First and Second Phalaris." They are not destitute of the wit and fancy which distinguish his other writings, while they abound in those lesser graces of diction and melody which gave this class of writing its chief attraction to the ancient Greeks.

But it is not Lucian the sophist, nor Lucian the lawyer, nor Lucian the statury, that we propose here to study and interpret. It is the approaching phase of his career, when, in the full maturity of his intellect and the plenitude of his experience, he boldly addressed himself to the task of exposing the social absurdities and errors of his age, in defiance of the veneration and sanctity with which time and authority had invested them. Before entering upon that part of his career, how-

ever, we will dispose of the few remaining incidents in the life of Lucian which history has preserved.

We are told that he married, and had one son, and was made a Prefect in Egypt, at an advanced period of his life, by the Emperor Marcus Antoninus. About all we know of his occupation while there, and during the remainder of his life, we gather from his own writings. "For if you please to inquire into it, you will find that not the least considerable part of the government of Egypt is in my hands, as I am appointed to preside over and regulate the several courts of judicature, and to provide that all the legal proceedings are conducted in due order—to register whatever is said or transacted, to arrange the speeches of the lawyers, and, above all, to preserve the rescripts of the Emperor in their utmost exactitude and perspicuity, with the most sacred and inviolable fidelity, and deposit them in the public archives, for posterity to the end of time. Moreover, I receive my salary, not from a private individual, but from the Emperor himself; neither does it consist in such and such a number of oboli and drachmæ by the year, but amounts to several talents. Besides, I have no small hope, if things go on in a regular channel, as they ought, to be elected governor-general of the province, or to obtain some other post of equal promise." Probably things did not go on as they ought, as this announcement is the latest act of his life which history has recorded.

As near as we can judge Lucian was about forty years of age when he relinquished the profession of a rhetorician, and devoted himself exclusively to the cultivation and indulgence of his literary tastes. Hitherto he had made use of prevailing opinions and institutions as a means of support. Henceforth history commends him to our consideration as an innovator. To appreciate him properly in this new attitude, it is necessary to take a view of the society which he was to move so powerfully, and select the point in that social system upon which this reformer, sunlike, should have stationed himself, at the time of which we speak, to radiate the agents of decomposition most effectually upon the errors and vices of the existing institutions.

Every nation, while in a state of

formative or organizing civilisation, has its ideal. To realize this ideal is its chief end and purpose—the burden of its aspirations. In whatsoever nation this ideal is not aspired to, we may conclude that its institutions are in a state of decomposition. Their purpose—the element of their vitality, is gone. Decay takes possession of a deceased institution, with as little hesitation as of a dead beast of the field. The Romans had found their ideal in war, religion, and philosophy. The Roman law, probably their greatest national originality, and which constitutes one of their most permanent claims to our admiration, presented no ideal attractions to the mass of the nation beyond the element of stoical philosophy, which was present at its birth, and which presided over its growth and invigorated its character. Their law, therefore, never formed an ideal to the Romans distinct from their philosophy. It is hardly too much to say that at the commencement of the reign of the Emperor Adrian, the Roman people had achieved every result which was to have been expected, with their materials, in war, in religion and philosophy. The energies of all these three powers had been exhausted, as, we think, can be readily made to appear.

For upwards of two centuries the civilized world had enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace. The Roman was no longer a conquering nation, except in vindication of national dignity. The Emperor Adrian not only declined to enlarge the territory of the empire, but perilled his reputation by voluntarily relinquishing many of the military acquisitions of his ambitious predecessors. Foreigners, and even slaves, were fast filling the ranks, and engrossing the faded honors which once attracted the proudest and the bravest of the Roman nobility. That famous soldiery, then but recently so terrible among nations, had exchanged the profession of the soldier for that of the demagogue; were dictating laws to a Roman Senate; raising up and pulling down Emperors with as little ceremony as they would change a guard; and soon were to crown their mercenary career of insubordination by selling the

empire of the world at public auction to a wealthy and insatuated blockhead.

An equally fatal termination awaited the favorite schools of philosophy, which for so long a time had deluded with their absurdities the wisest philosophers and statesmen of the republic. The military spirit expired when no more unconquered nations could be found to gratify its insatiable appetite. A military spirit, like fruit, the day it ceases to grow, that day it begins to corrupt. Even so the mission of the old philosophies had been fulfilled: their work was accomplished, and neither the genius of Lucretius nor the imperial encouragement of the Antonines could prolong their dominion. The reason, we think, may be readily shown.

At the time of which we speak the Epicurean and Stoic philosophies were by far the most popular and acceptable systems then known throughout the civilized world. Almost all the powerful and influential men of the time who affected philosophy at all, had ranged themselves under one of these sects. And it may be added that the other systems, whose influence had either expired or was for a time suspended, contained many of the elements of finality and dissolution which were found incompatible with perpetuity in the two we have mentioned.

It is quite obvious that the first of these, the Epicurean philosophy, had no chance of maintaining a permanent dominion over the minds of a people who were ready to appreciate the loftier ethics of the Christian dispensation. The negation of a future life, the absence of future accountability, and the grossest practical selfishness, can never maintain, as a scheme of life, even a speculative confidence for any length of time. The selfishness of Epicurus was by no means the enlightened self-interest of Bentham or of Paley; “*sensibus ipsis judicari voluptates*,” was his creed.* He never pretended that the observance of the true interest of each would result in the true interest of all. He contemplated a collision of interests, and justified it. The moment that point was assumed the existence of right and wrong as entities was denied. The

conscience would be guided in different men by codes of law as different as the circumstances by which they found themselves respectively surrounded. A practical adherence to the logical consequences of this theory would effectually prevent the harmonizing of motives among men, and must inevitably result in the dissolution of all society. We would not be understood to intimate that the Epicureans were all abandoned men. On the contrary, that school has been illustrated by some of the wisest, purest, bravest men in history, not through, but rather in spite of their philosophy. They were not all like Aristippus, but their principles were liable to make them even worse. We should no more judge of the practical operation of the selfish philosophy by the personal character of Epicurus, than of the influence of absolute power on its possessors from the behavior of Marcus Aurelius or Haroun al Raschid.

The Stoic philosophy, though less offensive to the moral sense, was equally incompetent to marshal with success the varied and mysterious forces of the human soul. Its obstinate antagonism to nature was alone fatal to its perpetuity. Pain and pleasure were but diseases of the mind, not to be prevented by removing the cause, but to be endured. Epictetus sums up their whole system in three words "*ανεχου και απεχου*" (bear and forbear). Abstinence, resistance, patience, were their cardinal virtues, for the exercise of which they avoided no opportunity, not because by these virtues they were enabled to bear up with less pain against the necessary ills of life, but as a process of educating their senses into a perfect indifference to all pain or misfortune, their ideal state of humanity. Epictetus, while yet a slave, permits his master, who was trifling with him one day, to twist his leg until he broke it, rather than complain. But every one has not, like Epictetus, the fortitude to endure the breaking of a limb with composure. Such an outrageous warfare upon the laws of nature, beside that it is full of error, is perfectly intolerable, as Epictetus himself substantially admits. "Alas! we are able to read and write these things,

and to praise them when they are read, but very far from being convinced by them; therefore what is said of the Lacedemonians, 'lions at home, foxes at Ephesus,' may be applied to us, 'lions in the school, but foxes out of it.'"^{*} There are some afflictions to which the stoutest heart must yield, and so the Stoic found. The pain would sometimes bear so hard that even the firmest mind could not maintain its independence. Then what was their resource? Suicide, in itself a practical refutation of their philosophy: this was the only refuge which Zeno, the great doctor of their system, could find from the pains of a broken thumb. He thought it wiser, and so taught his disciples, to destroy himself than to attempt to mitigate the calamities of life. "You may live *now*, if you please," says Marcus Antoninus, "as you would choose if you were near dying. But suppose people will not let you, why then give life the slip, but by no means make a misfortune of it. If the room smokes, I leave it, and there is an end; for why should one be concerned at the matter?" Seneca parades his estimation of the privilege of suicide, and nowhere does he display a more adequate utterance of strong enthusiasm than in describing the desperate act by which Cato terminated his career. With equal perverseness did this philosophy refuse all sympathy for the sufferings of others. A Stoic detected indulging an emotion of pity would blush as quickly as if caught in the act of stealing. Any kind of weakness was a crime. Endurance was the law. But in this law where do we look for the impulses to action and improvement? Where are the motives to discover or invent methods of increasing the comforts of men, of assuaging pain, of increasing our powers over the physical universe, of improving our heart or cultivating our understanding? The leading Stoics were always engaged, more or less, in public life, yet what have they done? What great instances of devotion to humanity have they ever exhibited? What great historic achievement have they ever accomplished? What durable institutions have they ever established?

Where, upon the face of the whole earth, shall we look for a monument of their industry, their ability, or their usefulness? With the exception of the stoical element in the Roman jurisprudence, which, doubtless, contributed much to the justness of that body of law, we know of no offspring of that philosophy, which deserves to awaken in us an enthusiastic emotion. If there be any exception in their favor, it is in their reach toward the doctrine of individual independence, to which the Cynics, from whom the Stoics derived all that was most meritorious in their system, appear to have made the most decided advance.* In this respect we have always thought Diogenes a sort of anachronism. He came into the world before his time, half made up. He wished to disengage man from his trappings, to free our judgment from all social illusions. This was putting an estimate upon the individual which the old Greek civilisation never recognized, and which was never elsewhere so practically preached before the coming of Christ. When the Canopian, with his lantern in his hand, wandered about the streets of Corinth, looking for an honest man, he sought what Christ sought, and what society is now striving, to create. But when, in striving to free himself from the trappings of conventionalism, he stripped himself naked—when, to show his independence of all artificial appetites, he permitted his person to become filthy, and an object of loathing—when, to protect himself against the undue influence of other minds, he stifled every emotion of generosity, rejected with insults the most courteous advances of his fellow-citizens, and trampled upon all the severe and delicate sentiments both of his own nature and of those who came in contact with him, he no longer presented an example of manhood, but rather the

impersonation of some very disgusting propensities, an unavailable and unseemly fragment of a man.

Such were some of the organic defects in the prevailing systems of philosophy at Rome, as they appear in the pages of their most enlightened expositors. One word farther touching those expositors, their department, and claims to consideration at the time when Lucian was erecting against their venerable fortifications the mighty engine of his ridicule and his sound common sense.

It is true that all the dignity which the imperial patronage and encouragement of the Antonines could confer on philosophy was hers. True, the purest, yea, the purified doctrines of the Stoa, were publicly taught from the throne,† and colleges founded to diffuse them. True, the yet recent epic of Lucretius and the "Discourses" of Epictetus still kindled the enthusiasm of the Roman patriot and student. But the kiss, which was expected to have protected, betrayed. The patronage, which was intended to foster the philosophical spirit of the nation, served rather to disguise ignorance and pretension in the uniform of the schools. The useful professions were deserted, while their incumbents were scrambling for the wealth and preferments which were distributed without the least discrimination from the hand of Adrian and his successors. "You would as soon fall into a ship," says Lucian, "and miss striking the timbers, as to miss of a philosopher now-a-days in our streets." . . . "Tradesmen, artisans, alike stupid and uneducated, deserted the trades in which they might have made themselves useful," adds the same author, "donned the mantle and wallet, and let their beards grow—a disgrace at once to the sect to which they attached themselves and the government that encouraged them."

* Et qui nec Cynicos nec Stoica dogmata legit.

A Cynicis tunica distantia.—*Juvenal*, Lib. v., Sat. 13, 121.

† The following is characteristic of the man, the philosopher, and the Emperor, Antoninus was about embarking in a fatiguing and hazardous war in his old age, and the Romans testified their anxiety about his fate by requesting him to give them some good advice before parting. Antoninus was so much affected with the probity and good disposition of this address, that he spent three whole days in moral discourses, explaining the greatest difficulties upon that argument, and giving the people some short maxims to assist their memory, and govern their practice.—*See Dacier's Life of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus*,

Their conduct and success might well have suggested to Halifax one of his most excellent maxims, that "where the least useful part of the people have the most credit with the prince, men will conclude that the way to get everything is to be good for nothing."

So utterly degraded had their order become through indiscreet patronage, that with their ridiculous sophisms and syllogisms and fanciful conceits they anticipated the court fool of latter times, by prostituting themselves to the silliest buffoonery wherever such exhibitions were a consideration for countenance and protection.

"Ascribing to themselves the venerable name of virtue," says Lucian's Jupiter, who gets into a terrible rage about their infidelity, "they strut about the world with elevated brows and pendulous beards, and hide the most despicable manners under a varnished outside: like tragic actors, of whom, when stripped of their vizors and embroidered robes, nothing remains but a miserable fellow, who, for seven drachms,* is hired to play the hero. † If you should ask one of these declaimers, 'What, then, I beseech you, are you good for yourself? What in all the world do you contribute to the general emolument?' If he should speak the truth, he must answer, 'Although I think it not necessary either to till the ground, or carry on trade, or to perform military service, or to make profession of any other art, yet I roar out upon all men, live in dirtiness, bathe in cold water, go barefoot in winter, and carp, like Momus, at all that other men do.' †"

Such is the character of the philosophers that patronage in all ages has generally had the misfortune to produce. The Stoic who paid a hundred pounds for the earthen lamp of Epictetus, under the expectation of thus inheriting his wisdom, was a fair type of the order. He had acquired, by that purchase, about all of the peculiarities of that man's greatness which he could comprehend.

Against this inharmonious gang of charlatans and mercenary impostors Lucian prepared several of his most clever pieces. Indeed, upon whatever matter he happens to be en-

gaged, he always finds some opportunity of reminding them of their infirmities. His most deliberate attacks upon philosophy are made in the "Convivial Entertainment of the Modern Lapithæ," the "Sale of the Philosophical Sects," and "Hermetimus." In the first, the author takes advantage of a nuptial entertainment, at which a number of philosophers representing different sects were present, to expose the unkempt and vulgar behaviour of these pedants of the schools when allowed access to the tables of the wealthy. They there find strong inducements to violate every principle of professional consistency, which, by the ingenuity of the writer, is made to lead to the most ridiculous exhibitions. This piece, though full of wit, humour, and real dramatic power, is inferior to *The Sale of the Philosophical Sects*, which is generally and justly considered one of Lucian's choicest productions. Jupiter, who appears to have been substantially of the same opinion as Cicero, that "*Eos qui philosophia dant operam non arbitrari Deos esse*," determines to sell them all off at a public auction. Mercury, who is the auctioneer, puts them up, and each philosopher, as he is called, states his value to the buyers, which gives Lucian a convenient opportunity of exposing all the absurdities of their respective systems. The sale of Chrysippus is a favourable specimen:

"Chapman. Hola! draw nigh, good friend. I have an inclination to buy you; tell me who you are, and whether it does not grieve you to be sold and made a servant?"

"Chrysippus. By no means, for these things are not in our power, and whatever is not in our power concerns us not.

"Chap. I understand you not.

"Chrys. What? Do you not understand the difference between acceptable and rejectable objects, (*Προσηγμένα and αποπροσηγμένα*.)

"Chap. Still less.

"Chrys. No wonder, because you are not accustomed to our technical terms, and have not a cataleptic imagination. Whoever has taken the pains to study our logic fundamentally, knows not only that,

* In allusion to the salaries allowed by the Emperors to the heroes of the various sects of philosophy at Rome.

† *Icaro Menippus*. Vol. ii., p. 139.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 140.

but likewise what a great and important difference subsists between *symbana* and *parasymbana*.

"*Chap.* In the name of all philosophy, be so good as to explain to me what sort of things these are. According to the bare sound of the words, I am persuaded they must be something surprising.

"*Chrys.* Cheerfully. Suppose somebody having a lame leg should stumble against a stone and hurt himself, his lameness would be a *symbana*, and the hurt on the lame leg he would get additionally as a *parasymbana*.

"*Chap.* This I call being very ingenious. But what else can you do?

"*Chrys.* I can make speech-traps, in which I catch those who talk with me, and shut their mouths as completely as if I put a muzzle on them. This stratagem, my friend, is the far-famed syllogism.

"*Chap.* By the great Hercules, that must be a powerful stratagem truly.

"*Chrys.* You shall immediately see a specimen of it. Have you a son?

"*Chap.* Well, what if I had?

"*Chap.* Suppose a crocodile spying the boy as he walked near the Nile, should dart out of the river and seize him, and then should promise to restore your child, if you could guess whether he would restore him or not, what would you say to him?

"*Chap.* That is a difficult question! I fear I should not get the boy again, whether I said yes or no. For heaven's sake do you answer for me, and rescue the lad before the crocodile has devoured him.

"*Chrys.* Do not make yourself uneasy on that account. I will teach you many more stupendous things.

"*Chap.* As for example?

"*Chrys.* The reaper and the hornet; but, above all, the *electra* and the hooded.

"*Chap.* And what may be a *hooded* and an *electra*?

"*Chrys.* The *electra* is no other than that famous daughter of Agamemnon, who at the very same time knew and knew not; for when her brother Orestes stood, as yet unknown, before her, she knew, indeed, that Orestes was her brother, but she knew not that the man standing before her was Orestes. Now I will likewise teach you the veiled. It is a most amazing syllogism. Answer me directly, do you know your father?

"*Chap.* I should think so.

"*Chrys.* If I should now produce to you a hooded man, and ask you, do you know him? What would you answer?

"*Chap.* That I know him not.

"*Chrys.* Ridiculous! The hooded man was precisely your father. As you knew him not, it is clear that you do not know your own father."

Highly as we admire the spirit and humor of this whole satire, we do not think it, nor any other of the productions of Lucian, inspires so much confidence in his judgment, or so much faith in his purposes as his "*Hermotimus*. He here seems to vindicate the sincerity of his declaration in the "*Angler*," "I am the declared enemy of all false pretences, all quackery, all lies, and puffing, and hate from the bottom of my heart all and every one who belongs to that infamous tribe, including a mighty host, as you know full well."† Lycinus, who is Lucian's organ, meets his friend *Hermotimus*, an aspirant for the *eudaimony*, or divine good, on his way to his master, and enters into conversation with him upon the subject of his studies. By a course of skilful interrogation, he gets his friend to take the popular position upon all the important topics connected with the sect to which he belonged, and then, with those admissions for premises, forces *Hermotimus* into the most transparent inconsistencies, without himself assuming a single questioned fact. He forces him to admit finally that no person in an imperfect state, in other words, no student of philosophy, is competent, from any inner light, to judge which of the numerous schools or teachers he should attend—that there is no outer means provided for informing himself—that he must enter a school, at the risk of being in error—that human life is seldom, if ever, long enough to achieve the required perfection, if he commence right—that failure, which is probable if he takes a right start, is therefore certain if he takes a wrong one—that if he perishes before compassing his object his labor has all been fruitless‡—that most of the

* Sale of the Philosophical Sects. Vol. i., p. 229 et seq.

† *Ibid.*, p. 248.

‡ The Stoics made no distinction between the different degrees of vice and virtue. Everything short of perfection was equally imperfect. It was as fatal to their catechumen as to Orpheus, to look back for a moment upon the gloomy world which they were striving to leave.

guides upon whom he is to rely live in open violation of their principles, and, finally, that none of them have ever arrived at the condition to which Hermotimus is so zealously aspiring. By this time Lucian has completely silenced his friend: he then lectures him upon the absurdity of the course he has pursued, and advises him very judiciously as to the course he should adopt. Hermotimus is convinced, and determines at once to set about altering his externals:—

“ You shall see this long, shaggy beard very soon disappear, and the melancholy life I have hitherto led exchanged for one upon a more easy and liberal plan. I will, in the next place, dress in scarlet, that all may see that I have nothing more to do with these follies. Would to heaven that I knew some emetic, that I might bring up all the idle trash I have taken in from them. I do assure you I would not be long hesitating to swallow twice as much hellebore as Chrysis took to strengthen his memory, if thereby I could sweep away all their rubbish out of mine. . . . And if I should ever hereafter meet a philosopher by profession, though only on the public high road, I shall get out of his way, as I see him at a distance, no otherwise than as I would avoid a mad dog.”*

In reviewing the religious aspect of the age, we shall leave entirely out of view the intrinsic defects of the Roman mythology, presuming that it will at once be conceded to have been one of the most indefinite, unauthentic, and unworthy bodies of theology that has ever risen in any civilized society to the dignity of a religious faith. That such was the case, its utter and total extinction among men would be a sufficient proof, were there no other. This fate, which was to signalize† it among that countless offspring of the imagination baptized by human credulity with the name of religion, had been maturing with portentous rapidity for more than a hundred years before Lucian turned upon it that jeering smile which was to make it a bye-word

and a shaking of the head unto the nations. About five hundred years before, the sophist Protagoras had been banished, and his writings had been publicly burnt in the streets of Athens, because he had therein expressed sentiments of disrespect for the prevailing religion. We now behold one of the most witty and accomplished satirists that ever lived devoting the best energies of his mind to bring that same religion into contempt during the reigns of the very devout Antoninus Pius and of his adopted son and successor, the equally devout Marcus Aurelius. For his exertions in this behalf, there awaited him, not disgrace nor persecution, but an office of dignity and emolument, to comfort his declining years. It should not be forgotten, that the imperial philosopher, who was so considerate for his unbelieving subject, was himself an aspirant for the glory of a seat in the Olympian councils, to which he was elevated by his grateful subjects at the very first opportunity that occurred after his soul had taken a convenient form for the transportation. Whence this difference in the moral power of the Olympian faith in five hundred years? The Romans had not, as yet, given any convincing proofs of moral or intellectual superiority over the worthy fathers of their church in the East. They had originated no better faith. Their literature was still, as ever, but a feeble copy of its Greek original. They seldom changed the Greek philosophy but to corrupt it, and never relinquished it for a better. In physical sciences, and in the fine arts, they had never approached the Greeks. Why, then, did that religion, which was strong in its association with the state, venerable from its age, enriched by every style of enchantment which poetry and art could confer upon it, and imposing from the long line of an illustrious priesthood, command less respect from the subjects of Antoninus Pius than it had done from the contemporaries of Socrates and Æschylus, who, in almost every other respect, have shown such superior sagacity in de-

* Hermotimus.

† The ruin of Paganism, in the age of Theodosius, is, perhaps, the only example of the total extirpation of any ancient and popular superstition, and may therefore deserve to be considered as a singular event in the history of the human mind.—*Milman's Gibbon*, vol. 2, c. xxxviii.

tecting and exposing error? Because with the Romans it could no longer be idealized. The elder Greek, whose first and only revelation was Homer and Hesiod, very naturally deified the varied and surprising powers of nature and of man. He had no explanation of that mysterious mechanism through which he lived, and moved, and had his being. It was very natural that he should take *omne ignotum pro mirifico*, and people a heaven with his own unaccountable attributes. To him, that multiplied Godhead represented powers which deserved his worship. But to the Roman of the age of Antoninus, the Olympian mythology represented no such sublime constituency of powers. He had seen men polluted by every species of vice which absolute power could suggest or human depravity contrive, raised to an equal participation in the honor, and the power, and the glory of those whom he supposed were one day to reward and punish his conduct according to its deserts. How could he respect the divine councils which were to be influenced by the nod of a Tiberius or a Caligula? where Domitian divided with Mars the patronage of heroism, and where intellectual merit had to receive the *imprimatur* of Claudius as well as Minerva?

It does not require history or philosophy to teach us, that this right of adwoson to the vacant seats of Olympus, which the Roman Emperors and Senate began to exercise after the accession of Augustus, did not exalt the new incumbents to the dignity of their celestial station in the popular mind. On the contrary, it provoked a scrutiny of their title—a scrutiny which they could not endure, and which resulted in the extirpation of the venerable delusion which had sustained them, and with it of all genuine religious faith.

Not thus, because the mysteries of nature were no longer unexplained, or because unbelievers felt no sufficient indebtedness to the orderer and disposer of the universe. On the contrary, there was hardly ever a people under heaven so credulous or so superstitious as the Roman, during the second and third centuries. But they were discovering that the gods whom they so ignorantly worshipped were all of

human contrivance, of man's devising; that they were the capital furnished by poets to a few designing priests and potentates, upon which to traffic with the credulity of the multitude, and that, in fact,

“ Nos prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain
peuple pense,
Notre crédulité fait toute leur science.”*

Against the growth of this conviction the priesthood had no evidences of paganism, no inspired revelation or standard creed, upon which they could unite for their common defence. Poets had been not only their chief theologians, but also their evangelists, and no better authority could be produced to sustain the most vital dogma of their faith. A singular proof of their defencelessness in this particular is reported by Tacitus. The Messenians prosecuted the Lacedæmonians before the Emperor Tiberius, for the exclusive possession of the temple of Diana Limnatide. The Lacedæmonians relied on sundry traditions, some old scraps of verses, and a subsequent recognition of their title by Cæsar and Antony. The Messenians, on the other hand, rested their claim upon an ancient partition of the Peloponnesus among the descendants of Hercules, by which this temple fell to one of their ancient kings, as appeared by various inscriptions on stone and brass then remaining. They claimed also to have more abundant poetical and traditional authorities than their antagonists, and several prætorian decrees in addition. Not a single fact is put in evidence, however, which could affect the rights of either party to anything but the real estate, tenements, and appurtenances of the matter in suit. Not a word is said nor an authority quoted to indicate the location which the divinity had herself selected. No evidence is offered to show her own preference or original intentions. How different is this from the line of defence which the Jews might have adopted, had their title to the temple of Solomon been assailed by the Babylonians or the Egyptians.

About three hundred years later, and after the predominance of the Christian faith in Rome, the venerable and elo-

* Voltaire's *Œdipus*. Acte iv., scene 1.

quent Symmachus* is sent by the Pagans, as a delegate to request the Roman Senate to restore the altar of Victory which had previously been cast down by the prevailing party. He is eloquent and impressive, but he has no argument. In the course of his speech he introduces Rome herself, the celestial genius that presided over the fate of the city, to plead her own case:—

“Most excellent Princes, Fathers of your country, pity and respect my age, which has hitherto flowed on in an uninterrupted course of piety. Since I do not repent, permit me to continue in the practice of my ancient rites. Since I am born free, permit me to enjoy my domestic institutions. This religion has reduced the world under my laws. These rites have repelled Hannibal from the city and the Gauls from the Capitol. Were my grey hairs reserved for such intolerable disgrace? I am ignorant of the new system which I am required to adopt, but I am well assured that the correction of old age is always an ungrateful and ignominious office.”†

But when Ambrose, the old Archbishop of Milan, arose, and, in a tone not without contempt, asked him why he had introduced an imaginary and invisible power, as the cause of deeds which were sufficiently explained by the valor and discipline of the legions, the delegate was confounded. He had no power whatever of identifying the causes of Rome's greatness with the Pagan faith. Hence we see that whenever the Roman polytheists were thrown back upon their integrity, they were forced to admit that their best reason for believing that their gods did exist was, that such had, for several centuries, been the general impression.

Lucian did them no injustice when, in a controversy supposed to occur between an orthodox Stoic, by the name of Timocles, and a sceptic, he represents the former winding up the contest by the following crushing syllogism: “If there be altars, gods must exist; but there are altars, therefore gods do exist.”‡

A creed thus destitute of proofs, and without any common and standard authority by which its believers might be guided, could not, of course, originate a pulpit. We look in vain throughout the empire of Pagan Rome for the Preacher. The thousands and tens of thousands of priests, whom Christian Rome subsequently distributed over all the cities and villages and hamlets of Europe, to become the advocates and defenders of the “new faith,” exercised an influence to which Paganism was an entire stranger. It had no Chrysostoms and Augustines, no Bossuets and Taylors to expound its doctrines; no Paley, with his Evidences, nor Butler, with his Analogy, to demonstrate their truth; still less could it boast of its “noble army of martyrs,” like those who marched forth from the foot of the cross, to bear testimony by their sufferings and death to the holiness of that calling wherewith *they* were called.

There are other reasons no less deserving of consideration, for the falling away of the people from the Pagan faith. From the time when Augustus made his declaration of universal peace, the Roman army had been comparatively idle. Consequently the customary sacrifices and consultations of augurs, which always used to precede their military expeditions, soon went into comparative disuse, and with them all the pomp and circumstance which made those mysterious ceremonies so

* The eloquent Symmachus, a wealthy and noble Senator, who united the sacred characters of Pontiff and Augur with the civil dignities of Proconsul of Africa and Prefect of the City.—*Gib.*, vol. ii., p. 185.

† *Epist. Sym.*, lib. 10. e. 54.

‡ Jupiter Tragedus.—This logic reminds us of the very satisfactory explanation of the empirical physician in Molière:—

Mihi demandatur
A doctissimo doctore
Quare opium facit dormire,
Et ego respondeo,
Quia est in eo
Virtus dormitiva,
Cujus natura est sensus assoupire.

imposing upon the people. A like result followed the great concentration of power into the hands of the Emperors. The Senate was no longer a legislature but in name, while those primary assemblies through which the people, under the republic, would sometimes influence with success the legislation of their rulers, were almost entirely suppressed. With them disappeared all the rites and ceremonies which were intended to make the proceedings of those assemblies solemn and imposing.

While the state was thus gradually withdrawing its countenance from the faith in which it had been baptized, the introduction of foreign religions precipitated the latter to its ruin with a rapidity quite disproportioned to its natural gravitation. Almost every form of polytheism in the world at that time had a temple in the capital of the Roman empire, and every form of licentiousness and wickedness which the enervating climates of Asia and Egypt could engender, were practised in them. Ovid had to warn the Roman daughters against the dangerous practices of the belted priests of Isis, whom they were in the habit of consulting. The mutilated priests of Cybele divided with the severer priesthood of Vesta and Eleusis, the patronage of the noble and the wealthy; while Nero threw off the last restraint from his people which had bound them to their national creed, by becoming himself a public minister at the altar of the Syrian goddess.

Surely no farther explanation can be needed for the patience with which the Roman people endured Lucian's ridicule of their religion. A nation is never intolerant about that to which it is indifferent.

It will be obvious from what we have said that the duty which Lucian's satire had to perform was not to convince men of the errors of polytheism, but to force them into a positive and public rejection of it—to make them ashamed of owning it. “*Dans les voies de la Providence,*” says Victor Hugo, “*il y a des hommes pour les fruits verts, et d'autres hommes pour les fruits mûrs.*”^{*} Of the latter class was Lucian. His certainly was not the vocation of the hero, but it was a

task for no ordinary mind to attempt. How he executed that task remains to be considered.

“It may be doubted,” says Dr. Mayne, one of the ablest, and we believe the earliest of the English translators of Lucian, “whether Christianity is more indebted to the grave confutations of Clemens Alexandrinus, Arnobus, and Justin Martyr, or to the facetious art of Lucian.”

It would be almost impossible to enumerate all the different forms of attack which Lucian employed in assailing the Olympian dynasty. In his “*Dialogues of the Gods,*” almost every form of weakness and inconsistency is noticed which he has alluded to in any part of his writings, though not always with the same force. He frequently presents the same argument in a different form. The doctrine of fate, which has puzzled the theologians of all ages, was a stumbling-block against which Lucian delighted to crowd his antagonists. This absurdity of the Pagans' faith is armed against them several times, but nowhere with so much completeness as in the “*Convicted Jupiter,*” which is a debate between Jupiter and Cyniscus. The former is completely cornered by the latter, and fairly, too, upon the idea that the *Parcæ*, or Fates, are independent and superior to Jupiter, who assumes to be omnipotent. Jupiter, in accordance with this view, admits that “nothing happens which the *Parcæ* had not previously ordained.” He likewise is led to admit that the gods, Jupiter included, are likewise subject to the *Parcæ*. “If matters really go thus,” says Cyniscus; “if all be subject to the *Parcæ*, and nothing can be altered which they have once been pleased to decree, to what purpose do we offer hecatombs to you, and pray you to be kind to us?” Jupiter then gets angry and tries to change the issue, but Cyniscus lugs him back to the question. “But we are not sacrificed to,” says Jupiter, “from interested motives, but to do us honor, who have superior and more perfect natures.” “Wherein,” asks Cyniscus, “are you superior, since, like us, you are but instruments, fellow-servants, and subject to the same distresses?”

"Because we live an endless life, in the fruition of all conceivable goods." "Not all of you," says Cyniscus, "Vulcan is lame, and a dirty blacksmith; Prometheus was crucified, to say nothing of your father, who, to this day, lies shackled in Tartarus. Accidents befall you: many of you, who were of gold and silver, have even been melted down—because it was their fate."

"*Jupiter*, You begin to be insolent, but have a care. You may hereafter repent having provoked me.

"*Cyniscus*. You may spare your threats, Jupiter, since, as you are aware, nothing can betide me, excepting what the Parcae have long since foreordained. Why, else, are so many church robbers tolerated with impunity? Most of them happily escape you—since it was not their fate to be caught, I suppose."

The doctrine of rewards and punishments is thus disposed of:—

"*Jupiter*. What do I hear? You do not believe then that there are rewards and punishments, and a judgment, where the life of every one will be examined?

"*Cyniscus*. I have, to be sure, heard that a certain Minos, of Crete, presides there below as judge over all this; and he being your son, as it is reported, may I be allowed to put one question more respecting him? . . . Who are those whom he punishes?

"*Jup*. That is understood, of course,—the wicked; for example, murderers—church-robbers.

"*Cyn*. And who are those whom he sends to the heroes?

"*Jup*. The good, who have led a virtuous and blameless life.

"*Cyn*. Why so, Jupiter?

"*Jup*. Because these deserve reward, those punishment.

"*Cyn*. If, however, a man has done wrong against his will, would you deem it just to punish him?

"*Jup*. By no means.

"*Cyn*. And if a man has done good involuntarily, would you not judge him, for the same reason, unworthy of reward?

"*Jup*. Most assuredly.

"*Cyn*. Therefore, best Jupiter, nobody can justly either be punished or rewarded.

"*Jup*. How so?

"*Cyn*. Because we men do nothing voluntarily, but stand under the command of an invincible necessity, supposing that to be true which we agreed at first setting out, that the Parcae are the prime cause

of all things. For if a man murder, they are the murderers, and if he robs a temple, he only executes what they have ordered, &c., &c.

"*Jup*. Such questions deserve no farther answer. You are a shameless, sophistical fellow, and I shall listen to you no longer."

The Pagan doctrine of special providence, is described with ludicrous detail, in the excursion of Icaro Menippus, who visits Jupiter on some private business, and thus has an opportunity of witnessing the order in which the colonial affairs of his department are conducted:

"We arrived at the place where he was to sit down and give audience to mankind. There were apertures, resembling the mouths of wells, at regular intervals, provided with covers, and by every one of them stood a golden chair of state. On the first chair Jupiter now seated himself, lifted up the cover, and gave ear to the supplicants. Many and diverse were the prayers that came up to him from every region upon earth, some of them impossible to be granted at the same time. I also stooping down, on the side contiguous to the opening, could distinctly hear, 'O Jupiter, let me be a king!' 'O Jupiter, send my onions and garlic to thrive this year!' 'O Jupiter, let my father speedily depart hence!' Another cried out, 'Oh, that I could soon be rid of my wife!' Another again, 'Oh, that I might succeed in my plot against my brother!' A third prayed for a happy issue to his lawsuit, a fourth wanted to be crowned at Olympia. One seaman prayed for a north wind, another for a south wind; a husbandman for rain, a fuller for sunshine. Father Jupiter hearkened to them all. . . . The equitable requests were admitted through the aperture, and deposited on the right hand: the iniquitous and futile he puffed back ere they had reached the skies. With respect to one alone, I perceived him very much puzzled. Two parties preferred petitions for favors in direct opposition to one another; at the same time both promising equal sacrifices. For want, therefore, of a decisive reason why he should favor either the one or the other, he was in the predicament of the academics, not knowing to which he should say 'Aye;' but was forced to say, with honest Phyrro, 'We shall see!'

"Having done with hearing prayers, he rose up, and seated himself in the second chair, adjoining the second aperture, to lend his attention to oaths, protestations,

and vows. When this was over, and after having on this occasion smashed the Epicurean Hermodorus's head with a thunderbolt, he went on to the third chair, where he gave audience to presages, prognostications, divinations, and auguries. This done, he proceeded to the fourth, through which the fume of the victims ascended, wafting to him severally the names of the sacrificers. This business being despatched, the winds and storms were admitted, and orders given to each what it was to do, as—'To-day let it rain in Scythia, thunder and lighten in Africa, and snow in Greece. You, Boreas, blow towards Lydia. You, South Wind, shall have a day of rest. The West Wind will raise a tempest in the Adriatic! Let a thousand bushels of hail, or thereabouts, be scattered on Cappadocia,²—and the like.'"³

It is impossible here to go more into detail upon this subject, except to allude for a moment to a single paragraph which occurs in one of Lucian's pieces,† on the subject of the Christian faith. We deem this the more proper, because it has, probably, cost him more popularity with posterity than anything else he ever wrote.

A notorious charlatan, by the name of Peregrinus, who had tried every form of imposture which "a mind capacious of such things" could invent, whose skilfully devised villainy had made victims of multitudes of intelligent men and women, wishing to give symmetry to the chaplet of his infamies, associated himself with the small band of Christians, who were as yet without any effective organization, and were struggling with the burden of their new faith against a strong tide of oppressive penal legislation, and popular prejudice. In sketching the arts of this infamous wretch, Lucian is naturally led to speak severely of the Christians, who for a time had given him countenance and protection. From what he says, it is evident that he knew comparatively nothing about them. To him they were of even less importance than the ten thousand other sects by which he was surrounded wherever he went. Our Saviour was no more to him than Isis or Osiris. The Apostles exhibited to him no better credentials

than the Pastophori who fed the crocodiles of the Egyptian temples. Indeed, of so little consideration were the Christians held as yet at Rome, that, to the best of our recollection, he never has alluded to them again in any part of his works.‡ This unfortunate paragraph, however, roused the Christians to a fury. They could keep no terms with an ally in their warfare against Paganism who was equally ready to enlist in a campaign against Christianity. "*Non tali auxilio*," they all cried out, in universal horror, and from that time forth, until history suggested an apter illustration, Lucian was the Antichrist of the Revelations. To us, who are more familiar with the laws of human belief, it seems very ridiculous for any one to get so indignant about Lucian's scepticism. We should as soon think of abusing Bacon for rejecting the Copernican theory of the universe, or of blackening the name of Henry VII., for having despised the scheme of discovery which has given Columbus immortality. Hence the charge of blasphemy, which hung like plummets at the heels of Lucian's reputation for several hundred years, has with us entirely disappeared, and we look at the stand which he had the misfortune to take toward Christianity as more deserving of pity than of censure.

We have thus far attempted to present to our readers those leading points in the Life of Lucian which most commend him to the student of history, and to the respect of men. We have found him a man of extraordinary discernment, almost preternaturally susceptible to ludicrous impressions, a sincere lover of truth, a man who devoted the best of his life to a warfare upon hypocrisy and imposture, fair to his opponents, and a bold and successful innovator upon the most serious and inaccessible abuses to which society is exposed. We may add farther, that though Lucian was an uncompromising antagonist of hypocrisy, he never appears to have been vindictive. He is never personal, except in his attacks upon the Peregrines and Alexanders, the social outlaws of his time, who have abandoned all claim and lost all right to courtesy. In all his writings

* Icaro Menippus. Vol. i., p. 137-8.

† Peregrinus.

‡ Lehmann, Luciani Opera. L. lxxvii.

it is obvious that he pursues errors, and not those who are possessed with them. His moral character appears to have been eminently symmetrical. No vicious impulses appear upon the face of his writings, no personal immoralities disfigure his life. He was one of the most witty writers, we think the wittiest, that preceded Rabelais, not excepting Aristophanes. He was learned in the elegant literature of Greece and Rome, though grossly ignorant of mathematical and natural science. He had an active, nervous temperament, like Voltaire, with whom he has been frequently and justly compared. Indeed they are said to have strongly resembled each other in personal appearance. They were both witty, both lived in a state of open warfare with the popular religious institutions of their times; both jobbed somewhat in politics; both lived more or less under the influence of a king who affected letters, without being literary, and were jostled by upstart courtiers, who had been made impudent by undeserved prosperity, and who made themselves foolish to be qualified for the bounty which an indiscriminating patron had laid upon folly. But, unlike Voltaire, Lucian was not malignant, he was not cruel, he was not selfish, he was not mean, he never became morbid and misanthropical. Lucian ridiculed a religion that was absurd and corrupt: Voltaire ridiculed a religion of which the priests and institutions only had become corrupted. This was their great difference: the one laughed at Olympus—the other made a mock of Heaven; the one scoffed at Jupiter—the other scoffed at the living God!

But highly as we esteem Lucian's personal character, potent and useful as we think his influence undoubtedly was upon his age, in the various ways we have attempted to specify, thoroughly as we admire the moral independence of his whole literary career, yet, as we have before remarked, he never rises in our mind to the dignity of a Hero. He maintained an unflinching hostility to established abuses, but he never vindicated any higher claim to the character of a Reformer. He was potent to destroy, but he built up nothing. He discerned the vices of the present with incomparable sagacity, but he was prescient of no more enlarged or happier future. He had not

much of faith in man, and his future was lit up by no comprehensive philosophy. He condemned the popular abuses from an instinct, not from a principle. And it is, perhaps, the most singular fact in Lucian's history, that, in all the writings he has left us, not a hint is given, nor a suggestion made, for any substantial improvement in the institutions of religion or the science of government. His was not the highest apostolic mission—he was sent to destroy, but not to fulfil. He never appears to have speculated upon the future, nor to have turned to the past, but for deeper colors to paint the present. There is no reason to suppose that he ever indulged the hope that the human race would ever effect any amelioration which would depend upon the caprice of an absolute monarch, or the discordant councils of an oligarchy. Of course he is never so childish as to complain of the condition of things, in which he anticipates no improvement. He can only jest at its defects. Hence Lucian never assumes a serious tone while engaged in his vocation. He smiles upon the popular creed of an empire, with the same tolerating contempt that he might experience in overlooking the amusements of a nursery. Such are not the men who become martyrs to great principles, who are willing to brave every danger in defence of their convictions. Some of the friends of Luther once compared the great reformer to our Saviour. "I," said he, "but I have never been crucified for any one." Apart from the real sacrifices and perils which Luther did pass through, we may discern, in his reply, the real difference between the hero and the artist. Lucian not only had no claims, he had no aspirations for the glory of martyrdom. He reconciled himself, apparently without regret, to a life of political inactivity, when he should have thundered and lightened until he had cleared from the face of heaven the pestilent cloud of abominations which had exhaled from that unnatural people. But in the mysterious dispensations of Providence it had been otherwise ordained. That great work of regeneration had been entrusted to an arm which never wearied, to a mind which never devised an error, to a power which never resolved upon what it did not execute. Under such mys-

terious superintendence, the world was ripening for results of which it had never entered into the heart of man to conceive. The prejudices of past civilisations were to be exorcised, from which was to follow the emancipation of the human mind; the equality of man before God was to be established, whereby justice and good faith were to prevail among men; a value was to be given to this life, by the revelation of another and a better—a revelation which was to purify our motives, give activity to our virtues, and sanctify the pursuits of each individual to the happiness of his race. In that great scheme of Providence, far more incomprehensible and exalted agencies were required than any human intellect could marshal. In working out its stupendous results Lucian had been called unconsciously to perform a part of no light importance, but a part which might safely have been entrusted to one who was neither a philanthropist, a hero, nor a philosopher.

HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

How many there are who sing and dream
 Of happier seasons coming,
 And ever is fancy, to catch the beam
 Of a Golden Era, roaming!
 The world may grow old,—and young again,—
 And the hope of a better shall still remain.

Hope comes with life at its dawning hour;
 Hope sports with the infant creeper;
 Hope cheers up the youth, with her magic power;
 And when, too, the grey-haired weeper
 Has closed in the grave his weary round,
 He plants the tree of hope on the mound.

It is not an empty, vain deceit,
 In the brains of fools created;
 It speaks to the soul of a state more meet,
 Where its longings shall all be sated.
 And the promise the indwelling voice thus makes
 To the hoping soul—it never breaks.

Buffalo, N. Y.

H. GATES.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.*

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

WE look upon Mrs. Sigourney as the first of the lady-poets of our country. If there were any doubt about the fact, the appearance of the present volume would be sufficient to remove it. We are inclined to think, indeed, that we might, without injustice, go farther, and place our gifted countrywoman, without hesitation, at the head of the lady-poets of the day. Since the death of Mrs. Hemans, and considering Joanna Baillie as a relic of the last generation, rather than a member of the present, we know no person in England who can fairly contest the claims of Mrs. Sigourney to this distinction. In the peculiar character of her genius, she resembles Mrs. Hemans more nearly than any other recent writer, and her permanent reputation is likely, we think, to be quite as great. "*Pocahontas*" is fully equal to any one of Mrs. Hemans's longer poems—which, by the bye, are not her best: and if Mrs. Sigourney's works are inferior in volume—no very certain test of excellence in poetry—to those of her English rival, they contain, perhaps, at least as large a number of compositions which, from some peculiar felicity in the choice of the subjects, or the mode of execution, will be received into the canon of standard verse, and float down the current of time as a precious heir-loom for future generations.

The subject of the principal poem in the present volume is happily selected, and would afford materials for a much more extensive development than has here been given to it. It is, perhaps, better fitted for a historical romance, in the manner of the *Waverley* novels, than for a poem; and waits, in order to receive entire justice, for the pen of some American Walter Scott. We rather wonder that Cooper, in surveying the field of our history, in search of subjects, never happened to direct his view to this attractive point. In the work before us a knowledge of the

facts is supposed, and the material employed consists chiefly of reflections on the successive changes in the fortunes of the Forest Heroine. The description of her person—as it ripened from the native grace of childhood into the mature and thoughtful perfection of womanly beauty—is one of the best passages, and may be cited with advantage, as a fair, or rather favorable specimen of the whole:—

“ On sped the seasons, and the forest-child
Was rounded to the symmetry of youth;
While o'er her features stole, serenely mild,
The trembling sanctity of woman's truth,
Her modesty, and simpleness, and grace;
Yet those who deeper scan the human face,
Amid the trial-hour of fear or ruth,
Might clearly read upon its heaven-writ scroll,
That high and firm resolve, which nerved the Roman soul.

“ The simple sports, that charmed her childhood's way,
Her greenwood gambols 'mid the matted vines,
The curious glance of wild and searching ray,
Where innocence with ignorance combines,
Were changed for deeper thought's persuasive air,
Or that high port a princess well might wear:
So fades the doubtful star when morning shines;
So melts the young dawn at the enkindling ray,
And on the crimson cloud casts off its mantle grey.”

The closing verses of the second of these stanzas are not inferior in grace to the passage in Milton's *Lycidas*,—

* *Pocahontas*, and other Poems. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 12mo. New York. 1842.

of which they seem to be, in part, a reminiscence :

“ Weep no more, woful shepherds ! weep no more !

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery
floor :

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed;

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-
fangled ore,

Flames in the forehead of the morning
sky,” &c.

“ Pocahontas,” though the longest poem in the volume, and the one which gives it its title, occupies only thirty-seven, out of nearly three hundred pages. The remaining space is taken up by a series of short, and mostly lyrical pieces, many of which had previously appeared in the periodical publications. The talent of Mrs. Sigourney displays itself, we think, to still greater advantage in these effusions, than in the Pocahontas, beautiful as it is. We must say, indeed, that whatever merit there may be in some two or three very long poems—the Iliad, for example, or the Paradise Lost—we much prefer, in general, for our own private reading, the shorter compositions even of the greatest masters to their longer ones. The *Sonnets* and *Canzonets* of Petrarch are fresh in the memories and on the lips of the youth of Italy, while his *Africa* has long since slept undisturbed in the dust of the library. The *Melodies* of Moore and Byron will be sung, when their Lalla Rookhs and Childe Harolds are forgotten. Poetry is so exquisite a production of the mind, and requires for its composition so much concentration of thought, and intensity of feeling, that the attempt to spread it over hundreds and thousands of pages, must generally, from the necessity of the case, end in failure. Poetry is the “ cordial drop ” of the literary banquet. In its genuine state it is as “ rich and rare ” as the precious *atargul* of the East, of which it takes five hundred weight of rose-leaves to make a single ounce. The dealer who offers either article in large quantities ex-

poses himself by the very fact to a strong suspicion that he is cheating the public with a worthless imitation of the “ true thing.”

Mrs. Sigourney’s compositions belong exclusively to the class of short poems, for the Pocahontas, which is the longest of them, does not, as we have said, exceed thirty or forty pages. They commonly express, with great purity, and evident sincerity, the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart, and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being, which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principle in art, as well as in nature. Love and religion are the unvarying elements of her song. This is saying, in other words, that the substance of her poetry is of the very highest order. If her powers of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton, or a Christian Pindar. But though she does not “ inherit

The force and ample pinion
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the liquid vault of air,”

she nevertheless manages the language with great ease and elegance; and often with much of the *curiosa felicitas*, that “ refined felicity ” of expression, which is, after all, the principal charm in poetry. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems that she has written in this measure have not unfrequently much of the manner of Wordsworth, and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers. One of the best of this class of her works was addressed to the celebrated bard at his own residence during her late visit to England; and is published in the present volume under the title of

GRASSMERE AND RYDAL WATER.*

“ Oh vale of Grassmere ! tranquil and shut
out
From all the strife that shakes a jarring
world,

* Although this poem happens to have originally appeared in a former Number of this Review, yet having been selected by the writer of the present article for the illustration of his criticism, we do not believe that any reader will object to its repetition.—Ed. D. R.

How quietly thy village roofs are bowered
In the cool verdure, while thy graceful
spire
Guardeth the ashes of the noble dead,
And like a fixed and solemn sentinel
Holm-Crag looks down on all.

“ And thy pure lake,
Spreading its waveless breast of crystal out
’Tween thee and us, pencil nor lip of man
May fitly show its loveliness. The soul
Doth hoard it as a gem, and fancy-led,
Explore its curving shores,—its lonely
isle,
That like an emerald clasp’d in crystal
sleeps.

“ Ho, stern Helvellyn! with thy savage
cliffs,
And dark ravines, where the rash travel-
ler’s feet
Too oft have wander’d far and ne’er re-
turned,
Why dost thou press so close yon margin
green,
Like border-chieftain, seeking for his
bride
Some cottage maiden? Prince amid the
hills,
That each upon his feudal seat maintains
Strict sovereignty, hast thou a tale of love
For gentle Grassmere, that thou thus dost
droop
Thy pluméd helmet o’er her, and peruse
With such a searching gaze her mirror’d
brow?
She listeneth coyly, and her guileless
depths
Are troubled at a tender thought from
thee.
And yet, methinks, some speech of Love
should dwell
In scenes so beautiful. For not in vain,
Nor with a feeble voice doth HE who
spread
Such glorious charms, bespeak man’s
kindliness
For all whom He hath made, bidding the
heart
Grasp every creature with a warm em-
brace
Of brotherhood.

“ Lo! what fantastic forms,
In sudden change are traced upon the sky:
The Sun doth subdivide himself, and shine
On either side of an elongate cloud,
Which, like an alligator huge and thin,
Pierceth his disk. And then an ostrich
seem’d
Strangely to perch upon a wreath of foam,
And gaze disdainful on the kingly orb,
That lay o’erspent and weary. But he
roured
Up as a giant, and the welkin glow’d

With rushing splendor, while his puny
foes
Vanished in air. Old England’s oaks out-
stretch’d
Their mighty arms and took that cloudless
glance
Into their bosoms, as a precious thing
To be remember’d long.

“ And so we turn’d
And through romantic glades pursued our
way,
Where Rydal Water spends its thundering
force,
And through the dark gorge makes a
double plunge
Abruptly beautiful. Thicket and rock,
And ancient summer-house, and sheeted
foam,
All exquisitely blent, while deafening sound
Of torrents, battling with their ruffian foes,
Fill’d the admiring gaze with awe, and
wrought
A dim forgetfulness of all beside.

“ Thee, too, I found within thy sylvan
home,
Whose music thrill’d my heart, when life
was new,
WORDSWORTH! with wild enchantment
circled round
In love with nature’s self, and she with
thee.
Thy ready hand, that from the landscape
cull’d
Its long familiar charms, rock, tree, and
spire,
With kindness half-paternal leading on
My stranger footsteps through the garden
walk,
’Mid shrubs and flowers, that from thy
planting grew;
The group of dear ones, gathering round
thy board,
She, the first friend, still as in youth be-
lov’d;
The daughter, sweet companion,—sons
mature,—
And favorite grandchild, with his treasur’d
phrase,
The evening lamp, that o’er thy silver
locks
And ample brow fell fitfully, and touch’d
Thy lifted eye with earnestness of thought,
Are with me as a picture, ne’er to fade,
Till death shall darken all material things.”

Several other poems in the collection
derive, like this, additional interest from
allusions to scenes in foreign countries,
where they were composed. We
gather from these and other sources of
information, that the amiable author
had opportunity, while recently in Eu-

rope, of storing her mind with a rich treasure of new impressions and images. We trust that the public will be permitted to share still further in the fruits of this excursion, in any form, whether prose or verse, that may best suit the fair pilgrim's taste. She is entirely free from the spirit of malignant cavil which renders the works of so many travellers a mere libel on the countries

they describe. Her instinctive sympathy with the beautiful and good leads her to seek, and of course to find them in everything around her; and her works, whatever may be their form, will always be a lesson of kind and noble feelings,—an echo of the sweet harmonies of nature,—and a hymn of praise, gratitude, and adoration to its Divine Author.

THE ANCIENT FEUDAL AND MODERN BANKING SYSTEMS.

It is a fact rendered evident to the most cursory observer of the history of society, that in its progress of improvement it is constantly developing some peculiar system of internal government, which pervades every part of its structure, and sways it for the time being with paramount control. The rise, development, and decline of these master influences upon the body politic, would appear to be a law of social existence, for they have kept pace with the progress of civilisation, and manifested themselves in every condition of social advancement.

In the progress of human improvement two influences are constantly at work—the tendency of the Few to avail themselves of the labor and control the energies of the Many, and the efforts of the latter to resist it. Both are equally a part of man's nature; and if we may judge by the experience of the past, these opposite influences will continue to act, whatever modifications society may assume, or however great may be its eventual improvement. That our own age and country has witnessed the predominance of the latter of these influences, we are readily prepared to admit; but even in the improved condition which has resulted from the positive assertion of the great principles of political equality, the efforts of the few may be readily distinguished, pursuing the same object by adapting themselves to the altered condition of society, and securing the control of the new elements of power

which that improved condition has evolved.

In every condition of society, some element exists in its social composition, arising from the peculiarity of its pursuits and the state of its progress, which, controlled by a privileged few, gives them a dominant influence over its welfare. Thus, if the pursuits of a nation be chiefly warlike, then those to whom is entrusted the conduct and management of its wars have the control of an element by which its interests are mainly affected. On the other hand, if the pursuits of a nation be chiefly agricultural, then the land of the nation, which is the productive source of its wealth and industry, becomes the principal element of power; and when the great landed interests of the nation are entrusted to particular individuals, they wield an influence over the strongest element that enters into its social composition. It has been by securing a control over the leading and highest interests of the state, that the dominion of the Few over the Many has been accomplished. This disposition has given rise to the creation of systems, through the instrumentality of which power might be concentrated, its exercise secured, and its dominion perpetuated. To this cause is to be attributed the establishment of the feudal system of the middle ages, and to it are we indebted for the rapid growth of the modern banking system.

The object of the present Article is

to trace the progress of these respective systems, to exhibit the circumstances under which they were developed, and the leading features by which they are characterized; and, by contrasting their practical operation upon society, to satisfy the reader that the motive which has led to the creation of both is essentially one and the same.

To the proper understanding of the feudal system, it will be necessary to refer to the circumstances of its growth; we shall therefore briefly trace it from the period of its rise down to its final development immediately after the period of the Norman conquest.

The rude original of this singular structure is to be found in the state of society, handed down to us by Tacitus, of those nomadic German tribes, who were subdued by the arms of the victorious Romans, and who, in their turn, subjugated, and finally gave laws and customs to their more polished conquerors. The overthrow of the Roman empire by these northern barbarians forms a singular exception to the general consequence resulting from the conquest of a highly civilized nation by a rude and barbarous people. In nearly every similar instance, the conquerors, as in the conquest of Greece by the earlier Romans, have imbibed the arts of the conquered, and have insensibly sunk under the dominion of their alluring civilisation. But the terrible irruption which effected the downfall of the Roman empire, swept away the whole structure of ancient civilisation in Europe, and left little behind it but the rude organization of the warlike barbarians by which the task of destruction had been accomplished.

From the re-organization of society which followed this mighty irruption, the feudal system took its rise. As this new order of men turned to possess themselves of the countries they had devastated, they introduced the laws, customs, and manners with which they were familiar in the wilds of Germany. And as they gradually began to combine the scattered elements of social existence, and weave out of their detached and irregular confederacies the more settled plans of national organization, they slowly perfected a political fabric of massive grandeur, which, from the compactness of its structure, the harmony of its parts and the comprehensiveness of its design, is entirely

without a parallel in the history of mankind.

Among the early Germans, the existence of separate landed property, or privileged classes in society, was utterly unknown. They lived in separate communities, governed by chiefs who were elected with exclusive reference to their merits. Their king was but the presiding officer of their annual council, where everything pertaining to the interest of the state was submitted to the free voice of a popular assembly. All landed property was vested in the community at large; and at the end of every year, distributed in the annual council to the chiefs, and by them redistributed in their respective communities. Every member of the community thus changed his habitation yearly, and migratory; and unsettled as this custom rendered them, it answered the purposes of a people whose pursuits were limited to the exercise of war, and to the rudest forms of agriculture.

The Germans retained at first in their new possessions the outlines of their primitive organization. They retained their kings, among most of them their annual council, their original mode of distributing lands, and yearly change of habitation. Being scattered, however, over a large extent of country, their general assemblies became less frequent; and in proportion as they declined, the power of their kings and chiefs increased. With the decline of the general assemblies, the kings appropriated to themselves the exclusive power of distributing lands, which they granted to the chiefs, who, learning the value of permanent possessions, gradually assumed the ownership of them; and, as a consequence of that ownership, established the hereditary right to their possession in their descendants. Immediately after the conquest, large portions of lands were allotted to the more prominent of their warlike leaders, who were followed to their new possessions by large bodies of their subordinates, naturally desirous of adhering in their new condition to those leaders to whom they had become attached by a long companionship in arms. The chiefs parcelled out their lands to their followers, in grants for life or at will, which, in the feudal law, were denominated benefiary estates; and from this disposition sprang up the feudal relation of

lord and vassal, which eventually spread itself over the whole structure of society. These feudal lords or barons increasing in wealth and influence by the gradual improvement and extension of their estates, their protection and influence were sought by the minor landed proprietors, as a security against the depredations and oppressions to which they were exposed in a lawless military age; and the more effectually to secure it, they granted their lands to the barons in fee, and held them thereafter as their tenants or vassals. From these and other causes, these feudal barons became possessed of immense landed estates, cultivated and improved by a host of dependent vassals. As the warlike propensities of their age involved them in continual quarrels with their neighbors, their first attention was directed to the efficient military organization of their vassals, and the general cultivation of the law of arms; to effect which object, the lands which were formerly held at gift or at will, were granted to the tenants upon the tenure of military service. Where the primitive institution of things was not retained with the gradual increase of estates, new states or kingdoms were formed, by the combination of estates, either through conquest, alliances by marriage, or by union for mutual protection, until from this primitive organization nations sprang up, governed by kings, overshadowed by nobles, and compactly knit together in that dependent relation which pervaded every part of the feudal system.

From customs peculiar to the original Germans, many of them were reduced to a state of servitude, and formed a considerable body at the period of the conquest of the Roman empire. After that period great numbers of the conquered Romans were reduced to a similar condition; and as it was the custom of the feudal barons to reduce to slavery the captives taken in their wars, this inferior class, who were known by the appellation of serfs and villains, became in the progress of time a body of prodigious extent. As the tenants or vassals, in conformity with the requirement of their tenures, and in the indulgence of the ruling passion of their age, devoted themselves almost exclusively to the pursuit of arms, upon those serfs or villains

devolved the duty of cultivating the earth and the performance of the labor necessary for the support of their privileged superiors. They were, in fact, the producing classes of their age, the really valuable members of the community, the foundation of society, which in our age and in our country, is dignified by the honored appellation of *the people*. From an utter disregard of the value of labor, and a total insensibility to the rights of humanity, they were crushed to the earth, under the iron dominion of a most despicable servitude. Fixed as bondmen to the soil, they were sold and transmitted with it. Their lives, like their liberties, were equally subject to the caprice of their lords. They were prevented from acquiring property—all political rights denied them—from self-elevation and individual advancement for ever shut out by their condition, so eloquently expressed by their name of "villain," which, surviving the causes that gave rise to it, has descended to our age, as a characteristic appellation for all that is despicable and vile.

The feudal barons reigned with despotic power over their possessions. They made war, or entered into alliances of peace at pleasure, coined money, and administered supreme judicial power within their baronies. In their earlier condition, most of them were independent of their kings, and made war upon them, with the same indifference as upon each other; but as the system became more compact, and the necessity of the dependant feudal relation more apparent, they assumed a subordinate position; and, in the feudal institution of vassalage, occupied about the same position to their sovereign that the inferior vassals occupied to them.

The feudal system was based upon the predominant influence of landed property, and the necessity of efficient military organization. It was the organization of a people, whose pursuits were confined to war and agriculture, and in which land, the most valuable quality in an agricultural state, was converted into a means for effectually establishing a powerful and permanent military organization. Through the whole feudal relation, the performance of military service was the condition by which land was possessed and enjoyed. By the principles of the feudal

law the king was the supreme lord and owner of the soil, and all who possessed it held mediately or immediately from him. The barons held it upon the tenure of military service, and the tenants held from the barons by the same tenure. The tenants were bound to the performance of military service whenever required by their lords, and the barons, at the head of their vassals, were bound to the performance of the same, whenever required by their sovereign.

“My castles are my king’s alone
From turret to foundation stone,”

is the exclamation that Scott puts in the mouth of Douglas, and in this declaration the fiery old baron but frankly expresses the ruling sentiment of his age. The king, from uniting in himself the supreme control of the military power with the general ownership of the land, concentrated in his own person a control over the two great leading elements of the state, and distributed its exercise through the dependent parts of the whole feudal relation. A structure was thus reared, presenting the same aspect in civil society that the Egyptian pyramid presents in architecture, massive and deeply laid in its foundations, each layer of the structure supporting and supported by another, diminishing as it rose, gradation upon gradation, to its topmost stone, which, as the crowning point, to the elevation of which every part was subservient, filled the mind of the observer, when contrasted with the mass beneath it, with an overwhelming sense of its utter insignificance.

The great object of this structure is embraced in one word—*power*. It presents us with one of the most striking examples that history has afforded of the successful labor of the few, in establishing a permanent control over the interests and welfare of the many. The history of the ancient world furnishes many examples of the overthrow of a people’s liberties by some vigorous despot, and the successful establishment of himself and descendants in the permanent exercise of power. But the growth of the feudal system exhibits, on the grandest scale, the silent workings of one of the strongest principles of human action,

the tendency of the few to encroach upon the rights of the many. In its growth, we observe the gradual development of this principle, toiling upwards, through the slow progress of centuries, without revolution or social dismemberment, to a state of more perfect organization, until the whole machinery of society was effectually constructed for the concentration of power at one unnatural point, which, radiating from this common centre, was felt through every part of the structure which secured it. From the king downward, it presented one common feature of political inequality, more unequal as it approached the great mass of society, until a total deprivation of political rights was realized in the person of the down-trodden serf. What in this age is regarded as the common heritage of man, was enjoyed in the feudal only as the gift of the sovereign. The laws were the king’s laws, graciously vouchsafed to the people; the courts, the king’s courts; the peace of the community, the king’s peace; the people, the king’s subjects. Even a holy religion, bestowed upon the world for the common benefit of man, lent its sanction to establish the *divine right* of a political ruler; and the presuming mortal, thus placed above his race, rioted in authority as “the Lord’s Anointed.”

In the causes which contributed to the decline of the feudal system, we discover the germs of a new and entirely different state of society. Europe, in slowly emerging from the ignorance and superstition of the middle ages, was operated upon by a variety of influences, eminently calculated to shake the stability of the feudal fabric. The pure spirit of Christianity, though faintly struggling, was slowly advancing upon the mere physical propensities of the age; and even the institution of chivalry, though warlike in its objects, cast an elevating influence over the face of society. The domestic feelings which civilisation engenders, inspired the tenants with a love of home; and as, stimulated by this genial influence, they turned their attention to the assiduous cultivation of their lands, personal military service became an onerous and oppressive exaction. To relieve themselves from the burdens imposed by their tenures, they began at first by the employment

of military substitutes, and finally commuted for the service altogether, by the payment to their lords of a stipulated rent for their lands. The haughty arrogance of the nobles brought them into constant collision with the sovereign; and the sovereign, to check their growing power, courted the alliance and extended the privileges of the people. The long and distant wars, connected with the crusades, gave rise to the institution of mercenary armies, in place of the uncertain service of military vassals; and the tenants, shaking off the more onerous restrictions imposed upon their lands, gradually assumed the more elevated position of independent proprietors. To these causes, together with the institution of free burghs or towns, the growing importance of the class of merchants and traders, and the gradual increase of the commercial upon the agricultural interests of the people, is the decline of this system mainly to be attributed. The rise of the free burghs or towns exhibits the best practical workings of the causes which contributed to its overthrow. The burgher enjoyed privileges unknown to the feudal tenant of the country. He was governed by the by-laws of his own corporation, enjoyed property in his own right, and was unfettered in the exercise of his skill and industry, by the grasping avarice of a feudal proprietor. The oppressed villain, if he could escape from his master's estate to the protecting limits of a free burgh, and conceal himself from pursuit for a year and a day, was released from his servitude for ever, and took his rank among his fellow townsmen as a freeman and an equal. Causes so congenial operated powerfully upon these thriving little burghs, and speedily raised them to the condition of active democracies, illustrating, in the heart of the feudal system, the unfailing tendency of the principles of political equality.

The spirit of maritime adventure in the fifteenth century, and the migratory influence it exercised upon society, gave a new impulse to the political condition of Europe. With it arose the commercial age, and the restraints which the feudal system had imposed upon society insensibly yielded to the silent and equalizing influence of traffic. The more frequent communica-

tion it established between nations, enlarged the field of individual enterprise, and broke up that local exclusiveness by which the feudal system was mainly sustained. The wants and luxuries resulting from a more extended intercourse, and an advancing civilisation, increased the mutual dependence of the different parts of society; and the more equal distribution of wealth, a greater individuality, and the gradual enjoyment of political liberty, followed the new impulse thus stimulated through the active channels of trade. The possession of wealth, as the fruits of individual exertion, will eventually make itself felt, whatever may be the condition of society, and the dignity of labor be gradually acknowledged, from the influence its exercise commands. This elevating result the commercial spirit has gradually effected in the condition of society; and through its instrumentality, the haughty baron with his host of dependent vassals has sunk into political insignificance before the independent tiller of the soil, the industrious artizan, the merchant, and the trader. Personal property, which might scarcely be said to have had a legal existence in the feudal ages, has become, through the instrumentality of commerce, the available capital of the larger portion of mankind, and the more equal possession and independent control of property in general the distinguishing mark of a more improved condition, of a more advanced civilisation.

In the change which the spirit of commercial enterprise has wrought in the political condition of the world, we discover the gradual development of new means of power, growing out of the altered pursuits and changed condition of society. One of the principal of these is the superior influence effected through the powerful instrumentality of money. From the nature of the feudal organization, the paramount influence of money was unfelt. The feudal baron, when unoccupied by war, dwelt among his retainers and dependents; and whatever was produced by the community which he governed was required for its own immediate consumption. When engaged in war he was attended by an unpaid soldiery; and whatever became necessary for the support of his troops was obtained from the bountiful hospitality

of his allies, or plundered from the defenceless fields of his enemies. But the first development of the trading spirit in Europe called into active exercise this potent agent of modern civilisation; and the revolution which commerce has effected in the condition of mankind has given to it, as an element of wealth and power, a vigorous vitality. What was accomplished in the middle ages through the possession of land, is now effected through the instrumentality of money. As the exchanging product of all other commodities, and the universally recognized standard of value, it has become the great engine of society, and its subtle representative, *Credit*, the means through which its influence is disseminated, for the welfare or misery of millions. The former distinctions of society, and even the purposes of government, yield to the potency of its combined and directed energies; the antagonist principles, passions, and prejudices of men, meet and fraternize at its common altar, and even the inspiration of genius and the far-soaring spirit of philosophic abstraction stoop to acknowledge the supremacy of its sway:

“The age of bargaining hath come,

And noble name and cultured land,
Palace and park, and vassal band,
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschilds and the Barings.”

For the rise of the system, by which this controlling element of modern times has been rendered an instrument of power in the hands of the few, we must turn our attention to those Italian states which, from the tenth to the fifteenth century, maintained the limited commerce then known to Europe. To them are we indebted for the origin of many of the facilities by which the present commercial intercourse of the world is regulated, and, among others, to the origin of banking. The word *bank* is derived from the Italian word *banco*, or bench, and owes its present signification to the stalls, or benches, in the market-places of the principal Italian cities, where the Jews, in the infancy of European commerce, sat for the purpose of loaning money. The first institution of the kind was the Bank of Venice. It was established in the year 1157, during the Crusades, and for the purpose of rendering assist-

ance to these expeditions. It was exclusively a bank of deposit, and continued in existence as such for more than six hundred years. The next bank was established in Genoa. It was founded in 1345, and effectually established in 1407, after this enterprising republic had destroyed the commercial superiority of its rival, Pisa, and superseded Venice in the trade of the eastern archipelago. It originated in loans furnished by the wealthy citizens to the State, which it continued to supply, deriving its interest from imposts pledged to it by government, to the period of the destruction of the republic by Napoleon. Genoa, of all the Italian States, dealt most extensively in the business of money and exchange; and the bank, taking its character from the prevailing pursuits of the people, enlarged upon the sphere of its predecessor of Venice, by uniting the business of granting loans to that of receiving deposits. The next in the order of succession was established at Barcelona, in Spain. It was founded in 1350, by an ordinance of the King of Arragon, granting banking privileges to the cloth merchants of that city, which they continued to exercise for about fifty years, when the control of the bank was assumed by the city, and it was conducted thereafter as a municipal institution.

The commercial superiority of the Italian states having yielded to the vigorous enterprise and indomitable perseverance of the Dutch, Holland, in the fulness of commercial prosperity, became flooded with the coin of other nations. This coin, from being clipped and otherwise debased below its standard, became of uncertain value, and the commercial transactions conducted through a medium so uncertain became exceedingly complicated and difficult. To remedy this defect, the Bank of Amsterdam was established in the year 1609. The bank received this irregular coin upon deposit, ascertained its proper weight and fineness, and issued its own bills for the actual standard value of the coin it received. These bills rose into high repute, and became exceedingly valuable instruments for carrying on the extensive commerce of this prosperous and enterprising people. This bank was followed by the establishment of the Bank of Hamburgh, upon the same principle, in 1619; by

the Bank of Rotterdam, in 1635, and by the Bank of England, in 1694.

The latter bank may be properly denominated the great parent of the modern banking system. It first effectually exhibited the powerful influence which a systematic control over money and credit may give to a few individuals, and how deeply interwoven with the great interests of society is the tremendous machinery by which that control is effected. The bank was projected by a merchant named Patter-son, and was chartered in the reign of William and Mary, in consideration of a loan of £1,200,000, to enable the government to carry on the war against France. The management of this loan was entrusted to the bank, the government paying £4000 annually for the service. This £4000, together with an interest of 8 per cent. upon the original loan, was the capital, in fact, upon which the bank commenced operations. Still farther enlarging upon the sphere of its predecessors, it embraced the three functions of a bank of deposit, discount, and circulation; and being originally chartered as an engine of government, it has become intimately blended with the whole governmental policy of the British empire. The entire revenue of the government passes through its hands. It acts as a governmental agent in managing the finances and the public debt, in the collection of taxes, and in the payment of interest and annuities. And this important vocation, added to its extensive discount of commercial paper, and the circulation of its notes as money, gives it a commanding influence, not only over the monetary affairs of Great Britain, but throughout the civilized world.

It is in this country, however, that this subtle system has arrived at its greatest maturity, and where its deleterious effect upon the welfare of society has been most forcibly illustrated. Paper money was issued in the colony of Massachusetts as early as 1690. It was issued for the purpose of defraying the expenses incurred by the colony in its expedition against Quebec, and afterwards continued with the design of defraying the general expenses of government. In 1712 a public bank was established by the colony of South Carolina, and before the year 1730 paper money was issued as currency by the colonies of Rhode Island, Con-

necticut, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania. In most of the colonies this vacillating currency was made a legal tender, but so disastrous were its effects upon the morals and pursuits of the people, so effectually had it subjected the industrious classes to the schemes of designing speculators, that an act was passed by the British Parliament in 1763, prohibiting thereafter the issuing of paper money in the plantations of North America. At the war of the Revolution, however, a resort was had to the former provincial paper-money system, and Congress, for the purpose of carrying on the war, issued a forced currency, under the well-known appellation of continental money. This governmental scrip purported to be an evidence of debt due by government to the individual who held it, and the only value it possessed was such as the authority of government might give it. It was issued under the fallacious impression that it was in the power of government to create money, by giving a value to that which possessed no intrinsic value in itself, and so deeply imbued were the Continental Congress with this conviction, that laws were enacted making it *treason* to refuse it in payment, and summary punishments, executed with relentless severity, by military force as well as by the civil power, were inflicted, to secure its general acceptance. The ruinous effects of this fatal error were felt, not only during the war of the Revolution, but long after its close. Penal laws were found insufficient to give it vitality, and the whole power of government and the patriotism of the people ineffectual to control the simple principles of trade. An impression remains to this day, that it was highly instrumental in carrying on the war, but it will be apparent to a careful observer that the object might have been far better effected by a simple resort to direct taxation. The use of this fictitious agent but added to the calamities of the struggle, and as the Tories parted with it as speedily as possible, the main burden of its loss fell upon those whose patriotism sustained the contest, and whose swords achieved the result.

The Bank of North America was founded in 1781. It was established at Philadelphia, with a capital of \$400,000, \$254,000 of which was subscribed by the United States, and but

\$70,000 by individuals. It was established as a bank of discount, deposit, and circulation, after the model of the Bank of England. This bank, by various shifts and contrivances, managed to obtain an extensive credit; but so injurious were its effects on the interests of the community, that its charter was repealed in 1785. By great exertions, however, it obtained a new charter in 1787 for fourteen years, which was afterwards continued by successive acts of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Among the first measures of the dominant federal party, after the adoption of the federal constitution, was the creation of the old Bank of the United States, by a charter from the General Government. It was chartered in 1791, avowedly, to use the language of its projector, Hamilton, "as a powerful political engine," with a capital of ten millions, and continued in operation until the expiration of its charter in 1811. About the time of its charter, State banks were established in Massachusetts, New York, and Rhode Island, and before the close of its eventful career, eighty-nine banks had sprung up in different parts of the Union, whose aggregate capitals exceeded fifty-two millions of dollars. In 1816 the late Bank of the United States was chartered by Congress, with a capital of thirty-five million dollars, one-fourth of which was required to be paid in coin, and the remainder in stock. As the history and effects of this institution have become a part of the current information of the day, any further detail for the purpose of this article would be superfluous. From the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the number of State banks in the year 1836, at the expiration of the charter of the United States Bank, had increased from eighty-nine to five hundred and sixty-seven, and, according to the table furnished by Mr. Raguét, in his late work on banking, the number had been swelled in 1840 to nine hundred and one, with an aggregate capital exceeding three hundred and fifty-eight millions of dollars, and a circulation of bank paper, amounting to about one hundred and seven millions.

By insensible degrees these institutions have increased in number and influence, until they have become deeply interwoven with the business and operations of all classes of society. The

system resulting from their establishment has gradually emerged, like the feudal, from the changed pursuits of a new condition of society. Like the feudal, it has developed itself from the wants and necessities of that new condition, noiseless in its progress, but gradually increasing in power and influence, until from its simple vocation as a means for facilitating the complicated relations of commercial intercourse it has grown into a system of the highest political importance, overspreading the whole structure of society, and pervading its minutest ramifications. The business of banking being especially devoted to the operations of money and credit, it embraces within its influence the two most powerful elements existing in the present commercial structure of society; and the control effected over them, through its subtle organization, operates in a greater or less degree upon every member of the community. The relation which money bears to the present wants of society, affords to any system designed to regulate and control its operations a means of influence the most powerful that can be devised, for affecting the general interests of mankind. The acquisition of property is a pervading feature in our social organization, and that condition of society which leaves unrestricted the power of individuals legitimately to acquire it, realizes one of the most important ends of political liberty. When its acquisition is left unrestricted, the inevitable result must be a more general distribution of it, and consequently a more independent social condition. Property, from being more equally devised, must more frequently change owners, and the importance of the standard by which its value is estimated, must be proportionably increased, the more frequent that change and the more general its distribution. The universally recognized standard being money, it becomes the most valuable as well as the most influential property in the state. Money can at all times procure every other commodity, but other commodities cannot at all times procure money. A system, therefore, devised for the purpose of placing the control of this powerful social auxiliary in the hands of the few, and of enabling them, by means of that control, to make it plentiful or scarce, to increase or decrease its

value at pleasure, is placing the great interests of society effectually in their hands, and subjecting its welfare to their ignorance, ambition, or cupidity. By the operation of the banking system, the money of the nation, its gold and silver, is placed in the vaults of the banks, and their paper is furnished to the community as its circulating medium in its stead. By a harmony of interests, and through the subtle operations of credit and bank paper, these monetary rulers are enabled to operate in concert, to combine their influence and concentrate their energies, and the power wielded through such a combination, has subjected the people of this country to a dependant reliance upon its action. A population of seventeen millions of souls, the most active, energetic, and thriving in the world, and living under institutions professedly the most free, are reduced to a dependance upon the operations of powerful moneyed corporations, and compelled to regulate the conduct of their affairs, business, and pursuits, by a careful observance of their movements. Credit, from whose healthy exercise society derives one of its most efficient stimulants, is subjected to the arbitrary control of a leagued corporate influence; and a dependant community, at one period stimulated to speculative madness by its wanton abuse, through the expansion of bank paper, are reduced at another to wide-spread distress and calamitous suffering from its ruinous contraction. Yet what are the institutions upon which we have thus freely conferred this omnipotent influence over property, morals, and happiness? The most able writers upon banking have proved with the clearness of demonstration, that they neither create capital nor permanently render money more plentiful; and that so far as the employment of the industry of the country or the commerce of trade are concerned, no advantage whatever is gained by their establishment. Is this tremendous monetary machinery organized, then, for the purpose of enabling a privileged few to profit at the expense of the many? To enable them to circulate their credit in the shape of bank bills, as money, and to realize a multiplied interest upon their capital by receiving it upon the credit they circulate in addition to their capital? If so, then have we in effect a

monetary feudal system, exercising in the peculiar state of society that has produced it, as positive an influence upon its action as was exercised in a former condition by the gothic structure of the middle ages. Throughout the wide-spread limits of this country, the great agricultural producers watch the influence of this monetary power upon the rise and fall of their produce with as deep an interest as they watch the effect of the atmosphere upon their crops. To them the existence of this system is in every sense deleterious, yet when their number is compared with the trading classes, for whose benefit the system is alleged to be instituted, it will be found that the government of the few over the many is realized by the most marked disproportion. By the census of 1840, the number engaged in agricultural pursuits is estimated at 3,717,756; while those engaged in trading pursuits, including merchants, shopkeepers, &c., are put down at 117,575, a number amounting to about the thirtieth part of the former; and when this is again reduced to those who have the control of banking institutions, or who profit by their existence, the number sinks into comparative insignificance.

The banking system, though acting upon an entirely different state of society, and compounded of elements of a totally different character, is marked, if not in its present state, at least in that to which its advocates desire to advance it, by the great leading feature which characterized the composition of the feudal system. It is equally a systematic concentration of power in the hands of the few, effected by an organized control over the most valuable interest in the state. If the power inherent in the feudal organization was effected by the control it established over land, its modern prototype secures the same by the control it establishes over money. If one was based upon the paramount influence of landed property, the other is established upon an interest in the state fully as influential and paramount; and, so far as they respectively accomplish an inequality in the social condition of man, there is little to choose between an hereditary titled nobility, and a permanent aristocracy of wealth. The tendency of power, unrestricted, is to concentrate, from the many to the

few; the great end of political liberty, to resist that concentration. When the feudal barons had secured to themselves an hereditary control over their tenants or vassals, the desire of still greater power led to the establishment of a superior baron or sovereign. The power thus plundered from the people was enjoyed by its possessor as the gift of God, and justified as a necessity for preserving the organization that upheld it. So far as the preservation of that organization was necessary, this great head of the system was necessary to sustain it; and an argument so potent in the feudal age is not wanting in application to the system of our age, the advocates of the extension of bank power among us having discovered an equal necessity for the institution of a "great regulator."

The rise and progress of these respective systems equally illustrate the assertion with which we set out at the commencement of this Article. As illustrating the concentrative tendency of power they are equally forcible examples; and whatever may be the ultimate destiny of our race, whether, as the far-seeing minds of Germany have predicted, it is destined to arrive at the benign dominion of an all-pervading humanity when the individual as well as the general interests of men shall dictate an harmonious equality, the history of the past is but the history of its concentrative tendency; and the nations that have perished in the progress of the race have either sunk from the anarchy produced by the struggle for its attainment, or the national degeneracy consequent upon its unlimited development. The progress of the feudal system was from a state of agricultural independence to the most abject political subjection, and out of the new order of things produced from its dismemberment, we are rapidly hastening to the creation of another system, calculated to sway as omnipotent an influence over the state of society that has produced it. We are building up a power in society more potent than government; a power which, by affecting men in their property, takes root in the strongest interest in the state, and against the overspreading influence of which written constitutions and the forms of government are but feeble barriers. A vast extent of country is becoming

studded over with a host of moneyed barons in the guise of banking corporations, exercising within the sphere of their local operations a paramount influence over the monetary interest; and when we have concentrated their influence and subjected their action to the dictatorial sway of a mammoth monetary monster, we shall have built up a power which, in the ambitious grasp of some future Cæsar, may enable him to crush for ever the liberties of the republic.

To those who contend for the necessity of this feudal monetary organization, and who believe that the general interests of society as at present constituted demand its institution, we answer, that the advantages flowing from the dismemberment of the feudal system conclusively establish that the continuance of such systems is prejudicial to the progressive improvement of our race. The feudal system declined as the great mass of mankind toiled upward towards a greater individuality. As that individuality or personal independence was realized by the more general distribution and enjoyment of property, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion, that a system calculated to repress its more general distribution, to render more unequal its enjoyment, to divide society into classes, to subject the industry of the many to the selfish control of the few, and to widen and render more permanent the distinctions between the rich and the poor, is highly inimical to the present welfare and future advancement of society. In the simple and natural operations of free trade, in leaving the field of individual enterprise and exertion unrestricted by controlling monopolies and complicated systems, do we believe the great interests of society to be advanced. Legitimate freedom in everything we regard as a cardinal principle of republicanism. We hold that every rational being is entitled to the full exercise of his powers when that exercise conflicts not with the rights of his fellows. The glory of our institutions consists in the fact, that they are fitted for the highest degree of moral and intellectual development that man is capable of attaining. As the most elevating feature in the development of individual character consists in its own faithful self-government, so, in a nation, the noblest spectacle is that of a people

governing themselves; and we can only hope to realize that condition which the structure of our institutions contemplates, by resisting the growth of systems in society calculated to render more unequal the enjoyment of property, and opposed to the spirit of our free institutions. In the stability and equalizing tendency of those institutions we rely with a living faith. To the realization of that overspreading and spiritual democracy, which the whole philosophy of Germany has pre-

dicted, we cling with the earnest devotion of a hopeful heart. From the blood and carnage, the evil passions, the selfish struggles that have blotted the pages of past humanity, we turn our eyes towards the dim and distant future for the realization, in this western land, of that condition, when man, having worked out the glorious destiny of his own perfection, shall stand erect in the native vigor of his moral purity, the reflection of his spiritual Creator—the mortal image of his God.

THE WORDS OF ERROR.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

WE hear three things, and we hear them with heed;
 For the good, aye, the best, receive them;
 Yet their sound is in vain,—and in every need
 They betray the hearts that believe them!
 For robbed of the fruit of life is mankind,
 When they follow these shadows—these phantoms of wind.

So long as we dream of a Golden Age,
 When shall triumph the just and the purest,
 The just and the pure their war shall wage,
 And the tyrants' chance be the surest.
 If we triumph not in the free world's view,
 The foe gains strength from the earth anew.

So long as we dream that happiness rests
 With the Noble by Birth united,
 The world hails the base as its welcome guests,
 The good are turned out and slighted:
 And man is a stranger doomed to roam
 In search of an unmolested home.

So long as we think that our earthly gaze
 The sunshine of Truth is blessing,
 No mortal hand her veil shall raise,
 And we grope on, dreaming and guessing!
 We fetter the spirit in words and forms,
 While our reason wanders forth in storms.

Then, generous souls, that trust withdraw;
 To a holier faith give duty;
 What ear never heard, what eye never saw,
 Is heavenly truth and beauty!
 It is not a form to the outward sense;
 It is *in* you,—draw it ever thence!

Buffalo, N.Y.

H. GATES.

* Evidently designed by Schiller as a pendant to the "Words of Faith," of which a translation was given in our July Number.

WHITE SLAVERY.

THE main question discussed in all the works on political economy that have been issued from the press within the last twenty years, relates to the best means of ameliorating the condition of the laboring population; consequently, all these writers, whatever differences of opinion may divide them on other topics, agree that there is something of which the "working class" may justly complain. But what is that something? We shall not be very wide of the truth, we think, in answering, that while wealth has increased in certain quarters, poverty has not been proportionately diminished in others. It is perhaps a fallacy either to assert or deny that the poverty of one class has increased with the wealth of the other, because poverty and wealth are sometimes used in a positive and sometimes in a relative sense. Taking comforts and necessaries as the measure of poverty—as a greater share of these can be obtained by labor now than a century ago, it might be said that the poor are at this moment in better circumstances than they were; but, taking the amount of distance between the poor and the rich as our measure, there exists, unquestionably, more relative poverty now than at any former period.

It seems to us, however, that the extreme schools of political economists have founded their systems too exclusively on the one or the other of these views: whereas, for any good result, both should be taken into consideration. The complaint then might, perhaps, be stated thus: For a certain period, the wealth of this country has been increasing, but that wealth has been hitherto disproportionately distributed; now, as wealth is but an accumulation of profits, this disproportion proves that a class has been unjustly deprived of its fair share of profits, and must continue to be so until a more equitable mode of distribution is adopted. This would be a just ground of complaint—view the question how we may; for it is no argument to tell a man that he is well off, when he has a right to be still better.

If asked, whence arises this unequal distribution of wealth?—it might be answered, from the system of commercial laws which regulate the distribution. But that system is composed of parts so numerous and varied, that it is no easy matter to discover the peccant member, and when found, it is questionable whether it can be at once removed without injury to a sound part. This is the greatest difficulty that the practical statesman has to encounter, and it is that for which least allowance is made by the generality of mankind.

The easiest and most accessible notions of political economy are mere corollaries of moral philosophy; and these, again, are consequences of the nature and necessities of the individual man, and of the action and reaction resulting from his intercourse with his species, in their simplest domestic relations. The very right which is claimed for society to good government, to the utmost development of its power, and to the greatest attainable happiness of all, is but a consequence of the individual,—his disposition to seek what is congenial, and to repel what is abhorrent to his nature. These are the propositions which lie at the bottom of political economy; and they are, moreover, propositions of which the unlearned possess, or may possess, as clear and comprehensive an idea as the profoundest philosopher.

We are not disposed, however, to enter at any great length on this much agitated question, on which most persons have now made up their minds, and that too, the more determinately, because they have very generally done so without consulting the evidence. But we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion, that another and a greater matter than that between the advocates and opponents of any particular set of principles remains behind; namely, a consideration of the *necessity* which is supposed to entail pauperism on society. That casual poverty could be prevented, even in the best constituted state, is assuredly an Utopian

dream; but such poverty is not difficult to deal with, and may be met either by voluntary or compulsory charity, as may seem best to the law-giver. The poverty to which we allude, is that wholesale pestilence, which is now considered as a natural grade in society, and which makes perpetual calls on the legislator and the magistrate to satisfy its ceaseless cravings. It is the sure inheritance of the *White Slave* of the factory and of the coal-mine, who in the midst of the most dazzling social improvements and political ameliorations, still continues to trudge on from morning till night for the bare privilege of living—without even so much as a prospective termination to the period of his revolting bondage.

Of this poverty we have a strong conviction that in a really civilized community, in which substantial justice was administered to all classes of the people, it would not exist. We believe it to be the immediate consequence of undue privileges—of undue obstacles to the free circulation and natural reward of labor, the most sacred of all properties. In England, for instance, the entire course of the legislation has tended to manufacture paupers, and to squeeze out of the pale of the national industry an increasing portion of the most helpless of the laboring population. The great scope of the English statute law, (not to go to remoter sources), has been to favor accumulation, to promote monopoly, and to place manual labor in dependence on capital. Providence has, indeed, imbued the species with so strong a disposition to labor, in order to overcome the difficulties with which nature has surrounded our means of subsistence, that it requires a very strong pressure to depress and beggar the many, and the history of modern commerce is one entire illustration of this truth.

Another evil, tending to the multiplication of pauperism, is the unequal pressure of indirect taxation, which, falling on articles of primary consumption, weighs the more heavily in proportion to the narrowness of the individual's income. But the greatest cause of mischief is the utter indifference long shown by the state to the moral education of the people; and we would refer, in proof, to the large proportion of the laboring population who, whether they have or have not received

doctrinal instruction, are utterly ignorant of the very elements of prudential wisdom, and are left at the mercy of their passions and appetites, to waste or misapply their resources, and to sink into wretchedness, pauperism, and perhaps criminality.

The following passage, which occurs in a beautiful discourse delivered by Dr. Channing, at Boston, in the year 1835, on the anniversary of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, will bring home the subject to the heart of the reader, far more certainly than we could hope to do:

“It is the boast of our country that the civil and political rights of every human being are secured;—the impartial law watches alike over rich and poor. But man has other, and more important, than civil rights; and this is especially true of the poor. To him who owns nothing, what avails it that he lives in a country where property is inviolable? or what mighty boon is it to him that every citizen is eligible to office, when his condition is an insuperable bar to promotion? To the poor, as to all men, moral rights are most important:—the right to be regarded according to their nature—to be regarded, not as animals or material instruments, but as men; the right to be esteemed and honored, according to their fidelity to the moral law; and their right to whatever aids their fellow beings can offer for their moral improvement—for the growth of their highest power. These rights are founded on the supremacy of the moral nature, and until they are recognized, the poor are deeply wronged.

“Our whole connection with the poor should tend to awaken in them a consciousness of their moral powers and responsibilities, and to raise them in spirit and hope above their lot. They should be aided to know themselves by the estimate we form of them. They should be rescued from self-contempt, by seeing others impressed with the great purpose of their being. We may call the poor unfortunate, but never call them low. If faithful to their right, they stand among the highest. They have no superiors but in those who follow a brighter, purer light; and to withhold from them respect, is to defraud their virtue of a support which is among the most sacred rights of man. Are they morally fallen and lost?—they should still learn, in our unaffected concern, the worth of the fallen soul, and learn that nothing seems to us so fearful as its degradation. This moral, spiritual interest in the poor, we should express

and make effectual by approaching them-- by establishing an intercourse with them, as far as consists with other duties. The strength, happiness, and true civilisation of a community are determined by nothing more than by this fraternal union among all conditions of men. For the sake of the rich as well as poor, there should be a mutual interest, binding them together--there should be but one caste, that of humanity."

It is, we believe, an incontrovertible fact, that people are always most lavish of their sympathies when the subject which is supposed to call for the exercise of active benevolence, is either partially shrouded in mystery, or altogether too remote from the sympathizer's comprehension, to admit of its being understood. It is also a very common foible with persons of sanguine temperament, that, in their eagerness to chase the horrid spectres of some imaginary evil from the dark places of the earth, they always appear to be kindly forgetful of their own immediate business at home, and singularly deaf to the echoes of real distress which surround their very hearths. It would be easy to multiply instances. In no record of the most savage and truculent nations that ever fattened upon human flesh, have there been instances of such remorseless cruelty as have been exhibited by the proprietors of English factories and coal-mines. No exaggeration could heighten the horrors and atrocities connected with their system; and this has been suffered to exist by kings and governors who hold themselves accountable to God for their actions, in order that some handful of their subjects may obtain a due per centage on the capital which they have criminally invested in the labor of their victims. And yet, in the very face of these enormities, crying imperatively for redress--nay, at the very moment when the friends of humanity throughout Europe were being shocked by the frightful disclosures made before the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the physical and moral condition of the victims of the mining and factory systems, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* launches out with the following bit of tawdry declamation:

"Every American who loves his country should dedicate his whole life and every faculty of his soul to efface the foul

blot of slavery from its character. If nations rank according to their wisdom and their virtue, what right has the American, a scourger and murderer of slaves, to compare himself with the least and lowest of the European nations, much more with this *great and humane* country, where the greatest lord dare not lay a finger on the meanest peasant? What is freedom where all are not free? Where the greatest of God's blessings is limited, with impious caprice, to the color of the body? And these are the men who taunt the English with their corrupt Parliament, with their buying and selling votes? Let the world judge which is the most liable to censure--we, who, in the midst of rottenness, have torn the manacles off slaves all over the world, or they who, with their idle purity or useless perfection, have remained mute and careless, while groans echoed and whips clanked round the very walls of their spotless Congress. We wish well to America--we rejoice in her prosperity--and are delighted to resist the absurd impertinence with which the character of her people is often treated in this country. But the existence of slavery in America is an atrocious crime, with which no measures can be kept--*for which her situation affords no sort of apology*--which makes liberty itself discredited, and the boast of it disgusting."

Now in the notice we design to bestow upon this precious piece of pious philippic, we do not intend to wage our war on our own soil. We prefer to carry it into the heart of the enemy's country. Without at all entangling ourselves in the uncongenial task of a defence of the slavery which we sigh to behold in a portion of our own, whether in a moral, social, or political point of view, it would be easy enough to expose the ignorance with which these few lines are so richly replete, both of the history of that institution among us; of the comparative degree of criminality attaching to the colonies and the mother country for its existence; its actual condition; and of the relations in which different portions of our population are placed toward it, by the peculiar constitution which unites us together as a confederation of distinct republican sovereignties. But in accordance with a rule of action early adopted with respect to this subject, in the conduct of this *Review*, of the propriety of which we remain fully satisfied, we purposely pass by the copious topics upon which we have thus slight-

ly glanced; and following the example perpetually set to us, by the very British philanthropy with which we are now dealing, we shall take the liberty of crossing the ocean in quest of a vent to our sensibilities, and point out, at home, a few objects on which that cosmopolitan charity would do well to begin its exercise.

Our present business is with *White Slavery*. Of the *black* slavery existing on our side of the Atlantic, and which the hand of England herself planted here so deeply and so widely, we have little to say here and now. God forbid that that little should be in its justification. But however sincerely we may deplore the existence of so extraordinary an anomaly in a country of absolute freedom in most respects, while we wait with patience the workings of an overruling Providence in behalf of our black brethren, through the operation of such human agencies as may be at the same time wisely efficient toward this end, and in harmony with other objects and principles of still greater importance,—we are also free to confess, by way of retort upon British imputations against us, that it were well for England and most honorable to human nature, if the mode of treatment pursued by most southern planters towards their slaves, were introduced into English factories and coal-mines. Then we might hope to see a renewal of the bond of kindness and consideration, now so much interrupted between the higher and lower classes of so large a portion of the English population. But it is a lamentable fact, that even the tillers of soil in that country are so oppressed and degraded, that we question much if the slave of the south would be willing to exchange his bondage and his toil for the crushing labor, and soul-and-body destroying tyranny which break down the free peasant of Northumberland. It is in order to divert the attention of their own serfs from the miseries of their condition, that English politicians amuse themselves in drawing exaggerated pictures of the evils of slavery in this country.

“The life of the bulk of the people of England is worse than death,” observes an author, whose graphic description of the *White Slavery* system was the cause of so much controversy between partisan writers a few years

ago. To prove the correctness of this writer's assertion, we shall place before our readers a synoptical sketch of the incipient stages of *White Slavery*.

In the slave States of America, a strong, healthy boy or girl, is worth about \$400. In London on the gates of poor-houses one reads: “Strong, healthy boys and girls, with the usual fee; apply within.” *With*, not *for* the usual fee: you do not pay the fee to obtain a boy or girl, but the parish officers pay you for taking one. The usual fee in London is \$50; so that in America you pay eight times as much as you receive in England. To be sure, the boys and girls in London are neither strong nor healthy; the notice on the work-house gates says that they are both, to invite customers, just as the keepers of the splendid gin-palaces of the same great metropolis placard their windows with “mountain dew” and “cream of the valley.” But a little, a very little care and kindness would make the English children as strong and healthy as young negroes in America. It is not, therefore, the difference of strength which causes the difference of value between young people in Louisiana and young people in London; nor can it be the difference of color. On the contrary, one might suppose that a white boy or girl would be worth more than a black one, instead of being, so to speak, worth \$50 less than nothing.

About twelve years ago, a woman, Esther Hibner by name, was hanged in London for beating and starving to death a parish apprentice. The evidence in the case proved, that a number of girls, pauper apprentices, were employed in a workshop; that their victuals consisted of garbage commonly called hog's-wash, and that of this, they had never had enough to stay the pangs of hunger; that they were kept half-naked, half-clothed in dirty rags; that they slept in a heap on the floor, amid filth and stench; that they suffered dreadfully from cold; that they were forced to work so many hours together that they used to fall asleep while at work; that for falling asleep and for not working as their mistress wished, they were beaten with sticks, with fists, dragged by the hair, dashed on to the ground, trampled upon, and otherwise tortured; that they were found all of them more or less covered

with chilblains, scurvy, bruises, and wounds; that one of them died of ill-treatment; and, mark this, that the discovery of that murder was made in consequence of the number of coffins which had issued from Esther Hibner's premises and raised the curiosity of her neighbors. For this murder Mrs. Hibner was hanged; but what did she get for all the other murders which, referring to the number of coffins, we have a right to believe that she committed? She got for each \$50. That is to say, whenever she had worked, starved, beaten, dashed, and trampled a girl to death, she got another girl to treat in the same way, with \$50 for her trouble. She carried on a trade in the murder of parish apprentices; and if she had conducted it with moderation, if the profit and custom of murder had not made her grasping and careless, the constitution which "protects the poor as well as the rich" would never have interfered with her. The law did not permit her to do what she liked with her apprentices, as Americans do with their slaves. Oh, no. Those free-born English children were merely bound as "apprentices" with their own consent, under the eye of the magistrate, in order that they might learn a trade and become valuable subjects. But did the magistrates ever visit Mrs. Hibner's factory to see how she treated the free-born English girls? Never. Did the parish officers? No. Was there any legal provision for the discovery of the woman's trade in murder? None. What hanged her? The glorious constitution, or the number of coffins? Plainly, the number of coffins;—that is, the impunity, the security, with which she had murdered; the forlorn state of her apprentices; the utter neglect of them by parish officers, magistrates, laws, and the constitution.

Since Mrs. Hibner was hanged, the inimitable constitution of England has been greatly altered, but not with respect to parish apprentices and factory girls. You still read on the gates of London poor-houses, "Strong, healthy boys and girls, &c.," and boys or girls you may obtain by applying within, as many as you please, free-born, with the usual fee. Having been paid for taking them, and having gone through the ceremonies of asking their consent and signing bonds before a magistrate,

you may make them into sausages for anything the constitution will practically do to prevent you. If it shall be proved that you kill even one of them, you will be hanged; but you may half-starve them, beat them, torture them, anything short of killing them, with perfect security; and using a little circumsppection, you may kill them too without much danger. Suppose they die, who cares? Their parents?—They are orphans, or have been abandoned by their parents. The parish officers?—very likely indeed, that these, when the poor-house is crammed with orphan and destitute children, should make inquiries troublesome to themselves; inquiries, which being troublesome to you, might deprive them of your custom in future. The magistrate?—he asked the child whether it consented to be your apprentice; the child said, "Yes, your worship;" and there his worship's duty ends. The neighbors?—of course, if you raise their curiosity like Esther Hibner, but not otherwise. In order to be quite safe, it is only necessary to half-starve your apprentices, cuff them, kick them, torment them until they run away from you. They will not go back to the poor-house, because there they would be flogged for having run away from you; besides the poor-house is anything but a pleasant place. The boys will turn beggars or thieves, and the girls prostitutes; you will have pocketed \$50 for each of them, and may get more boys and girls on the same terms to treat in the same way. The trade is as safe as it is profitable.

There are proofs without end that "the life of the bulk of the English people is worse than death." It was some of this class whom an English bishop described as being harnessed to carts like cattle. In our slave-holding States, too, they may sometimes harness men to carts, but then they treat them as valuable cattle; give them plenty to eat; shelter them from the weather; keep them in good heart; and bring up their little ones in clover and in the fear of God. English slaves are harnessed to carts, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and generally grow up in a state of brutish ignorance, in all that relates to the serious concerns of life. This ignorance is not confined to the children of tender age, but is manifested by those who are verging

on puberty. This is fully proved by the following extracts from the first Report of the "Children's Employment Commission."

"*Wm. Drury* (aged 10 years.) 'I haven't been much to school, only on Sundays. I don't know who Jesus Christ was; I have never been told that. I don't know where I shall go if I'm a bad boy; I've not been taught that.'

"*James Holmes* (aged 12.) 'I read of Jesus Christ in the Testament; they tell me he was a shepherd. I don't know whether it is long since, or that he was on earth.'

"*John Roper* (aged 13.) "Jesus Christ was a shepherd; he came a hundred years ago on earth to receive sin; I don't know who the apostles are."

"*Ann Hayne* (aged 13.) 'They teach me to read in the Testament at the Sunday school. Jesus Christ was the Son of God; but I don't know what he came on earth for.'

"*George Glossop* (aged 12.) 'I don't know whose son Jesus Christ was; but he was nailed on a cross. I don't know what he came on earth for.'

"*Bessy Bailey* (aged 15.) "Jesus Christ died for his son to be saved. I don't know who the apostles were. I don't know what Ireland is, whether it is a country or a town."

"*Elizabeth Eggle* (aged 16.) 'I cannot read. I do not know my letters. I don't know who Jesus Christ was. I never heard of Adam either. I never heard about them at all. I have often been obliged to stop in bed all Sunday to rest myself.'

"*Elizabeth Day* (aged 17.) 'I don't go to Sunday school. The truth is, we are confined bad enough on week days, and want to walk about on Sundays. I can't read at all. Jesus Christ was Adam's son, and they nailed him on a tree; but I don't rightly understand these things.'

"*William Beaver* (aged 16.) 'The Lord made the world. He sent Adam and Eve on earth to save sinners. I have heard of the Saviour; he was a good man, but he did not die here. I think Ireland is a town as big as Barnsley, where there is plenty of potatoes and lots of bullocks.'

"*Ann Eggle* (aged 18.) 'I've heard of Christ performing miracles, but I don't know what sort of things they were. He died by their pouring fire and brimstone down his throat. I think I once did hear that he was nailed to a cross. Three times ten make twenty. There are fourteen months in the year, but I don't know how many weeks there are.'

Thus it is evident that that class of persons whose care should be bestowed upon the youthful population rising around them, know nothing, literally nothing, about them. As to the time when the children have to go to work in the morning, or leave in the evening; whether they stop to take a meal, or have none at all; whether they are educated or debased,—they are profoundly ignorant, and appear to attach to themselves neither responsibility nor care, so long as they enjoy the comforts and affluence that their daily toil brings them. These White Slaves generally die prematurely of hunger, wet, cold, and sorrow. From the direct and indirect operation of these causes they die off by hundreds and thousands per annum. From infancy their food has been bad as well as insufficient. Too degraded to be desperate, they only become thoroughly depraved. Rheumatism and asthma finally conduct them to the workhouse, where they will breathe their last without one pleasant recollection, and so make room for other wretches, who may live and die in the same way.

But White Slavery is by no means confined to the factory or the coal mine, reared or sunk by the hand of man. It flourishes with equal felicity in the corn-field, the meadow, spread out by the hand of God. The peasantry of the North of England suffer nearly all the evils, but enjoy none of the advantages of slavery. They have large muscles, and upright mien, and a quick perception. With strength, energy, and skill, they would earn a comfortable subsistence as laborers, if the modern fashion of paying wages out of the poor-box did not interfere with the due course of things, and reduce all the laborers of a parish, the old and the young, the weak and the strong, the idle and the industrious, to that lowest rate of wages, or rather of weekly payment to each, which in each case is barely sufficient for the support of life. To show the condition of some of the English laborers, we shall quote the words of a popular British writer, William Howitt, whose love for his native land is too strong to permit him to say anything injurious to her reputation which Truth herself would not endorse. Look at the following picture of the field-gangs of

female slaves laboring under their master :—

“A person from the south or midland counties of England, journeying northward, is struck when he enters Durham, or Northumberland, with the sight of bands of women working in the fields under the surveillance of one man. One or two such bands, of from half-a-dozen women, generally young, might be passed over; but when they recur again and again, and you observe them wherever you go, they become a marked feature of the agricultural system of the country, and you naturally inquire how it is that such regular bands of female laborers prevail there. The answer, in the provincial tongue, is, ‘O, they are the boneditchers,’ *i. e.* Bondagers. Bondagers! that is an odd sound, you think, in England. What, have we *bondage*, a rural *serfdom* still existing in free and fair England? Even so. The thing is astounding enough, but it is a fact. As I cast my eyes for the first time on these female bands in the fields, working under their *drivers*, I was, before making any inquiry respecting them, irresistibly reminded of the slave gangs of the West Indies: turnip-hoeing somehow associated itself strangely in my brain with sugar-cane-dressing: but when I heard these women called Bondagers, the association became tenfold strong.

“On all large estates in these counties, and in the south of Scotland, the bondage system prevails. No married laborer is permitted to dwell on these estates unless he enters into bonds to comply with this system. These laborers are termed *hinds*. Small houses are built for them on the farms and on some of the estates, as those of the Duke of Northumberland. All these cottages are numbered, and the number is painted on the door. A *hind*, therefore, engaging to work on one of the farms belonging to the estate, has a house assigned him. He has £4 a year in money, the keep of a cow, his fuel found him, a prescribed quantity of coal, wood, or peat, to each cottage; he is allowed to plant a certain quantity of land with potatoes, and has thirteen bolls of corn furnished him for his family consumption; one-third being oats, one-third barley, and one-third peas. In return for these advantages, he is bound to give his labor the year round, and also to furnish a woman laborer at 1s. per day during the harvest, and 8d. per day for the rest of the year. Now it appears, at once, that this is no *hereditary serfdom*—such a thing could not exist in this country; but it is the next thing to it, and no doubt has descended from it, *being serfdom in its mitigated form.*

“The hiring for a year begins on the 28th of May. The farmer takes the man *just at the season to get the sweat out of him; and if he dies*, he dies when the main work is done. The laborer is wholly at the *mercy* of the *master*, who, if he will not keep him beyond the year, can totally ruin him by refusing him a character. And the *necessity of character from the last employer* makes the man a *real slave, worse off than the negro by many degrees*; for here there is neither law to ensure him relief, nor motive in the master to attend to his health, or to preserve his life.

“Let any one imagine a body of men, bound by one common interest, holding in their possession all the population of several counties, and subjecting their men to this rule. Can there be a more positive despotism? The hind is at the mercy of the caprice, the anger, or the cupidity of the man in whose hands he is; and if he dismiss him, where is he to go? As Cobbett justly remarks, he has no HOME, and nothing but utter and irretrievable ruin is before him.

“A condition like this must generate a slavish character. Can that noble independence of feeling belong to a hind, which is the boast of the humblest Englishman, while he holds employment, home, character, everything, at the utter mercy of another?

“It is a system which wrongs all parties. It wrongs the hind, for it robs his children of comfort and knowledge;—it wrongs the farmer, for what he saves in labor he loses in rent, while he gains only the character of a task-master;—and it wrongs the landholder, for it puts his petty pecuniary interest into the balance against his honor and integrity; and it causes him to be regarded as a tyrant, in hearts where he might be honored as a natural protector, and revered as a father.”

And yet notwithstanding this powerful array of testimony, showing the degraded condition of the great bulk of the English people, British Tory journals would make us believe that England was the chosen home of freedom—that there she made her resting-place, and every Briton basked in her sunny smile! And by way of convincing us of that fact, they strain every nerve to counteract the favorable impression which a knowledge of our actual condition is likely to make upon the laboring and down-trodden portion of the population of Great Britain; many of whom yearly commit crimes for the avowed purpose of becoming

galley-slaves in New South Wales. They do not keep this purpose secret; but declare it loudly, with tears and passionate exclamations, to the magistrate who commits them for trial, to the jury who try them, and to the judge who passes sentence on them; and all this is published in the newspapers, but so often, that no one exclaims—"Great God, am I in 'merry England!'" Well may judges on the bench talk of the misery and degradation of the people!

It is common to hear people say, "work like a negro—like a galley-slave." But this is mere child's play compared with the working of a Lancashire weaver. There is no such work in France or America, even among slaves; all day long, from Monday morning till Saturday night, week after week, and year after year, till the machine is worn out. Talk of negro and galley-slaves—American slaves, or convicts in New South Wales, are fat and happy compared with many free-born Englishmen!

Some years ago, a mass of evidence was laid before parliament, touching the condition of children employed in factories, which describes a system of torture, compared with which the treatment of galley-slaves appears truly benevolent. When this evidence was published, the whole press of England repeated, day after day, that the worst kind of slavery existed in England. Children of tender years, it was shown,—babies they would be called in America,—were shut up in factories during 12, 14, and 16 hours every week day, and there compelled to work incessantly, or as hard, at least, as their slight frames will permit, and for wages which but just satisfied their ruined appetites. The pale cheeks, parched lips, swollen stomachs, deformed limbs, and melancholy looks of these little wretches will be easily imagined. They died off with strange rapidity; but the places of those who perished were instantly filled, and a frequent change of persons made no alteration in the scene! If any lingered on to the first stages of manhood, they were easily recognizable by their calfless legs and stooping shoulders;—the premature wrinkles and furtive glances betrayed that weakness of mind and body, that inertness and pusillanimity, for

which the adult White Slaves of England are everywhere distinguished.

To remedy these evils, a law was proposed to fix within some limit, dictated by common humanity, the number of hours during which children might be employed in factories. This law, however, appears to have gone but very little way towards the mitigation of English Slavery; for, in the year 1842—the age of ultra refinement and civilisation,—when Moral Reform Societies go about with an insatiable curiosity searching the sewers of vice and immorality for statistics of crime,—when America and her institutions are slandered and attacked by British writers,—when Englishmen dwell with peculiar complacency upon the triumph of their efforts in the great cause of abolition,—when England boasts, *à gorge déployée*, of having wiped off from herself as a *Christian nation* the foul reproach and stain of slavery,—a report appears of the "Children and women's employment commission," which astounds all the civilized world with its frightful details of cruelty, violence, and desolation—details unparalleled in the history of human serfdom, and exhibiting the most revolting spectacle that the legislator and the philanthropist, in their efforts to ameliorate the mental and moral condition of the poor, ever yet had to encounter!

The express objects of these investigations appear to have been, to collect information as to the ages at which the subjects of them are employed—the number of hours they are engaged in work, and the time allowed each day for meals;—as to their actual state, condition, and treatment; and as to the effect of such employment, both with regard to their moral and bodily healths. We cannot attempt to portray one tithe of the horrors which these "reports" exhume and exhibit. Suffice it to say, that the evidence by which they are attested, amply justifies the assertion of one of the commissioners, that, "now when the nature of this horrible labor is taken into consideration,—its extreme severity,—its regular duration of from twelve to fourteen hours daily,—the damp, heated, and unwholesome atmosphere in which the work is carried on;—the tender age and sex of the workers;—

when it is considered that such labor is performed not in isolated instances selected to excite compassion, but that it may be truly regarded as the type of the every day existence of hundreds of our fellow-creatures,—a picture is presented of deadly physical oppression and systematic slavery, of which I conscientiously believe no one unacquainted with such facts would credit the existence in the British dominions.”

The age at which children are first taken into collieries, usually varies, in the thick coal-pits, from eight to ten; and in the thin ones, from seven to nine. Instances appear, however, by no means rare, where infants of six, and even five years of age, are taken to attend the trap-doors, and often at seven or eight, to assist an elder child in pushing the waggons; in all instances, the children remain as many hours, and not unfrequently more, in the pits than the adults. The reasons for this cruel incarceration of very young children, may be summed up; 1st, in the assertion, that unless early inured to the work and its terrors, the child would never make a collier; 2d, that the thin coal-pits could not possibly be worked with a profit otherwise, as, after a certain age, the vertebræ of the back do not so easily conform to the required posture; 3dly, that their parents cannot afford to keep them idle. It is universally remarked that the parents themselves bring their children at this early age of their own accord, and are frequently checked by benevolent employers. What is also worthy of observation, is, that coal-proprietors rarely visit their collieries. Thus children are debarred from the benevolence of a master, who knows not of the need of its exertion; and thus the condition and safety of the laborers employed in a branch of industry eminently perilous, and, above all others, needing benevolent superintendence, is more than any other left, hidden and unheeded, to the mercy of a menial, whose power is exercised apart from the responsibility even of ordinary observation! This is what makes Mr. Symmons (another commissioner) observe, that “much suffering and overworking of children will continue to occur so long as the amount, duration, and nature of their work be left to the uncontrolled will of the colliers. In respect to age, in respect to

severity of work, and in respect to its duration, the children in mines are at the entire mercy of the individual workmen who hire them; *their lot is dependent on the chance of his humanity or the impulse of his avarice.*”

But allowing that the life of a little collier child is, perhaps, one of the most dreary in the whole range of labor,—granting that there is something very oppressive at first sight in the employment of children hurrying all day in passages under 30 inches in height, and altogether not much above the size of an ordinary drain,—how shall we find terms in which to deprecate the brutality of subjecting females to similar degradation! And yet such appears to be equally the practice with both sexes. The practice of employing females in coal-pits is flagrantly disgraceful to a Christian as well as to a civilized country. Girls, some of whom were of the age of puberty, have been seen standing stark naked down to the waist with men in a complete state of nudity, and thus assist one another to fill the corves, eighteen or twenty times a day. In order that our readers may fully appreciate the enormity of these abuses, we will subjoin two extracts from the evidence given by these women and girls themselves:—

“*Betty Harris* (examined by Mr. Kennedy).—“I was married at 23, and went into a colliery when I was married. I used to weave when about 12 years old. I can neither read nor write. I work for Andrew Knowles, of Little Bolton, and make sometimes 7s. a week, sometimes not so much. I am a drawer, and work from six o'clock in the morning to six at night; stop about an hour at noon to eat my dinner; have bread and butter for dinner; I get no drink. I have two children, but they are too young to work. I worked at drawing when I was in the family way. I know a woman who has gone home and washed herself, taken to bed, been delivered of a child, and gone to work again under the week. *I have a belt round my waist, and a chain passing between my legs, and I go on my hands and feet.* The road is very steep, and we have to hold by a rope; and when there is no rope, by anything we can catch hold of. There are six women, and about six boys and girls in the pit I work in: it is very hard work for a woman. The pit is very wet where I work, and the water comes over our clog-tops always, and I have seen it up to my thighs: it rains in

at the roof terribly; my clothes are wet through almost all day long."

"*Patience Kershaw* (examined by Mr. Scriven).—"I wear a belt and chain at the working to get the corves out. *The get-ters are naked*, except their caps; they pull off all their clothes. I see them at work when I go up. They sometimes beat me, if I am not quick enough, with their hands. They strike me upon my back. The boys take liberties with me sometimes; they pull me about. I am the *only girl* in the pit. There are 20 boys and 15 men. All the men are naked. I would rather work in the mill than the coal-pit."

Such are ordinary practices prevailing just beneath the surface of a country where Christian sympathies and sensibilities are so delicate and intense, that not only do they roam over the globe in search of objects for philanthropy, but evoke fervor of compassion for the wrongs of Sunday coachmen and Sabbath shavers.

But let us not pass from the subject, sad and sorrowful as it is, without applying what we have laid before our readers to some other purpose beyond the mere retort upon the wanton insolence and injustice of our Edinburgh contemporary. There is another moral to be found in it well worthy of our own most serious contemplation.

And by what means, it may be asked, has this deplorable state of things been brought about? By restrictive laws, which decree that the people of the United Kingdom shall have no bread but that which is grown in the United Kingdom—laws which retard the gradual increase of capital, by rendering the producing faculties of the community less productive, and thus prevent that rapid accumulation of wealth in which alone is to be found the means of affording employment to an increasing population—laws which, in the eloquent language of the late Mr. Raguét, "operate precisely in the same manner as a law would operate which should enact that a man with two hands should only labor with one—that a farmer who could work with a plough should dig with a spade—that the owner of a cotton factory who has mules and spindles should spin with the distaff—that a wood-cutter should chop trees with a dull axe, instead of a sharp one—or, that a tailor should sew with a blunt needle, instead of a sharp-pointed one." This limited field

of production is, moreover, so full of capitalists, that these, by competing with each other, reduce profits to a very low rate; and so full of laborers, that these, by competing with each other, reduce wages to a very low rate also. If it were not for this severe competition among capitalists, a greater difference than actually exists between the prices of English and American corn would show the vast difference between the natural fertility of land in England and land in America: if it were not for the severe competition among laborers, English labor, which, from the mode in which it is employed, is so much more productive than American labor, in proportion to the number of hands, would be better paid, instead of being far worse paid than American labor. In England both classes, capitalists and laborers, are fighting for room. Consequently, it may be said that in England low profits and low wages are owing to the small proportion which the field of production continually bears to capital and labor.

It is fortunate that that great body corporate, styled a nation—a vast assemblage of human beings, knit together by laws and arts and customs, by the necessities of the present and the memory of the past—offers in this country, through these its vigorous and enduring members, a more substantial and healthy frame-work than falls to the lot of other nations. Our stout-built constitution throws off with more facility and safety those crude and dangerous humors which must at times arise in all human communities. We are preserved from those reckless and tempestuous sallies that in other countries, like a whirlwind, topple down in an instant an ancient crown, or sweep away an illustrious aristocracy. And this very constitution which has secured order, has, consequently, promoted civilisation; and the almost unbroken tide of progressive amelioration has made us the freest, and may yet make us the wealthiest and most refined society of modern ages. But still the condition of the peasantry and the laboring population of the manufacturing districts is yet strongly susceptible of improvement. The present clamors of the Whig party to favor and foster the factory system among us are fraught with direful mischief.

With the high price of labor that exists in the United States—with our scanty supply of moneyed capital—with our unlimited range of uncultivated or half-improved soil—it is almost a crime against society to divert human industry from the fields and the forests to iron forges and cotton factories. Nature has pointed out the course which we ought to pursue for perhaps half a century to come, till the plough and the spade have followed the axe of the wood-cutter into their "primeval wilderness of shade," and till happy plantations shall have been formed on the deserted domains of the Indian huntsman from the Atlantic to the Ohio, and from the Mississippi to the Pacific. She has directed us to cling to the bosom of mother Earth, as to the most fertile source of wealth, and the most abundant reward of labor. She has told us to remain planters, farmers, and wood-cutters—to extend society and cultivation to new regions—to practise and improve the arts of the builder, the carpenter, and the naval architect—to facilitate every means of internal communication—to promote every branch of internal trade—to encourage every variety of landed produce, but not to waste the energies of our labor; or to interrupt the course of our prosperity, by forcing at home the manufacture of articles which foreigners could supply at half the price for which they could be made in America.

During a recent visit we made to Lowell, Nashua, and other manufacturing districts of New England, we had an opportunity of ascertaining the true condition of the laboring classes both as to the severity of their toil, and their frequent liability to destitution from irregularity of work. Superficial or interested observers, the advocates of a protective tariff and the favorers of commercial restrictions, would fain persuade you, that the indwellers of these gloomy piles of brick and mortar are contented, cheerful, and well-provided—that they have no wish beyond the immediate means of gratification—that because the wail of lamentation is not heard, there is consequently no cause of distress—that because thousands of destitute females passively submit to all the horrors and privations of the factory system, under the present existing restrictions upon trade, rather

than encounter the moral degradations of a life of vice and infamy, there is no necessity for legislative attention—no scope for the exercise of philanthropy—no occasion for enlightened reform. Such is the argument of a certain class of economists, who have never troubled their heads about a scientific investigation of the matter, but who, for political objects, or through interested motives, have preferred to remain in the dark, rather than be enlightened, for fear that the truth would militate against their advancement as politicians, or take money out of their pockets as editors of newspapers, or as parties protected by the restrictive duties.

To say that these hapless victims of man's cupidity, confined within the dungeon-walls of factories, are to be excluded from legislative protection on account of that beautiful spirit of resignation which carries them through the fiery ordeal without one audible murmur of discontent, is the same as saying that a man who had been accustomed to eat but one meal in twenty-four hours without repining, was not entitled to two; or that the very negro whose emancipation is so loudly cried for, was altogether unworthy of the boon of freedom, because he had been guilty of forbearance in not turning upon and murdering his master. This would be a refinement upon cruelty worthy of the darkest ages of error and feudalism.

We have no desire to exaggerate the existence of these evils:—we are well aware that in point of humane treatment, rate of wages, and moral restrictions, our factory system is far superior to that which is the shame and degradation of England:—we are also willing to acknowledge that there are occasionally startling instances of prosperity and happiness growing out of early initiation into these dens of toil and trouble: but it does not require a great deal of penetration to perceive that, notwithstanding these negative advantages, the principles of WHITE SLAVERY are gradually taking root in the very midst of us. The multitude of defective beings, with sallow complexions, emaciated forms, and stooping shoulders—with premature wrinkles and furtive glances, that are to be met at all our manufacturing places, tell of misery and degradation in language not to be mistaken.

The doctrine, that there are in the

United States a vast number of persons who cannot procure employment, has long been a favorite one with the restrictive party. If there be, however, any truth in the position, they may thank their own policy for it. Restrictive laws, as we have already observed, retard the accumulation of capital; and as capital is the only source of affording employment to laborers, it is manifest that any measure which diminishes the ratio of accumulation, must have the effect of throwing people out of employment. To attempt to cure such an evil, therefore, by further restrictions, would only be making the matter worse; and would be as silly, as if the quack, who had brought his patient to death's door by debility from bleeding, should insist upon it that the way to cure him would be to apply the lancet again.

There is a class of writers, who, of late years, have undertaken a crusade against Adam Smith and his followers, averring that the modern school of political economy is based on erroneous principles, that the system of protective duties established by our ancestors was the consummation of human wisdom,—and that it is not merely the right, but the duty, of a state to determine in what channels capital should flow, and toward what objects industry should be directed. The principal arguments adduced in favor of this antiquated theory are these: First, that a nation imports from a distance a manufactured commodity which it could make as cheap, or cheaper, at home, were the manufacture introduced there. Secondly, that as the introduction of such manufacture would be too expensive a project to be carried into effect by any private individual, the whole society might do so, through the expenditure for a few years of a portion of its revenue, much less than what an equal number of years succeeding them will return to it in the diminished cost of the article. Thirdly, that he, or they, who legislate for the society, embrace the apparent benefit, and by means of a small expenditure, effect an increase of the productive powers of the community. Fourthly, that in this the legislator acts in a manner that would be accounted prudence in a private person, who conducted any system of industry for his own emolument.

Now, the whole fallacy of those who support the restrictive system, is con-

tained in these few sentences; for the existence of such a nation, importing commodities from a distance which it could make as cheap, or cheaper, at home, may fairly be questioned. Nor is the introduction of any manufacture to a position which nature has rendered peculiarly favorable to it, beyond the power of a private individual, or, at least, a body of individuals:—witness, for instance, the establishment of manufactures in New South Wales, in consequence of the discovery of coal in that colony; and that by individuals, who never thought of calling on the nation to defray the cost.

But it would not be very easy to count the expense to which the forced establishment of any manufacture would put a nation. Let us suppose, that in order to encourage the manufacture of stockings, our government should place a high duty on their importation. Now, every purchaser loses the difference between the American and the English prices; but the manufacturer does not gain that amount, because the cost of production is greater to him than to the Englishman. The purchaser also loses in the inferiority of the article supplied; for forced manufactures, protected by monopoly, are not only dear, but bad, as was proved within our own memory by the English silk trade. The government must lose, by the necessity of employing means to prevent smuggling. And finally, the improvement that is to remunerate all these losses is at best problematical; for no manufactory protected by a monopoly has ever yet improved. Protection and monopolies are not only evils, but they are evils that love to perpetuate themselves. To establish them is easy enough; but to remove them has been the most difficult task that modern statesmen have had to encounter.

Again—the supposition that those who legislate for the society embrace the apparent benefit, &c., is a rash and daring assumption, contradicted by daily experience. The legislator, in the first place, does not increase the productive powers of the community; he only gives them a new direction. If the manufactory be one less suited to his own country than that in which the manufacture was previously established, he gives them a wasteful direction. The article must, in the first instance, confessedly be produced at a greater

expense; and that expense operates as a tax on the productive powers of the nation, by checking the production of articles to exchange with the foreign manufacturing country. There is but

one request that manufacturers of any country should make to their government: it is that which was addressed to Colbert—"LAISSEZ NOUS FAIRE."

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL JACKSON.

BY AMOS KENDALL.*

PUBLIC men often suffer great wrong in reference as well to their private as their public character and conduct, from the misrepresentations of their political adversaries, frequently aggravated by personal animosities. Individuals of a party who mean to be honest, and would not in word or thought intentionally do injustice to a human being, often believe, with a too ready credulity, the assertions of party presses, political leaders and personal enemies, thereby becoming accomplices in the infliction of injuries at which their own consciences, if properly instructed, would revolt with horror.

The opinions imbibed by a large portion of mankind in reference to the temper and conduct of General Jackson in his personal relations, furnish a striking illustration of these truths. Multitudes there are, both in the United States and other countries, who, having received their impressions without due consideration, from presses and persons opposed to him, believe that distinguished man to be reckless of religious faith, if not of moral obligation, ferocious in temper, and in all the relations of life a tyrant. Such individuals will learn with astonishment, that this picture is all the reverse of truth; that the tone of Gen. Jackson's mind

during his Presidency was decidedly devout; that no man could be more kind and indulgent in all his private relations; and that if he be censurable on this score, it is for too much forbearance. With what pain he found himself compelled to give up his favorable opinion of old friends, and with what tenacity he clung to them, in many cases, after everybody else pronounced them venal and treacherous, was witnessed by those who were intimate with him during his administration. But without touching at present upon anything connected with his political course, I propose to give in the present and in some succeeding papers a few authentic anecdotes which will tend to correct the erroneous opinions entertained by many as to his religious impressions and imputed violence of temper.

Those who sat down with General Jackson at his private table to break bread, know with what fervor he uniformly invoked the blessings of Heaven upon the repast provided by its bounty. A stranger could not witness the scene without according to the venerable man before him, who thus bowed his grey head in humble supplication to the Giver of all good, a heart sincerely religious.

All will remember, that toward the close of his administration the General

* It is generally known to the friends of Gen. Jackson, that he has committed all his papers, &c., to the hands of Mr. Kendall, from whose able hand a Biography worthy of the subject may be expected at no very distant day. In the mean time, the readers of the Democratic Review will have the benefit of some portions of these authentic materials, for the illustration of some of the most interesting passages in the life of the good and great old man.—ED. D. R.

was attacked by a bleeding at the lungs which threatened to be fatal. Nor will it be forgotten, that some of the party presses attributed this attack to a violent fit of passion, in the paroxysms of which they said he had ruptured a blood-vessel. What a contrast the real scene presented, I had an opportunity to learn from the mouth of an eye-witness. The cruel fabrication had reached the members of the President's family, and from the lips of Mrs. Jackson, the lady of the General's adopted son, rendered unusually eloquent by the indignation which lighted up her beautiful face, I heard the following narrative:—

"Father," said she, "is in the habit, every night before he goes to bed, of calling me in to read to him a chapter in the Bible. On that night, having finished his business, he called me in to perform that service. I read to him as usual, and having finished the chapter, received from him an affectionate good-night and retired to my bed-chamber, which was in an adjoining room. He then called the servant who usually attended on him in his chamber, and was undressing. Suddenly he called me, and entering the room I found him bleeding at the mouth. What produced the attack I know not; but certain it is, that so far from indulging in any outbreaks of temper, his mind was calm and devotional, seeking to close the business of the day by communion with heaven.

The practice of reading or listening to a chapter of Holy Writ and sending up fervent aspirations to Heaven every night before he retired to rest, Gen. Jackson brought with him into the Presidency. No man had a deeper sense of dependence on the Giver of all good, or a more sincere and earnest desire to avail himself of the wisdom which comes from on high, in the discharge of his arduous duties. But it cannot be doubted, that in his devotional fervor there was mingled a holy and never dying affection for his departed wife, whose presence was, in his susceptible imagination, as necessary an incident of Heaven as that of the angels.

A portrait of this dearest object of his earthly affections hung in his chamber. "Is that a good likeness?" said a lady to him in my presence. "Pretty good," said he, "*but not so good as*

this," taking a miniature from his bosom.

On another occasion, calling upon him on some urgent business, I was invited into his bed-chamber. I found him too ill to sit up. The curtains in front of his bed were open, and he lay with his head somewhat elevated on a full pillow. Opposite the foot of his bed, nearly touching the post, stood a little table, and on it was the miniature of Mrs. Jackson leaning against a small Bible and a Prayer Book which had been hers. It was evidently so placed that he might, as he lay, gaze upon the shadow of those loved features which had enraptured his youthful heart, and contemplate those virtues which, in old age, and even death, rendered them dear to the bosom of the hero and statesman beyond any other earthly object.

I was not then so thoroughly acquainted with Gen. Jackson as I afterward became; but on witnessing this scene, I said to myself, *this must be a good man*. None other could entertain so deep, so abiding an affection for a departed companion, however cherished while living. Love like this is all good, all heavenly, all divine, as nearly as anything on earth possibly can be; it cannot dwell in a bad heart; it cannot assimilate with a perverted mind.

I had never seen Mrs. Jackson; but from that moment I pronounced her a superior woman. None but a woman of surpassing virtues could so fix the affections of such a man. None other could maintain such a hold on such a mind, amidst the enjoyment of glory, the gratification of ambition, the cares of state, and never-ceasing excitements sufficient to overpower and swallow up the kindly affections of ordinary men. None other could occupy, in life and in death, so broad a space in the remembrance and affections of one who in devotion to his country never had a superior. And I could not but regret, that she had not lived, not so much to enjoy a signal triumph over her own and her husband's traducers, as to comfort, advise, and sustain her devoted companion in the midst of never-ceasing toils and vexations, the heartlessness of false friends, and the assaults of unrelenting enemies.

Who that visited the President's House during General Jackson's ad-

ministration does not remember Jemmy O'Neal, the Irish doorkeeper? Jemmy was kind-hearted, but blunt in his manner; so much so on some occasions as to appear rude if not insulting. Often one might ring the bell time after time, and no Jemmy make his appearance. There was a particular cause for Jemmy's apparent rudeness and occasional absence.

Calling one day, upon business, I rang the bell repeatedly, but no doorkeeper appeared. As I had done before under like circumstances, I opened the door and walked up stairs to the President's office. There I found the General and Major Donelson. Presently the bell rang again, again, and again. "Where can Jemmy be!" said the General. "Drunk, most likely," replied Major Donelson. I then stated that I had not been able to raise him, though I had rung until I was tired, and that this was not the first occasion. Major Donelson then observed, that this difficulty was now of almost daily recurrence; that he had, on several occasions, found Jemmy in his room wholly unable to get to the door; that when not so disabled, his conduct towards visitors was often, from his peculiar situation, anything but polite or respectful; and he expressed the opinion in very decided terms, that a more

suitable person should be entrusted with that duty. "Well, well," said the General, "we cannot bear it any longer; tell Jemmy he must find a home elsewhere."

Again and again I called, and Jemmy still presented his rubicund face at the door, often in a plight not befitting his station. "How is this," said I one day to Major Donelson, "I heard the General tell you that Jemmy must be discharged." "Yes," said the Major, "and that was the third time I had received such an order; but on each occasion Jemmy waited on the General in person, was exceedingly sorry for his fault, shed tears of repentance in abundance, promised to behave better in future if he could be forgiven this once, and never desisted until he obtained a promise that he should be tried a while longer."

And whoever was familiar at the White House, will remember Jemmy's red face and bluff voice at the door down to the end of General Jackson's administration, ever and anon repeating his fault, and as often by unfeigned repentance and distress extorting forgiveness from his kind-hearted master.

Can such traits of character belong to a tyrant or a bad man? All that is good in human nature answers, *no*.

FOLLEN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ON READING HIS ESSAY ON "THE FUTURE STATE."*

FRIEND of my soul!—as with moist eye
I look up from this page of thine,
Is it a dream that thou art nigh,
Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now,
A placid heaven of sweet moonrise,
When, dew-like, on the earth below
Descends the quiet of the skies.

* Dr. Follen's Works, vol. v.

The calm brow through the parted hair,
 The gentle lips which knew no guile,
 Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care
 With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah me!—at times that last dread scene
 Of Frost and Fire and moaning Sea,
 Will cast its shade of doubt between
 The failing eyes of Faith, and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page,
 Where through the twilight air of earth,
 Alike enthusiast and sage,
 Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth :

Lifting the Future's solemn veil,
 The reaching of a trembling hand
 To put aside the cold and pale
 Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land !

In thoughts which answer to my own,
 In words which reach my inward ear
 Like whispers from the void Unknown,
 I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest,
 The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod,
 Unwasted, through each change, attest
 The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive
 The mind whose kingly will they wrought ?
 Their gross unconsciousness survive
 Thy god-like energy of thought ?

THOU LIVEST, FOLLEN!—not in vain
 Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne
 The burden of Life's cross of pain,
 And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

Oh! while Life's solemn mystery glooms
 Around us like a dungeon's wall—
 Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs,
 Silent the heaven which bends o'er all!—

While day by day our loved ones glide
 In spectral silence, hushed and lone,
 To the cold shadows which divide
 The living from the dread Unknown ;—

While even on the closing eye,
 And on the lip which moves in vain,
 The seals of that stern mystery
 Their undiscovered trust retain ;—

And only midst the gloom of death,
 Its mournful doubts and haunting fears,
 Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,
 Smile dimly on as through their tears ;—

'Tis something to a heart like mine
 To think of thee as living yet ;
 To feel that such a light as thine
 Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way
 Since thou hast left thy footprints there,
 And beams of mournful beauty play
 Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Oh!—at this hour when half the sky
 Is glorious with its evening light,
 And fair broad fields of summer lie
 Hung o'er with greenness in my sight;

While through these elm boughs wet with rain
 The sunset's golden walls are seen,
 With clover bloom and yellow grain
 And wood-draped hill and stream between;

I long to know if scenes like this
 Are hidden from an angel's eyes;
 If earth's familiar loveliness
 Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew
 The lesson which that beauty gave,
 An ideal of the Pure and True
 In earth and sky and gliding wave.

And it may be that all which lends
 The soul an upward impulse here,
 With a diviner beauty blends,
 And greets us in a holier sphere.

Through groves where blighting never fell
 The humbler flowers of earth may twine;
 And simple draughts from childhood's well
 Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled,
 And let the seeking lips be dumb,—
 Where even seraph eyes have failed
 Shall mortal blindness seek to come?

We only know that thou hast gone,
 And that the same returnless tide
 Which bore thee from us, still glides on,
 And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look,
 And to our gaze ere long shall turn
 That page of God's mysterious book
 We so much wish, yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power
 Thy spirit bent its trembling knee,—
 Who, in the silent greeting flower,
 And forest leaf, looked out on thee,—

We leave thee, with a trust serene
 Which Time, nor Change, nor Death can move,
 While with thy child-like faith we lean
 On Him whose dearest name is Love!

PETRARCH.*

It is rather late now to offer our readers a review of Campbell's *Life of Petrarch*. We took it up with such a purpose when it was new, but desisted on finding the book a performance very inferior to the promise of its title. The matter is not new, nor put in any new light; the manner is not good, nor consistent in any one kind of badness; the style is sententious, turgid, flippant, and familiar, by turns; the language sometimes pedantic and at others vulgar; and the whole work so flimsy that, like the Sybilline oracles, if two-thirds of it were burned, the remainder would be worth the whole. There are traces too of incompetency deeper than defect of style; there are tokens of ignorance of the subject and of congenial subjects, signs of a learning hastily laid in pro-hac-vice, and laid out again still crude, lumpy, and unassimilated. But enough: we have something to say about Petrarch, something about Campbell, and something about whatever may come in our way, but no more about this book.

Prose by a Poet, is not, on the whole, a very taking title; Mr. Montgomery once tried if it would sell a book, but did not meet with very distinguished success. It is a little as if one should say, English by a Dutchman, or Horsemanship by a Sailor. Excellence in verse, as a general rule, destroys prose, and the contrary. Byron excelled in both; but such instances are rare. Moore's prose is Lalla-Rookh-ish, and Southey's poems are Book-of-the-Church-ish. Such rules cannot be absolute; but Campbell is not an exception to this one, and his prose has so many defects, and so little merit of any kind to redeem it, that it gives rise to unpleasant suspicions as to the grounds on which we have admired his verse. What is good verse? What makes a good or a great poet? And what claim has Campbell—what claim has Petrarch, to such a title? These are difficult and doubtful questions; and we

shall give them some consideration in the tone of our age and country; in that sceptical cross-examining spirit which tries the spirits, and likes to see things proved.

For there is proof even in matters of poetry. Verses are intrinsically and really good or bad; like fruits from the tree, or water from the fountain, taking essential character from the minds that produce them. If the mind be not instinct with immortality, then is the poetry a form without a substance; specious, perhaps, but empty; a result, according to Campbell's own clever expression, of "tactics in the march of words;" not a speaking of the soul to the soul,—for the age has a soul, and the true poet has his mission to speak to it, and such an one shall never lack hearers. His voice sounds to the initiated—to the elect; and they, in this busy generation, are all the active and honorable, all who are true children of the age; all who, while the long sleep is not yet fallen on them, would fain be up and doing,—aye, up and doing good; and something great, if possible—but let it be good first. What they would highly, that they would holily; and, unlike Macbeth, not only would not play false, but would not wrongly win. These are the children of the spirit of the age—the sharers of that spirit which, like a little leaven, is now leavening this vast lump of a world. These are they to whom Longfellow speaks, and let us hear him. We may imagine strange and improbable changes in times to come, but does anybody believe that such words as these shall be lost?—

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returns,
Was not spoken of the soul.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

Sir Philip Sidney said, the old ballad of Chevy Chase made his heart leap as at the sound of a trumpet. Sir Philip was a warrior: his taste is in a measure lost, and so is the force of his comparison. Blow a trumpet in Pearl street, or on 'Change, and you shall see what you shall see: it will stir as many hearts as a hurdy-gurdy, and no more. But pick me out one of those plain citizens, and put me a touchstone to his soul; follow him to his counting-house and to his desk; come behind him, and try him unawares with a criterion: he has no sympathy with a war-horse; but has he therefore none with man, none with nature, none with futurity? His coat is threadbare, perhaps; his air negligent, or even common; he passes half his life in obscure labors; the other half, unseen and unheard-of, at his domestic hearth. He has no ambition, you say—no sublime longings nor high aspirations. But read these verses in his ear, and he will answer you like Isabel:

“There spoke my brother, there my
father's grave
Did utter forth a voice.”

For this man, who appears so simple and humble, is, nevertheless, possessed with deep and high aspirations; so deep as to be out of the ken of general observation, and so high as to look above the approbation of man for its reward. He has received from his parents a precious inheritance of good principles: it has been wrought into his early education, and made the stuff of his earliest thoughts: it has become chronic and constitutional in him, and his hope is to transmit it to his children, and perpetuate it with increase in the world. In this design every morrow finds him farther advanced than to-day—in this track the footsteps he leaves are permanent. Castles and walled cities, palaces and temples of false gods, shall pass away; but the eternal pyramids of virtue shall remain; and He that seeth in secret shall reward the builders openly.

If we consider for a moment, we shall see that there is no perennial work but this—no other laboring for immortality. The highest and noblest occupation for human energy is open to us all; the only one whose effects survive and increase while everything else human

decays. We cavil at human nature; we talk of the increase of crime, of the general tendency to corruption, and we shut our eyes to the mighty truth that, so far as history can be interpreted, every great vice and crime diminishes, every virtue is more and more diffused and cherished. Religious persecution, war, tyranny, slavery, and intemperance, are put under the ban of the civilized world, and the whole world now must eventually, inevitably be civilized. That we have arrived at our present stage of improvement by a gradual progress through many ages, who can doubt? In any given ten or twenty years the change may not be appreciable; but take the view by centuries, and the conclusion is brought home. Look at England in 1540, under the brutal and cruel Henry VIII.; in 1640, on the eve of civil war; in 1740, under Walpole; and in 1840. What giant strides of progress! And if you go back from Henry VIII. to the Heptarchy, it is a regular falling off from order and some semblance of good government, to a life nearly savage, and battles, as Milton expressed it, of kites and crows.—So France, Germany, Russia: everything but Italy; and there, too, in spite of Rome, there has been progress, for Rome has grown weaker.—But these remarks to our present subject only signify this, that wisdom accumulates where fathers teach and children learn; that true wisdom is virtue, and thus civilisation is transmitted. How far it is from its perfection yet; how liable to cavil, to misapprehension; how overlaid with hypocrisy, and beset with false friends and open enemies, we know,—but the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Each rising generation will choose more good, and reject more evil; for God so forms the minds of children that, though the good seed thrown into them may be choked, it never dies. And there is in this community a vast mass of men who never theorized upon this matter, nor put it into shape in their own thoughts, yet who do effectively believe this principle, and who act on it in their unseen lives, with a true vocation to a great but anonymous immortality.

Now, for such men, what is Poetry? It may be hard to say what poetry will suit them, but certainly none will that a man writes who could not write prose. Read “Hohenlinden” to a man of

this class, or "Loehiel," and if you find he does not relish it, macadamise the poetry, take the rhymes out, disjoint the measure, and see whether you can relish it yourself. There remains nothing but the common-places of ballad-singing. Campbell's "tactics in the march of words" are admirable, his measure is most perfect and harmonious; his poetry would appear delightful even if read to a man who understood no English: it is sweet, graceful, perfect, what you please, but burning words and breathing thoughts there are none.

Campbell, then, shall not be the laureate of the march of mind—that is easily decided; but the question is much more difficult, who shall? He who will have minds march to his music should have some progress in his own; he should cheer us on, and go before like a trumpeter, not sit like a fiddler in an orchestra, and keep us promenading up and down; and yet most poets do so. They seclude themselves from the world, at least from its active employments, and go round and round in one circle of ideas; and, so far from to-morrow finding them farther than to-day, in any progress towards knowledge, it is a chance rather if yesterday did not. The age marches and leaves them behind, as it must all non-practical men. This is not the true system. He who would tell the world something, should inform himself first what it knows already. He who would excite, surprise, or please it, must first know it; and to know it, must mix in it. He must mix in its real bustle of business, in its contests for material interest; he must watch the collisions that take place there, expose himself to them, and note his experience well of himself and others; and if he live a century, every day will add to this experience some new and unexpected line. Such a man will not write much, but what he writes will have its meaning, and the ardor and enterprise of youth, the riper and deeper thoughts, the more enlarged, sadder, yet more charitable and impartial views of manhood, and the serene wisdom of age, will appear in their due succession. His works will be the reflection of his life—a chart for those who shall come after—an impressive precept added to many precepts—a grain in the pyramid, contributed toward the building

up of human perfectibility. Such should the poet be for the benefit of his poetry, and for his own, and for his readers. Not a pensioner like Wordsworth; not a troubadour like Petrarch; not a man living in morbid seclusion like Cowper; not one writing verses by contract at so much a day like Moore; but an active denizen of the every-day world, independent, vigorous, and observant, writing from fulness of thought and knowledge. Such a man would stir up the hearts of Pearl-street, and only such a man. If one went to them from the dead, though it were Homer, they would not hear him; but let one come who lives, and who has lived to some purpose, and whose works give evidence of his life, and to him they will give ear.

It is an old, but a stale and false adage, which would persuade us that matters of taste are not subjects of argument. It is a convenient thing for a prating critic first to set taste above reason, and then to give himself out for the oracle of taste, after which he leaves you no alternative but to worship his false gods, or be proscribed as a Vandal. Yet there is reason even in matters of poetry. Like the bubbles on alcohol, which, to the skilful eye, are the sure proof of the spirit, even so it is with these bubbles of the mind. The weak and washy intellect cannot give them forth bright and strong; the false and perverted cannot produce the pure and holy. What is Petrarch to us? What was he to himself, to his family, to his friends, to his age? A false priest, a negligent father, an amiable and attached friend and correspondent perhaps, but not free from interest in his attachment, and not known in his long life ever to have done one generous or disinterested act. Yet he was something beyond his age both in virtue and knowledge, enough so to have made it his highest duty to educate his children and bequeath that knowledge and virtue to them. Such a legacy, in the then existing state of Italy, would have been worth more than his poetry. Such a family might have been a leavening nucleus in the mass of the depravity of the time. Petrarch thought not of that; he ran about after laurel crowns, and dined attendance on emperors and nobles, dawdling on in endless verse about Laura, and pedantic epistles to Virgil

and Quintilian, and others equally effective to contemporary princes, popes, and tribunes. The story of his attachment to Laura, of which we have heard so much, is treated with a respect it never merited; the grave arguments which learned men have written about it are as puerile as the thing itself, but they have succeeded in sheltering it from the contempt it deserves. If it was a solemn hoax, it was wondrous pitiful to persist in it fifty years—to treat it in his letters to his intimate friends, and no doubt in his conversation too, as a reality, as the absorbing passion of his soul. He might have used it as a stalking-horse for his poetry without all this silly duplicity and affectation. But he liked the foppery of the thing; he was disposed, like those young gentlemen Prince Arthur speaks of, to “be as sad as night only for wantonness;” and, as a young gentleman and an old one, he played on this interesting part to the last. We have slid insensibly here from the hypothetical into the positive, and find ourselves asserting the humbug which we set out by supposing, but really the alternative is too nonsensical for a Yankee imagination. A passion suddenly conceived, even at first sight—by a priest, too—a man sworn to celibacy before God, and by all the religion he believed, perhaps more—and for the wife of another, and this passion lasting without encouragement, with little or no intercourse, or even acquaintance, through long absence—and, in spite of the lover’s having another mistress and a family, lasting twenty years, to Laura’s death, and outliving her thirty more! All this is so contrary to our ideas of love, of sense, of reason, and of propriety, that it is hazarding very little to say, the poetry that sets it forth could never, under any circumstances, become popular or continue so here. The poetry is beautiful, often exquisite, polished, ingenious, soft, and musical, but as monotonous as an Æolian harp, and as worthless, when you sum its sense up, as a penny-whistle. Expressions occur which you remember and treasure up, gems of prettiness in language and thought, but all wasted on this silly tissue, which annoys and tires one more than all these incidental pleasures refresh. But this is what Petrarch has left behind him; to this

purpose he lived and died; by this performance he is now chiefly had in remembrance. Shall we say that he was great?

It would be a balm to many ambitious minds to be set right, once really and truly right, on this subject of greatness. It would be a pleasure to shake off the oppression of presumed inferiority, to reconcile one’s self to obscurity, to feel the consciousness of approaching some standard of worth and honor which no breath of popular opinion, no caprice of fashion nor prejudice can exalt or debase. Philip Van Artevelde has said, “the world knows nothing of its greatest men,” and very probably indeed it is so. The qualities which make a man famous and conspicuous,—the qualities which give success in any career, or very often the chances which give it without qualities,—are what poets have taught men to respect; but these are not what our natures are formed in sincerity and truth to revere. The poets have misled us; they have pandered to our vices, and have used their art to set forth the joys of intemperance, the honors of tyranny and cruelty, and the puerilities of amatory nonsense; and thus possessing fully with their sweet tones the ear of childhood and youth, they have falsified our ideas of pleasure, honour and ambition through successive generations. The main error they teach is everywhere the same; they place the objects of life always in something extrinsic, they bid us look for celebrity and notoriety as the great tests and essential principles of happiness, and not to our own hearts or consciences, or to that narrow circle of domestic relations where alone we can in general be truly appreciated. No one can doubt that if bacchanalian songs had never been invented, millions of recruits would have been withheld from the armies of intemperance. If no Lauras had been sung and celebrated, many a female heart that now pants for the reputation of a belle, would be easy in the enjoyment and diffusion of some more tranquil and more attainable happiness. Many a man who now annoys mankind by his efforts at some sort of violent pre-eminence, who seeks, if not to extort our respect or approbation, at least to force himself upon our knowledge and compel us to be familiar with his name;

many a man of this kind might have been a saint and a sage in private life, had the finger-posts of his infancy pointed him the way to independence,—true independence; that loftiest and most perfect condition of the soul, which only can place a man above mankind; can teach him to measure his faculties with his duties, and do truly and quietly that which he can do most effectually; and can procure to him sometimes the reward of that “self-approving hour,” when he feels in the still small voice that says to him “well done,” the direct inspiration of his God.

It is a detestable heresy and one for which poets chiefly are responsible, which teaches that there is no scope for great talent in private life. The mute Milton must be reproached that he is also inglorious; the guiltless Cromwell is set in our estimation at a pin's fee in comparison with the guilty one. A presumption of inferiority is deduced from the want of notoriety, success becomes thus invidious, and bad feelings are generated which cause half the misery of society. All this is wrong. It is in private life that the human mind is most generally destined and designed to act; it is thitherward that its highest qualities tend—it is there they must seek their natural exercise, their appointed tasks, and their reward. It is there that poetry should follow them; there it should seek the undisguised, unstudied man, in the freshness, the originality, the rich variety of nature. The mask, the costume, the grimace of public life are gone; the monotony of etiquette and affectation have given place to the play of feeling, the ebbs and flows of passion, and the modes, phases and phantasies, and caprices, that successive hours and days, and time, and chance, bring with them. But sock and buskin courage, rhetorical patriotism, and scenic love, have had their day; our relish of them is gone, and we even hate them, except indeed in the fresh simplicity of those earliest bards who sang when everything was new.

Yet we must have poetry; the desire of it is as natural to man as language; he makes it wherever he has words. The step humanity is now taking, the object it is now seeking, the inspiration which is now breathing through the vast mind of the million, must some-

where reach its sublimest conception, and find its loftiest and purest expression, and *there* is the Poet of the Age. Of the age only, if his theme be local, personal or transitory; and of all ages, if it be deep and broad, and general. Chevy Chase may go to its repose,—it touches no chords that vibrate in this generation. We have all read it, and perhaps with a certain pleasure; but when the page is laid aside, there is nothing in our daily life to call it up to us again, and its traces are effaced from our minds. But Prospero's reflections on the vanity of the world, Claudio's on Death, or Isabel's apostrophe to Heaven on Mercy; these, for the very contrary reason, we never forget; nor can they ever, after they are once impressed upon our memories, be very long absent from our thoughts. Scenes fitted to recall them pass before us every day; and when they do so, these refining, softening, and elevating thoughts find a readier welcome in our minds, dwell in them longer, and exercise on them a more familiar influence, by the aid of the exquisite beauty of the language in which they present themselves. Without the informing spirit, the beauty of expression and imagery were nothing; the polishers of words would be just as well employed to polish pebbles; but the man who has made the forms his own in which our holiest thoughts are fain to dress themselves, who is the interpreter between us and them, is become something higher than a man; he is an influence and a power upon the souls of a people.

Take this view of a poet's office, and what is Petrarch? Take this view of the subjects of poetry, and what is Laura? View the world from this point, and we perceive immediately that the thoughts which master it, are something widely different from the shrewd devices which attract its eye or please its ear for a moment, or gain a certain command of its physical energies. They are thoughts which the noise of war and conquest does not suggest, which grasping schemes of domination are certain to shut out, and which dwell not in the aspirations of him who through any of the thousand paths of human life is seeking mainly his self-glorification. But they are breathed and reciprocated through a vast brotherhood of sympathising spir-

its, each one of whom is alone but as a drop, but the whole are as a tide, setting with irresistible force towards a point to which it is now God's manifest will to conduct Humanity. The mountains and hills shall be brought low, the valleys shall be exalted, the proud shall be abased, and grace shall

be given to the humble; and the holiest and purest and highest endowments of which our nature is susceptible, shall be as abundantly developed in our society, as beryl and jacinth and chryso-prasus in the foundations of the New Jerusalem.

THE ANGEL OF TEARS.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

HIGH, high in space floated the angel Alza. Of the spirits who minister in heaven Alza is not the chief; neither is he employed in deeds of great import, or in the destinies of worlds and generations. Yet if it were possible for envy to enter among the Creatures Beautiful, many would have pined for the station of Alza. There are a million million invisible eyes which keep constant watch over the earth—each Child of Light having his separate duty. Alza is one of the Angels of Tears.

Why waited he, as for commands from above?

There was a man upon whose brow rested the stamp of the guilt of Cain. The man had slain his brother. Now he lay in chains awaiting the terrible day when the doom he himself had inflicted should be meted to his own person.

People of the Black Souls!—beings whom the world shrinks from, and whose abode, through the needed severity of the law, is in the dark cell and massy prison—it may not be but that ye have, at times, thoughts of the beauty of virtue, and the blessing of a spotless mind. For if we look abroad in the world, and examine what is to be seen there, we will know, that in every human heart resides a mysterious prompting which leads it to love goodness for its own sake. All that is rational has this prompting. It never dies. It can never be entirely stifled. It may be darkened by the tempests and storms of guilt, but ever and anon the clouds roll away, and it shines out again. Murderers and thieves, and the most abandoned criminals, have been unable to deaden this faculty.

It came to be, that an hour arrived

when the heart of the imprisoned fratricide held strange imagining. Old lessons and long forgotten hints, about heaven, and purity, and love, and gentle kindness, floated into his memory—vacillating, as it were, like delicate sea-flowers on the bosom of the turbid ocean. He remembered him of his brother as a boy—how they played together of the summer afternoons—and how, wearied out at evening, they slept pleasantly in each other's arms. O, Master of the Great Laws! couldst thou but roll back the years, and place that guilty creature a child again by the side of that brother! Such were the futile wishes of the criminal. And as repentance and prayer worked forth from his soul, he sank on the floor drowsily, and a tear stood beneath his eyelids.

Repentance and prayer from *him!* What hope could there be for aspirations having birth in a source so polluted? Yet the Sense which is never sleepless heard that tainted soul's desire, and willed that an answering mission should be sent straightway.

When Alza felt the mind of the Almighty in his heart—for it was rendered conscious to him in the moment—he cleaved the air with his swift pinions, and made haste to perform the cheerful duty. Along and earthward he flew—seeing far, far below him, mountains, and towns, and seas, and stretching forests. At distance, in the immeasurable field wherein he travelled, was the eternal glitter of countless worlds—wheeling and whirling, and motionless never. After a brief while the Spirit beheld the city of his destination; and, drawing nigh, he hovered over it—that great city, shrouded in

the depths of night, and its many thousands slumbering.

Just as his presence, obedient to his desire, was transferring itself to the place where the murderer lay, he met one of his own kindred spreading his wings to rise from the ground.

"O, Spirit," said Alza, "what a sad scene is here!"

"I grow faint," the other answered, "at looking abroad through these guilty places. Behold that street to the right."

He pointed, and Alza, turning, saw rooms of people, some with their minds maddened by intoxication, some uttering horrid blasphemies—sensual creatures, and wicked, and mockers of all holiness.

"O, brother," said the Tear-Angel, "let us not darken our eyes with the sight. Let us on to our appointed missions. What is yours, my brother?"

"Behold!" answered the Spirit.

And then Alza knew for the first time that there was a third living thing near by. With meek and abashed gesture, the soul of a girl just dead stood forth before them. Alza, without asking his companion, saw that the Spirit had been sent to guide and accompany the stranger through the Dark Windings.

So he kissed the brow of the re-born, and said,

"Be of good heart! Farewell, both!"

And the soul and its monitor departed upward, and Alza went into the dungeon.

Then, like a swinging vapor, the form of the Tear-Angel was by and over the body of the sleeping man. To his vision, night was as day, and day as night.

At first, something like a shudder went through him, for when one from the Pure Country approaches the wickedness of evil, the presence thereof is made known to him by an instinctive pain. Yet a moment, and the gentle Spirit cast glances of pity on the unconscious fratricide. In the great Mystery of Life, Alza remembered, though even *he* understood it not, it had been settled by the Unfathomable that Sin and Wrong *should be*. And the angel knew too, that Man, with all the darkness and the clouds about him, might not be contemned, even by the Princes of the Highest Circle to the White Throne.

He slept. His hair, coarse and tangly through neglect, lay in masses about his head, and clustered over his neck. One arm was doubled under his cheek, and the other stretched straight forward. Long steady breaths, with a kind of hissing sound, came from his lips.

So he slumbered calmly. So the fires of a furnace, at night, though not extinguished, slumber calmly, when its swarthy ministers impel it not. Haply, he dreamed some innocent dream. Sleep on, dream on, outcast! There will soon be for you a reality harsh enough to make you wish those visions had continued alway, and you never awakened.

Oh, it is not well to look coldly and mercilessly on the bad done by our fellows. That convict—that being of the bloody hand—who could know what palliations there were for his guilt? Who might say there was no premature seducing aside from the walks of honesty—no seed of evil planted by others in his soul during the early years? Who should tell he was not so bred, that had he at manhood possessed aught but propensities for evil it would have been miraculous indeed? Who might dare cast the first stone?

The heart of man is a glorious temple; yet its Builder has seen fit to let it become, to a degree, like the Jewish structure of old, a mart for gross traffic, and the presence of unchaste things. In the Shrouded Volume, doubtless, it might be perceived how this is a part of the mighty and beautiful Harmony; but our eyes are mortal, and the film is over them.

The Angel of Tears bent him by the side of the prisoner's head. An instant more, and he rose, and seemed about to depart, as one whose desire had been attained. Wherefore does that pleasant look spread like a smile over the features of the slumberer?

In the darkness overhead yet linger the soft wings of Alza. Swaying above the prostrate mortal, the Spirit bends his white neck, and his face is shaded by the curls of his hair, which hang about him like a golden cloud. Shaking the beautiful tresses back, he stretches forth his hands, and raises his large eyes upward, and speaks murmuringly in the language used among the Creatures Beautiful:

"I come. Spirits of Pity and Love, favored children of the Loftiest—whose

pleasant task it is with your pens of adamant to make record upon the Silver Leaves of those things which, when computed together at the Day of the End, are to outcancel the weight of the sum of evil—your chambers I seek !”

And the Angel of Tears glided away.

While a thousand air-forms, far and near, responded in the same tongue wherewith Alza had spoken :

“ Beautiful, to the Eye of the Centre, is the sigh which ushers repentance !”

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

NO. XXXIII.

CHURCHILL C. CAMBRELENG,

OF NEW-YORK.

(With a fine Engraving on steel.)

ABOUT three years ago the name of Mr. Cambreleng was introduced in the present series, but owing to his absence from the country—(he was then travelling in Europe, before his appointment to the Russian Mission)—it was not in our power to procure a portrait, from which an engraving might be taken. That which serves as the usual monthly embellishment of our present Number, is copied with admirable fidelity from a Daguerreotype miniature recently executed by an artist in that line, who has certainly carried it to a degree of perfection unsurpassed, if equalled, on our side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Cambreleng, who returned about a year ago from St. Petersburg, to which court he was appointed Minister by Mr. Van Buren, has long held a prominent position before the public eye, as one of the ablest and most consistent supporters of democratic principles, and of that liberal public policy which is closely akin to democratic principles, and which is comprised in the one expression, the result of all the analysis of the science of Political Economy, *Free Trade*. More distinctively, perhaps, than any feature of his public life, this may be said to constitute the chief characteristic which marks and individualizes him as a politician and a statesman.

He was born at Washington, North Carolina, in October, 1786. His name was derived from his great-grandfather, Churchill Caldorn, whose father came from Scotland, and settled on the Pamlico River, in the beginning of the last

century. On the maternal side he is the grandson of Col. John Patten, a gallant revolutionary officer, who was a major in the second regiment in the North Carolina line, and who bore an honorable part in the battles of the Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, and in the defence of Charleston.

Mr. Cambreleng, by the death of his father, was left an orphan at an early age, the oldest of four children—three sons and a daughter; and the straitened circumstances of his family, occasioned by the long absence of his grandfather from home, while engaged in the service of his country, and the necessary sacrifices of such a period, together with the early death of his father, deprived him of the advantages of classical education. He was compelled to return home from the academy at Newbern, at which his first rudiments of instruction had been acquired, before the age of twelve years. None acquainted with Mr. Cambreleng can fail, however, to be made sensible how well this deficiency has been since supplied, by the native energies of a remarkably vigorous and observing mind, by self-cultivation, and by extensive travel both at home and abroad. At school he had been very ambitious, and soon, though but a short time enjoying its advantages, outstripped in a signal manner all his competitors for its distinctions. He was then studying with the expectation of being sent to Princeton College, when he was compelled to leave the academy, and retire to his grandmother's plantation, or

farm, where he spent about a couple of years. He here prosecuted his studies in private for several months, though unaided, yet with undiminished zeal, to maintain his position with his more fortunate classmates who were able to remain at school; and it was not till reluctantly forced to abandon all hope of going, either to Princeton or to the University at Chapel Hill, that he discontinued them in despair.

Disappointed in these early and ambitious hopes, he became an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, and passed many a night in scouring the swamps with his dogs, torch and axe, and many a day in his canoe on the Pamlico River. Being young, it was also his province to "drive" the hounds in the stag hunts, which were frequent in that neighborhood. These traits of the boy are thus referred to, because, sooth to say, the veteran statesman may still be said to lead much the same sort of life; in the intervals which the force of early formed tastes and habits still induce him occasionally to snatch from more ambitious pursuits.

At the age of fourteen he was placed in the store of a merchant in Carolina, with whom, about two years thereafter, he removed to New York, in 1802; to which circumstance is to be ascribed the transfer of his public career from the soil of his birth and family associations, to the great commercial metropolis of which he afterwards became, and continued through not less than nine Congressional terms, or eighteen years, a Representative in Congress.

After this, he passed through a life of chequered fortune and adventure in the great game of commerce. The failure of his employer threw him on his own unaided resources. In 1806, he was engaged as a clerk by an eni-

ment merchant in Providence, Rhode Island, who was largely concerned in the Northwest Coast trade of the Pacific ocean. It may be cited as a signal evidence of the character for talents and integrity which he was early able to establish for himself, that, on the death of this gentleman, two years afterward, he was employed by the executors, at his recommendation, and entrusted with the important duty of adjusting the affairs of the estate, which were exceedingly complicated and extensive. This very responsible and difficult duty was discharged with entire success, and to the full satisfaction of the executor and heirs of the estate. While thus situated at Providence, as a clerk, with a salary of but \$600, it is highly honorable to Mr. Cambreleng, that he brought on both of his brothers from North Carolina, and placed them at school, defraying out of his own slender income all their expenses, and well discharging toward them all the duties of the paternal relation. From Providence he returned to New York; after a few years proceeded, in 1812, to New Orleans, on a large commercial speculation, which was frustrated by the declaration of war in June; and he was compelled to return to New York, by an overland journey alone, through the Indian country. On this journey he met with a variety of adventure, hardship, and danger, which would be inexhaustible were we permitted by our limits to linger over their narration. About this time commenced his connection with Mr. John Jacob Astor, with whom his most important commercial transactions were had; and who, one of the most acute judges of men, always reposed an implicit confidence in Mr. Cambreleng, entrusting to his discretion many business commissions and enterprises of the highest importance.* In the prosecution of

* *Apropos* of a man so remarkable as Mr. Astor, in more points of view than one, such a testimony as that of Mr. Cambreleng, who had peculiar opportunities of forming a correct judgment, to the character of a man so distinguished as Mr. Astor has long been in the commercial community, may be worth recording. From a letter we have seen, written by Mr. Cambreleng to a friend, we are permitted to make the following extract:—"Most very great fortunes are either inherited, or owing more to chance than to bold enterprise or deep calculation. The most enterprising are generally in the end the least successful. It was not so with Mr. Astor. No man ever surpassed him in the variety and originality of his projects, in boldness of speculating, or in foreseeing and comprehending every event which might possibly affect any of his plans. Independently of his various speculations on a large scale, his set-

these, Mr. Cambreleng became an extensive traveller, through various parts of Europe and Asia Minor. He was afterwards also extensively engaged in business for himself—which, however, after some years, from the precarious fluctuations of commerce in this country, eventually terminated unsuccessfully. In the year 1825, he again made a tour throughout England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

Mr. Cambreleng's life has thus been a very adventurous and roving one; it has been replete with striking incident and romantic adventures, for which, as well as for scenery and the novelty of travel, he has always had a strong passion. His observation has been keen and extensive, and he has been very laborious in study in the intervals of occupation, and especially while his days have been occupied and distracted with business, through the hours of night. He has been more a writer than a reader, and has depended more upon observation, experience, and reflection, than upon the borrowed treasures of other minds. Though his career has been commercial, Mr. Cambreleng has always been a zealous politician, and a uniform advocate of Democratic principles. He had not long been permanently settled in New York, before he took an active part in its politics. The doctrine of restrictions on trade for the protection of manufactures was then advocated or sanctioned by almost all our public men, and all who ventured to oppose an increase of duties, for the benefit of manufactures, were considered as wanting in patriotism. The Democratic party had been made an instrument, for the promotion of their own interests, by prominent capitalists engaged in that branch of business, and memorials were annually sent to Congress from Tammany Hall, praying for an increase of the tariff. Mr. Cambreleng was among the few more clear-sighted and fearless who then protested against these memorials, and ultimately succeeded in persuading his political friends to discontinue them. In the winter of 1820-21, before he had engaged in public life, he wrote his '*Examination of the New Tariff, proposed by the Hon. Henry Baldwin, a Representative in Congress. By One of the People.*' This

was a remarkably clear and forcible exposition of the fallacy of the experiments by which the high-tariff school of that day—not yet extinct, though now for the present abashed into silence—sought to fasten upon the young, free energies of this country the fictitious system of commercial policy, of prohibitions, premiums, and drawbacks, which, whatever division of opinion exists as to its effects on the true prosperity of England, is at least the most fatal and false to the true spirit of our institutions that we could adopt. It formed an octavo volume of near three hundred pages, and was composed during the evening hours, when the author was released from the business occupations of the day.

In the spring of 1821, Mr. Cambreleng was nominated for Congress by the Democratic party, and though a powerful effort was made to defeat his election, by his political opponents, and by the manufacturing interest, he succeeded, over a very popular candidate nominated in opposition to him, by a large majority. The seat thus obtained he has ever since preserved till the election in that city in the fall of 1838, when the convulsion of the then recent political crisis at last effected the object for the accomplishment of which all the former efforts of his opponents had failed. He thus continued a Member of Congress for eighteen years consecutively. When the Republican party sustained its overwhelming defeat in 1824, he was the only Member of Congress of that party re-elected from the State. Yet has Mr. Cambreleng always, from the outset, been opposed by the mercantile interest of that city; though in reality, however tardy that class may be in recognizing the fact, he has always been, from the soundness of that theory of public policy which has always given its entire shape and character to his public course, their best friend, and a most valuable representative of their true interest. In 1823, particularly, he was vigorously opposed by the merchants generally, for refusing to advocate a high federal duty on sales at auction. How violent and embittered the hostility has been made of late years by Mr. Cambreleng's uncompromising adherence to those great principles of the Democratic policy in relation to the public currency and banking, which the mercantile class

tlement at the mouth of the Columbia river would of itself have rendered him one of the most wealthy men in the world, but for our war with Great Britain, and the sale of Fort Astoria, contrary to his orders. I have enjoyed his confidence for five-and-twenty years, and I can say of him, that, however he may be in small matters, he is a man of extraordinary genius—of a comprehensive and profound mind—and capable of managing the affairs of a nation."

were so profusely mistaken in regarding as antagonist to their real interests, is too well known to require comment or notice at our hands. In proportion, however, to this hostility of political opponents have the attachment and confidence of the Democratic party of his city and State increased with the continued manifestation of his unwavering Republican principles—his pure and firm political integrity—the consistent soundness of his leading doctrines of commercial policy—and the eminent ability which he has displayed in the advocacy of them.

Mr. Cambreleng's career in Congress during the eighteen years that he occupied a seat in the House of Representatives, was eminently useful and honorable. He always preferred that post of duty in the public service, resting on the free election of his constituency, to any other offices of honor or emolument, under the Executive appointment, which his distinguished services, character, and abilities must have made readily accessible to him. He always in the House played a prominent and influential part—having been generally chairman of some of the more important committees, Commerce, Foreign Affairs, and Ways and Means; the chairmanship of which latter is well known as being the nearest approach that our practice admits to the post of *leadership* of the dominant party in the body. In the exercise of these functions Mr. Cambreleng was the author of numerous reports, characterized by remarkable ability, research, and value. His celebrated report on commerce and navigation, in 1829, cannot be forgotten by many of our readers. Two editions of it were published by the merchants of New York, and a third in London. His report on the Surplus Revenue, in 1837—on the Independent Treasury and on the Public Expenditures—during his two last sessions in Congress—are not less entitled to special notice.

Mr. Cambreleng always well sustained the character of an able and lucid debater. Especially on questions connected with the great topics of currency and commerce, he was always at home, in an abundant knowledge of

facts and familiarity with the leading principles by which their apparent intricacies are to be resolved. We sincerely regret that he did not happen to be a Member of the Congress which has just passed through one of the most extensive and important Tariff debates that have yet taken place in this country. He would have been found equally able and willing to contribute to the Free Trade side of the discussion, an aid which, though not indeed made necessary by any want of force or fullness on the part of its numerous able supporters, would yet have been of an eminently high interest and value.

In the summer of 1839, Mr. Cambreleng gladly took advantage of the first interval of leisure afforded him, in retirement from public life, to revisit some of the scenes of his earlier travels and adventures in Europe. While abroad, after travelling over the continent, he received, in England, the appointment from the President of Minister to the Court of Russia. His official residence there was rendered short by the change of administration at home, which took place by the Whig victory of 1840; for he was prompt to send in his resignation, so that it should reach the new President immediately on his installation. He reached New York, on his return from Russia, in September, 1841,* since which period there remains nothing for biography to chronicle, beyond the simple fact that he has recently retired to a country residence, at the town of Huntington, Suffolk county, Long Island, on the shore of the Sound, which he designs, we understand, to make his fixed abode—in a spot admirably adapted for the indulgence of his unforgotten tastes for the sports of field and flood, as well as among a people of political character most staunchly in harmony with that of his own entire past public career.

* It is probably needless to advert to Mr. Cambreleng, as the author of the interesting paper in the last Number of this Review, under the title of "*New Notes on Russia, by a Recent Visitor.*"

WHIST!

I WILL be King of Diamonds,
 With treasures all untold,
 And I will win me men of worth,
 For what upon this venal earth
 May not be bought and sold?

I will be Ace of Clubs,
 A warrior clad in arms,
 I will o'ercome, not buy, my foes,
 And conquer by my prowess, those
 For whom gold hath no charms.

I will be Knave of Spades,
 And softly undermine
 What thou would'st overwhelm by force,
 Deep but unerring in my course,
 And the brave game is mine.

But I'll be Queen of Hearts,
 For doughty warrior,
 And jewelled king, and cunning knave,
 The rich, the wily, and the brave,
 All, all belong to her!

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RECONCILIATION.

Oh, lovelier far
 Than her fairest star,
 Like Dian 'mid her nymphs beamed the night's sweet queen;
 And gazing on her smile,
 Seemed the very earth the while,
 Almost another heaven in that magic sheen.

O'er her radiant path
 Swept a cloud's dark wrath,
 And veiled the gentle glory from her brow that shone,
 And as the shadow stole,
 O'er the gazer's rapt soul,
 All light from heaven, all beauty from the earth, were gone.

But the cloud swept by,
 And earth again and sky,
 And that lonely watcher's heart, from its dark sway were free,
 And then—ah, then it deemed
 It ne'er before had dreamed
 How bright that heaven, how beautiful that earth, could be!

A FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHÜKKE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

ON my last journey through the north of Germany, I did not regret going a little out of the way, to see once more one who had been a favorite in the golden time of my life. It must be understood, however, that in the following story, the names of countries, places and persons, are concealed or disguised. Yet the history, as improbable as it may appear to some, is none the less true on that account.

This favorite was the Baron Olivier of Flyeln, with whom I had pursued the sciences at the High-School of Göttingen. He was then an excellent youth, and at the same time one of the most intellectual. A love of Greek and Roman literature had brought and bound us together. I called him my Achilles, and he called me his Patroclus. In fact, he was a model that might have served any artist for an Achilles. In form and bearing like a young demigod, pride and goodness alike shone in the dark fire of his glance; supple and active as any one; the boldest swimmer, the swiftest-footed runner, the wildest rider, the most graceful dancer, he had withal, the most generous and fearless heart. His very nobleness involved him in many an unpleasant affair, as he always took the part of the oppressed. He had therefore many occasions to fight with others; did not avoid even the best swordsman; went into the contest as to a pastime; was never himself wounded, as if he bore a charmed life, yet never suffered any one to escape him unmarked.

Since our separation, we had several times written to each other, but as it happens, when one begins to be tossed by the waves of life, though we did not wholly forget one another, we at last dropped the correspondence. I knew nothing of him, finally, except that he had become a Captain in a regiment of infantry. He must have been already about five-and-thirty

years old, and in the first rank. In the course of my journey, I had learned, quite accidentally, the station of his regiment, and this reconciled me to the roundabout way.

The post-boy drove me into the streets of an old, straggling, rich commercial city, and stopped before one of the most respectable hotels. As soon as I had learned which was my chamber from the waiter, I asked him, whether the Baron of Flyeln was with the regiment now in possession of the place?

"Do you mean the Major?" asked the waiter.

"Major he may well be! Is his dwelling far from this? Can he be spoken with at this time? It is late, I know—but I wish some one to conduct me to him."

"Pardon me, but the Baron is not with his regiment—he has not been for a long time. He took leave, or he would have been obliged to take it."

"Obliged? Wherefore?"

"He has played all sorts of pranks and wonderful capers—I know not what! He is at least not right in the head: he is cracked—crazed. They say, he has studied himself out of his wits."

The news frightened me so at first, that I completely lost possession of myself.

"And what then?" stammered I at last, in order to learn something of him more accurately.

"Pardon me," said the obsequious waiter, "but what I know, is only from hearsay, for he was sent away before I came to this house: still they tell many things about him. For instance, he had many affairs with the officers, and called each one *thou*, even the General—each one, let him be who he might. When he came into possession of a rich inheritance from his uncle, he imagined himself as poor as a beggar, could not pay his debts, and sold what he had on and about him. He even vented blasphemous speeches in his phrenzy. But the funniest part of it is, that he mar-

ried himself to an ordinary woman, a gypsy, in spite of his family. His very dress became that of a madman, so that the boys in the street ran after him. They grieved very much in the city, for he was generally liked before that, and must have been, while he had his right mind, an excellent man."

"And where is he now?"

"I cannot say. He has quitted the town—we hear and see nothing of him. His family have probably got him a place somewhere where he may be healed."

The waiter could give no further information. I had already heard too much. I threw myself shuddering into a seat. I thought to myself of the heroic form of the intellectual youth, of whose future I had indulged such fond anticipations;—he who, by his standing as well as through his large family connexions, might have so easily claimed the first place in the army or the state; he who, by his knowledge and rare endowments, seemed to have been called to all that is great,—and who was now one of the unfortunate, before whom men shrunk back in dread! Oh that the Angel of Life had rather withdrawn him from the world, than left him a miserable and mournful spectacle to his friends.

As willingly as I would have seen the good Olivier, it was no longer pleasant to me to inquire for him in the city. Alas, he was no more Olivier—no more the manly Achilles, but a pitiable unknown Torso. I would not have wished to see him, even if it had been easy for me to find him. I must then have changed the memory of my Gottingen Achilles to the image of a madman, which would have robbed me of one of my loveliest and most pleasing recollections. I did not wish to see him, for the same reason, that I avoid looking at a friend in his coffin, that I may retain in my thoughts the image of the living only; or, as I forbear to enter again into rooms which I formerly occupied, but are now in the possession of another, and which are arranged in quite another manner. The Past and the Present become confused in my imagination in an intolerably painful way.

I was yet lost in speculations on the nature of human existence,—how the same spirit which spans the space of the universe and aspires to the highest,

becomes through the depression and injury of the nervous system, like a jarring and discordant instrument,—to itself and to the rest of the world an unintelligible enigma—when the waiter entered and called me to supper.

The table of the brilliant dining-room was crowded with guests. It happened that a place was assigned me in the neighborhood of some officers of the occupying army. I naturally, as soon as the ice was broken between us, turned the conversation to my friend Olivier. I gave the minutest description of him, that there might be no mistake as to his person; for it was probable, as I believed then, that the mad Baron of Flyeln might be some other than my Achilles of Gottingen. But all that I said and all that I heard, convinced me too surely that there was no room for mistake.

"It is indeed a sad affair, that of the Baron," sighed one of the officers. "Everybody liked him; We was one of the bravest of the regiment,—in fact a dare-devil. We saw that, during the last campaign in France. What none of us dared to do, he did as if in sport. He triumphed in everything. Just think of the affair at the battery of Belle-Alliance! We had lost;—the General tore the very hair from his head. Flyeln cried out, 'We must try again, or all is gone!' We had then made three assaults in vain. Flyeln went out with his company once more, took with him a whole battalion of guards, and, by God, pressing on with the most horrible butchery, stormed the battery."

"But it cost half of the company," interrupted an old Captain near me; "I was an eye-witness. He came out, however, as usual without a scratch. The most monstrous luck always attended the man. The common soldiers even are indebted to him for instruction in that which pertains strictly to their own duties."

I heard with real transport the eulogies passed upon the good Olivier. I knew him again with all his virtues. They particularly praised his beneficence. He was the founder and improver of a school for soldier's children, and had gone to great expense on account of it. He had done much good in secret; always led a simple and retired life; never gave way to the extravagance or dissoluteness to which

youth, beauty, vigor and health invited him. Yes, the officers assured me, he had had a signal influence in ennobling the tone of the corps,—in improving their manners as well as in enlarging their knowledge. He himself had read lectures upon various subjects, useful to the warriors, until he was silenced."

"And why silenced?" asked I with some astonishment.

"Why, even in these lectures," answered one of my neighbors, "he discovered some symptoms of his mental disorder. No Jacobin in the French National Convention, ever raged so vehemently against our monarchical arrangements, and against the various European Courts, and their politics, as he did at times. He said, right out, that the people would sooner or later help themselves—themselves and the king—against ministerial domination, priestcraft, and pecuniary exactions. He thought that the revolution would spread inevitably from nation to nation, and that, in less than half a century, the whole political aspect of Europe would be changed. But enough: the lectures were forbidden, and very properly and justly. Even so madly did he declaim at times, that he assailed the nobility and their prerogatives. If any one reminded him, that he himself was a baron, he would answer, 'You are silly to say so, I am a plain man of sense, and have been from the cradle no better than our sutler there!'"

"But that was only a preliminary symptom of his derangement," interposed a young lieutenant. "The most decided act of craziness was, when, falling in with Lieut.-Col. Baron Von Berkin, he saluted him with a box on the ears, and then threw him down stairs; afterwards, however, he did not dare to fight him, according to challenge, by which means he offended the whole officer-corps."

"Yet he was always a good fighter; one who cared little for the naked sword," said I.

"Until then, we knew him for such; but, as was said, his whole nature changed. When he went out to the place where they were about to engage, he appeared without a sword, and with only a whip in his hand, and said to the Lieutenant-Colonel, in the presence of all of us, 'You silly fool,

if I should really tear you open with my sword, what good would it do you?' And as the Colonel, no longer able to contain his wrath, drew his sword, the Major calmly bared his breast, held it up to him, and said, 'Are you anxious to become an assassin?—strike then!' We here joined in the conversation, and wished him to fight with the Lieutenant-Colonel as duty and honor commanded. Then he called us all fools together, whose maxims of honor, he said, belonged rather to the Mad-house or to the House of Correction. We soon perceived that he was not altogether right in his upper story. One of us insulted him, but he took no notice of it, and only laughed. We repaired to the General, and frankly related to him our whole case. The General was grieved, and the more so, because that very day he had received an Order for the Major from the Court. He enjoined us to say nothing—he would settle all—the Major must give satisfaction. The next morning at parade, the General, according to command, handed over the Order, with a suitable speech to the Major. He did not take it, but answered in respectful words, that "he had fought against Napoleon for the sake of his country, and not for a little bit of ribbon. If he deserved any praise, he did not wish to wear it on his breast, as a show to the eyes of everybody." The General was almost frightened out of his senses. But no prayers nor menaces could move the Major to take the royal distinction. Next, the officers stepped forth, and declared that they could no longer serve with the Major, unless he rendered some satisfaction. The affair came to trial; the Major was imprisoned; and was only released by the Court. Then his malady broke out in its fulness. He suffered his beard to grow like a Jew's—wore ludicrous dresses—married, to spite his relations, a quite ordinary, yet pretty girl—a foundling, for whom he had already had the affair with the Lieutenant-Colonel—thought himself, for a long while, miserably poor—and finally, did so many foolish things, that he was sent by royal command, under strict guardianship, to his own estate."

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"Still at his own estate, in Flyeln, in the castle of his deceased uncle—dis-

tant, it may be, ten hours from this. For a long year no one went to him without permission—even the management of his business was taken away from him. It is now restored to him, though he must still render a yearly account. He does not venture to stir a step beyond his domains. He has solemnly excommunicated the whole world, and does not permit relatives, acquaintances, or friends, to come to him. They have now, for a year and more, heard nothing of him."

THE VISIT.

From all the tales of the officers it was clear, that the unfortunate Olivier, after the loss of his understanding, would always remain a good-natured fool; and that probably the wild spirit of freedom, which for some years had been the fashion in Germany, had seized him more vehemently than it ought, or had at least given a color to his phantasies.

All this caused me great apprehension. I could not get to sleep for a long while in the night. When I awoke in the morning, it was already late; but I felt myself more active and vigorous. The world appeared to me in a clearer light than on the previous evening, and I resolved to seek my much-to-be-pitied friend in his place of exile.

After I had casually surveyed the lions of the place, I flung myself into a waggon, and drove all night and the following day, towards Flyeln, to the neighborhood of a seaport. The village of Flyeln lay yet two miles distant from this town. The post-master, when he heard where I wanted to go, laughed, and reminded me that I was going on a useless journey. The Baron did not permit himself to be seen by strangers. I also learned that he had not improved in the condition of his mind, but that the good man had become firmly persuaded, that the whole world during the last century had turned crazy, and that the remedy was to go forth from Flyeln. In this belief—all the world holding him, and he holding all the world, to be senseless—he separated himself altogether from other men. His peasants find themselves none the less well off on account of it, for he did much for

them. But in return they must obey his whims in the smallest matters, wear trousers, with long jackets and round hats, suffer their beards to grow long, and *thou* all people, especially upon the grounds of Flyeln—even the most important personages. Aside from these crack-brained notions, he was one of the most sensible men in the world.

Notwithstanding the warning of the post-master, I continued the attempt, and went forth towards Flyeln. Why should it trouble me, to go two miles for nothing, when, for the sake of Olivier, I had already ventured so far out of my way? Nor found I reason to fear that I should be driven away, since he had not suffered in his memory. It was, in truth, a miserable untravelled route, sometimes through deep sand, sometimes through newly dug brooks and miry ground, sometimes through rough defiles; several times my waggon was like to upset. But, about one hour's ride from Flyeln, the land began to rise. The fields stood in excellent order upon a wide plain; on the right, an oak forest stretched in the distance, with its dark green leaves, like an immense bower; on the left, the endless sea, a broad heaving mirror, with its shining clouds, completed the panorama. The village of Flyeln peered out of the fruit trees, willows, and poplars before me; on one side, rose a large old structure, the castle, encompassed by a wood of wild chestnuts; behind, nearer the water, lay the village of Lower Flyeln, also attached to the domain of Olivier, picturesquely relieved by rugged ranges of rocks, which, in woody cliffs, projected like little peninsulas far into the sea. Fishermen's boats with sails swarmed upon the shores, and a ship was sailing upon the ridge of the sea, with its white sails flickering in the air.

The nearer I came to the village and castle, the more picturesque and cheerful grew the scenery. It possessed the peculiar charms of a country bordering the sea—those which spring from the mingling of the beauties of landscape with the majesty of the ocean, retired and peaceful cottages contrasting with the stormy life of the elements. At any rate, the place of exile selected by my friend had attractions enough to induce any one to prefer it to the privilege of living in bustling cities.

In the fields, as well as in the gardens, I soon discovered the famous Flyeln beards. Even the hotel-keeper, before whose inn I reined up and alighted, was profusely covered with hair about his chin and mouth. He returned my greeting in a friendly manner, and seemed to be rather astonished at my arrival. "Dost thou seek the proprietor?" he asked me courteously. I permitted the somewhat unusual *thou* to pass with a smile, answering simply yes. "Then, I must inquire concerning thy name, rank, and dwelling-place. These must be announced to Mr. Olivier. He does not willingly receive travellers."

"But me he will certainly receive. Let him be told that one of his oldest and best friends, in passing by, wishes to speak with him for a little while. Let nothing further be said to him."

"As thou wilt," replied the host; "but I can anticipate the answer."

While the hotel-keeper was looking for a messenger, I went slowly through the village, direct towards the castle, to which a foot-path that ran between the houses and a fruit garden, seemed to invite me. But it led me astray to a building which I took for a wash-house. Sidewise, beyond a meadow, flowed a pretty broad brook, over which the high and dark wild chestnuts of the ancient homestead of the Baron flung their shadows. I determined upon the hazard of introducing myself to Olivier unannounced. I had purposely concealed my name from the hotel-keeper, in order to see, when Olivier should come to me, whether he would recognize me. I crossed over the meadow—found after long seeking a bridge over the brook, and a path that led through the underbrush towards the wild chestnuts. These overshadowed a spacious round plot near the castle, ornamented with green turf. On both sides stood fine easy-chairs under the broad branches of the trees, and upon one of the benches sat—I was not overcome—Olivier. He was reading a book. At his feet a child about three years old played in the grass. Near him sat a beautiful young woman with an infant at the breast. The group was not a common one. I stood still, half hidden by the shrubs. None of them looked towards me. My eyes hung only on the good Olivier. Even the black beard which

twined about his chin, and by means of the whiskers, connected with the dark locks of his head, became him—and as to his dress, though it was peculiar, it was not odd. On his head, he carried a neat cap, with the shade turned against the sun; his breast was open, with wide overlapping shirt collars; he had a green jacket, buttoned tight before, with lappets reaching down to his knees, loose sailor trowsers, and half-boots. He was dressed much in the same way as the peasants, only more tastefully, and with finer stuffs. His mien was quiet and thoughtful, and he looked like a man just entering his fortieth year. His beard gave him an heroic aspect and bearing. He stood before me, as I would imagine one of the noble forms of the middle ages.

In the meantime, the messenger of the tavern-keeper came from the castle to the circle of trees. The young fellow took off his beaver, and said, "Sir, there is a stranger on his journey who wishes to speak with thee. He says that he is one of thy oldest and best friends."

Olivier looked up and inquired, "Journey? Is he on foot?"

"No, he came with the post!"

"What is his name? Who is he?"

"That I can't say."

"He must let me alone. I will not see him," cried Olivier, and made a sign to the youth with his hand that he must depart.

"But you must see me, Olivier," cried I, stepping forth, and bowing courteously to the young woman. He, without moving, even without returning my salutation, stretched his neck towards me, surveyed me for some time with a sharp glance, looked grave, threw his book down, then approached me, saying, "With whom am I speaking?"

"What, Achilles no longer knows his Patroclus," replied I.

"Ω *κακο!*" he exclaimed, greatly amazed, while he spread out his arms, "welcome, noble Patroclus, in a French frock, and with powdered hair." Then he fell upon my bosom. In spite of his sarcastic speech both he and I were moved, and gave way to tears. An interval of twenty years melted away in the embrace. We breathed again, as we did upon the shores of the Seine, or at Borenden.

Thereupon, with eyes sparkling with joy, he led me to the charming young mother, who modestly reddened, and said to her, "See, this is Norbert,—thou knowest him already from many of my stories!" and to me, "That is my beloved wife."

She smiled with the veritable smile of an angel, and said with an air and voice, more kind even than her words, "Thou noble friend of Olivier, thrice welcome! I have long since desired the pleasure of thy personal acquaintance."

I would have said something obliging in return, but I confess that the familiar *Thou* which greeted me, unaccustomed to hear it spoken from such lovely lips, and in so unrestrained a manner, quite deprived me of self-possession.*

"My gracious lady," I stammered finally, "I have—by a roundabout way of more than twenty miles—purchased cheaply,—the happiness,—you and your husband,—my oldest friend—"

"Hallo, Norbert," interrupted Olivier laughing, "only one word in the beginning, a request,—call my wife as thou callest thy God, simply thou. Do not disturb the plain customs of Flyeln with the fooleries of a German master of ceremonies and dealer in compliments: it makes a disagreeable discord in our ears. Imagine to thyself, that thou art two hundred years, or two hundred miles, away from Germany and Europe, and living again in a natural world,—somewhere, if you please, in the good old times of the *Odyssey*."

"Well, Olivier, you have managed to be *Thou* and *Thou*, with so worthy a woman, that no one need be requested twice; and as to thee, Baroness, then —"

"Once more hold!" cried Olivier, laughing loudly between each word, "thy Baroness agrees with thou, about as well as thy French frock and shorn beard agrees with the name of Patroclus. My peasants are no more bond-servants but freemen; I and my wife are no more nor less barons than they are. Call my Amelia, as everybody names her here, Mother—the noblest title of a wife—or Madam."

"It appears," I interposed, "you good people have here in the midst of a kingdom, founded a republic and abolished all nobility."

"Right—all but the nobility of sentiment," answered Olivier, "and in that respect thou findest us in this land more extensively aristocratic than in your own Germany. For with you nobility of mind is of little worth, and nobility of birth is falling into the mire where it properly belongs."

"Pardon me, but thou art somewhat Jacobinically inclined," responded I; "who told thee that nobility of birth among us was sinking in public opinion?"

"Oh, popoi!" he exclaimed, "must I teach thee, then? I knew, some years ago, a poor ragged Jew, that you pious Christians would rather have had not born than born. He chattered so much money together, that he soon took his letters from the post-office with the address of a nobleman. After some years he was a rich man, and the courtly Germans readily conceived that the fellow must have sprung from some high birth. All wrote to him from that time forth, as a nobly-descended Banker. But the secret of it was, that the Banker with his ducats, helped the finance minister and the prosperity-bringing war minister in their straits for money. On the spot, then, the useful Banker was addressed and designated as the most nobly born Baron. This illumination of the Germans—this mockery of nobility, has spread in a few years much further than thou believest. But I hope as the nobility of birth comes to be regarded among you as void, the nobility of mind will be much more legitimate and sufficient."

The Baroness, in order to put her infant to rest, and to prepare a chamber for me, left us with the children. Olivier led me through his garden, whose beds were filled with the choicest flowers. About a fountain, there stood on high pedestals of black stone, white marble busts with inscriptions. I read there: Socrates, Cincinnatus, Columbus, Luther, Bartholomew Las Casas, Rousseau, Franklin, and Peter the Great.

"I see thou still livest in good com-

* The Germans only use *thou* to persons with whom they are on intimate terms.

pany," said I. "Is there among the living one more worthy than thy excellent wife, with the two Amoretas, or among the dead, any more honorable than these here?"

"Didst thou, then, doubt my good taste?"

"No, indeed, Olivier; but I heard that thou hadst completely retired from the world."

"Only because I love good company, which is nowhere more scarce than in the assemblages of people of ton."

"Still thou wilt grant that it is possible that good company may be found out of Flyeln!"

"Certainly, Norbert, but I will not waste time and money in going to find it. Let us, however, break off from this. You Europeans have so frightfully departed from the holy simplicity of nature, both in great things and small—for more than a thousand years have so much resembled sophisticated brutes, that the unnatural has become your nature, and you no longer comprehend a plain man. You are such corruptors of the human race, that a healthy being must dread to be among you. No, thou noble Norbert, let us break off from it. Thou wouldst not readily understand me if I spoke. I value thee—I love thee—I pity thee."

"Pity? Why?"

"Since thou livest among fools, and against thy conscience, must remain among them."

From these words of Olivier's, I inferred that he had gone over to his fixed idea. It was uncomfortable to me to be with him. I wished to draw him to some other subject, looked anxiously around, and began, as I happened to remark his beard, to praise it, and especially as it was so becoming. "Since when hast thou suffered it to grow," asked I.

"Since I returned to my senses, and had courage enough to be reasonable. Does it really please thee, Norbert? Why not wear thine own so, too?"

I drew my breath, and said, "If it were the common custom, I would with pleasure."

"That's it! While Folly is the fashion—while Nature, with an ugly barber's knife upon the chin, must be rooted out with brush and razor—thou hast not the courage to be reasonable, even in a small matter. This ornament of man, mother Nature has not

given in vain, any more than she has the hair on the head. But man, in his foolishness, imagines himself wiser than the Creator, and first smears his chin with soap, and then slicks it with a knife. So long as the nations had not altogether departed from Nature, they stuck to the beard. Notwithstanding Christ and the Apostles wore it, Pope Gregory VII. put it under ban. And still the clergy held to it for a long while, as do the Capucins at this day; but when some old fools began to be ashamed of their grey hairs, they went on to destroy that on their chins, and to confine that on their heads in a peruke. As they had been accustomed to belie themselves in all things, they sought to belie their age. Old men frisked about with blond hair and smooth chins, like young girls, and that made them effeminate in disposition; and other men followed the example, since they had no courage for the truth. Compare the heroic form of an Achilles, Alexander, or Julius Cæsar, with one of our modern Field-Marsals or Lieutenants in their untasteful uniforms; one of our exquisites, with his neckcloth and walking-stick, with an Antinous; thyself, O Councilman of Norbert, with a Senator of old Greece or Rome—must we not laugh to split our sides over the caricatures that we are."

"Thou art right, Olivier!" said I, interposing, "who will deny that the old Roman or Greek dress is more graceful than ours? But to us in the North—we Europeans—a close dress is proper and needful; we should feel somewhat uncomfortable in the beautiful flowing robes of an Oriental or a Southron."

"Look at me, Norbert," said Olivier, laughing, as he placed himself before me, drew his cap upon one side of his head, stuck his left arm jauntily on his hip, and continued, "I, a Northlander, in my close, convenient, and simple dress, do I compare unfavorably with an old Roman citizen? Why does the Spanish, Italian, and German costume of the middle ages still please us? Because it was beautiful. An Austrian knight, in his helmet, even a hussar, would even now catch the eye of Julius Cæsar. Wherefore, you stiff gentlemen, do you not follow after your betters, as our women have already begun to do, since they have cast aside

trains and powdered toupees? Should you come to be ashamed once, of being caricatures externally, perhaps you would then come nearer to nature internally. There is some truth in the proverb, 'Cloth makes the man.' And I tell thee, Norbert, my Amelia has found me handsomer, since I have only cropped my beard with the shears, and not destroyed it; yes, I believe since that time, her affections have grown more ardent, as her cheeks lean no more on a soft woman-face, but upon a man's; for the women ever like a manly man."

As Olivier spoke, he was quite excited. In fact he stood before me as a hero of the earlier times, as if one of the old pictures had stepped out from its frame alive, as a being of that different world, which we wonder at, but cannot restore.

"Really, thou almost convertest me to the noble beard," said I to him, "and I should profit by it, if thou didst, since three times every week I should escape the torture of the barber."

"Friend," exclaimed Olivier, laughing, "it would not stop with that. The beard draws many things after it. Fancy thy figure, with its crisp beard, and the three-cornered peaked hat on the head, like a Jew—the powdered pate, with a ratstail in the neck—and the French frock, with skirts that stick out behind, like a swallow's tail! Away with the nonsense! Clothe thyself modestly, becomingly, warmly, comfortably, in good taste, so as to please the eye, but not to distort the sublime form of man. Banish all superfluity. For what is superfluous is unreasonable, and what is unreasonable is against nature."

As we continued our dispute on this point, the Baroness sent a servant to call us to dinner. I followed Olivier silently, with my head full of thoughts which I did not dare to utter. In my whole life, it had never happened to me to hear so philosophical a fool. I was hardly prepared to make a reply to his remarks on European habiliments; for what he said seemed to be right. The old saying is not without use, that "Fools and children speak truth."

old Romans and the Homeric Greeks I was troubled, on my return to the castle, as to his dinner. For to infer from his cap, beard, and appearance, in other respects, I could hardly do otherwise than expect a deportment at table which would be highly uncomfortable to me—that I should be obliged to take my soup either stretched out in the Roman fashion upon couches, or tailor-wise, and in good Oriental fashion, with my legs crossed under each other.

The amiable Baroness met us and conducted us into the dining-room. My anxiety was removed as soon as I caught sight of European tables and chairs. The guests soon arrived; they were the maid, the servant, and the secretary of the Baron. An active young chambermaid remained without a seat, and waited, as a Hebe, at the feasts of the Patriarchs. The Baron, before we sat down, briefly said grace. Then began the work of mastication. The food was excellently prepared, but in a simple style. I remarked that, except the wine, all the dainties were specimens of their own country and of the neighboring sea; and all the foreign spices were wanting, even pepper, in the place of which there were salt, cummin, and fennel.

The conversation was quiet, but sociable, and related chiefly to rural affairs, and the events of the immediate neighborhood. The people behaved themselves in the presence of their master, neither bashfully nor immodestly, but with great circumspection. I seemed to myself among these good-looking and bearded men, with their brotherly and respectful *thou*, I must say it, somewhat odd and ludicrous, and I sat there, with my powdered head, stiff pigtail, French frock, and smooth chin—there, in the midst of Europe—as if in a strange world. It pleased me that, as different as I was from them, and as often as between the *thous*, especially when speaking with the Baroness, I slipped in a *You*, yet no one burst into a laugh.

After a half hour the servants left us, and we then protracted the feast, and, under the influence of the old golden Rhine wine, grew unreserved in conversation.

"I perceive," said the Baroness, laughing, while she placed before me a choice bit of pastry, "that thou missest

THE FEAST.

Because of Olivier's liking for the

in Flyeln the Hamburg or Berlin cooking."

"And I perceive by my amiable friend, that the praise—so much deserved—of Flyeln cooking, is due from me, which I can pay, at the cost of the Berlin and Hamburg kitchens, without being obliged to borrow any flattery. No, I have learned for the first time in my life, how luxurious a feast can be dished up from our own domestic products, and how easily we may dispense with the Moluccas."

"Add to that, friend Norbert," said Olivier, "and with the Moluccas, the torture of the nerves, and those foreign vices which spring from irritated or exhausted nerves in a sickly body.

"Without healthy flesh and blood,
Neither mind nor heart are good."

"The most of Europeans are at this day self-murderers—murderers of soul and of body—by means of cookery. What your Rousseaus and Pestalozzis correct, you destroy again with coffee, tea, pepper, nutmegs, and cinnamon. Live simply, live naturally, and two-thirds of your preachments, books of morals, houses of correction, and apothecaries, might be spared."

"I grant it," said I, "but that was long since settled; yet—"

"Well then," cried he, "even in that consists the irredeemable foolishness of the Europeans. They know the better way and avoid it; they abominate the worse and pursue it. They poison their meats, and drink with dear poisons, and keep doctors and apothecaries to restore them to health, in order to renew the poisoning. They foster a premature ripeness in their young men and maidens, and afterwards mourn inconsolably over their ungovernable impulses. They incite, by means of laws and rewards, to the corruption of manners, and then punish it with the gibbet and sword. Are they not altogether like idiots?"

"But, dear Olivier, that has been so from the earliest times!"

"Yes, Norbert, from the earliest times—that is, as soon and as often as men passed a single step from Nature towards barbarism. But we should be warned by the sufferings of our ancestors, to be not only as wise, but more wise than they. Otherwise, of what use is knowledge? Him I regard as

the wisest man, who, to the innocence and purity of a child of Nature, joins the manifold knowledge and endowments of the age. Dost thou concede this?"

"Why should I not?"

"Well, thou dost grant this; yet thou makest not even a beginning of improvement in thy house and inward state."

"That is still probable in certain circumstances. Meanwhile, let me tell thee, Olivier, that we artificial men, as well as the more simple men of Nature, are bound by the hard-to-be broken bands of custom. Our fictitious being becomes itself a kind of Art-Nature, which cannot suddenly be laid aside with impunity."

"Formerly I thought the same Norbert. I have been persuaded to the contrary by experience. It costs only a single heavy moment—a strong heart; the first struggle against the frenzy of mankind will break through all to happiness and quiet. I hesitated long: I contended long in vain. A mere accident decided, and that decided my own fortune and the fortune of my chosen friends."

"And that accident, tell it to me quick," said I, for I was curious to learn what had worked so powerfully upon the determination and understanding of my friend as to draw him over to such odd caprices, and such fanciful life and conduct.

He stood up and left us.

"Not so, friend Norbert," said the Baroness, while she looked at me silently for some time; and there lay in the soft smile of her eyes a question that went to my heart, "Thou fcelest pity for my husband?"

"Only for the unfortunate, and not for the happy do we have pity," answered I with an evasion.

"Perhaps thou knowest, he is abandoned by his relatives, scorned by his acquaintances, and regarded by all the world as a crazy man."

"Amiable friend, perhaps subtracting somewhat that appears an exaggeration to me, which with more prudent circumspection might be avoided, in order not to give offence—subtracting this, I find nothing in Olivier which is worth condemnation or disdain. Yet I know much too little of him."

"Dear friend," she continued, "and dost thou not regard public opinion?"

"Not at least so far as it concerns Olivier," replied I, "for I know how public opinion once condemned the Innocent One to the cross: that public opinion calls the destroyers of the people, great; that it holds wisdom as foolishness; and adorns the high priest of folly and wickedness with the surname of Most Holy."

"I rejoice," said the Baroness with animation, "that thou wilt win the love of Olivier; thou art a noble man, worthy of his friendship. Believe me, Olivier is an angel, and yet they thrust him out of human society, as a criminal or a bedlamite."

As we thus conversed with each other, Olivier returned to us. He carried in his hand a little book. He threw himself into a chair and said, "See here the accident, or the heaven-provided means of my restoration from weakness, and of my awaking from delirium. It is an unnoted book; the composer unknown and unnamed; it says many common and every-day things, but now and then you meet with an unexpected flash of light. I found it one day in the garrison, on the table of an acquaintance, and took it with me, that I might at all events have something to read when I walked a little on the greensward beyond the town-gate. As I lay once in the broad shadow of a maple, thoughtful of the many perversities of life, the book opened, and there fell out an extract with this superscription:—"*Fragment from the Voyage of Young Pythias to Thule.*"

"Let us hear," said I, "what the old Greek of Massilia can relate of us at the North. It should be, I think, coeval with Aristotle." He read:—

"Fragment from the Voyage of Young Pythias to Thule. (From the Greek.)"

"— But I tell you the truth, my friend, as incredible as it may appear. Think, that in the rough country of the North, Nature itself repels men by its ungenial rigor, and forces them to resort to many contrivances to render life endurable. These we do not need in our country, where Nature is bountiful to mortals, and we live winter and summer in the open air, procuring without trouble what is useful to the prolonging and pleasure of existence. But those, who for half the ear groan under the severity of winter, must consider how they may create in

their heated houses an artificial summer. And since they are repelled by Nature, and turned upon themselves, they are more driven than we, to occupy their minds with vain dreams, beautiful schemes which they never prosecute, and the investigation of whatever is remarkable. By that means, they are full of knowledge, and learned in all things which serve for instruction or happiness; and they write great books about matters that we do not care for, and the names of which are hardly known to us. Indeed, for that purpose they institute schools and colleges.

"But the weather, in the northerly parts of the world, is so ordered that heat and cold, day and night, pass from one to the other, without any middle state that is tolerable to the soul or body. For in summer they suffer under as great a heat as they do in winter under deadly cold; one half of the year the day is eighteen hours long, and the other half only six. No less undecided and dissolute are the minds of men—as changeable as the weather. They lack all steadfastness of thought or purpose. From year to year they have new fashions in dress, new schools of poetry, and new sects of philosophers. Those who yesterday overthrew tyranny—having praised the blessedness of freedom with their lips, and tasted its sweets in their lives—on the morrow voluntarily return to servitude.

"So among these barbarians, there is the greatest inequality in all things. A portion of the people, consisting of a few families, possess every comfort and unlimited wealth, and riot in excess; but the majority are poor, and mostly dependent upon the favor of the great. Thus, too, certain individuals are in possession of the treasures of knowledge, but the greater part of the inhabitants live in the darkness of ignorance. The nobility and priests not barely tolerate such ignorance before their eyes, but they keep the multitude in it, who would not incline to it, but for their poverty and indolence. Hence it is, that the rabble of every nation love the customary knowledge of their forefathers in all usages and arrangements relating to the mind, while only in affairs of corporeal gratification are they inclined to variety. Still, they approve any novelty be it right or wrong, if it brings them money or household distinction. For gold and ardent spirits among barbarians, prevail over custom, honor, and the fear of God;

"Among the inhabitants of Thule, freedom is unknown, and so much of it as they may have had in former times, has been taken away from them by the force or fraud of the great. They are governed by kings, who give themselves out as the

sons of God, and the kings and their satraps are governed as much by mistresses and sweethearts as by their counselors. The people are divided into castes as in India or Egypt. To the first class belongs the king and his children alone. To the second belong the great, whose children in the army and state, as well as around the altars of God, choose the best offices, without regard to their own worthiness. What is incredible to us, is a custom among these barbarians, with whom rank or birth is more thought of than all other qualifications. In the third class, dwell inferior officers, mechanics, merchants, common soldiers, artists, learned men and ordinary priests. In the fourth class, are servants or slaves, who can be sold or given away like other cattle. With some people, who have partly thrown off their primitive rudeness, the fourth and last class is wanting; there are some, also, where good princes, who recognize the power of their nobility, make no laws but with the concurrence of a senate, selected from the several classes of inhabitants.

The kings in the countries of Thule, live in perpetual enmity with each other. The weak are only safe through the mutual envy of the strong. But when the strong throw aside their jealousies, they make war upon the weaker states on the most trivial pretences, and divide them among themselves. Hence they cause the title of the Righteous to be added to them,—the Fathers of the country or heroes,—since such vain surnames are everywhere, and especially among barbarians, much esteemed. But as often as the lower classes in any land, make use of their proper discernment, to resist the preposterous claims of the higher classes, they put aside the princes and nobles for their own contests, and unite in the establishment of order upon new foundations, often in a disinterested manner. Such a war is always looked upon among barbarians as holy, since they believe that kings and the arrangement of ranks are disposed by God himself.

“Of the public disbursements, that for the maintenance of the splendor of the court is the greatest, and next to that is the expense of the army,—even in peace the most weighty. For the instruction of the people, for agriculture and all that concerns the happiness of men, the least is given. In most of the countries of Thule, where the working classes have the greatest number of duties and the fewest rights, they must by means of taxes satisfy almost wholly the expense and necessity of the common existence.

“As far as their religion is concerned, they all affirm, that it is one and the

same, and all boast that their dogmas have one and the same author. But their modes of worship are manifold, as well as their opinions concerning the person of the founder of their religion. On this account, the sects hate each other with the most perfect hatred. They persecute and scorn each other. Among the whole of them there is to be found much superstition which the priests encourage. Of the Supreme Being they have the most unworthy notions, for they ascribe to him even human vices. And when kings lead their people to war against each other, the priests are appointed on both sides, to call upon the Supreme Being to destroy the enemy. After a battle has been fought, they thank the Supreme Being, that he has ordained their adversaries to destruction.

“Their books of history hardly deserve to be read; for they contain commonly no account of the nation, only of the kings and their advisers,—of successions, wars, and acts of violence. The names of useful inventors and benefactors are not reported, but the names of devastating generals are advanced before all, as if they were the benefactors of the human race. The histories of these people also, inasmuch as their manners differ from ours, are hard to be understood. For with them, there is not at all times, nor at any particular time under all circumstances, the same conception of honor or virtue. In the higher classes, incontinence, adultery, dissipation, gaming, and the abuse of power, are deemed praiseworthy, or appear as amiable weaknesses, which in the lower classes are punished, as vices and crimes, with death and the dungeon. Against fraud and theft, the law has ordained its severest penalties; but if a great man cheats the government by his ingenuity, and enriches himself at the cost of his prince, he is frequently advanced to higher honors, or dismissed with marks of favor. Like as it is in virtue and vice, so is it in regard to honor. The members of the higher classes require no other honor than birth to deserve preference; the least in the lower classes can but seldom, by means of virtue, equal the consequence of these favorites of chance. But the honor which consists in the accident of birth, can also easily be annihilated by a simple abusive word. Still more odd is the mode of making reparation. He who has lost his honor by a word, and he by whom it has been lost, meet in arms after a prescribed form, like two lunatics, and seek to wound each other. As soon as a wound or death is brought about, no matter to which of the two, they believe sincerely, that their honor is again restored.

“Above all things these barbarians

have it in common, that they are altogether greedy of gain, and to that end risk both life and virtue. It is among their singularities, that they are excited to astonishment or laughter, if one works for another without a remuneration, or sacrifices his property (or goods) to the commonwealth. They talk a great deal of noble sentiments and magnanimous conduct, but these are only manifested, without being derided, on the stage. But the inhabitants of Thule quite resemble the actors, and they have great dexterity in the art of making anything appear other than it is. No one speaks freely to another what he thinks. For that reason, they call the knowledge of men, the most difficult art, and prudence, the highest wisdom.

"Meanwhile, they cannot conceal themselves so that their knavery or awkwardness shall not be detected. For while they live in perpetual contradiction to human reason, teaching one thing and doing another, feeling one thing and saying another, and often choosing the most repugnant means for the accomplishment of their ends, their unskillfulness is made manifest. In order to encourage agriculture, they burden the farmer with the heaviest taxes and the greatest neglect; to stimulate intercourse and trade, they institute innumerable custom-houses and prohibitions; that they may furnish and improve fallible men, they shut them up together in a public prison, where they reciprocally poison each other with vices still worse, and from which they return accomplished rogues to the society of men; to cherish the healths of their bodies, they subvert the order of life; some are awake during the night, and others sleep away the day; others destroy the energy of their bodies by hot drinks and spices, which they buy in large amounts in the Indies, so that hardly a poor household is to be found which satisfies itself with the products of its own fields or flocks, without adding the drinks of Arabia, the spices of the Indies, and the fishes of the most distant seas."

THE EFFECT OF THE FRAGMENT OF
PYTHIAS.

Here Olivier finished reading. He looked towards me with inquisitive eyes.

Laughing, I said, "One must grant, the tone of it is well kept up. Doubtless, one of the old wise men of Greece would have spoken just so of the bar-

barous nations of Asia in his time, if he had sought them. Excellent! Even the noble stiffness of the style denotes that this fragment is only a translation. Meantime, I do not believe in its authenticity. We have nothing of Pythias, to my knowledge, but—"

Olivier interrupted me with peals of laughter and exclaimed, "Oh child of the eighteenth century, who always gropest about the shell of a thing and forgettest the kernel, who always hast to do with the appearance and not with the essence, dost thou not see and hear that thou art thyself a citizen of Thule? What! Asia? No,—a wise man of ancient Greece would have spoken thus of us Europeans, if he could have seen us in his day!"

"Thou art right, Olivier; but thou didst not suffer me to finish. I will still add, that there is in this fragment the manner of the *Lettres Persannes*. The account relates to us. Its exquisite truth cannot be mistaken."

"I grant thee but half, thou judge of men. Not so; dost thou consider the art of the author, whether he has hit the truth? Or thinkest thou that the truth has struck thee?"

"Both! but thou said'st before that it made a painful impression on thee; thou didst lie with this book in the shade of a maple. Tell more!"

"Well, there lay I. When I had read the fragment, I threw the book from me, reclined my head back upon the grass, stared up into the dark blue of the eternal heavens—up into the deep of the shoreless universe, and thought of God, the all-perfect—all imbued with Love and Glory—of the eternity of my being; and in this moment of elevated conception, understood much better many words of Christ—of him the Revealer of the divine relations of our spirit. 'In my father's house there are many mansions,' or, 'unless you become as little children,' &c. 'Whoever will be my disciple, let him deny the foolishness of this world, and take up my cross willingly.' And I never saw the divinity of Christ more clearly than then. I thought of the degeneracy of men, who from century to century have wandered further from the truth, simplicity, and happiness of Nature, to a brutal, sensual, foolish and painful life. I flew back in thought to the dawn of time, to the earliest

people, to the simple wisdom of the lofty ancients. I sighed, the tears came into my eyes. I was again in my fancy a child of God. Wherefore can I not feel truly, think truly, speak truly, act truly, as did Jesus Christ? Can I not break the chains of custom? What but stupid timidity hinders me from being a reasonable godly man, among delirious and perverse barbarians? I said this. In my imagination I was one already. I closed my eyes. I felt an unspeakable happiness in being free from the tormenting sensuality of the world, again to be reconciled, and at one with God, Nature, the Universe, and Eternity. So I lay a long while; then, as I opened my eyes, the sun had gone down, and the glow of evening suffused and gilded all things."

"I recognize this holy state," exclaimed the Baroness.

"Then I rose up in order to return to the city," continued Olivier; "I discovered my uniform—it went through me like a flash. Loathsome lay the world in all its foolishness, in all its nonsense before me; never had I seen more clearly than in that moment, the frightful departure of mankind from the Eternal, the True, and the Holy. I perceived how Socrates, had he lived at this day, would once more have been obliged to drink the poisoned cup; that Christ would have found in every city another Jerusalem—would have been led to the cross by Christian sects un-animously, and would have been condemned by princes as an Enemy to the good old ways, as a Seducer of the people, as an Enthusiast. I shuddered. Then I asked myself on the way, 'Hast thou courage?' A firm resolution seized me. I answered with a loud voice, 'I have courage. It shall be. I will live rationally, come what may!'"

"The next morning, after I had a bracing sleep, and quite forgotten all that I had thought of the previous evening, this book again came under my eyes.

I remembered my determination. I saw the perilousness of my daring. I wavered. Still I was compelled to acknowledge the truth of my yesterday's conviction. 'Whoever would be my disciple, must forsake all,' &c. I thought over my domestic and public relations. The rich young man in the gospel, who seemed sorrowful at the words of Christ, occurred to me. Then I asked myself again, 'Hast thou courage?' And with a louder voice answered, 'I will have it.' And so I determined from that hour to live rationally, in the least, as well as in the greatest things. The first step taken, the scorn of the world is not thought of, and each subsequent step becomes easier."

"I tremble for thee, thou noble enthusiast," cried I, grasping his hand; "but wilt thou not tell me the issue of thy daring?"

"Wherefore not? But such things must take place in the open air, under the broad sky, beneath the trees, in sight of the wide waving sea," said Olivier; "for, dear Norbert, in a room, between walls and partitions, many things seem rational, which, in open Nature, where the soul loses itself in the broad pure all, appear quite fanciful and dream-like. And we find outdoors, in the presence of God's creation, where the Eternal and the True stand for ever, that many things are perfectly right, which, between the walls of a dwelling-house full of conventionalities, or within the walls of a philosophical lecture-room, an audience-chamber, a dancing saloon, or a gorgeous parlour, appear as an extravagant silliness, an enthusiasm, or idiocy. Come, then, into the open air!"

He took me by the arm. The Baroness went to her children. Olivier led me through the garden to a little hill, where we reclined in the shadow of a wall. Above us, in the broad atmosphere, swung the tender branches of the birch: below us rolled the sparkling waves of the eternal ocean.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ALBERT BRISBANE

Is a remarkable and interesting man; and however little he may be appreciated or understood by those who will not approach him within reach of sympathy or comprehension, his name is well worthy the notice we are glad of an opportunity here to bestow upon it.

He is now somewhat extensively known, as the leading advocate in this country of the doctrine or system of FOURIER, which proposes a re-organization of society, on principles assumed to be sufficient to add pleasure and dignity to every species of industry; to secure abundance, happiness, and harmony to the entire mass of the human race; to banish at least nine-tenths of all the wretchedness, degradation, and crime, which now everywhere afflict the earth; and to bring forth out of the unfathomed capabilities of the moral, mental, and physical nature of man, a full realization of its highest possibility for goodness and greatness, and the full development of the destiny for which it was adapted and designed, by a Creator, all-loving, all-powerful, and all-wise.

We thus state in broad general terms the scope and the hope of Fourierism, that the reader may understand the nature and the force of that peculiar enthusiasm by which Mr. Brisbane is characterized in a degree superior to any individual we have ever encountered,—a degree which constantly leads some of his friends who have no faith nor interest in his views, to impute to him an amiable, while highly intellectual insanity. He is yet a young man, about thirty-two years old, and a native of Batavia, in the State of New York; though the greater part of his life, since the attainment of manhood, has been spent, either in studies at the European universities and capitals, or in travel over almost every portion of that continent, including Turkey, from which his rambles extended also into Asia Minor. He is a well and highly educated man, of active and vigorous mind, with a keen analytical vision, and a large power of generalization. With a great deal of candor, good

temper, and kindliness, he exhibits a certain innocent simplicity of character, and a fervor of faith in abstract convictions, which can rarely fail to awaken in a high degree the confidence, interest, and esteem of those who are brought into any intimacy of intercourse with him. Looking abroad with a far ranging eye, and a heart of large and loving sympathy, over the boundless expanse of suffering and wrong which may be said to constitute the present life of the human race on the earth, he is thoroughly imbued with the conviction that all this need not be—ought not to be—was not designed by God for ever to be,—and that the new philosophy of "Association and Attractive Industry," as taught by Fourier, contains a full and perfect remedy for it all,—if men could but be brought to open their ears to listen to it, their minds to understand it, and their hearts to sympathize in it. Thus believing, thus feeling, it will not excite the surprise of any whose characters are not yet wholly petrified by the selfishness which seems the very essence of our present system of civilisation, that he should be animated with a deep, intense, and all-absorbing enthusiasm in behalf of this doctrine and cause. His whole life is devoted to it, with an untiring industry, an unflagging ardor, rarely indeed accorded to any pursuit of mere abstract truth and disinterested philanthropy. In moderate circumstances, though beyond the necessity of labor for bread, he scorns with a generous contempt to waste a thought, or to raise a finger, for the prosecution of any form of business which, for the acquisition of a selfish individual wealth, should divide his time or talents with his present higher and holier mission of usefulness to his kind, as he regards it. To this his whole life is devoted, his every thought, act—we had almost said his every word—seeming to have some reference, more or less direct, to its leading ideas, and to his great end and aim, that of propagating them as widely and establishing them as firmly in the minds of

men, as it may be possible to him within his allotted reach of ability and span of time. Yet if thus possessed with all the zeal and singleness of purpose of a fanaticism, he is singularly free from its fierceness, and even from its intolerance. It is true that, though rather a modest and self-distrustful man, he yet looks down, from the assumed elevation of his truth and his cause, with a contempt the most ineffable on all the minor questions, as he regards them, which for ever divide and convulse society, in all its struggles of politics, religion, and philosophy. But whether it proceeds from the native tendency of a good and kindly heart, or from that habit of mind favored by his own perpetual preaching, which teaches him to ascribe all that is wrong in the characters and conduct of men chiefly to the organization of their present society—certain the result is, whether from the one cause or the other, that he is usually found tolerant and patient of dissent, and even of antipathy, to a degree rarely met with, even in men of less intense convictions and less fervent feeling. Fully conscious, moreover, that he is looked upon, by all the cold and careless "common sense" of society, as a visionary more than half insane in the "fond folly" of his philanthropy, though he feels this at times oppressively, and even sadly, yet he never suffers it either to dim his own faith, to dampen his ardor, or to discourage his labors, instant in season and out of season, and through every mode and channel of action he can find. Now, right or wrong, there is in all this a moral bravery, fortitude, and faith, which are noble in themselves, and which are entitled in a high degree to respect and sympathy. Of the truth of the doc-

trine to which he is thus devoted, we have nothing to say—having never yet bestowed upon its deeper metaphysics that consideration necessary to the formation of a judgment on a problem at the same time so vast and so varied. We have, indeed, not a few points of opinion in common with it, and look upon its discussion and its progress with an interest proportioned to the magnitude of the existing Evil it aims to overthrow, and of the possible Good it professes to be able to erect in its stead. We have, therefore, cheerfully, in some former Numbers, opened the pages of this Review to Mr. Brisbane, to enable him to lay before its readers, over his own name, and on his own responsibility, such an exposition as those limits would permit of his theory and object.* For many, these articles have probably had but little attraction. Others, however, we doubt not, whether convinced or not by his pleading for his cause, will have looked upon it with some interest, as being at least one of the most imposing of the manifestations of the very evident tendency of the age towards a social reconstruction, on the basis of the idea of voluntary Association. Those manifestations are to be seen by the observant eye in many directions, and in many aspects. How many projects of this kind do we not see brought forward, with a most earnest confidence on the part of their advocates,—how many do we not see applied to practice, on limited scales, indeed, and often in combination with false principles, necessarily fatal to success; yet still generally attended with a partial success, affording great encouragement to perseverance, at the same time that it remains easy to refer their respective

* It is proper to state that Mr. Brisbane prepared a fifth article, designed as a conclusion to the series already published. This article, in accordance with an intimation given in the former ones, contained a detailed practical statement of the organization of one of the proposed Associations. But the former articles having been contained within the Tenth Volume, which closed with our June Number—and the fifth one, here referred to as having been prepared, being of very inconvenient length, it has been thought proper not to insert it, the conclusion of a past series, in the new volume, which commenced in July with a general change of typographical style and arrangements. Its insertion was, therefore, declined, with the assent of the author—in justice to whom this explanation of its non-appearance is due. Mr. Brisbane has announced in the papers his intention to issue shortly a semi-monthly Magazine, specially devoted to this subject, in which the article in question will, of course, find a place; and in which it shall be sent to any of the subscribers to the Democratic Review who, having read the former ones, may signify a desire to receive it.

degrees of failure to those defects of organization, which thus become useful warnings for avoidance in future still progressive experiments. The mind of the age, dissatisfied with the present results of all its boasted civilisation, seems to be groping anxiously forward in this direction. Fourierism is one of these gropings,—whether it has, as it claims, found and seized the true clue which is to guide society upward again out of the present labyrinthine gloom and perplexity, to the light and air of freedom and happiness, it is not for us, it is not for any, yet to pronounce. It is making a remarkable progress in the favor of public opinion in France and England, as well as in this country; and we are assured that it numbers among the converts it acquires many entitled to high respect in every point of view, both of intelligence, education, and social position. Preparations are already far advanced for a practical experiment of it, under the auspices of a gentleman of great wealth in France, Arthur Young (a grandson of Arthur Young the agriculturist), who has purchased for the purpose a large estate and spacious mansion, called Citeaux, the ancient princely residence of the Abbés of Citeaux, built in 1772, by the architect Lenoir, near Dijon, in the province of Burgundy; and who has thus far, as we are informed, invested in the enterprise an amount not less than about six hundred thousand dollars. The progress and results of this experiment we shall not fail to observe with deep interest.

It should not be forgotten that Fourierism, notwithstanding the French origin which in the minds of many would doubtless be calculated to excite a prejudice against it, lays claim to an eminently *Christian* character. "The Bible and the Book of Nature are the standard of our faith. The Universal Word and Work of God, and universal unity in Christ, is our religious doctrine,"—such is its own profession, as we find it inscribed on the front of its organ in England, the "London Phalanx Magazine." Repudiating the error of a community of property, which (together with other defects and vicious principles) has been the bane of other social schemes of a similar general object, it attaches a cardinal

importance to the idea of distinct individual property and acquisition. It avows its reverence for the marriage tie, and for all the precious charities and sanctities of the domestic relations; and claims to be protective, rather than destructive, of the all-essential principle of the complete freedom and development of the individual man. And at the same time that it comes as a gospel of proffered temporal salvation and moral amelioration to the poor, it addresses itself equally to the rich, with words of invitation to a state of improved well-being, physical and moral, which it declares to be totally inaccessible, even with all their outward advantages, in the present false and discordant state of society. Such are its pretensions. How well they may be founded, can only be judged by those who may have made themselves fully masters of its philosophy,—how well they may be verified in practice, can only be known by the result of experiments yet to be tested. But it has a right, meanwhile, at least to fair play, and a candid hearing,—and such advocates of it as the gentleman whose name is prefixed to these remarks are eminently entitled to personal respect and sympathy. It may be all a fallacy, but it is at least an honest and a generous one; while, *if* a truth, it is the grandest, noblest, and best that mere human intellect has ever yet bestowed upon the world. And when we reflect upon all the wretchedness which now seems to make the very atmosphere of our globe an atmosphere of sighs—the utter antagonism of the selfish spirit of our present civilisation to that of Christianity—and the infinite distance at which all human society now is from anything resembling that millennial state of good and happiness promised by the Bible, as the destined result and reward of its principles—when we reflect upon all this, and then behold any new scheme or theory of social reorganization, proffering such pretensions as we have above ascribed to this, we cannot but bid its disciples a most earnest God-speed, and at least indulge the imagination with the hope that it may prove indeed to be a living Truth.

POLITICAL THEORISTS OF THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH.

“Great men have been among us : hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none :
*The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton, friend.*”

WORDSWORTH.

Of certain of these great names we propose, in the following paper, to revive the memory, and attempt a characteristic sketch. The era of the Protectorate, perhaps the most exciting period in English history, may also be regarded as an epoch in political writing. The minds of men about that time began to be turned, almost of necessity, to examining the original of all right, and the abstract principles of government. Speculative philosophers and active politicians, both exerted their abilities, either in framing ideal commonwealths or in advocating certain political doctrines that were then hotly discussed. From this active collision of minds were produced the standard authorities of the statesman, and the text-books of the philosopher,—the noble popular defences and truly democratic addresses of Milton, combining Homeric fire and Socratic wisdom with the stern dignity of Stoicism: the slighter, but not less patriotic, appeals of his friend Marvel: the “Discourses” of Algernon Sidney: the “Oceana” of Harrington. The writings of Milton are by much the best known of these, owing, in no inconsiderable degree, to the fame his poetical genius had procured for him. It is to be lamented, however, that they are not still more widely known. In this country they should be studied with zeal by those who remember the noble exertions made by other great English minds and admirable authors, at the struggle of our own Revolution—exertions of which we have a traditional reverence, and a traditional remembrance, in the speeches of Chatham and his noble compeers,—and exertions that produced such classic works as the great speech of Burke and the caustic pamphlet, “Common Sense.”

MILTON is more accessible than the other republicans we have undertaken to invoke; and as our canvas is limited,

we must not crowd it with unnecessary circumstances. As we have a good deal to say about Milton's associates, we must refrain from saying more of him; and leave the name of the noblest English patriot and greatest universal poet, after quoting one of his grandest sonnets, which contains fine historical painting and more profound sagacity than some professed statesmen would crowd into a pamphlet :

“TO THE LORD-GENERAL CROMWELL.

“Cromwell, *our chief of men*, who through
a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith, and matchless fortitude,
To peace and trust thy glorious way hath
plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work
pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots
imbued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises
loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much
remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war; new foes arise
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular
chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the
paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their
maw.”

MARVELL was Milton's near friend and great admirer, his fellow Latin-Secretary to Cromwell. He was a perfect Aristides, equally eminent as a patriot, a partisan, and a politician. The three characters in him naturally merged into one. He loved his country sincerely; he devotedly adhered to the popular party; and he was constantly engaged in public affairs. His poetic reputation, which sank with his political party, has again revived. Re-

searches into the history of the civil war and of the commonwealth, have rescued many bright reputations and saved not a few excellent books. But as a poet, Marvell can hardly be said to occupy a very exalted station, though he has left behind him some half-dozen choice copies of verse, fanciful, tender and musical; and one fine poem, that we shall extract presently. Most of his poetical attempts come under the general rank of political squibs, intended to point a rebuke or enliven a piece of scandal; they are local and temporary. Too much of his prose also might be criticised in similar terms, consisting of pamphlets and addresses to his constituents. Marvell, though an inflexible patriot, and one of the purest of men, was no philosopher, discovered no new principle, and has originated no political maxim of lasting importance.

He was more fitted for action than for speculation. For twenty years he represented the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, and during an active life held several offices of importance. Marvell first became acquainted with Milton in Italy, where the bard of Paradise was filling his mind with ideas and images for his glorious epic. We believe, by his influence, or at all events through the mediation of a friend, he was appointed tutor to Cromwell's nephew, which was the stepping-stone to future advancement. But this elegant wit owed less to patronage than to the love of his townsmen. In Hull, he was an universal favorite, and received many marks of public regard. He was the last political pensioner we read of; we mean the last politician who received for his parliamentary services an annual acknowledgment after retirement from the House. Marvell was the friend of Harrington, and pronounced by Rochester the Coryphæus of court wits, a man of true wit himself. He was, also, a great favorite with Charles II., gaining that monarch's heart by his elegant manners and lively conversation. Numerous advances were made to him by the royalists, but he was incorruptible. It is unnecessary to repeat the famous anecdote, which displays in so strong a light both the systematic bribery of the day, and his perfect integrity. We take the liberty of inserting instead, Marvell's fine ode upon Cromwell :

“AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S
RETURN FROM IRELAND.

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armor's rust;
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urg'd his active star;

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds wherin it nurst,
Did through his own side
His fiery way divide.

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
And with such to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame;
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reserved and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould!

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That hence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the arm'd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try :

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bowed his comely head,
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forc'd power ;
So when they did design
The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the state
Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed ;
So much one man can do,
That does best act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer by command,
But still in the Republic's hand,
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey.

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And, what he may, forbears
His fame to make it theirs.

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt ;
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul ;
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Piet no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-contour'd mind ;
But from this valor sad
Shrink underneath the plaid,

Happy if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hands in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
And, for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect.

Besides the force it has to fight
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain."

This is a noble eulogy—equal to Cowley's prose flattery ; and so nearly equal, that we find it difficult to settle the point of precedence. When both are, of their kind, equally good, perhaps the diviner character of poetry should decide the predominance. The mere music of Marvell's ode may alone, perhaps, give it a superiority.

HARRINGTON had a natural feeling for politics, and was a republican in his very nature. His education refined and courtly, his natural sympathies were all on the side of the people. The queen of Bohemia, a strong admirer of our philosopher, was bred in his father's family,—at least, there she was educated during her early years,—but neither that circumstance, nor a strong personal affection for Charles I., would allow him to change a principle, or quench the instinctive bias of his disposition. At the commencement of his career, Harrington affected a turn for poetry, but, like many others, (Paley is an instance), who have excelled in solid pursuits, his genius was unfitted for the lighter departments of composition. Of this he was advised by an intimate friend, who pointed out the true line of his pursuit and urged him to adopt it. The son of a nobleman, his first entrance into life was in the character of courtier. At the age of thirty-five he was one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's bed-chamber. He had a sincere affec-

tion for the king, who loved his company, but could not endure to hear of Harrington's favorite Commonwealth. They had, notwithstanding, many discussions together of government, though we may naturally expect the arbitrary will of the monarch could ill stomach the independent notions of his companion. On the scaffold, Harrington attended the king, and grieved greatly at his death.

The "Oceana," which Hume, in a long critical essay, allows to be the most practicable of all imaginary republics, and which in many respects resembles our own, is the principal work of the author. It made many proselytes, who formed a sort of political junto, that met regularly at a noted coffee-house kept by one Miles. The conversation was almost wholly political, as might be expected from the objects of the society, which included Cyriack Skinner and other leading men. Representation and rotation are the main features of Harrington's plan; the ballot decided all discussions; to remedy the evil of senators for life, he introduced a maxim that no magistrate should hold his office for a longer period than three years. The whole House was newly organized once every nine years, a third part of the Senators going out every three years. All England was mapped out into representative districts. Altogether, his plan was in most respects rational and clear.

In 1660, he was confined by his friends, having contracted a peculiar species of madness, in which he was generally mild and rational, but entertained a strange fancy, that his natural perspiration turned into flies and bees. In his political career, he latterly ran into fanaticism and became a severe censurer of Cromwell. He died, 1667. Among his friends he numbered L'Es-trange, who became notorious about this time by his virulent pamphlets, and Marvell, who wrote a fine epitaph upon him. This slight sketch of Harrington, which we abstract from old Aubrey's entertaining account, could not be concluded more fitly, than by recalling a celebrated saying of his, full of practical wisdom. "Right Reason in contemplation, is virtue in action, *et vice versâ*. *Vivere secundum naturam*, is to live virtuously; the Divines will not have it so; and where

the Divines would have it an inch above virtue, we fall an ell below it."

The name of ALGERNON SIDNEY is one hallowed by the noblest exertions, ending in martyrdom, in the cause of liberty. Justly and with an honest enthusiasm might Wordsworth exclaim, in one of his noble sonnets dedicated to Liberty,

"Ungrateful country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have
bled!

How like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head."

Sidney realizes our idea of Brutus, whom he took for his model. The same irascible temper, a similar devotion to liberty, the same contempt of death distinguish the two patriots. Though most zealous for a commonwealth, he must not be confounded with the devoted adherents of Cromwell, for he became a strong enemy of the Protector on his assumption of supreme power. Like the admirers of Napoleon the First Consul, but the determined opponents of Napoleon the Emperor, he left Cromwell, when he thought he saw his ambition predominating over his regard to public good. From his earliest years Sidney was imbued with republican principles, almost romantic in their scope and tendency; and on the scaffold, though denying to the last the justice of his sentence, he delighted to suffer for the "*good old cause*." Though appointed one of the judges who condemned Charles I., for some reason or other he was not present, nor did he sign the death-warrant. Shortly after, he was appointed a captain in the Parliamentary army; but after the nomination of Cromwell to the Protectorate, he threw up his commission, and would receive no employment from him, or his son Richard. Under the Parliament, which assumed the powers of the government on the retirement of the Protector's successor, Sidney was sent as a commissioner to Sweden, to mediate in a negotiation between that nation and Denmark. From this he soon after returned, and on the Restoration passed over to France. Here he remained until an act of oblivion sheltered him from the royal displeasure, upon which he returned to his native country. In England, his active mind kept him busy in agitating political schemes and discussing points of

policy. At Penshurst, celebrated as the family seat of the Sidneys, he composed his Discourses upon Government. Upon these his reputation as a political writer depends. The sentiments they contain are purely republican, drawn from the most enlightened historical reflections; and as for his style, we have the eulogium of Coleridge, who speaks of him as disclosing the gentleman in every line.

His trial and execution appear without any sufficient ground of justice, and must be ascribed to a desire to crush one of the noblest spirits of his time; and were almost as flagrant as the trial and execution of the admirable Lord Russell. It is possible, however, that mistaken ardor may have led him into intrigues, at the consequences of which his soul would naturally have revolted, had he seen them with a temperate eye. His character has been drawn by Burnet, with such accuracy of coloring, as to supersede the necessity, if it did not rebuke the presumption, of a new portrait. "He was," says the Bishop, "a man of most extraordinary courage; a steady man even to obstinacy; sincere, but of a rough and boisterous temper that could not bear contradiction. He seemed to be a Christian, but in a particular form of his own; he thought it was to be like a divine philosophy in the mind: but he was against all public worship, and everything that looked like a church. He was stiff to all republican principles; and such an enemy to everything that looked like monarchy, that he set himself in a high opposition against Cromwell when

he was made Lord Protector. He had studied the history of government in all its branches, beyond any man I ever knew."

One author, who was of the same cast as Sidney and Harrington, but who, living later, can hardly be classed as a contemporary and a commonwealth man, remains to be mentioned—ANDREW FLETCHER of Saltoun, a Scotch republican. He is chiefly known to general readers, as the author of that saying, "Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and let who pleases make the laws." He was singular in another respect, as a patriot, hating the English as much as Dr. Johnson did the Scotch; and warmly opposed to the union. His personal character was admirable, with the exception of great irascibility; and this appears a defect common to all partizans, of which all the great men we have mentioned had a large share, unless, perhaps, Marvell be excepted. This heat of disposition is fed by the warmth of discussion, and invariably accompanies that sanguine temper and ardent genius which in the first instance incline a man to embrace republican principles.

In future papers, we meditate an account of the rise and history of political pamphleteering in England, which commenced with L'Estrange, and a 'catalogue raisonnée' of the most eminent Poets who have been deeply occupied in politics. Both topics grow out of the one we have just left, but deserve more than a mere supplementary notice.

WEALTH, FAME, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

"Orr, give me Wealth!"—he said, and lo!
 The pebble caught the diamond's glow;
 And mountain crag and valley mould
 Burned with the hues of gem and gold:
 He had his prayer—'twas his, the whole—
 But grief sat heavy on his soul.

"Oh, give me Fame!"—The laurel bough
Twined with the oak to wreath his brow ;
The trumpet pealed, and poet's lyre
Breathed forth his praise in words of fire :
He had his prayer—'twas his, the whole—
But grief sat heavy on his soul.

"Oh, give me Love!"—Bright lips were there,
Fair brows—than Parian stone more fair ;
And eyes of loveliness undreamed
With Beauty's glorious spirit beamed :
He had his prayer—'twas his, the whole—
Yet grief sat heavy on his soul.

"Oh, give me"—"Stay!"—a soft voice came,
"Wealth has been thine, and Love, and Fame ;
Ask not again, but give thy youth,
Time, being, spirit—all—to Truth ;
And then, though clouds without thee roll,
Light—light shall rest upon thy soul !"

RH. S. S. ANDROS.

FAITH.

A SWALLOW, in the Spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought ;
Yet not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built the nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again ;—and, last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo ! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What Truth is here, O Man !
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn ?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan ?
Have FAITH, and struggle on !

DUELLING.*

SMALL as may be the number of truths which can be regarded as settled by the universal concurrence of mankind, beyond possibility of question or cavil, debating clubs are yet sometimes at a loss for suitable questions, of evenly balanced semblance of right and wrong, on which to exercise their young powers of logic and eloquence. We beg leave to suggest to them one of which we can confidently affirm, that it never can be decided to the one side or the other—*Which is the greater in degree, after their respective kinds, the folly or the wickedness—the mental stupidity or the moral criminality—of the practice of Duelling?*

What a curious anomaly! What a wonderful absurdity! What a strange contradiction to all the fundamental ideas of the civilisation of those portions of the globe in which it prevails—so far at least, as those ideas are to be found on the surface of all their systems of law, religion, philosophy or ethics! It is really one of the most remarkable illustrations that can be adduced, of the ineradicable tenacity of a habit once deeply planted into national character, in the infancy of a new civilisation, however abhorrent it may really be to all the principles of that civilisation as they become afterward developed and matured by the progress of centuries. We owe the institution of the Duel—for it may be called an institution—to the barbarism of our Germanic origin, and it has continued ever since, in all the countries of Europe which have grown up out of the Germanic root. It has been in vain that that holy Religion, which has given to all that portion of the globe the designation of *Christendom*, has denounced it as damnable and deadly in its sinfulness. It has been in vain that Law, whether proceeding from despotic thrones or popular par-

liaments, has decreed against it the last and worst terrors of punishment which it can attach to the highest of crimes against nature and society, stamping it on almost every statute-book as Murder. It has been in vain that the universal reason of men has pronounced against it, in every other mode of expression but that of action, as a bad, bloody, and brutal barbarism. All in vain! There it has stood, undestroyed, unharmed,—a great pervading practical fact—a living and strong reality, smiling at the superficial and frothy impotence of these attempts to put it down, much as we may suppose a big black rock, in the midst of the waves, to smile in contempt upon all the vesty fury with which they have been for centuries lashing its base. Would that good institutions among men were as tenacious of their existence, against the surrounding pressure of bad influences, as *vice versa* we see it of the bad, thus vainly assailed by all the arrayed antagonism of right reason and religion.

Nations are educated through the course of generations and centuries, as the individual through his little allotted span of years. As “the child is father to the man,” so are there impressed, deeply and indelibly, on the latest maturity of the nation, the traits whose origin is to be sought far back in the earliest period of its barbaric youth. Endowed with all the rude energy and simple strength incident to that period of savage freshness of character and life, they not only mould to their own shape the entire system of habits of thought and sentiment, of the whole mass of the people, individually and collectively; but it would almost seem that by some of the mysterious laws yet unexplained by science, of the connection between the moral and physical in our wonderful duality of nature,

* The History of Duelling: including Narratives of the most remarkable Personal Encounters that have taken place from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By J. G. Millingen, M. D., F. R. S. Author of “Curiosities of Medical Experience,” &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London. Richard Bentley, New Burlington street, 1841:

they so impress themselves upon even the physical man, upon his brain and nervous system, that they become a vital and essential part of his nature, transmitted down, link after link, through the chain of generations, like any of the outward characteristics of form or feature, which mark the various distinctions of race familiar to every eye. In no other way can we explain to our satisfaction the tenacity with which nations are seen to cling to particular traits, like the one which suggests the remark, in spite of such an immense accumulation of counter-acting causes, of a moral nature, which *ought* long ago to have swept away every trace of their existence.

We are sprung from what may be termed peculiarly a fighting stock—and the pulpits of the Christianity we profess may preach peace as they please the old leaven continues to work too strongly up from the bottom to be overpowered by any precepts or principles of a moral nature, addressed to us from without; even though they may issue from an authority we bow to as divine, and though they may at the same time recommend themselves to our conscience and reason by demonstrative logic the most incontestable. All Christianity and all philosophy to the contrary notwithstanding, we have an instinctive and inextinguishable sympathy with the spirit of the strife. We love the bravery of the battle more than the highest heroism of purely moral fortitude. No glory, in the estimation of the great masses of the people, can compare with that of splendid military achievement. There is no baseness we despise with a disgust equal to that inspired in us by personal cowardice. Any danger must be dared—any deed, whether of guilt or folly, must be done—rather than be subject to the possibility of such a suspicion. When men fight duels—combining in one act the double wickedness and folly of attempted murder and hazarded suicide—had we ten times as much law, religion and morals against it, there is a universal public opinion, or public sentiment rather, which palliates and pardons even when it does not wholly justify. There is no class, no age, profession or sex, free from the influence of this tendency. And not only are many respectable opinions to be heard openly avowed, in *all* parts of the

country, in favor of the usefulness and necessity of the Duel in certain cases; but over the greater part of its extent, though not the whole, the force of the general opinion and practice in its favor is so strong, that it can only be resisted by a moral heroism of principle to which few indeed are equal.

To explain a fact so utterly anomalous, we are thrown back upon phrenology. The organs of combativeness and destructiveness, which we have inherited, as a race, from an ancestry with whom they were the seats of the highest recognized virtues, have yet such a predominance, that it is in vain that all the other organs through which the moral and intellectual faculties act, struggle to counterbalance them.

Upon the mutually acting and re-acting effect of such a national character upon its language and literature, we need not do more than advert in passing. How thoroughly, for example, all these ideas of bravery and bloody brutality are interwoven through the whole texture of our English literature, will be obvious to every reader at a glance. All its departments are more or less pervaded by them—some almost exclusively so, as history and poetry. While to illustrate their effect upon language—one of the most powerful agents in the moulding of a nation's character and destiny, as well as the most expressive record of what they have been—we need but look to the Greek and Latin, in which the very words that denote *virtue* were not only derived from roots involving the idea of martial prowess, but remained ever after synonymously applied to either. And it is a curious fact that even to the present day, in the modern languages derived from these originals, the traces yet remain of that far ante-Homeric age when the word *virtue*, *aretē*, was derived from the name of the god of the battle-field, *Arēs*; and when the degrees of comparison of the simplest and most common adjective in the language, *good*, *better*, *best*, were *agathos*, *areion*, *aristos*,—or, according to their derivative meaning, *good*, *braver*, *bravest*. In our word, "aristocracy," for example, intended to designate the "government of the *best*," appears still the mark of the old idea of the identity of goodness with military virtue.

But it is time to pass from these speculations to the book referred to at

the beginning of this Article, the subject of which has suggested them. These volumes abound with a mass of information, curious and entertaining, though at times revolting and sickening in the perusal. Tracing the practice of Duelling to its first rude original, it is exhibited through all the succeeding stages of its history,—its combination with the ordeal; the ferocity and treachery which often marked its primitive character; its modification by the institution of chivalry; and the subsequent phase it assumed in connection with the “point of honor.” The first volume is the one of the chief interest, giving an account of its history in France, (its special classic ground), and the different countries of the continent, with notices of a vast number of the most remarkable instances of it in the different ages and reigns through which the narrative is carried along. The second volume relates chiefly to duelling in Great Britain, with a copious enumeration of many of the principal modern duels which have taken place in various countries—the United States not omitted.

Among the ancients the Duel was unknown; and even were there no better refutation of the modern arguments we sometimes hear in its justification, its absence among nations at the same time so polished and so military, and so careless of life and blood, as both the Greeks and Romans, would alone suffice to prove it to be a purely conventional and unnecessary absurdity. Neither blow nor insult was considered among them as requiring a “satisfaction” of this character—even though they possessed none of the restraints imposed on us by the principles of the religion we profess to believe. Themistocles could calmly reply to the menaced blow of Eurybiades, “Strike, but hear me!” Sophocles did not feel bound even to prosecute at law a man who had struck him—very sensibly replying to the friend who advised him to that course, “If a donkey kicked me, would you recommend me to go to law?” And the Roman law expressly stated that a blow did not dishonor—“*Ictus fustium infamiam non importat*,” the translation of which, we fear, would hardly go down in our day, except with the New England “Non-Resistants,” that “there’s no disgrace in a caning.”

It was out of the depths of their swarming forests that the Germanic tribes which inundated all the rest of Europe, carried with them a practice that had grown out of the fierce military spirit—combined with a high pride of personal independence—which was their chief characteristic. Among a nation of warriors, who never assembled but in arms, a fight was the simplest and most natural mode of settling any difference, especially in the absence of any system of civil institutions adequate to the dispensation of justice. It was in direct analogy with that custom of war between nation and nation, for the settlement of public quarrels, which was their chief and favorite occupation; and as, in the one case, the state of hostility involved all the members of the respective communities or bodies politic; so, in the other, the private war between two individuals usually embraced the whole circle of kindred and dependents of both parties, in feuds which often became perpetuated through many generations. When Christianity attacked this new society of military barbarism—which thus flooded over all Europe, to conquer it to her own milder moral dominion—she was forced, naturally as well as necessarily, to a certain extent, to harmonize with and assimilate herself to it. Had she spoken to it only in the sweet and gentle tones which fell from the lips of the Prince of Peace himself when on earth, she might as well have addressed herself to the wolves and bears haunting the same forests which poured forth these same savage hordes it was to be her mission to civilize. She, therefore, was fain to accompany the wild warrior whose soul she was to save, into the midst of the scenes of carnage from which she might not hope nor attempt to withhold him—ill as the battle-stains of blood and dust with which her white robe became there polluted, befitted the meek loveliness of aspect properly belonging to her heavenly birth. If she could not then—as she is yet destined to do!—if she could not then wrest the sword from his hand, to beat it into a ploughshare, she could at least hilt it with the Cross. If she could not renew the miracle of the great Author of the Gospel, and say to the fierce waves of human passions amidst which she had to walk,

"Peace, be still!"—she could at least in a degree mitigate, and sometimes even guide their rage. She could rear sanctuaries, and afford shelter within the shadow of her altar, to those for whom no other mercy remained on earth. She could give the world at least a periodical interval of repose, by enacting a "*Truce of God*," from Wednesday evening to Monday morning of each week, though she had to bless the very arms which through the rest of the time were to be given to an eager industry of carnage and rapine. And by leading off all the most restless military energies of the age to spend themselves upon the barbarian soil of foreign continents, in crusades for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, she could at the same time leave at least a partial tranquillity at home, and elevate and sanctify, by a high spirituality of motive, the passions and the efforts which were else unqualifiedly bad, base, and brutal. And that same Christianity, acting on the same principle and tendency, took up the practice of private combat; and, since she could not prevent it, she strove to moderate it. In the absence of other and better machinery of justice for the government of society and the protection of right against oppression, she invoked the interference of Heaven to bless even this, rude and imperfect as it was, to that end; and, taking a hint, partly from the Levitical law of the *ordeal*, and partly from the consciousness present to every heart and arm of increased courage and strength lent to both by a righteous cause, she thus converted the Duel into the Judicial Combat.

And there can be no doubt but that, absurd as we justly regard it as a mode of ascertaining and executing the justice of all controversies, the Judicial Combat was a great deal better than nothing—a great deal better than what would probably have been the state of things without it. An infirm person was not always bound to fight in person. A champion could be substituted—and champions were more easily to be found in those days than probably in the present. And when we consider the moral influence of the clear and the foul conscience, with the imposing effect, in an age so superstitious, of all the solemnities usually added by the Church to these occa-

sions—calculated to sustain the true heart with a spiritual strength which might well be mistaken for supernatural, and to unnerve the false one with a corresponding terror and trembling—we must do our rude and simple old ancestors at least the justice of confessing, that there was a great deal more of sense and reason in their Judicial Combat which we so much abuse, than in our Duel which, in practice, we so universally sustain. As in most of Sir Walter Scott's pictures of apparent fiction, yet designed to convey the more vivid illustration of a valuable historical truth, the scene of the great warrior who went down, in the lists, with his guilty cause, before the feeble touch of a lance which at another time he would have felt only as the shock of a reed or a rush, was intended to illustrate the meaning of the institution thus exhibited; and to represent a not unfrequent occurrence, in those days of whose spirit he was himself the last representative and the last minstrel.

The institution of chivalry brought a fresh modification to the Duel, and stamped upon it the character of which it retains deep traces to the present day. It created the "point of honor." If fighting had before been necessary, to defend the head with the hand, it now became fashionable. While the mock fights of tilts and tournaments beguiled the intervals of repose, it was equally a duty and a delight to seek or to make all the opportunities possible for indulging in earnest in this the chief honor and business of life. And while glory for ever stimulated the knight to fresh feats of prowess, love was ever ready to reward them, with the brightest smiles and tenderest delights that beauty could bestow on bravery. It has been well said that man is called a "reasoning animal" because he has never any difficulty in finding a *reason* for the indulgence of his inclination. When everybody, therefore, was perfectly willing to fight everybody else, with or without cause—and on the whole, probably, would rather do so than not—nothing was more easy or natural than the gradual establishment of a punctilious "code of honor," which should furnish "reasons as plenty as blackberries." For example, it was early established as a maxim of this "common law" of

Honor, as it was laid down by Francis I., and as it prevails to this day, that "*the lie was never to be put up with, without satisfaction, but by a base-born fellow!*"—and for fear of possible mistake, we are told that lies were divided into not less than thirty-two categories, with their corresponding degrees of satisfaction.

The following rules of the chivalric duel, by Brantôme, curiously illustrate the spirit of the age in several particulars. In the treatment which they justified towards the conquered knight, and the very amiable indulgence to all offences of a too yielding tenderness on the part of the lady, they afford a just glimpse into the real ferocity and licentiousness of that boasted age of chivalry, upon which so much mawkish nonsense of regret has been wasted in our infinitely better modern days:

"On no account whatever let an infidel be brought out as a second or witness: it is not proper that an unbeliever should witness the shedding of Christian blood, which would delight him; and it is moreover abominable that such a wretch should be allowed such an honorable pastime.

"The combatants must be carefully examined and felt, to ascertain that they have no particular drugs, witchcraft, or charms about them. It is allowed to wear on such occasions some relics of Our Lady of Loretto, and other holy objects; yet it is not clearly decided what is to be done when both parties have not these relics, as no advantage should be allowed to one combatant more than to another.

"It is idle to dwell upon courtesies: the man who steps into the field must have made up his mind to conquer or die, but, above all things, never to surrender; for the conqueror may treat the vanquished as he thinks proper,—drag him round the ground, hang him, burn him, keep him a prisoner, in short, do with him whatever he pleases. The Danes and Lombards in this imitated Achilles, who, after his combat with Hector, dragged him three times round the walls at the tail of his triumphant car.

"Every gallant knight must maintain the honor of the ladies, whether they may have forfeited it or not,—if it can be said that a *gentille dame* can have forfeited her honor by kindness to her servant and her lover. A soldier may fight his captain, provided he has been two years upon actual service, and he quits his company.

"If a father accuses a son of any crime that may tend to dishonor him, the son

may demand satisfaction of his father; since he has done him more injury by dishonoring him than he had bestowed advantage by giving him life."

But it was not formerly deemed inconsistent with honor to seek any advantage which could be secured in the desperate game of blood; and the offended or the challenged party who was entitled to the choice of weapons and mode of fighting, often used his privilege so as to constitute it little better than a butchery of his helpless antagonist. For example, Dr. Millengen relates the case of an ingenious mode of fighting which was adopted by a young soldier, of a diminutive stature, who had been insulted by a tall, sturdy Gascon: he insisted that they should both wear a steel collar round their neck, bristled with pointed blades as sharp as razors; and wearing no armor, their bodies and limbs were exposed to the swords of each other. By this invention the little man could look up at his antagonist without any danger, while the tall fellow could not look down at his adversary, without cutting his chin with the acrated points of his collar; in consequence of which he was soon run through the body. A curious instance is also related of a knight who, having been taught, as a peculiar trick of fence, invariably to strike the region of the heart, insisted upon fighting in a suit of armor with an opening in each cuirass of the breadth of the hand over the heart; the result of which, of course, was immediately fatal to his antagonist.

Nor were these valiant knights, as our author remarks, very particular as to odds. He relates the instance of two French gentlemen, La Villatte and the Baron de Saligny, who fought a duel with two Gascons of the names of Malecolom and Esparezat; when Malecolom having speedily killed his opponent Saligny, and perceiving that his companion Esparezat was a long time despatching Villatte, went to his assistance; and when Villatte, thus unfairly pressed by two antagonists, remonstrated against the treachery, Malecolom very coolly replied, "I have killed my adversary, and, if you kill yours, there may be a chance that you may also kill me; therefore here goes!"

But we have some better stories in our own times of the advantageous use made of the privileges of choice accorded by the law of the Duel to the challenged party, and we suggest them to Dr. Millengen to enrich a future edition of his work.

The following is generally fathered upon "Old Put,"—with what degree of authenticity we will not undertake to say. It may fairly be allowed to pass for his, and will do no discredit to his memory. Being once challenged by an English officer, during the French war, he insisted on this mode of either ensuring a common fate to both, or subjecting their courage to a pretty severe test;—both were to take their seats on a keg of gunpowder, with a lighted match inserted in it, of which they were to watch the gradual consumption. Both bore bravely for a time the sight of the shortening match. Down went the fatal spot of fire, lower and lower, and nearer and nearer to the point of junction with the dark mine beneath them, which was to blow them into eternity—till at last flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and the officer sprang to his feet and ran almost as fast as though under the impulse of the explosion. "Stop, stop!" was the cool exclamation of the other, who dauntlessly retained his place,—“you need not run so fast—it's only onion-seed!”

A few years ago the captain of a Yankee whaler, stopping at one of the West India Islands, had a quarrel forced upon him by a rude bully, who happened also to be an officer in a British regiment stationed at the island. Accepting the challenge, he was on the ground at the appointed hour, provided with two harpoons of equal length, which he insisted upon as the weapon he had the right to choose for the fight, and the only one he knew how to wield. Forced to assent, the officer had to station himself opposite his now formidable antagonist, who stood poising the long spear of his weapon in his right hand, while his left held the coil of rope attached to it. Though greatly troubled, yet shame and desperation for a while kept up his show of courage—till the whaler cast his coil of rope into the hands of his second (the mate of his ship), exclaiming in a gruff but cool voice, as though very much a matter of course, "Stand

by, to haul the critter in!"—"Aye, aye, sir!"—the ready response; but before it was well uttered, the "critter" was far beyond the reach of harpoon or tackle, and history does not record that he ever again troubled a Yankee whaler.

But the most sensible use made of privilege which we have ever heard, was a few years ago, by a gentleman, a Member of the New York Legislature, distinguished as well for his wit and humor as for his talents and sound democracy. Receiving a challenge, he expressed his readiness to accept it, with the privilege of the choice of ground and weapons,—which, after some considerable correspondence and diplomacy, conducted with great gravity on his part, were conceded by his impatient adversary. These preliminaries at length adjusted, he fixed the place of encounter on the opposite banks of a certain stream in his county (St. Lawrence), the weapons being *broad-swords!* Anxious to accommodate the opposite party, he expressed himself, at the same time, willing to use pistols, in the following manner—the two principals to stand back to back on the top of a certain sharp conical hill indicated by him, to walk each forward in a straight line down the opposite descent to the bottom, and then, at the word, to turn and *fire!* We would recommend either of these plans of fighting as admirable models for imitation on all similar occasions.

France, in our author's own words, was the classic ground of the Duel. The number of gentlemen that perished in that country during the reign of Henri IV., from 1589 to 1607, is estimated at not less than four thousand. Though that monarch issued repeated decrees of great severity against it, yet not only was the general spirit of the time too strongly set in its favor to be arrested by such means, but even he himself so far participated in it, that he was not only ready to pardon every offence against his own edicts, (he pardoned not less than 14,000 duellists,) but we find him on one occasion, when sympathizing with a friend who complained of having been insulted, assuring him that if he could lay aside his quality of sovereign, and obey the promptings of friendship alone, "you should find me most ready to draw my sword, and most cheerfully to expose

my life." The custom had at that time become general, which arose during the reign of Henri III., borrowed from the Italians, that the seconds engaged together at the same time with their principals. In the succeeding reign, that of Louis XIII., the Marquis de Beuvron, having been challenged by François de Montmorency, better known under the name of Boutteville, one of the most renowned duellists of the day, proposed a duel without seconds. To which Boutteville replied, "that he would have no objection to this arrangement, had not two of his friends expressed a wish to join the party; and that he should have to give *them satisfaction* if they were disappointed." The result was, that the duel was fought on the Place Royale, one of the most public places in Paris, at three in the afternoon, one of the seconds being killed, and another put *hors de combat*;—the principals, having got each his dagger at the other's throat, mutually asked for quarter, and wound up by quietly going to lunch together at a barber's shop. But this was in the days when Richelieu liked nothing better than a fair excuse for cutting off the head of a high nobleman; and the great name of Montmorency was rather a recommendation for the scaffold than a shield; so that, being arrested, Boutteville was condemned to death, and executed with great military pomp on the Place de Grève. He was as anxious, we are told, to preserve his mustachoes as Sir Thomas More was to put his beard out of the way of the executioner's axe; and when the Bishop of Nantes, who attended his last moments, observed, "Oh! my son, you must no longer dwell on worldly matters! Do you still think of life?" "I only think of my mustachoes!—the very finest in France!" replied the penitent.

It was during this reign that that madcap of chivalry, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was the British ambassador at the French court, who in his memoirs has left many evidences of the state of public sentiment there prevailing on this subject, of which the following is the most striking :

"All things being ready for the ball, every one being in their place, and I myself next to the Queen, expecting when the dancers would come in, one knocked at the door somewhat louder than became, I thought, a very civil person; when he came in, I remember there was a sudden whisper among the ladies, saying, '*C'est Monsieur Balaguy!*' Whereupon I also saw the ladies and gentlemen, one after another, invite him to sit near them; and, what is more, when one lady had his company awhile, another would say, 'You have enjoyed him long enough. I must have him now.' At which bold civility of them, though I was astonished, yet it added to my wonder that his person could not be thought at most but ordinary handsome; his hair, which was cut very short, was grey; his doublet, but of sackcloth, cut to his skin; and his breeches only of plain grey cloth. Informing myself by some standers-by who he was, I was told that he was one of the gallantest men in the world, as having killed eight or nine men in single fight, and that for this reason the ladies made so much of him; it being the manner of all French women to cherish gallant men, as thinking they could not make so much of any else with the safety of their honor."

Lord Herbert himself afterwards tried to engage this redoubtable Balaguy in a quarrel, on the chivalric question of the worth of their respective lady-loves; but the other, whose courage in this way was of course not to be doubted, had the good sense to understand the crack-brained quixotism of the Englishman, and wisely declined the invitation.

As we have much yet to say on this subject, for which in the present Number no space remains at command, we will leave it here, though rather abruptly; with the intention of resuming it on a future occasion, when we may add no slight degree of entertainment to another Article, by some selections from the inexhaustible fund of anecdote presented by the volumes now before us. The practice under review presents indeed a moral phenomenon so singular, and, in the extent to which it still exists, an evil so sad and detestable, that it is not unworthy of a more extended consideration than we are here able to afford it.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

For a long period of time the state of commercial affairs has been apparently deteriorating. That is to say, under the increasing abundance of the crops, proceeding out of the increasing industry of the country co-operating with its appreciating currency, prices, not only of produce and goods, but of property of all descriptions, have been constantly falling. This fact alone would be sufficient to account for the inactivity of trade, which, by reacting upon prices, has accelerated a decline. The inertness of trade has lessened the demand for money, which has accumulated in the hands of banks and capitalists, as old obligations matured without being replaced by new ones. The banking institutions of New York, which may be called the barometers of trade, have under this process found specie accumulating in their vaults, and the calls for money daily diminishing. This process went on until, during the past month, the city banks, with capital amounting to \$18,000,000, found themselves in possession of \$7,000,000 in specie. This had been driven from the suspended districts in all quarters. The presence of depreciated bank paper drove it in the natural operations of trade to the point of indebtedness, New York, where, there being no foreign demand for it, and the annual calls for money for business existing in but a very moderate degree, it remained idle in the bank vaults, of course reducing their profits. This was the state of affairs down to the fore part of the month, which has now elapsed. At that time the first impulse of re-action was felt. Low prices and the abundance of money began then to exhibit their natural effects of

re-animating trade. This first indication of returning commerce has been the immediate consequence of that return to specie payments by the banks of the west and south-west; the good results of which we have in former Numbers endeavoured to make sufficiently clear. The agricultural products of the western States gather upon the western waters, and flowing down the Mississippi, receive contributions in their course until the annual value of \$50,000,000 or \$60,000,000 is delivered at New Orleans. From that point the largest exports of produce are made. As long as the currency of that city, which forms the medium through which this vast amount of produce changes hands, consisted of the paper of suspended banks, a similar currency would prevail throughout the whole west, because the description of money received for produce must necessarily form the medium of payment in all the sections which produced it. Specie, of course, sought New York, the point of indebtedness where specie only was received in payment. The heavy losses sustained at the west by use of this depreciated currency gradually wrought its own cure. It destroyed the credit of the banks that issued it, and have forced upon the community a specie currency almost in their own despite. It was in this view that we hailed in a former number the failure of the western and New Orleans Banks as the first dawn of better times. The effects have now been felt. Exchanges, from having ruled high against New Orleans and in favor of New York, are now reversed, and are in favor of New Orleans. The following is a comparative table of rates:

RATES OF DOMESTIC BILLS IN NEW YORK.

	1841.			1842.				
	April.	Sept.	Dec.	Feb.	March.	May.	July.	August.
Boston.	1/2 a 1/2	1/2 a 1/2	1/2 a 1/2	1/2 a 1/2	1/2 a 1/2	1/2 a 1/2	1/2 a 1/2	1/2 a 1/2
Philadelphia.	3/4 a 4	3/4 a 4 1/2	5/8 a 6	7 a 8 1/2	1/2 a 4	par a 1/2	par a 1/2	par a 1/2 dis.
Baltimore.	3/4 a 4	1/2 a 2	4 a 4 1/2	2 a 3	1/2 a 1/2	1/2 a 1/2	1/2 a 1/2	1/2 a 1/2
Richmond.	1/2 a 4 1/2	3/4 a 3 1/2	6 1/2 a 6 1/2	9 a 12 1/2	8 1/2 a 9	7 1/2 a 7 1/2	3 a 3 1/2	2 1/2 a 2 1/2
N. Carolina.	1/2 a 4 1/2	3/4 a 3 1/2	5 1/2 a 5 1/2	5 1/2 a 5 1/2	4 1/2 a 5	3 a 3 1/2	2 1/2 a 3	2 1/2 a 3
Charleston.	1 1/2 a 2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2
Savannah.	3/4 a 4	3 1/2 a 3 1/2	2 1/2 a 3	2 1/2 a 3	2 a 2 1/2	1 1/2 a 2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 2 1/2
Mobile.	10 a 11	8 a 8 1/2	17 a 17 1/2	12 a 12	20 a 30	15 a 16	30 a 32	40 a 42
New Orleans.	5 1/2 a 6	4 a 6	9 1/2 a 9 1/2	6 1/2 a 7	5 a 6 1/2	6 a 6 1/2	3 a 8	par a 1/2 prem.
Nashville.	15 a 16	10 1/2 a 10 1/2	15 a 16 1/2	14 a 14 1/2	17 a 18	17 a 18	9 a 10	6 a 7 disc.
Louisville.	6 a 7	6 1/2 a 7	11 a 11 1/2	9 1/2 a 10	7 1/2 a 8	4 a 5	2 1/2 a 2 1/2	2 a 3
Cincinnati.	9 1/2 a 10	8 1/2 a 9	13 1/2 a 14	15 a 16	11 a 15	8 a 9	6 a 5	4 1/2 a 5

As district after district resumed, and became purged of the depreciated paper, the rates fell, until at New Orleans it is now at a premium; and the specie which has accumulated in the New York Banks is now setting towards that point, and for the legitimate object of purchasing produce. This will be the medium in which all the business growing out of the new crops will turn; and, after a struggle of ten years, Mr. Benton's prophecy is about to be accomplished, and "gold is to flow up the Mississippi." The depreciation of the bank paper at New Orleans, on the last suspension of those institutions, was so great that it could no longer be available at its nominal value. Hence it was taken only for its value in specie, and all sales have of late been made on condition that the payment should be partly made in specie, and the balance in bills at their specie value. This was the immediate cause of a demand upon the banks here for specie for that quarter, and a most welcome demand it is. It is obtained from the banks only on *bonâ fide* business paper; and, being invested in produce for export, becomes the basis of new foreign bills of exchange, which are the instruments used by the banks to supply themselves with the precious metals from abroad. This process has been going on for the last two or three packets. The imports have been very small during the past year, and there is a commercial balance now due this country, as indicated by the rates of bills, which are as follows, as compared with the rates by each packet for more than one year:—

RATES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE IN NEW YORK FOR EACH MONTH.

1841.	London.	France.	Amsterdam.	Hamburgh.	Bremen.
April,	6½ a 8	£.5 27½ a 5 28½	a 39½	a 35½	a 76½
May,	7½ a 7½	5 27½ a 5 28	39½ a 39½	35½ a 35½	76½ a 77
June,	8½ a 8½	5 23 a 5 25	39½ a 40	35½ a 36	77 a 77½
July,	8½ a 8½	5 27½ a 5 28	39½ a 39½	35½ a 36½	77½ a 77½
August,	8½ a 9	5 25 a 5 27½	39½ a 40	35½ a 35½	77½ a 77½
September,	9½ a 9½	5 18½ a 5 20	40½ a 40½	36½ a 36½	78½ a 78½
October,	9½ a 10½	5 17½ a 5 18½	40½ a 40½	36½ a 36½	78½ a 79
November,	10 a 10½	5 20 a 5 21	40½ a 40½	36½ a 36½	78½ a 78½
December,	8½ a 9½	5 25 a 5 26½	39½ a 39½	35½ a 36	77½ a 77½
1842.					
January,	8 a 8½	£.5 28½ a 5 30	39½ a 39½	35½ a 35½	76½ a 77
February,	8 a 8½	5 27½ a 5 28½	30½ a 40	35½ a 36½	76½ a 77
March,	7½ a 8½	5 27½ a 5 28½	39½ a 40	35½ a 35½	76½ a 77
April,	5½ a 7½	5 37½ a 5 40	39 a 39½	35 a 35½	75½ a 76
May,	8 a 8½	5 32 a 5 33	39½ a 39½	35 a 35½	76 a 76½
June,	6½ a 7	5 40 a 5 41	38½ a 38½	34½ a 34½	75 a 75½
July,	6 a 6½	5 42½ a 5 45	38½ a 38½	34½ a 34½	74½ a 75½
August,	6 a 6½	5 42½ a 5 41	38½ a 38½	34½ a 34½	75 a 75½

These rates of bills afford a margin for the import of specie, and the banks, having so large a portion of their funds lying idle, took this mode of investment, and have purchased largely, particularly of francs, which will afford 1 1-2 a 2 profit for the import of specie, including the customary premium of 1 per mill, or about 1-8 of one per cent on gold in Paris, where silver is the standard. Nearly \$500,000 has recently been received in gold from Europe, the proceeds of bills remitted. This operation is the reverse of that which was going on at this

time last year, when the rates were 2 to 3 per cent higher than they now are. The packets of July and August last year carried out specie instead of bills, commencing that drain which reached several millions in November, and alarmed our banks, who checked the demand by offering to sell bills drawn against credit at reduced rates. This being followed up by the proceeds of the new crop, stopped further exports of coin, and the vaults of our banks began to fill with specie driven in upon them from the west, until now, instead of to Europe, it is finding

its way south and west, and putting into the hands of the banks the means of recovering from Europe what they lost last year. Of the \$7,000,000 now in the vaults of the banks, \$4,000,000 came from the interior in the payment of debts. That sum, at least, will go back again in the purchase of produce, which, at the present low prices, will go freely to Europe. This is the state of trade, and the process by which the country is obtaining its share of specie; not by borrowing—not by issuing stocks or paper credits of any shape, but by earning it by selling the products of its toil in the markets of the world at their proper values. The trade of the United States is now forcing its way above the wreck of bank credits with every prospect of obtaining so flourishing a position in the course of the next three years, that none but a madman will venture to propose to disturb it by introducing new bank paper schemes.

In imported goods nothing has been done because of the situation of the revenue laws. All goods that arrive are entered under protest, and if even the present low duties are confirmed by the judiciary, they will be full as high as the markets will bear. The prospect of the passage of the very high tariff before Congress, had some effect in stiffening the prices of imported goods in the market, because it was looked upon as prohibitive in its character and operation. Some good sales of imported merchandise were made, although probably the goods did not bring cost and charges. The bill was vetoed on the distribution clause, but the disposition of Congress to pass a protective rather than a revenue bill, has had a serious effect upon credits, already sufficiently shattered by the defalcation of so many States, more particularly Pennsylvania, of whom better things were expected. That State is one of the largest, richest, and most intelligent of the Union, and yet has suffered her liabilities to be dishonored without a struggle to save them. The announcement of this fact in Amsterdam, where a large amount of the stock is held, caused great excitement; and, added to other deficiencies, the name of American citizen is

likely to be execrated from one end of the world to the other. At such a moment the federal executive has despatched agents to Europe to negotiate the balance of the loan of last session, amounting to near \$10,500,000, which has been offered in all the markets of the United States, was created with authority to sell it "at any price," and no specific funds were pledged to redeem it. On the contrary, the ancient basis of our former debt—the public lands—has been given away. The only result that can possibly be hoped for from such a mission, is, additional disgrace. The United States asks for 2,000,000*l.*, at 6 per cent., and cannot get it, while every bankrupt tyrant on the face of the earth, Santa Anna included, can get money for the asking. What an unfortunate state of the public Treasury does the Chief Magistrate disclose in his late veto Message. He states that there was in the Treasury, August 5,

1842,	\$2,100,000
Immediate calls, including the land distribution,	1,180,000
Balance on hand	\$ 970,000
Protested navy bills presented,	1,414,000

Actual deficit, \$ 444,000

Against this there was on hand \$100,000 of unissued Treasury Notes, and an accruing weekly revenue of \$150,000. The average weekly expenditures of the government are about \$500,000. The existing deficit, it will be seen, is protested paper. The Treasury Notes have been exhausted, the loan cannot be negotiated, and the receipts are scarcely one-third of the revenue. The inevitable result must be an accumulation of protested paper against the Treasury until the wheels of the government are clogged and stopped. These are the fruits of Whig rule, Whig banks, and Whig credits.

In order that we may understand the process by which these disastrous results have been brought about in eighteen months of Whig government, let us turn back to what was done by former administrations, and what has been done since. For this purpose we will take the following table from official sources:—

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE UNITED STATES FOR TEN YEARS.

RECEIPTS.

	Customs.	Internal revenue, direct taxes and postage.	Public lands.	Loans.	Bank stock and dividends.	Miscellaneous and Chickasaw fund.	Total.
1832	28,465,237	18,667	2,623,381	—	659,660	99,276	31,864,561
1833	29,032,508	3,153	3,967,582	—	610,286	334,796	33,908,426
1834	16,214,957	4,316	4,857,600	—	586,649	128,412	21,791,935
1835	19,591,310	15,616	14,757,600	—	869,280	696,279	35,430,087
1836	23,409,940	1,110	24,877,179	—	328,674	2,209,891	50,826,796
1837	11,169,290	7,181	6,776,236	2,992,989	1,375,965	5,562,190	27,883,853
1838	16,158,800	2,467	3,081,919	12,716,820	4,542,102	2,517,252	39,019,382
1839	23,137,924	3,309	7,076,447	3,857,276	—	1,265,068	32,881,242
1840	13,499,502	1,682	3,292,285	5,589,547	1,774,513	874,662	25,032,193
1841	14,847,557	—	1,464,063	10,054,336	723,491	120,691	30,410,167
6mos. 1842	7,974,689	—	705,000	10,085,015	—	202,807	18,967,513

EXPENDITURES.

	Civil.	Foreign Intercourse.	Miscellaneous.	Military Establishment	Naval.	Public debt.	Total.
1832	1,800,751	325,181	2,451,202	7,982,877	3,956,370	17,840,309	34,356,698
1833	1,562,758	955,395	3,198,091	13,096,153	3,901,356	1,543,513	24,257,348
1834	2,080,601	241,562	2,082,565	10,064,428	3,956,260	6,176,565	24,601,982
1835	1,905,551	774,750	1,549,396	9,420,313	3,861,939	58,191	17,573,141
1836	2,110,175	533,382	2,749,721	19,667,166	5,807,718	—	30,868,164
1837	2,357,035	4,603,905	2,932,428	20,702,930	6,646,914	21,822	37,265,037
1838	2,688,708	1,215,095	3,256,860	20,537,473	6,131,580	5,605,720	39,455,438
1839	2,116,982	987,667	2,621,310	14,588,664	6,182,294	11,117,987	37,614,936
1840	2,736,769	683,278	2,575,351	12,030,626	6,113,896	4,086,613	28,226,533
1841	2,670,809	326,271	3,199,489	14,003,878	5,896,547	5,628,076	32,025,070
6mos. 1842	2,935,167	—	—	3,620,347	3,039,512	7,185,297	16,803,613

This table presents the fact, at the first glance, that both the receipts and expenditures of the government, in the period between the years 1834 and 1840, inclusive, were greater than ever before. Through the operation of speculation the revenue from land and customs swelled to an enormous extent. The spirit, which induced those speculations among the people, acting upon Congress, induced extravagant appropriations for extraordinary purposes, at a moment when ordinary expenses would have been greatly enhanced by the very high prices borne by articles consumed in the departments, the army and navy, &c. By the operation of these causes, the aggregate receipts and expenditures during that seven years reached the enormous sum of \$449,520,720, or an average of \$63,-

360,102 per annum; the receipts for the whole period being in excess of the expenditures \$18,250,279. During the same period, the appropriations made by Congress exceeded the expenditures \$6,338,727, so that, had the department expended all ordered by Congress, there would still have been a balance of about \$12,006,000. All these vast movements, it will be remembered, were made, not only without the assistance of a National Bank as a fiscal agent, but in the face of opposition so violent from the late institution, that its vast means, conducted by the vaunted "Neckar" of modern times, perished in the struggle, and the federal Treasury triumphed with an untarnished reputation in that hour, when the bank with its much lauded financiers sank to rise no more. This

vast sum of money was collected by one class of officers and paid over by another class; dispersed over a country of two millions of square miles in extent, and through the medium of twenty-six different paper currencies, without involving a loss of more than one-half of one part, or about one-

fourth of the proportion of loss that took place under a National Bank. In order to compare the extent of the fiscal operations of the department during the seven years alluded to, with those of the two preceding periods of seven years each, let us look at the following table.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT FOR THREE PERIODS OF SEVEN YEARS EACH.

	Under a National Bank.		Without a Bank.
	1820-26.	1827-33.	1834-40.
Receipts, - - -	157,710,793	191,742,542	233,885,489
Expenditures, - - -	153,432,099	186,398,324	215,635,231
Total - - - -	\$311,142,892	\$378,140,866	\$449,520,720
Excess of receipts, - - -	4,278,694	5,344,218	18,250,258
Appropriations, - - -	156,609,739	196,952,111	221,673,958
Excess of app. over expend.	3,177,640	10,553,787	- 6,338,729

The present party in power have contended that a National Bank, with numerous branches and large capital, is indispensable to the management of the finances, and the advocates for the re-charter of the institution in 1832, contended that it was absolutely impossible to perform the duties of the department without one, to transmit the government funds and "create a uniform national currency." The figures here presented, however, show the fact that, in the face of the alleged impracticability of the thing, Mr. Woodbury collected and disbursed 25 per cent. more than ever had been done before in the same space of time, and that too, during the most unprecedented difficulties, with a precision and certainty never before equalled. The operations under the bank rule from 1837 to 1823, were in a time of general prosperity when the seeds of evil sown by the bank had not ripened into the disasters which afterward took place. The movements under Mr. Woodbury embraced three periods of commercial revulsion and two of bank suspension, causing a fluctuation in the value of the paper currency of 50 per cent. Through all the difficulties incident upon these events, Mr. Woodbury collected and disbursed an average of \$1,250,000 per week, in the currencies of twenty-six different States, varying in depreciation from par to 35 per cent. discount, and all without suffering the smallest discredit or loss. This is an undeniable proof, either that a National Bank is

of no sort of use, or that the highest degree of skill and industry were exercised in the keeping and transmission of the government funds. The guide in the operations was the "uniform national currency," provided by the Constitution; this, as related officially, enabled the department when "exchanges," that is, "Bank exchange," was 5 per cent. against New Orleans and in favor of New York, to exchange 200,000 Mexican dollars at New Orleans at *par*, for specie in New York; this little incident is illustrative of the vigilance of the department. Not only did the department derive no assistance from the bank while in operation, but was thwarted by it, and its movements embarrassed and crossed in every possible way. So much for the fiscal operations of the department.

The next feature in the table of receipts and expenditures given above, is the apparent large expenditures, which reached their highest points in 1838, and were then rapidly reduced until, in 1840, they were in a train of reduction to their former level of 1835. The direct cause of these large expenditures has been hinted at above, viz.: the influence upon Congress, of the great expansions and extravagances which prevailed throughout the country in the years 1835-6. These led to extraordinary expenses beyond those attendant upon the national growth of the country, viz., new States added to the Union, new members to Congress, extension of the federal judiciary over the new territory,—multiplying light-

houses, augmenting the army and navy, &c. Besides these naturally increased expenditures, the overflowing Treasury prompted Congress, with great unanimity of feeling, to run into new enterprises, such as erecting new buildings, branch mints and bridges, extending new roads at great expense, freeing several States from their Indian population, waging two expensive frontier wars, also the cost attending the Canadian rebellion, &c., &c., all these movements, at a time when

money prices of everything were extravagantly high, necessarily swelled the appropriations, and compelled the expenditure of large sums beyond the estimates called for by the executive. The commencement of an enterprise, of course brought its expenses into the estimates for the succeeding year, to be again exceeded by the appropriation made by Congress. The following is a table of the estimates of each year with the appropriation and expenditure:

Year.	Estimate.	Appropriation by Congress.	Expenditure.
1834	18,187,488	29,068,992	18,420,567
1835	15,610,232	17,830,681	17,006,513
1836	19,738,933	37,755,606	29,655,244
1837	22,651,442	34,126,807	31,610,003
1838	20,523,249	33,138,371	31,544,396
1839	21,665,089	23,862,560	25,443,716
1840	18,280,060	21,658,872	22,389,356

Here are presented the estimates and expenditures independent of the debt. If we now go back to the aggregate re-

ceipts and expenditures for the seven years under review, we shall find the following results:

Gross Revenue for Seven Years	- - -	\$233,885,489
Derived from Bank Stock	- 9,197,203	
<u>Treasury Notes</u>	- 25,156,622	
		<u>34,353,825</u>
Revenue from regular Sources	- - -	\$199,531,664
Gross Expenditures for Seven Years	- - -	215,635,231
Paid old Public Debt	- 6,234,756	
<u>Treasury Notes</u>	- 20,832,142	
		<u>27,066,898</u>
Expense, independent of Debt	- - -	\$188,568,333

This gives a surplus, in the receipts, of \$10,963,331, which, with the surplus in the Treasury at the commencement of the period, constitutes the \$28,000,000 deposited with the States on the condition that it should be returned when the Treasury should be in want of it. The extraordinary expenses of the Indian wars, computed at \$30,000,000, being deducted from the above sum, leave \$158,568,333, as the aggregate regular expenses of the seven years, averaging, therefore, \$22,652,619 per annum. During a season of the utmost speculative excitement in and out of Congress, and when large and valuable tracts of land were cleared of the Indians, when the revolutionary pension list was enlarged in one year to

\$1,000,000, when dry docks were built, navy yards improved, buildings erected, and a thousand or more benefits and improvements perfected in the country; all this was done, and a balance of \$24,000,000 handed over to the new government, in a claim of \$28,000,000 upon the States, to meet a small floating debt of about \$4,500,000 in Treasury Notes.

One feature of extraordinary difficulty bore upon the department with great severity, but is not to be discovered in a mere examination of figures. It is to be appreciated only by the dispassionate inquirer, who has had some experience in large fiscal operations. We allude to the process of *reducing* expenses after once they have been en-

larged. It was a very easy matter for Congress to order expenses, and for the department to disburse, a fact which has been evident to "the meanest capacity" since March, 1841. When, however, a series of expensive enterprises have been entered into with a revenue of near \$51,000,000, as in 1836, and in one year, through unforeseen accidents, that revenue falls to \$28,000,000, including \$2,000,000 of Treasury notes, or nearly 50 per cent., cutting the department short of its receipts with all the expenditures progressing, how great must have been the vigilance, skill, judgment, and decision of that officer, in the control of the department, who promptly governed and curtailed the vast and complicated expenditures so as to make the diminished revenue meet every obligation of the government, fulfil all its engagements, preserve its credit entire, and yet keep the Treasury notes, which he was forced to lean upon, at a premium in a restricted money market? Some idea of the degree of skill requisite for such an operation may be approximated to when we consider that, caught in the same revulsion, and under the same circumstances, not a bank in the country sustained itself, and scarcely ten out of a hundred merchants in any part of the country rode out the gale.

The first burst of the storm being over, what sound judgment and cool deliberation did it not require to continue the reduction in all the extraordinary expenditures, to meet the probable permanent diminution in the revenue in a manner that the public interest should not suffer? This was done, with the assistance of Treasury notes, gradually, as seen in the above table; the current expenses, independent of

debt, being reduced \$6,000,000 in 1839, and \$3,000,000 in 1840, and were in a train to have been reduced \$4,000,000 in 1841, when the administration of affairs unfortunately passed into other hands, and the expenses were increased \$4,000,000, making a difference of \$8,000,000 between what should have been and what was the case. This was the fulfilment of the pledge of "retrenchment," under which the new party came into power.

During the year 1840, when the expenditures were under this process of permanent reduction, the election took place, and the government were assailed from all quarters with reproaches for extravagance, alleged frauds, and dark hints were thrown out of extensive speculation. The opposition promised extensive reformations in all these particulars. One of the charges most harped upon was, that "the administration had pushed the expenditures, during the previous four years, \$30,000,000 beyond the revenue." This was reiterated in every Whig press, and re-echoed from every log cabin. What has been the result under the management of these economical financiers, who were horrified at an excess of expenditure of \$30,000,000 in four years? Why in 18 months only they have spent \$24,000,000 more than the receipts, and that during a period of low prices, and when the customs receipts averaged \$2,000,000 per annum higher than the average of the three years 1837-8-40. How this was brought about we may understand better by first taking the estimates of Mr. Woodbury for 1841. The actual expenses of that year, according to his successors—for there were two of them in one short year—were as follows:—

	Mr. Woodbury's estimate for 1841.	Actual Movements for 1841	Estimate for 1842.	Six months of 1842.
Civil, Miscellaneous, &c.	\$ 3,450,740	6,196,560	—	2,935,167
Military - - - -	8,589,440	14,003,878	—	3,620,347
Naval - - - - -	5,445,329	5,896,547	—	3,039,512
Additional - - - -	1,764,480	—	—	—
Public debt interest, &c. -	149,200	97,080	—	164,231
Trust funds - - - -	—	—	—	123,288
Treasury Notes - - - -	4,500,000	5,530,995	7,000,000	6,921,065
	<u>23,899,189</u>	<u>32,025,060</u>	<u>32,791,000</u>	<u>16,803,610</u>

Receipts.					
Customs	- - -	19,000,000	14,847,557	19,000,000	7,974,689
Lands	- - -	3,500,000	1,464,063	—	705,000
Miscellaneous, &c.	- - -	80,000	120,691	150,000	54,145
Banks	- - -	220,000	723,491	—	—
Trust funds	- - -	—	—	—	148,662
Treasury notes and loans		342,618	10,054,336	50,000	10,085,016
		23,142,618	32,025,070	19,200,000	18,967,513
Balance, January 1	-	1,580,851	917,945	deficit 627,559	
		24,160,855	33,012,415	18,572,440	

This table, which proves Mr. Woodbury's estimate of receipts for 1841 to have been very nearly right, presents also a most extraordinary method of "retrenchment" and "reform." The estimated expenses of Mr. Woodbury were based upon a perfect knowledge of the state of all the public works—how far each had approached completion, and what was proper to continue that salutary reduction which had been progressing since 1838. The heads of appropriations asked for by the different departments—civil, military, and naval—amounted to \$17,485,520; and an addition of \$1,764,480 was made to cover oversights, and sufficient superadded to cover the outstanding Treasury notes; making the whole amount to \$23,899,189. The resources to meet these were chiefly the customs and lands, if Congress did not choose to recall the \$28,000,000 deposited with the States. In this state of affairs the retrenchment party, *par excellence*, came into power. What was to have been expected from their stern republican expressions of economy and frugality?—their determination to reduce "the debt" and to relieve "the dear people?" Was it not natural to suppose that these uncompromising censors would have investigated the accounts?—discovered and pruned any useless expenses said to exist?—reduced salaries, *pay* and *mileage* of members—saved money by talking less and shortening the session; and have pushed economy to the point of

parsimony? All such suppositions, however, were the emanations of old-fashioned ideas, long since exploded. Such is by no means the practice of "enlightened statesmen." The first thing that was *done*—to use an Hibernianism—towards improving the revenue, was utterly to neglect advertising the public lands, or to take any means towards turning that valuable source of revenue to account. No notice of sales was given; no graduation bill hinted at; no means taken to open land offices in districts where surveys were open for large sales, and which would immediately have increased the receipts—Oh, no! a better plan was hit upon; it was to *give away the land*, and thus save the expense of collecting the revenues from it. Having astonished the public with this brilliant proposition to *improve* the revenues of the Treasury, they immediately set about *saving* money by calling an extra session of Congress. The session was called, avowedly, on account of "sundry important and weighty matters growing out of the condition of the revenue and finances." The hollowness of this pretence we have seen. The table of the expenditures for 1841, given above, also shows the result of this extra session, called to lessen expenses, which were swelled \$10,000,000 beyond the estimates of the department. The leading measures of that session—called to remedy the extravagance of the former administration—were as follows:—

Increase of expense in 1841 over 1840.	- - - - -	\$8,217,881
Permanent debt created,	- - - - -	12,000,000
Land revenues given away per annum,	- - - - -	3,500,000
Tariff increased per annum,	- - - - -	5,000,000
Capital subscribed for bank, vetoed	- - - - -	22,000,000

The "retrenchment" party therefore voted away \$33,717,881 beyond that which was necessary, and to pay

it, were to borrow the \$22,000,000 for a bank, also the \$12,000,000 to meet increased expenses; and they levied a

tax of \$5,000,000 upon the people to relieve them from the oppression of the former administration. This was the first year of "retrenchment" and the restoration of confidence. During the session, the credit of the States as indicated in the price of their securities upon the market had been maintained by the vain expectation, that the promises of the party in power could, in some measure, have been redeemed. At the close of the session, however, the floating debt of the government, consisting of the much abused and vilified Treasury Notes, had been increased several millions of dollars, and speedily fell to 5 or 6 per cent. discount, although prior to March, 1841, they were always at a premium. This fact is alone sufficient to show that the course of the new government had ruined its credit among practical men; but more than that, the Secretary came into the market with the new loan, authorised to the extent of \$12,000,000, having no funds pledged for its redemption. The receipts of the Treas-

ury less than its expenditures, and that bankrupt Treasury, deprived of its land revenues, the result was of course, that only \$5,000,000 of the loan was taken. The failure to negotiate the loan increased the discredit of the government, and when Congress again met and extended the time and amount of the loan, and authorised it to be sold at any price, the Secretary, on coming into the market, could only sell \$1,500,000 of a 6 per cent. stock at 2 per cent. discount, leaving \$10,500,000 which nobody would touch. The customs revenue had indeed been pledged for this amended loan, but Congress has sagaciously evaded that provision by neglecting to provide any laws by which a revenue from customs may be collected. These stocks will be hawked about Europe, will be derided, scoffed at, and ridiculed, thereby injuring the government credit more than all that has gone before. Under such circumstances, how is it possible to expect any revival of stock credits of any description?

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Animal Chemistry, or Organic Chemistry, in its Application to Physiology and Pathology. By JUSTUS LIEBIG, M.D., Ph. D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Edited from the Author's Manuscript, by WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A., Professor of Medicine and Chemistry in the University and King's College, Aberdeen. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 12mo. pp. 356.

DR. LIEBIG'S writings are among the most valuable as well as original contributions which the age is producing, toward the solution of the Great Problem, the most beautiful and elevated in physical science that can engage the human intellect, the discovery of the laws of vitality. He may be said to stand at the head of that large and powerful school of philosophy, which is now engaged in attacking the abstruse mysteries of this problem, through the avenue of access afforded by the observation of the chemical phenomena of organic being. But he at the same time steers wisely clear of the error into which the chemical school, misled by the habits of their accustomed investigations in the world of mineral chemistry, have been too prone to fall—namely, that of regarding the living organism as a mere laboratory, to the phenomena of which were to be applied the some comparatively simple principles of chemical action exhibited by the same elements in their binary combinations in inorganic substances. The present volume is a sequel to Liebig's former work on Organic Chemistry in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology, placed within the reach of the American reader by the same publishers to whom we owe the present one; and we learn by the author's dedication to the "British Association for the Advancement of Science," that he intends to follow it with a third part, to contain an investigation of the food of man and animals, the analysis of all articles of diet, and the study of the changes which the raw food undergoes in its preparation. The track of investigation pursued by the author, the quantitative as distinguished from the qualitative method, is one which places a stamp of certainty and truth upon such facts as it enables him to accumulate; and

whatever new lights may hereafter be thrown upon the nature and laws of the hidden principle which lies at the bottom of all, these results, as far as they go, must not only remain fixed facts, capable, too, of practical applications of the highest utility, but they must always be regarded as having afforded most valuable aid toward the discovery of those laws. These results of extensive and profound observation through patient years, many of which are equally novel and important, are exhibited with a clearness of development and simplicity of statement, which, in connection with the nature of the subject and its ultimate bearing, give a very fascinating interest to its pages, so far as we have yet found time for their study.

Thoughts on the present Collegiate System in the United States. By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street: 1842. 18mo. pp. 160.

SUCH a theme as is indicated by the above title, is far better adapted to the pen of the learned President of Brown University, than that on which he last appeared, with no very becoming grace, before the public; and returning to more congenial labors, "Richard's himself again." This volume is well-timed, and will doubtless be useful. We have long looked upon the whole system of College Education in this country as little better than a solemn humbug; and President Wayland shows very plainly that it ought to be "reformed altogether." He exhibits the inefficiency of the present system of visitation or Trustee supervision, prevailing in all our colleges; the tendency of the system to make indolent professors and superficial students. Among other suggestions of improvement, he proposes, what we have always regarded as of primary importance, that the professors should have to depend, for the chief part of their emoluments, on the fees of their classes; that the Procrustean system of an unvarying four years' regular course, be abandoned; that the time be extended, and the number of subjects studied reduced, to be made more thorough and more beneficial. Altogether it is an excellent little volume, telling a great deal of truth more useful to the public than agreeable, probably, to

the established functionaries of the existing colleges in this country—one hundred and one in number—besides thirty-nine Theological Seminaries, ten Law Schools, and thirty-nine Medical Schools. We trust that some of them will promptly set the example to the rest, of reorganizing themselves in accordance with its suggestions; and Dr. Wayland the President will have almost earned a just forgiveness for the recent sins of Dr. Wayland the Politician.

A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, containing a clear Exposition of their Principles and Practice. By ANDREW URE, M. D., F. R. S., &c., &c. Illustrated with 1241 Engravings on wood. From the second London Edition. New York: Published by D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

WE have received the first twelve parts of this excellent work, which is appearing from time to time from the industrious press of the Messrs. Appleton, in numbers, at a price placing it within the reach of the tens of thousands in this country to whom it must soon become a book of absolute necessity. Of Dr. Ure's eminent reputation, as a man both of high science and extensive practical experience in its applications, it is unnecessary to speak. We cannot do better, to give our readers an idea of the value of the work we desire to make known to them, than place before them the following quotation from his Preface:—

"I have embodied in this work the results of my long experience as a Professor of Practical Science. Since the year 1805, when I entered at an early age upon the arduous task of conducting the schools of chemistry and manufactures in the Andersonian Institution, up to the present day, I have been assiduously engaged in the study and improvement of most of the chemical, and many of the mechanical arts. Consulted professionally by proprietors of factories, workshops, and mines of various descriptions, both in this country and abroad, concerning derangements in their operations, or defects in their products; I have enjoyed peculiar opportunities of becoming acquainted with their minutest details, and have frequently had the good fortune to rectify what was amiss, or to supply what was wanting. Of the stores of information thus acquired, I have availed myself on the present occasion; careful, meanwhile, to neglect no means of knowledge which my extensive intercourse with foreign nations affords.

"I therefore humbly hope that this work will prove a valuable contribution to the literature of science, serving—

"*In the first place*, to instruct the Manufacturer, Metallurgist, and Tradesman, in the principles of their respective processes, so as to render them, in reality, the masters of their business; and, to emancipate them from a state of bondage to such as are too commonly governed by blind prejudice and a vicious routine.

"*Secondly*, To afford Merchants, Brokers, Dry-salters, Druggists, and Officers of the Revenue, characteristic descriptions of the commodities which pass through their hands.

"*Thirdly*, By exhibiting some of the finest devel-

opments of Chemistry and Physics, to lay open an excellent practical school to Students of these kindred sciences.

"*Fourthly*, To teach Capitalists, who may be desirous of placing their funds in some productive branch of industry, to select, judiciously, among plausible claimants.

"*Fifthly*, To enable gentlemen of the Law to be come well acquainted with the nature of those patent schemes which are so apt to give rise to litigation.

"*Sixthly*, To present to Legislators such a clear exposition of the staple manufactures, as may dissuade them from enacting laws, which obstruct industry, or cherish one branch of it, to the injury of many others.

"*And lastly*, to give the general reader, intent, chiefly, on Intellectual Cultivation, views of many of the noblest achievements of Science, in effecting those grand transformations of matter to which Great Britain and the United States owe their paramount wealth, rank, and power, among the nations of the earth.

"The latest statistics of every important object of Manufacture are given from the best, and, usually, from official authority, at the end of each article."

The whole work is to be completed in twenty-one numbers, at 25 cents each, making a large octavo volume of about 1400 pages. It will be sent, *post paid*, by mail to any part of the Union, on the receipt by the publishers of five dollars in advance. The price of the second London edition from which it is reprinted is eleven dollars. After its completion, toward which it is now approaching, the publishers announce that it will not be in their power to afford it for less than seven.

Bees, Pigeons, Rabbits, and the Canary Bird, familiarly described: their Habits, Propensities, and Dispositions explained; Mode of Treatment in Health and Disease plainly laid down; and the whole adapted, as a Text-Book, for the Young Student. By PETER BOSWELL, of Greenlaw. With an Appendix, containing Directions for the Care of several American Singing-Birds. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1842. 18mo. pp. 164.

WE have found this an interesting little book, though possessing neither apy nor aviary, dove-cote nor rabbit-hutch. It is full of details of practical instruction, conveyed in a simple, business sort of way; though at times with an unconscious poetry, derived doubtless from the innocent and pleasing pursuits to which the author has evidently devoted no small portion of his time and attention. We should be glad if its effect should be to lead some of our country residents to cultivate more than is now done among us a taste of this character, from which they would find no small degree of amusement to result, not unaccompanied with moral benefit, and even perhaps sometimes, if they choose, those advantages generally

supposed to be still more acceptable to our Yankee calculations. Many excellent lessons of morals and wisdom may be learned from these humble little monitors and exemplars, worth treasuring up. The bees have a sort of French Revolution every year—when the working-bees seem to get out of patience with the drones, and make a furious onslaught upon them, massacring them indiscriminately in an annual *Septembrisation*. Certainly, had our author designed to describe the *noblesse* whose character and habits are to be found stamped on the whole series of memoirs of the eighteenth century, he could not have done so more correctly than in speaking of these same gentlemen-drones who compose the court of her Majesty the Queen-Bee—“their sole destined employment being the propagation of their kind, for which they are furnished with food from the common stock, toward the collection of which they never give, nor are expected to give, any assistance.”

Our amiable naturalist justly remarks that the common appellation of that very useful personage the *queen-bee*, is a misnomer, and that she ought to be called the *mother-bee*—to which he does not omit to add, with a *naïveté* of patriotism which is very edifying—“as it is the earnest prayer of every loyal Briton that the terms in a higher quarter may be speedily conjoined.” We protest against stigmatizing the form of government of these industrious little “Associations of Attractive Industry” as a monarchy—even in subjection to a queen. We claim them rather as not only republican, but decidedly democratic.

Mr. Boswell gives us many entertaining particulars of the private lives and morals of his little friends; and the analogies thus presented to human life are often not a little striking. Of the canaries, he says that young married couples sometimes “will fight very much, and the hen strive for the mastership; but in most cases, to the courage of the male be it spoken, without success.” But he would apply a much looser law of divorce than prevails in most civilized communities—“If they should fight too much, and will not come to any reconciliation in the course of one month’s trial, it will be best to part them,” &c.

Young canaries sometimes, it seems, die of blighted affections—a very rare circumstance among those larger bipeds, according to the definition of Diogenes, who are without wings or feathers:

“These birds have their sympathies and antipathies, which nothing can subdue. The sympathy of a male has been shown by putting him alone in an aviary, where there are many females; in a few hours he will make choice of one, and will

not cease for an instant to show his attachment, by feeding her. Nay, he will even choose a female without seeing her; it is sufficient that he should hear her cry, and he will not cease to call her. The same observation is also applicable to the female, and her being already bespoke has been known to prove fatal; when the new lover has died of grief.”

There are natural, incurable “old bachelors” among them, as well as among us. In some cases, we read that “all these sources of sympathy seem to be dried up within them, and an immediate antipathy, which no endeavor nor fond caress can overcome, to have usurped its place.” However, these gentry form a much more useful and respectable class than their corresponding anti-types we have alluded to—for (being chiefly confined to the males) these “are generally found to be the best singers.” These are queer analogies, certainly; and we might amuse ourselves with tracing out many more, had we more space to bestow upon them.

Cottage Residences: or, a Series of Designs for Rural Cottages and Cottage-Villas, and their Gardens and Grounds. Adapted to North America. By A. J. DOWNING, author of a “Treatise on Landscape Gardening.” Illustrated by numerous engravings. New York and London; Wiley & Putnam; 1842. 8vo. pp. 187.

THE country is already under no small degree of obligation to Mr. Downing for his former charming book on Landscape Gardening; and he adds to the debt by the lessons which in the present one he teaches to our farmers, and to the residents of our thousands of country villages, for a judicious combination of beauty, convenience, and economy in the construction of their houses. One of the greatest charms that delight the eye of the American traveller in many parts of England, is the profusion and variety of cottage residences of this kind, of which he is a thousand times tempted to desire to transplant one, like the house of Our Lady of Loretto, to his own country, to serve as models for imitation. Mr. Downing’s work marks probably the turning point of an era among us in this respect. His numerous pretty designs and plans cannot fail to induce many of those about to build to adopt the suggestions of an improved taste which he offers; while the fullness of his practical instructions, with his explanations of expense, &c., will show to everybody that he can just as easily and as cheaply make himself the possessor of a beautiful abode, which will be a perpetual pleasure to the occupant and delight

to the eye of the stranger, as disfigure the scenery of his native country with a huge unsightly square white box, or pine-board Parthenon, or shingle castle. We recommend to all about to build in the country not to determine on their plan till they have looked into this volume,—of which in our next we shall probably endeavor to give our readers some more detailed account.

The Mineral Springs of Western Virginia: with Remarks on their Use, and the Diseases to which they are applicable. By WILLIAM BURKE. "Quamvis ut hoc mallem de iis qui essent idonei suscipere quam me: ne quam neminem."—CIC. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1842. 18mo. pp. 291.

Pictorial Guide to the Falls of Niagara: A Manual for Visitors, giving an Account of this Stupendous Natural Wonder; and all the Objects of Curiosity in its Vicinity; with Every Historical Incident of Interest: and also Full Directions for Visiting the Cataract and its Neighboring Scenes. Illustrated by Numerous Maps, Charts, and Engravings, from Original Surveys and Designs. The Illustrations designed and engraved by J. W. Orr. Buffalo: Press of Salisbury & Clapp. 1842. 18mo. pp. 232.

A COUPLE of serviceable guide-books, to their respective places of summer pilgrimage—with much convenient and useful information, and not without entertainment; which latter quality, in the first-named of the two, resides chiefly in the calmly dignified magniloquence of style corresponding to the classical stateliness of the above title-page, and which we do not hesitate to pronounce the *ne plus ultra* of guide-book eloquence. It presents a full and elaborate account of all the numerous springs usually classed together as "the Virginia Springs," and says that, "in no section of the civilized globe is there such a variety in the same space." The author laments their temporary depression in value, as property, from the "universal declension of prosperity;" but anticipates that they will become a place of cosmopolitan resort, and of immense value in themselves and benefit to Western Virginia, as soon as times revive, and the Legislature construct macadamized roads, to connect them with each other and with the surrounding great routes of travel. We should infer, however, that he himself is rather disposed to deprecate that, as a consummation *not* devoutly to be wished, from his praises

of their present "calm repose, freedom from restraint, and omission of conventional usages," which he places in triumphant contrast with "the routine of follies and absurd ceremonies which constitute the pleasures of a *fashionable* watering-place." "Whensoever," he proceeds, with a stride of style which we shrink from attempting to follow with any humble imitation of ours, "whensoever the whiz of the steam-engine shall have invaded the solitary grandeur of our mountain defiles, then will the charms of our scenery and society deteriorate under the ruthless hands of a utilitarian generation."

The other of the two makes a very nice and recommendable little volume. The numerous cuts and illustrations are in general neatly executed, and the whole typography is in very pretty style. But there is one of the plates against which we protest with indignation—that of "the Three Profiles." They are thus described:

"From the Hog's Back, a singular phenomenon is presented to view. It is that of three profile figures of the human face, upon the rock under the edge of the American Fall, so fully and clearly defined, that one can scarcely believe them to be the work of chance, and not of the sculptor's art. They are of gigantic size, but well proportioned, and are situated as shown in the engraving above. The first or upper one represents a negro; the next, a young and well favored man, of the European race, and the lowest, an elderly and spectacled personage of the same descent. They appear to be of the male sex, and the features of each are singularly well defined. They were first observed last season, and are now regarded with no little interest. This strange trio certainly exhibit a very remarkable coincidence of casualties."

Now, in the first place, the upper face, as represented in the plate referred to, does not bear the most remote resemblance to the features of a "negro;" and in the second place, neither the plate nor the description bears any much greater resemblance to the reality. The three are there given, as of about equal prominence and distinctness, the one immediately under the edge of the fall—a second half-way down the rock—and a third still lower. In the native rock the two latter are quite insignificant, appearing as but accidental indentations on what would seem the drapery of the huge chest above which frowns the dark massiveness of the upper face—the only one worthy of notice. This is indeed sublime; and it is unpardonable, that all its solemn grandeur should be frittered away, by one who evidently has not seen it in the proper light, or has not understood or felt it, if he has. This colossal face was observed for the first time last year, through the occasional opening of the spray, by the "eye of genius" of a very distinguished

artist of this city, a lady, from whose sketches, taken on the spot, we make the present criticism. The features are wonderfully perfect, and nobly moulded into an expression of eternal endurance,—the brow, surmounted by the sheet of the fall, beetling with a lowering frown over a straight and well defined nose—the lips compressed, but clearly and strongly chiselled, the chin well proportioned and rounded—and the whole outline of the face bowed forward upon the chest of the stony giant, as though beneath the pressure of the awful rush of waters which he seems planted there by some primeval doom to sustain.

Lord Morpeth's recent lines on the great cataract, which are prefixed to the volume, are not unworthy of quotation :

"NIAGARA.

There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall!
 Thou may'st not to the fancy's sense recall—
 The thunder raven's loud, the lightning's leap,
 The stirring of the chambers of the deep,
 Earth's emerald green, and many tinted dyes,
 The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies,
 The tread of armies, thickening as they come,
 The boom of cannon, and the beat of drum,
 The brow of beauty, and the form of grace,
 The passion, and the prowess of our race,
 The song of Homer in its loftest hour,
 The irresistible sweep of Roman power,
 Britannia's Trident on the azure sea,
 America's young shout of liberty!
 Oh! may the wars that madden in thy deeps,
 There spend their rage, nor climb th' encircling
 steep;
 And till the conflict of thy surges cease,
 The Nations on thy banks repose in peace!"

Mexico in 1842: A Description of the Country, its Natural and Political Features; with a Sketch of its History brought down to the Present Year. To which is added, an Account of Texas and Yucatan; and of the Santa Fé Expedition. Illustrated with a New Map. New York: Charles J. Folsom; Wiley & Putnam; Robinson, Pratt & Co. 1842. 18mo. pp. 256.

Multum in parvo—a very acceptable compendium of information little known and much needed; in a plain and practical shape; comprehensive, yet not deficient in distinctness of detail, and brought freshly down to the present day.

Handy Andy. By SAMUEL LOVER. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway: 1842.

THIS comical and popular story, over which the most solemn of sages will be apt to make himself ridiculous to himself

by immoderate laughter, is issued by the above named publishers as fast as it appears, in monthly shilling parts. The illustrations, of which there are two to each number, are from the pencil of the author himself, under whose hand his own scenes of rich and rollicking Irish fun lose nothing of their wit or drollery. It has reached its seventh part—and long may it be before it reaches the last.

The Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran and his Man, Mark Antony O'Toole. By W. H. MAXWELL, author of "Stories of Waterloo," &c. Illustrated by Dick Kitcat. "Faugh-a-Ballagh." New York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway: 1842.

"FAUGH-A-BALLAGH," is the celebrated and characteristic Irish motto, meaning "clear the way!" It is a bold undertaking, that on which Mr. Maxwell has ventured, of flinging down the glove of rivalry straight at the feet of the author of "Charles O'Malley;" but he has done so boldly and bravely. He has brought forward on his stage a young Irishman, who seems to be the full incarnation of the wild and warm genius of his country; he has given him a body-guard to match, and a commission in the twenty-first Fusiliers; and has fairly started him forth on the world as a soldier of fortune, which in general, as we need not to be told, signifies, in Ireland, as everywhere else, a soldier of no fortune. The first three numbers, all that have yet appeared, promise capitally for the sequel; and though we took them up with a pshaw! of impatience at having to read them for an opinion about them, we intend to read the future ones as fast as they come out, for their own sake, for the fun that's in them.

General History of Civilisation in Europe, from the Fall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. By M. GUIZOT, Professor of History in the Faculty of Literature at Paris, and Minister of Public Instruction. Third American, from the Second English Edition, with occasional Notes by C. S. HENRY, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and History in the University of the city of New York. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 200 Broadway, 1842. 12mo. pp. 316.

It is a good sign of a healthy public taste to observe the call for a third edition of these admirable Lectures of Guizot.

zot within so short a period; and we are glad to learn that this work has been adopted as a text-book by numerous institutions of Education. It is undoubtedly, for the period embraced within its survey, the most perfect model of philosophical history that has been produced. It will long remain a monument to the memory of the author, when the politician and his politics shall be forgotten. Professor Henry has added some Notes, which considerably enhance the utility of the volume in the hands of the student, though we think he might with advantage have made them more numerous. Guizot presupposes an acquaintance with the events of the whole European history of the times, out of which he has himself extracted all their essence of meaning, as constituting that history of ideas, principles, and institutions, which it is his object to develop. When used as a school-book, it would be a material aid that it should be accompanied with illustrative facts and details, and chronological summaries of the various groups of events on which the several portions of the work are based. Professor Henry has, in general, done this so well, that we are tempted to wish that he had taken a larger view of the opportunity afforded to him as Editor, and had carried it out to a greater extent.

“*Discourses on Human Life.*” By ORVILLE DEWEY, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in New York. New York: published by David Felt & Co., Stationers’ Hall, 245 Pearl, and 34 Wall Streets. 1841. 12mo. pp. 300.

WITHOUT any allusion to the peculiar views of the denomination, of which Mr. Dewey is one of the most distinguished ministers in the United States, we may safely commend this volume of sermons to all sects and classes of readers, for the high Christian philosophy and morality with which they are replete—the comforting views of life, the sustaining views of death, and the generally elevating and purifying tendency which characterize such of them as we have yet had time to read, within the few days that the volume

has been placed on our table. They well sustain Mr. Dewey’s reputation for eloquence, earnestness, benignity of spirit, and force of reasoning.

The Irving Institute—an English and Classical Boarding School for Young Gentlemen, Tarrytown, Westchester County, N. Y., WILLIAM P. LYON, A.M., and CHARLES H. LYON, A.M., Principals. 1842-3.

The receipt of a pamphlet prospectus of this excellent institution affords an opportunity we are pleased to take advantage of, to recommend it to the attention of all who would desire to place a son in a spacious and elegant establishment of this kind, on one of the finest sites on the unrivalled banks of the Hudson, as well in point of salubrity of air as beauty of scenery; and under the charge of gentlemen highly qualified for their responsible duty, in character, talent, accomplishment, and experience. The numerous and strong testimonials of approbation, contained in letters from parents, (gentlemen of known competency to judge,) which are appended to the prospectus, amply confirm the opinion which, as we have here expressed it, is founded on personal acquaintance with the estimable Principals. They speak with especial emphasis respecting the healthy moral influences and religious culture which, under the conscientious care and attention of these gentlemen, their children have had the good fortune to enjoy. Mr. Charles W. Lyon, formerly an instructor in the Grammar School of Columbia College, besides various Addresses, &c., is also the author of a volume used in the institution, entitled “Contributions to Academic Literature”—which has been generally noticed with favor by the press.

We have a number of other books on our table, either received too late for examination and notice in our present Number, or necessarily deferred for want of room, which will be suitably attended to in our next.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

THE recent dearth in Literary Novelties, is, we are happy to find, about to be relieved by the speedy appearance of several important works of interest and value; among these, the most prominent will unquestionably be, the forthcoming work of Mr. STEPHENS, comprising his further *Researches among the Antiquities of Central America*, which are characterized by a far more stupendous grandeur than those already discovered. The author of the far-famed "*Glory and Shame of England*," has also nearly ready a new work, to be entitled, "*The Condition and Fate of England*;"—a subject at the present moment of paramount interest, when, to the observing eye, the internal condition of that powerful nation presents anomalies as conflicting as they are ominous and alarming. These volumes are designed as a continuation and summing up of the argument commenced in his former work, "*The Glory and Shame of England*," which created so much ado among all classes of readers. From a hasty glance at portions of the MS., which differs materially in character and scope from the preceding production, there is little doubt but its appearance will awaken great and very general interest. A single chapter merely is devoted as a reply to the charges alleged against this writer by "*Libertas*;" the work, therefore, is far from being of a polemical cast, while it is characterized by even a more unsparing hand in its astounding developments.

TWO new works of a biographical character are also on the tapis, one, "*Memoirs of Printers and Booksellers who became eminent Publishers, comprising a Historical Sketch of the Publishing Business in the United States*." It will include much interesting statistical detail connected with our native literature and its purveyors, cotemporary and past. By JOHN KEESE, Esq. The other work alluded to, which will range with the foregoing, is to be entitled, "*Memoirs of American Merchants distinguished for Enterprise, Success in Business, Moral Worth, and for their Liberality in objects of Public Charity, &c.*" By Rev. J. L. BLAKE, author of a General Biographical Dictionary.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES is said to be engaged on a New Drama, founded on events in the history of America; an Indian princess constitutes the heroine of the piece. Theodore S. Fay is sufficiently convalescent to admit of his resuming his literary labors; his new novel, it is expected, will now shortly appear. Paulding has nearly completed a new work of fiction. The widow of the lamented Tyrone Power is about to prepare for the press the collected writings of that inimitable comedian and author.

"*A Peep into the Book of Nature*," is the title of a volume now in course of preparation, and to be published during the ensuing autumn. The design of the work is to illustrate a great variety of the phenomena of Nature in all her multifarious works, by appropriate engravings, and by scientific explanations, expressed in a simple and perspicuous manner, so as to be easily comprehended by the young mind, for which this volume is chiefly intended. It will contain more than ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, executed in the best style of the art. We have seen a few of them; and knowing the ability of the author and artist to perform his labor well, we have no hesitation in highly commending this volume to parents, not only as a rich holiday gift, but as a valuable acquisition to the library of any family.

ENGLISH.

Mr. MILFORD's "*Norway and its Laplanders*" in 1841, is now published.

J. W. LESTER's new works, "*The Omnipotence and Wisdom of Jehorah*," two orations; and "*Visit to Dovedale, Derbyshire*," was announced for the 1st of August.

The Fourth Part of the "*Graphic Illustrations of Animals*," showing their utility to man in their employments during life, and their uses after death, will shortly be published.

Preparing for publication—"A Glossary of the Symbolical Language of Christian Art during the Middle Ages."

Also, a very beautiful "*Chronological Chart of British Architecture*," combining, with the Genealogy of the Sove-

reigns of England, the most important events in European history.

The Rev. Dr. VAUGHAN has in preparation a new work, to be entitled, "*The Age of Great Cities; or Modern Civilisation viewed in relation to Intelligence, Morals, and Religion.*" With Notes of a Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of Lancashire, &c., by W. COOKE TAYLOR.

A third volume of "*Discourses on various Subjects.*" By the late Rev. Dr. M'ALL, of Manchester, is in the press, and will shortly be published. Also forming a series, "*A Hand-Book for Northern Italy.*"—"*A Hand-Book for Southern Italy.*"—"*A Hand-Book for France.*"—"*A Hand-Book for Westminster Abbey, its Art, Architecture, and Associations.*" And "*A Hand-Book for London, Past and Present,*"—all considerably advanced.

A new Historical Romance, by Mrs. HOFLAND, is nearly ready, under the title of "*The Czarina.*"—A Treatise "*On the Unity of the Church.*" By Rev. E. H. MANNING.—"*Memoirs of the late Francis Homer.*"—Dr. TRUMAN's new work on "*Food, and its Influence on Health and Disease,*"—and Mr. HAMILTON's "*Researches in Asia Minor, Pontus, and Armenia,*" are also about to appear; in addition to which we observe the following:—"*Dora Medler,* a story of Alsace. By Rev. C. B. TAYLER, author of "*Records of a Good Man's Life.*"—"*Notes and Observations on the Ionian Islands and Malta,*" &c. By Dr. JOHN DAY.—A new volume by MAUNDER, entitled, "*A Treasury of Geography and History,*" uniform with the former series by this useful compiler.—A new novel, edited by the author of "*The Subaltern,*" under the title of "*Self-Devotion;*" but really written by the author of "*The Only Daughter,*" and a translation of KOHL's valuable work on Russia, which last will be considered among the most acceptable works of its class in modern times.

The following have just appeared—"The Art of Conversation, with accompanying Thoughts on Manners, Fashion, and Address." By Capt. ORLANDO SABERTASH.—"*Belgium since the Revolution of 1830;*" comprising a Topographical and Antiquarian Description of the Coun-

try, and a Review of its Political and other Relations.—"*The Two Dangerous Diseases of England, Consumption and Apoplexy, their Nature, Causes, and Cure.*" By ROWLAND EAST, Esq., Surgeon, &c. Now publishing, by subscription, in Four Quarterly Parts (each containing Eight Views),—"Sketches of Churches," drawn on the spot, and on zinc, accompanied by short descriptions. By H. G. RELTON. Part I. is now ready.—"*Soldiers and Sailors;*" or, Anecdotes, Details, and Recollections of Naval and Military Life, as related to his Nephews. By an OLD OFFICER. The work is replete with interesting information, and illustrated with more than 50 wood-cuts, from the designs of John Gilbert.

The EARL OF LEICESTER, better known as Mr. COKE, of Norfolk, author of several popular treatises on Agricultural subjects, died recently in London at an advanced age.

CONTINENTAL.

Reformatoren vor der Reformation (Reformers before the Reformation, especially in the Netherlands and Germany) is the title of a new and important work by the celebrated Dr. ULLMAN. The first volume, which appeared last year, contains, besides the lives of Joh. of Goch, Joh. of Wesel, with those of others who were collected around them, a most interesting Introduction, on the Necessity of a Reformation in the Church at large, and some ecclesiastical conditions in particular. At a time when distinguished members of the Protestant church so often and so fondly dwell on "the crimes of the Reformation," a work of this sort may serve again to dispel the false impressions which such writers may have produced.

The city of Berlin is about to be enriched with a collection of 845 Indian manuscripts, almost all in the Sanscrit, and containing the whole of the Vedas, which M. BUNSEN has purchased from the heirs of the late Sir R. CHAMBERS. The whole collection cost M. BUNSEN 1,250*l.*



Engraved by A. L. Dick, from a Miniature.

P. A. Walker

Engraved for the U.S. Magazine & Democratic Review.

J. & H. G. Langley, New York.

be found to enrich its pages with
... also derives power from
... original contributors who
... names — Bancroft, Follen,
... Critch, Butler, Gannett,
... Northwick, Everett, Henshaw,
... involved in John D. Sul-
... under whose auspices it has so
... In addition to its high literary
... in respect to the matter it exceeds that
... in a part of its in-
... to the pub-
... execution, we have done its
... challenge, compell-
... With such claims
... American periodical literature, it is
... whose interests
... the present
... be questioned,
... displayed in the writ-
... the shoues
... the work with which
... has now become identified.

The first issue of the Democratic Review contained July, 1841, and in
... to believe that of those who have read the pages of the Boston Quar-
... the present work, the publishers have the
... to announce that they will be glad to all such who shall remit
... the present month the amount of their subscription, (\$5.) for the cas-
... year, ending next July.

NOTICE OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR THE NEXT YEAR, 1842

Stately Illustrated Portraits of eminent Patriots and
... pages of "curious and interesting
... the collection of the



Address

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF THE "BOSTON QUARTERLY."

IN submitting the present number of the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW to the inspection of the subscribers to the BOSTON QUARTERLY, the Publishers of the former work beg respectfully to invite attention to some of its distinguishing characteristics. Besides incorporating for the first time the valuable contributions of the Rev. O. A. Brownson, which will hereafter be found to enrich its pages in regular monthly succession, the Democratic Review also derives powerful attractions from its extensive and highly talented list of original contributors, which includes, among others, the following distinguished names,—Bancroft, Everett, Whittier, Amos Kendall, J. F. Cooper, Paulding, Gilpin, Butler, General Cass, W. C. Bryant, J. L. Stephens, Cambreleng, Miss Sedgwick, Davezac, Hawthorn, Godwin, Eames, &c., while the editorial charge is devolved on John L. O'Sullivan, Esq., the originator of the work, and under whose auspices it has so long maintained its distinguished reputation. In addition to its high literary standard, it will be seen that the *amount* of its reading matter far exceeds that of any similar periodical in the country, thus constituting it, apart from its intrinsic character, the *cheapest work of its class ever presented to the patronage of the American public*; while its mechanical execution, no less than its monthly series of pictorial embellishments, may confidently challenge competition with the best productions on either side the Atlantic. With such claims on the support of the friends generally of American periodical literature, it is believed, to all who have hitherto sustained the talented work whose interests have now become merged into those of the Democratic Review, the present appeal will not prove unsuccessful. This, indeed, can scarcely be questioned, since all who have appreciated the high order of talent displayed in the writings of Mr. Brownson, will find, by the proposed arrangement, the strongest additional inducements for transferring their patronage to the work with which he has now become associated.

The *New Series* of the Democratic Review commenced July, 1841, and in the firm belief that *all* those who have been the patrons of the Boston Quarterly will become subscribers to the present work, the publishers have the pleasure to announce that they will forward to all such who shall remit (within the present month) the amount of their subscription, (\$5.) for the current year, ending next July,

A COMPLETE SET OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, FOR THE PAST YEAR, GRATUITOUSLY,

containing twelve finely executed Portraits of eminent Political and Literary characters, and over fifteen hundred pages of varied and interesting reading matter. They have also the satisfaction of being enabled to state that a richly engraved

LIKENESS OF REV. O. A. BROWNSON

is in preparation, and will accompany the present work in the course of the current year. It is therefore particularly requested that all who may desire to become subscribers to the Democratic Review will please notify the publishers of the fact without delay, as the subsequent numbers of that work will not be forwarded unless such intimation be given immediately, addressed to the Publishers,

J. & H. G. LANGLEY, 57 Chatham Street, N.Y.

* * * Postmasters, it will be remembered, are authorized by law to frank all letters containing subscriptions for periodicals.

THE
 UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,
 AND
 DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XI.

OCTOBER, 1842.

No. LII.

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THE CONSTITUTION—THE FRAMERS AND THE FRAMING.*

SECOND ARTICLE.

In a preceding article (D. R., August, 1842, Article II.) we made some remarks upon the proceedings that led to the Federal Convention, and upon the characters of some of the most prominent members. On the present occasion we propose to notice very briefly the principal plans that were presented, and the progress of the debate, by which they were gradually moulded into the existing Constitution.

The evil complained of under the preceding system—commonly called the old Confederation—was the inefficiency of the Congress, and its want of any regular power to enforce its requisitions on the States. The nature of the remedy indicated by this political disease, was, of course, in general terms, an extension of the authority delegated to the Union, and a partial sacrifice of State independence. Thus far all were agreed—at least all whose opinions were represented in the convention. But it was, of course, impossible that a revolution like the one in contemplation should take place with-

out great differences of opinion; and these naturally turned upon the extent to which the proposed increase of the power of the Union should be carried, and the form in which it should be effected. The debates that grew out of these differences revealed the existence of the National and State-Rights parties, which divided the Convention, and which seem to constitute the permanent party division most naturally resulting from the political circumstances of this country. The precise point on which the parties took issue in the Convention was, whether the Union should be continued as a confederacy of independent States, with such extension of the powers of Congress, as might be deemed expedient, or whether the States, for the purposes contemplated in the Union, should surrender their independence, and form themselves into one body politic, under a common government.

The friends of the latter system proposed the establishment of a general government, with a legislature in

* The Papers of James Madison, purchased by Order of Congress, being his Correspondence, and Reports of Debates during the Congress of the Confederation, and his Reports of Debates in the Federal Convention, now published from the Original MSS., deposited in the Department of State, by Direction of the Joint Literary Committee of Congress, under the Superintendance of Henry D. Gilpin. 3 vols 8vo. New York: J. and H. G. Langley. 1841.

which the States should exercise influence in proportion to their population. They also proposed to give to the General Government a negative on the acts of the State Governments. The State-Rights party, on the other hand, proposed the continuance of the existing confederacy, with some extension of the powers of Congress, and the addition of a national executive and judiciary. After much discussion the point was compromised, by the establishment of a general government, acting directly upon individuals, and not upon States; with a legislature consisting of two branches, in one of which the States were to have an equal vote, and in the other a vote proportional to their population. The other question was compromised in a still more skillful way, by maintaining, in the first instance, the formal validity of all the acts of the State Governments; but, at the same time, giving to the Constitutional laws of the Union a paramount authority in the courts of justice, anything in the constitution and laws of the several States to the contrary notwithstanding. By this masterly device the ascendancy of the Union, which was indispensable to the harmonious and successful conduct of the public affairs, was fully secured, without any offensive interference with the formal legislation of the States, or any danger of the collisions to which an attempt at such interference would have necessarily led. The adoption of these principles fixed the basis of the new system: the subsequent proceedings of the Convention were a mere arrangement of details, not always unattended with difficulty, but, in most cases, of no essential importance to the general result.

Such is the naked outline of the proceedings of the Convention. At the present time we believe it to be the prevalent opinion that the compromise adopted on both these points was, on the whole, favorable to the views of the National party. In the Convention itself the feeling appears to have been different. The proportional vote of the States in both branches of the national legislature, and a formal negative by the General Government on the laws of the States, were considered by the National party as indispensable to the success of the new scheme. They feared, and fully believed, that an equal

representation of the States in one branch of the Legislature, having a complete negative on the acts of the other, would be just as fatal to the efficiency of the Government as an equal representation in both, and would perpetuate all the vices of the old Confederation. This apprehension, which appears, in fact, very plausible, and of which nothing but experience could have shown the futility, was entertained, not only by those who would have preferred a permanent executive and senate—in short, a constitution substantially on the British model—but by those who contemplated merely an efficient republican government. We had occasion to advert, in our preceding article, to the great influence exercised by Virginia on the establishment of the Constitution, and to the extraordinary prominence of Mr. Madison as a member of the Convention. It is, therefore, worthy of remark in this connection, and the fact is highly honorable to the character of the Convention, that this influence, far from being dictatorial, was not even on the most important points regarded as decisive; and that every member of the Convention seems to have acted with perfect independence upon every question that came before the body. On both the points alluded to above—the proportional vote and the formal negative on the laws of the States—Virginia was decided. They are the leading points in Governor Randolph's plan, which formed the basis of the proceedings. Mr. Madison insisted on both, with immovable tenacity, to the very last moment that they were under discussion; but, notwithstanding their respect for the commanding position of Virginia in the Union, and for the personal character and talents of Mr. Madison, the representatives of the smaller States acted without hesitation upon what they considered as the interest of their constituents, and succeeded in defeating the efforts of Mr. Madison and the other statesmen of the Virginia school. The result has shown that in practical politics the force of circumstances is a safer guide than any theoretical reasoning, however plausible, or, considered as theory, apparently incontestable. The equal vote of the States in the Senate has not been found in practice to impair, in the slightest degree, the efficiency of the General Government.

The assignment of the duty of maintaining the ascendancy of the legislation of the Union over that of the States to the judiciary department, instead of the legislative or executive, was an improvement, of which no language can describe the importance, and is the feature in the Government which is now justly regarded as the pride and beauty of the system.

This question, upon which the divisions in the Convention, and subsequently in the country, were destined chiefly to turn, presented itself for discussion at the very threshold of the proceedings. Mr. Madison tells us, that "before the arrival of a majority of the States, the rule by which they ought to vote in the Convention had been a subject of conversation among those members present. It was pressed by Gouverneur Morris, and favored of Robert Morris and others from Pennsylvania, that the large States should unite in firmly refusing to the small ones an equal vote in the Convention, as unreasonable, and as enabling the small States to negative every good system of government, which must, in the nature of things, be founded on a violation of that equality. The members from Virginia, conceiving that such an attempt might beget fatal altercations between the large and small States, and that it would be easier to prevail on the latter, in the course of the deliberations, to give up their equality for the sake of an effective government, than, on taking the field of discussion, to disarm themselves of the right, and thereby throw themselves on the mercy of the larger States, discountenanced and stifled the project."

The want of punctuality in attending to their duties, which prevailed to so great an extent among the members of Congress under the old Confederation, was also observed at the opening of the Convention. The day fixed for the meeting was the fourteenth of May, 1787, but it was not until the twenty-fifth that seven States, forming at that time a majority of the whole number, were represented, and that it was possible to proceed to business. After the formal arrangements, which occupied three or four days, had been completed, Governor Randolph, of Virginia, on the twenty-ninth of May, presented a series of fifteen Resolutions,

embracing the principles which were to form the basis of the proposed Constitution. He introduced them by a speech of some length, explaining the nature of the mischiefs which had been felt under the old Confederation,—the dangerous condition of the country, and the character of the remedy proposed in the Resolves, which were offered in the name of the Virginia delegation. These Resolutions contain the germ of the Constitution, as finally adopted, and formed the text of the debates throughout the whole proceedings. They are as follow:—

"MR. RANDOLPH'S RESOLUTIONS.

"Resolved, That the Articles of Confederation ought to be so corrected and enlarged as to accomplish the objects proposed by their institution: namely, 'common defence, security of liberty, and general welfare.'

"2. Resolved, *That the rights of suffrage in the national Legislature ought to be proportioned to the quotas of the contribution, or to the number of free inhabitants, as the one or the other rule may seem best in different cases.*

"3. Resolved, That the national Legislature ought to consist of two branches.

"4. Resolved, That the members of the first branch of the national Legislature ought to be elected by the people of the several States every _____, for the term of _____; to be of the age of _____ years at least; to receive liberal stipends, by which they may be compensated for the devotion of their time to the public service; to be ineligible to any office, established by a particular State, or under the authority of the United States, except those peculiarly belonging to the functions of the first branch, during their term of service, and for the space of _____ after its expiration; to be incapable of re-election for the space of _____ after the expiration of their term of service, and to be subject to recall.

"5. Resolved, That the members of the second branch of the national Legislature ought to be elected by those of the first out of a proper number of persons, nominated by the individual Legislatures; to be of the age of _____ years at least; to hold their offices for a term sufficient to ensure their independence; to receive liberal stipends, by which they may be compensated for the devotion of their time to the public service; and to be ineligible to any office, established by a particular State, or under the authority of the United States, except those peculiarly

belonging to the functions of the second branch during the time of service, and for the space of ——— after the expiration thereof.

“ 6. Resolved, That each branch ought to possess the right of originating acts; that the national Legislature ought to be empowered to enjoy the legislative rights vested in Congress by the confederation, and, moreover, to legislate in all cases to which the separate States are incompetent, or in which the harmony of the United States may be interrupted by the exercise of individual Legislatures; to negative all laws passed by the several States, contravening, in the opinion of the national Legislature, the Articles of Union, or any treaty subsisting under the authority of the Union; and to call forth the force of the Union against any member of the Union failing to fulfil its duty under the articles thereof.

“ 7. Resolved, That a national Executive be instituted, to be chosen by the national Legislature for the term of ———; to receive punctually at stated times, a fixed compensation for the services rendered, in which no increase nor diminution shall be made, so as to affect the magistracy existing at the time of increase or diminution, and to be ineligible a second time; and that, besides a general authority to execute the laws, it ought to enjoy the executive rights vested in Congress by the confederation.

“ 8. Resolved, That the executive and a convenient number of the national judiciary ought to compose a council of revision, with authority to examine every act of the national Legislature, before it shall operate, and every act of a particular Legislature, before a negative thereon shall be final; and that the dissent of the said council shall amount to a rejection, unless the act of the national Legislature be again passed, or that of a particular Legislature be again negated by ——— of the members of each branch.

“ 9. Resolved, That a national judiciary be established, to consist of one or more supreme tribunals, and of inferior tribunals to be chosen by the national Legislature; to hold their office during good behavior, and to receive punctually at stated times, a fixed compensation for their services, in which no increase or diminution shall be made, so as to affect the persons actually in office at the time of such increase or diminution. That the jurisdiction of the inferior tribunals shall be to hear and determine, in the first instance, and of the supreme tribunal to hear and determine in the *dernier ressort*, all piracies and felonies on the high seas; captures from an enemy; cases in which

foreigners, or citizens of other States, applying to such jurisdictions, may be interested; or which respect the collection of the national revenue; impeachments of any national officers, and questions, which may involve the national peace and harmony.

“ 10. Resolved, That provision ought to be made for the admission of States, lawfully arising within the limits of the United States; whether from a voluntary junction of Government and territory, or otherwise, with the consent of a number of voices in the national Legislature, less than the whole.

“ 11. Resolved, That a republican government and the territory of each state, except in the instance of a voluntary junction of Government and territory, ought to be guaranteed by the United States to each State.

“ 12. Resolved, That provision ought to be made for the continuance of Congress and their authorities and privileges, until a given day after the reform of the articles of union shall be adopted, and for the completion of all their engagements.

“ 13. Resolved, That provision ought to be made for the amendment of the articles of union, whenever it shall seem necessary; and that the assent of the national Legislature ought not to be required thereto.

“ 14. Resolved, That the legislative, executive and judiciary powers within the several States ought to be bound by oath to support the articles of union.

“ 15. Resolved, That the amendments, which shall be offered to the confederation by the convention, ought, at a proper time, or times, after the approbation of Congress, to be submitted to an assembly of representatives, recommended by the several Legislatures, to be expressly chosen by the people to consider and decide thereon.”

The Resolutions, as well as the abstract of the speech introducing them, which is given in the Report, were furnished to Mr. Madison by Mr. Randolph himself, and are in his handwriting in the original papers. It is but just, however, to both the parties, to add that the substance of the plan is contained in a letter addressed to Mr. Randolph by Mr. Madison from New York, where he was in attendance as a member of Congress, under date of the eighth of April, 1787. Mr. Madison himself remarks in the Introduction to the Reports, that “the earliest sketch on paper of a constitutional Government for the Union (or-

ganized into the regular departments, with physical means operating on individuals), to be sanctioned by *the people of the States*, acting in their original and sovereign character, was contained in the letters of James Madison to Thomas Jefferson of the nineteenth of March; to Governor Randolph of the eighth of April; and to General Washington of the sixteenth of April, 1787." The two former of these letters are published, for the first time, in the present collection. The third was not inserted by Mr. Madison in this work, but is found in Sparks's edition of the Writings of Washington. The letter to Randolph of the eighth of April, which is the one that more immediately suggested the substance of the Virginia plan, indicates distinctly the three leading points presented in the Resolutions, viz., the substitution of a national Government, organized with executive, legislative, and judiciary departments, instead of the existing confederation of independent States; the proportional vote of the States in both branches of the national Legislature, instead of the equal vote, allowed in the Congress of the Confederation; and the negative by the national Government on the acts of the States, to be exercised through the legislative departments as well as the judiciary.

In regard to the first and second of these points, Mr. Madison remarks in the letter to Randolph, above alluded to, that "he holds it for a fundamental point, that an individual independence of the States is utterly irreconcilable with the idea of an aggregate sovereignty." "I think," says he, "at the same time, that a consolidation of the States into one single republic is not more unattainable, than it would be expedient. Let it be tried then, whether any middle ground can be taken, which will at once support a due supremacy of the national authority, and leave in force the local authorities, so far as they can be subordinately useful. The first step to be taken is, I think, a change in the principle of representation. According to the present form of the Union, an equality of suffrage, if not just towards the larger members of it, is, at least, safe to them, as the liberty they exercise of rejecting or executing the acts of Congress, is uncontrollable by the nominal sovereign-

ty of Congress. Under a system which would operate without the intervention of the States, the case would be materially altered. A vote from Delaware would have the same effect as one from Massachusetts or Virginia." "Let it have a negative," continues Mr. Madison, "*in all cases whatsoever*, on the legislative acts of the States, as the King of Great Britain heretofore had. This I conceive to be essential to the least possible abridgment of the State sovereignties. Without such a defensive power, every positive power, that can be given on paper, will be unavailing. It will also give internal stability to the States. There has been no moment since the peace, when the Federal assent would have been given to paper money, &c. Let this national supremacy be extended also to the judiciary department. If the judges in the last resort depend on the States, and are bound by their oaths to them and not the Union, the intention of the law and the interests of the nation may be defeated by the obsequiousness of the tribunals to the policy or prejudices of the States. It seems, at least, essential that an appeal should lie to some national tribunals in all cases which concern foreigners, or inhabitants of other States."

In regard to the proposed negative by the General Government upon the acts of the State Legislatures, Mr. Madison remarks, in the Introduction to the Debates, that "the feature in these letters, which vested in the general authority a negative on the laws of the States, was suggested by the negative in the head of the British empire, which prevented collisions between the parts and the whole, and between the parts themselves. It was supposed, that the substitution of an elective and responsible authority, for an hereditary and irresponsible one, would avoid the appearance even of a departure from republicanism. But, *although the subject was so viewed in the convention, and the votes on it were more than equally divided*, it was finally and justly abandoned, as, apart from other objections, it was not practicable among so many States, increasing in number, and enacting, each of them, so many laws. Instead of the proposed negative, the objects of it were left as in the Constitution."

In the above remark, "that the votes upon this question were more than once equally divided," Mr. Madison, probably from defect of memory at the time when the Introduction to the Debates was written, has hardly done justice to the favor with which the proposal was received by the Convention. The clause, as it stands in Mr. Randolph's plan, giving authority to the national Legislature to negative all State laws contravening the articles of union, was taken up for the first time on the 31st of May, and 'agreed to without debate or dissent.' The vote was afterwards reconsidered on motion of Mr. Pinckney, with a view not to an abridgment, but to an extension of the power previously given; and on the 8th of June he proposed, "that a national Legislature should have authority to negative" (not only such State laws, as might, in their opinion, contravene the articles of union and existing treaties, but "*all laws which they should judge to be improper.*") Mr. Madison seconded, and strongly supported the motion, which was also supported in debate by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Dickinson. It was lost by a vote of seven to three; Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia being in favor of it; Delaware divided; Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia against it. The vote, which had been taken on the 31st of May, was not, however, at this time altered; and in the report made by Mr. Gorham on the 13th of June, of the proceedings of the committee of the whole on Mr. Randolph's resolutions, the clause stands as originally offered, with no other alteration than the addition, made on motion of Dr. Franklin, when the subject was first considered, of "existing treaties" after "articles of union." We shall advert to this point again hereafter.

On the same day on which Mr. Randolph presented his resolutions, Mr. Charles Pinckney proposed a plan, in the form of a draft or *projet* of a complete constitution of government. No copy of this document was taken by Mr. Madison, nor was the original on file among the papers of the Convention, which remained in the custody of Washington and were deposited by him, while President of the United States, in the department of

State. In the year 1819, the journal of the Convention was published by order of Congress under the direction of the department of State, and a copy of the missing paper was, at that time, furnished by Mr. Pinckney himself. It appears, however, that some doubt may be entertained, whether the paper thus furnished, is a correct copy of the one presented to the Convention. Mr. Madison, in a note on the subject, points out several discrepancies between the suggestions made in the plan, and the course taken in debate by the author. The plan, for example, provides, that the members of the House of Representatives shall be chosen by the people, while the author, on the 6th of June, a few days only after the draft was presented and after giving previous notice, opposed that method and recommended an election by the Legislatures of the States. There is an exact coincidence between the language of the plan and that of the Constitution, as adopted, in several passages, in which the language of the Constitution was the result of repeated discussions and amendments, and could not, of course, have been anticipated at the commencement of the proceedings. Mr. Madison conjectures, we think with great probability, that the paper, communicated to the department of State by Mr. Pinckney, was a rough draft, on which the author had interlined a portion of the proceedings of the Convention which was subsequently confounded with the original text. This plan was not directly acted on either in committee of the whole, or in the Convention. It was referred, with the plan of Mr. Patterson, to the "committee of detail," which was appointed on the 24th of July, to report the draft of a Constitution upon the basis of the resolutions previously adopted.

There is a general resemblance between the plan proposed by Mr. Pinckney and the Constitution, as adopted, which, with the direct coincidence in language in several passages above alluded to, would render the document curious, if the correctness of the copy could be depended on. The uncertainty that exists on this point, in a great measure deprives it of value. The leading ideas are substantially the same as those contained in the plan of Mr. Randolph. It is, therefore, not

to be regarded as the expression of any political opinion, prevailing in the Convention, distinct from that represented by Randolph's Resolutions, but merely as another draft on substantially the same basis. For this reason, as well as the uncertainty in regard to the correctness of the copy, we deem it unnecessary to insert the document here.

On the 30th of May, the day after these two plans had been offered, the Convention went into committee of the whole on the state of the Union, Mr. Gorham, of Massachusetts, in the chair; and on that day, and several succeeding ones, took up, successively, and acted on the whole of Mr. Randolph's Resolutions. The State-Rights party do not appear at this time to have matured their ideas sufficiently to act upon them with much decision, and the leading points in the Virginia plan were agreed to with little, and, in some cases, with no opposition. On the first day, after a very short discussion, the grand principle which was to serve as the basis for the whole reform—the substitution of a regularly organized national Government for the existing confederacy—was agreed to by a very unanimous vote; Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina, being in favor of it; Connecticut only against it; New York, divided. On the same day the question of the proportional vote in the national Legislature was taken up, and, on motion of Mr. Madison, seconded by Gouverneur Morris, the principle "being," as the Report says, "generally relished, would have been agreed to," had not a postponement been moved by Mr. Read, of Delaware, on the ground that the delegates from that State were prohibited by positive instructions from agreeing to a change in the rule of suffrage. The subject was accordingly postponed. On the following day, as has been already remarked, the third leading principle, of a negative by the General Government on all acts of the States, inconsistent with the articles of union, "was agreed to without debate or dissent." Thus the basis of the proposed reform was substantially settled on the first day, almost without discussion or difference of opinion; and the debates proceeded with great unanimity for several days on matters of comparatively minor importance, until the

10th of June, when, on motion of Mr. Patterson, seconded by Mr. Brearley, both of New Jersey, the subject of the mode of suffrage in the Legislature, which had been postponed on motion of Mr. Read, of Delaware, was resumed.

It then appeared that in the interval, which had since elapsed, the State-Rights party had matured their ideas, and were prepared to take decided ground. Messrs. Brearley and Patterson both spoke at length in opposition to the plan of a proportional vote; and the latter took the occasion to express himself strongly against the general scheme of a national government, or any material variation from the Articles of the Confederation, "which were," as he said, "the proper basis of all the proceedings." "The commissions under which we acted," he continued, "were not only the measure of our powers; they denoted also the sentiments of the States on the subject of our deliberations. We have no power to go beyond the Federal scheme; and if we had, the people are not ripe for any other. We must follow the people; the people will not follow us."

The discussion was continued through the day, and resumed on the following one. In the debate of the 11th, Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, suggested for the first time the plan, which was finally adopted at a later period of the proceedings, though it did not now prevail, of a proportional vote in the House of Representatives, and an equal vote in the Senate. On the same day the proportional vote on the first branch was agreed to on motion of Mr. King, of Massachusetts, seconded by Mr. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, by a vote of seven to three—Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, being in favor of it; New York, New Jersey, and Delaware, against it; and Maryland, divided. The rule of proportion, as it stands in the Constitution, was then adopted, on motion of Messrs. Wilson and Pinckney, by the same vote, with the difference that New York and Maryland now voted in the affirmative, making the numbers nine to two. Mr. Sherman, seconded by Mr. Ellsworth, now proposed his suggestion, of an equality of suffrage in the Senate, in the form of a regular mo-

tion, which was negatived by a vote of six to five—New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, and Maryland, in the affirmative; Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, in the negative. It was finally decided, on motion of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hamilton, by the same vote, that “the right of suffrage in the second branch, or Senate, ought to be according to the same rule, as in the first branch, or House of Representatives.” The subject was thus definitely disposed of, and was not resumed till after the Report of the committee of the whole on Randolph’s Resolutions, where it stands in the form just stated; viz., “the votes of the States in both branches are to be in proportion to the whole number of white and other free citizens and inhabitants of every age, sex, and condition, including those bound to servitude for a term of years, and three-fifths of all other persons not comprehended in the foregoing description, except Indians not paying taxes in each State.”

It is curious, considering the change in the relative importance of the several members of the Union, that has since taken place, to find the *Empire State* identifying herself in interest with her smaller sisters, and sustaining their policy on this, as on most other occasions, throughout the proceedings. Of her three delegates, Hamilton only was national; Yates and Lansing, constituting the majority, and giving in most cases the vote of the State, were ultra State-Rights. When the great question between a national government and a confederacy of States was finally decided against their views, the two last seceded from the Convention. On the 13th of June, Mr. Gorham, from the committee of the whole, reported nineteen resolutions, expressing, with various modifications of minor importance, substantially the principles of the Virginia plan.

The State-Rights party, having now matured their views and taken their ground, appear to have thought the proper time had come for testing their strength in a formal way. On the 14th of June, the day after the presentation of Mr. Gorham’s Report, Mr. Patterson, who acted as their leader, “observed to the Convention,” accord-

ing to Mr. Madison’s Report, “that it was the wish of several deputations, particularly that of New Jersey, that farther time might be allowed them to contemplate the plan reported from the committee of the whole, and to digest one purely federal, and contradistinguished from the reported plan. He said they hoped to have such an one ready by to-morrow to be laid before the Convention: and the Convention adjourned that leisure might be given for the purpose.” Accordingly, on the following day, June 15th, Mr. Patterson offered the project in question, which, as the formal expression of one of the two leading opinions which divided the Convention, we copy entire:

MR. PATTERSON’S RESOLUTIONS.

“1. Resolved, That the Articles of Confederation ought to be so revised, corrected, and enlarged, as to render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union.

“2. Resolved, That, in addition to the powers vested in the United States in Congress by the present existing Articles of Confederation, they be authorized to pass acts for raising a revenue, by levying a duty or duties on all goods, or merchandise of foreign growth, or manufacture, imported into the United States, by stamps on paper, vellum, and parchment; and by a postage on all letters or packages passing through the general post-office, to be applied to such federal purposes as they shall deem proper and expedient; to make rules and regulations for the collection thereof; and the same, from time to time, to alter and amend in such manner as they shall think proper; to pass acts for the regulation of trade and commerce, as well with foreign nations as with each other; provided, that all punishments, fines, forfeitures, and penalties, to be incurred for contravening such acts, rules, and regulations, shall be adjudged by the common law judicaries of the State, in which any offence, contrary to the true intent and meaning of such acts, rules, and regulations, shall have been committed or perpetrated, with liberty of commencing, in the first instance, all suits and prosecutions for that purpose in the superior common law judiciary of such State; subject, nevertheless, for the correction of all errors, both in law and fact, in rendering judgment, to an appeal to the Judiciary of the United States.

“3. Resolved, That whenever requisitions shall be necessary, instead of the

rule for making requisitions, mentioned in the Articles of Confederation, the United States in Congress be authorized to make such requisitions in proportion to the whole number of white and other free citizens and inhabitants of every age, sex, and condition, including those bound to servitude for a term of years, and three-fifths of all persons not comprehended in the foregoing description, except Indians not paying taxes; that, if such requisitions be not complied with in the time specified therein, to direct the collection thereof in the non-complying States; and for that purpose to devise and pass acts directing and authorizing the same; provided that none of the powers, hereby vested in the United States, in Congress, shall be exercised without the consent of at least — States, and in that proportion if the number of confederated States shall be hereafter increased or diminished.

“4. Resolved, That the United States, in Congress, be authorized to elect a Federal Executive, to consist of — persons, to continue in office for the term of — years; to receive punctually, at stated times, a fixed compensation for their services, in which no increase nor diminution shall be made, so as to affect the persons composing the Executive at the time of such increase or diminution; to be paid out of the Federal Treasury; to be incapable of holding any other office or appointment during their term of service and for — years thereafter; to be ineligible a second time, and removable by Congress on application by a majority of the Executives of the several States; that the Executives, besides their general authority to execute the Federal acts, ought to appoint all Federal officers, not otherwise provided for, and to direct all military operations; provided that none of the persons composing the Federal Executive, shall, on any occasion, take command of any troops, so as personally to conduct any military enterprise, as General, or in any other capacity.

“5. Resolved, That a Federal Judiciary be established, to consist of a supreme tribunal, the judges of which to be appointed by the Executive; to hold their offices during good behavior; to receive punctually, at stated times, a fixed compensation for their services, in which no increase nor diminution shall be made, so as to affect the persons actually in office at the time of such increase or diminution. That the Judiciary so established shall have authority to hear and determine, in the first instance, on all impeachments of Federal officers; and, by way of appeal, in the *dernier ressort*, in all cases touching the rights of ambassadors; in all cases of

captives from an enemy; in all cases of piracies and felonies on the high seas; in all cases in which foreigners may be interested; in the construction of any treaty or treaties, or which may arise on any of the acts for the regulation of trade, or the collection of the Federal revenue; that none of the Judiciary shall be capable of receiving or holding any other office or appointment during their term of service, and for — thereafter.

“6. Resolved, That all acts of the United States in Congress, made by virtue and in pursuance of the powers hereby, and by the Articles of Confederation, vested in them, and all treaties made and ratified under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the respective States, so far forth as those acts or treaties shall relate to the said States or their citizens, and that the Judiciary of the several States shall be bound thereby in their decisions, anything in the respective laws of the individual States to the contrary notwithstanding; and that if any State, or any body of men, in any State, shall oppose or prevent the carrying into execution such acts or treaties, the Federal Executive shall be authorized to call forth the powers of the confederated States, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to enforce and compel an obedience to such acts, or an observance of such treaties.

“7. Resolved, That the rule for naturalization ought to be the same in every State.

“8. Resolved, That a citizen of one State, committing an offence in another State of the Union, shall be deemed guilty of the same offence, as if it had been committed by a citizen of the State in which the offence was committed.”

In a note upon this plan Mr. Madison remarks, “that it had been concerted among the deputations, or members thereof, from Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and perhaps Mr. Martin, from Maryland, who made with them a common cause, though on different principles. Connecticut and New York were against a departure from the principle of the Confederation, wishing rather to add a few new powers to Congress, than to substitute a national government. The States of New Jersey and Delaware were opposed to a national government, because its natives considered a proportional representation of the States as the basis of it. The eagerness displayed by the members opposed to a national government from these differ-

ent motives, began now to produce serious anxiety for the result of the Convention. Mr. Dickinson said to Mr. Madison, 'You see the consequence of pushing things too far. Some of the members from the small States wish for two branches in the general Legislature, and are friends to a good national government; but we would sooner submit to foreign power, than submit to be deprived, in both branches of the Legislature, of an equality of suffrage, and thereby be thrown under the domination of the larger States.'

It will be observed, that this plan of Mr. Patterson, though presented as a continuation of the system of a confederacy of States, in reality contemplates a national government, not materially varying from the one proposed by the Virginia Resolutions in any part, excepting the equality of suffrage in the national Legislature. The essential distinction between a confederacy of States, and a union of States under a common government is, that in the former case, the common authority acts directly on the State governments, and in the event of their refusal or neglect to obey its injunctions has no regular means of putting them in force; while in the latter the laws of the Union act directly upon the individual citizens, and are enforced, if necessary, by the usual forms of judicial process. On this point the plan of Mr. Patterson agrees, in substance, with that of Mr. Randolph. It establishes a national Judiciary, acting directly upon individuals, with an authority paramount to that of the States, and a national Executive, which is empowered to call out the military power of the States to enforce the laws in case of resistance. In both these particulars the New Jersey plan is just as strong as that of Virginia. The only material distinction is in the constitution of the Legislature, which, according to the latter, consisted of two branches, with a proportional vote of the States in both, while in the former it was a single assembly, in which every State had an equal vote. The practical operation of the New Jersey plan would apparently have been to found a national government, of which the control would have been placed in the hands of the smaller States. The equality of votes, which had been thought unjust under the former system, where the States re-

tained the powers of complying with the acts of Congress or not, at their discretion, and where the large States possessed, in their superior resources, the means of protecting themselves against any attempt at oppression, would have been intolerable under a government acting directly upon the citizens. It is accordingly remarked by Mr. Madison, in his letter to Randolph of April 8, 1787, above alluded to, that "according to the present form of the Union, an equality of suffrage, if not just towards the larger members of it, is at least safe to them, as the liberty they exercise of rejecting or executing the acts of Congress, is uncontrollable by the nominal sovereignty of Congress. Under a system which would operate without the intervention of the States, the case would be materially altered. A vote from Delaware would have the same effect as one from Massachusetts or Virginia."

It was hardly to be expected that a system, so clearly unjust, would meet with much support in the Convention. It was referred to the committee of the whole to which Mr. Randolph's Resolutions were at the same time re-committed, that the two plans might be considered together. On the following day (June 17,) the subject was taken up, and the New Jersey plan was supported in elaborate speeches by the mover, Mr. Patterson, and Mr. Lansing, of New York. The grounds chiefly relied upon were, the supposed incompetency in the Convention to substitute a national government for the existing league of States, and the probability that such a government, if proposed, would be rejected by the States, as an infringement on their independence. The futility of both these arguments is apparent from the fact, that the New Jersey plan was not less a national government than the other, and, of course, just as much beyond the powers of the Convention, and at variance with the supposed determination of the States to maintain their independence; the only essential difference between the two plans being, as has just been remarked, that the New Jersey plan placed the government under the control of the smaller States, while that of Virginia distributed it among them all in proportions corresponding with their population and importance. The arguments of

Messrs. Patterson and Lansing were ably answered on the same day by Mr. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Randolph, of Virginia. On the 18th the subject was resumed, and the whole day was occupied by Hamilton in a speech, to which we adverted in our preceding article. He expressed distinctly his disapprobation of both the plans, especially that of New Jersey; and, at the same time, his embarrassment in regard to a substitute that would suit the views of the people. "In his private opinion, he had no scruple in declaring, that the British government was the best in the world, and that he doubted much whether anything short of it would do in America." As the nearest approach to this which circumstances would render practicable, he recommended a sort of elective monarchy, with an Executive Magistrate and Senate holding their places for life. He read, at the close of his speech, a sketch of a plan of this kind, of which he afterwards gave to Mr. Madison a fuller draft. Both these papers appear in the Report, and are among the most interesting materials extant for the history of the time; but, as neither was directly acted on by the Convention, it is unnecessary to insert them here. On the 19th the subject was again resumed, and the debate concluded with a long and powerful speech by Mr. Madison, in direct reply to the arguments that had been advanced in favor of Mr. Patterson's Resolutions. It is worthy of remark, that one of the objections to the New Jersey plan, chiefly relied upon by Mr. Madison in this speech, was the want of a direct negative by the General Government upon the acts of the States. After the close of Mr. Madison's speech the question was taken on the postponement of the first of Mr. Patterson's Resolutions, and two States only, New York and New Jersey, voted in the negative. The question, whether the committee should rise and report Mr. Randolph's plan, was taken immediately afterwards, on motion of Mr. King, and decided in the affirmative by the same vote, with the addition of Delaware to the two States in the negative.

The New Jersey plan having thus been set aside as a subject of direct discussion, the report from the committee of the whole on that of Vir-

ginia was taken up on the same day, and a motion was made to adopt the first resolution, which provided for the establishment of a "national Government consisting of a supreme legislative, executive and judiciary." Mr. Lansing moved as an amendment, "that the powers of legislation be vested in the United States in Congress;" and the discussion was continued on substantially the same grounds as before, till the evening of the 20th, when the question was taken and decided in favor of the Virginia resolution by a vote of six States to four,—Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Delaware, voting in the negative, and Maryland being divided.

The other resolutions were then taken up in their order, and several of the next following were adopted by nearly the same vote. The *second*, providing, that the Legislature should consist of two branches, prevailed by a vote of seven States to three; Connecticut being in the affirmative. The *third*, providing that the members of the first branch of the Legislature, or House of Representatives, should be chosen directly by the people, passed by a vote of six to four,—New York in the affirmative, and South Carolina in the negative, Mr. Pinckney, a leading member from that State, having moved as an amendment, that they should be chosen by the Legislatures. The time of their service, which had been left blank in the original resolution and fixed in committee of the whole at three years, was altered, on motion of Mr. Randolph, to two, by the usual vote of seven States to three, Connecticut in the affirmative. The *fourth* resolution, providing for the choice of the Senators by the State Legislatures, passed after a long debate by the strong vote of nine States to two, Pennsylvania and Virginia composing the negative. The time of service for the Senators, which had been fixed in committee of the whole at seven years, was altered to six, one third to go out biennially, by a vote of seven States to four; New York, New Jersey, South Carolina and Georgia, in the negative. The *fifth* resolution, providing that each branch have the right of originating acts, passed by unanimous vote; and on the following day, June 27th, the consideration of the *sixth* resolution was postponed for

the purpose of taking up the *seventh* and *eighth*, which regulated the right of suffrage in the two branches of the Legislature.

The debate on these resolutions was the critical period in the proceedings of the Convention, and occupied, in various forms, the interval from June 27th to July 16th. Luther Martin, one of the delegates from Maryland, and at that time Attorney-General of the State, took the lead as the champion of the State-Rights party. He employed the whole of the 27th of June, and a part of the following day, in a strong speech against the principle of a proportional vote, adopted in the resolutions. The sketch of this speech given by Mr. Madison is rather scanty, but the author, on his return to his own State, made a formal report to the Legislature of the doings of the Convention, which was afterwards printed, and which details with great force—we may perhaps say—violence, the views of the delegates of the smaller States. The Virginia plan is described as a “system of slavery, which bound hand and foot ten States of the Union, and placed them under the most abject and servile subjection to the other three.” After Mr. Martin had finished his speech on the 28th, Mr. Madison followed in a long and powerful reply. The taking of the question was then postponed to the following day. It was at this time that Dr. Franklin made his celebrated proposition, “that in future a prayer should be offered in the Convention every morning before proceeding to business.” After some opposition from “Col Hamilton and others,” the motion was silently disposed of in the negative by adjournment. In a note, afterwards added by himself to the minutes of his speech on this occasion, the Doctor significantly remarks, “that the Convention, except three or four persons, thought prayers unnecessary!” The editor of the work before us quotes this remark in the Appendix, but omits the note of admiration, which belongs to the Doctor, and, in justice to him, should have been retained. It is, perhaps, on the other hand, but just to the Convention, to allude to the remark made by Mr. Williamson, “that the true cause of the omission could not be mistaken. *The convention had no funds.*” After this singular little episode the subject was

resumed on the following day, and at the close of a long and able discussion, the *seventh* resolution, providing for the proportional vote in the House of Representatives, passed by a majority of six States to four; Connecticut, New York, New Jersey and Delaware in the negative, and Maryland divided. It may be proper to remind the reader, in reference to all these votes, that Rhode Island was not represented at all, and that the delegates from New Hampshire had not yet taken their seats, so that the number of States represented was regularly only eleven.

Thus far the Virginia plan, though opposed with firmness and constantly increasing warmth, had been sustained on every test question without exception, and seemed to be destined to go before the people, in all its important points, including the proportional vote in both branches, and the negative on the State laws by Congress as well as the judiciary, as the result of the proceedings of the Convention. Whether it would have been adopted by the people in this form, is perhaps very doubtful. However that may be, it encountered, unexpectedly to its friends, at the next stage of the discussion, a check, which suggested the idea of a compromise, and finally determined, as to the great points just alluded to, the precise form of the existing Constitution. The question of the right of suffrage in the first branch having been decided in favor of the proportional vote, the *eighth* resolution, providing for a vote on the same principle in the second branch, or Senate, was immediately taken up. It was here that the party of the smaller States made their last, and, as it happened, successful stand. Judge Ellsworth of Connecticut, moved as an amendment, “that the rule of suffrage in the second branch be the same with that established by the articles of confederation,” and supported his motion by an able speech. On the following day, the debate was continued with great ability and more than usual warmth by all the principal speakers on both sides. Finally, on the morning of the second of July, the question was taken on the amendment, and decided in the negative by an *equal vote*. Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, being in the affirmative, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, in the

negative, and Georgia divided. The presumption arising *prima facie* from this vote would, of course, be, that the resolution, when directly put, would be also negatived in the same way, and that on this question, the Convention was equally divided.

It has been said, we do not now recollect on what authority, the *habeas corpus* act, the great palladium of personal liberty in England and the United States, passed the House of Lords by the effect of a piece of pleasantry in one of the tellers, who counted a very bulky peer for ten, and on making his return forgot to correct what was intended at first as a mere joke. However this may be, it is certain, that accident, as well as argument, had its influence in introducing into our Constitution the equality of votes in the Senate. Maryland was habitually divided on all questions, involving the differences between the larger and smaller States; but on this occasion, Mr. Jenifer, who was in favor of the former larger States, was accidentally absent from the floor, and the vote was thus thrown into the hands of Mr. Martin, the most vigorous advocate of the other side. Immediately after the vote was declared, Mr. Jenifer came in, and a motion was made by Mr. King of Massachusetts, that the question should be taken again, but without success. Even with this accession to the strength of the smaller States, the others, had they all voted in the usual way, would still have had a majority of one; but Mr. Baldwin, one of the members from Georgia, a State which habitually acted with the majority, had, it seems, without changing his own views, become convinced, that if satisfaction were not given to the smaller States upon this question, their delegates would quit the Convention; and voted for the amendment. His colleague Mr. Houston voted against it, and the State, thus being divided, was lost to the Virginia party, whose vote was in consequence reduced to five. This would still have been a majority, had not the accidental absence of Mr. Jenifer thrown Maryland into the other scale. Such is the account of the matter given by Mr. Martin, in a note to his Report to the Maryland Legislature. In the work before us, the details are not stated.

Although the advantage which had now been gained by the smaller States was not now decisive, and being partly

the effect of accident, might probably have been lost on another trial, it was felt at once by the opposite party, that, where the force approached so nearly to an equality, the question would be best determined by compromise. A committee of one for each State was accordingly appointed on the same day on motion of Mr. Pinckney, including among its members Dr. Franklin, who had already once or twice thrown out in debate the idea of compromise, with a fair representation of both the parties. On the 5th of July, the committee presented a report, based on suggestions made by Dr. Franklin; by which the proportional vote was admitted in the House of Representatives, and the equal vote in the Senate. It was also provided, that all bills for raising money, or fixing the salaries of the officers of government, should originate in the House of Representatives and should not be amended in the Senate; and that all bills appropriating money should also originate in the House. These provisions were intended as a sort of compensation to the large States for the concession of the equality of votes in the Senate; but the report was received by them with very little satisfaction. They considered an equality of suffrage in either branch, each having a complete negative on the acts of the other, as equivalent in practice to an equality in both; and declared, with bitterness, that by this unhappy arrangement the result of the labors of the Convention would be entirely vitiated, and the essential evils of the old system perpetuated, with but slight variations of form, in the new one. A debate ensued, which lasted several days, but finally resulted in the adoption of the report. On the 7th of July, the clause providing for the equality of suffrage in the Senate, passed by a majority of six States to three, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and North Carolina being in the affirmative; Pennsylvania, Virginia, and South Carolina in the negative; Massachusetts and Georgia divided. On the 16th of July, the question was at length taken on the whole report, and decided in the affirmative by the same vote as before, with the difference, that New York was now not represented, and that Georgia, instead of being divided, voted in the negative.

The delegates from the larger States,

notwithstanding these repeated votes in favor of equality in the Senate, were not yet prepared to acquiesce in the result. "On the morning following," says Mr. Madison, "before the hour of the Convention, a number of the members from the larger States met for the purpose of consulting on the proper steps to be taken in consequence of the vote in favor of an equal representation in the second branch, and the apparent inflexibility of the smaller States on that point. Several members from the latter States also attended. The time was wasted in vague conversation on the subject, without any specific proposition or agreement. It appeared, indeed, that the opinions of the members who disliked an equality of votes differed much as to the policy of risking a failure of any general act of the Convention by inflexibly opposing it. Several of them, supposing that no good government could or would be built on that foundation—and that, as a division of the Convention into two opinions was unavoidable, it would be better, that the side comprising the principal States and a majority of the people of America, should propose a scheme of government to the States, than that a scheme should be proposed on the other side—would have concurred in a firm opposition and in a separate recommendation, if eventually necessary. Others seemed inclined to yield to the smaller States, and to concur in such an act, however imperfect and exceptionable, as might be agreed on by the Convention, as a body, though decided by a bare majority of States, and by a minority of the people of the United States. It is probable, that the result of this consultation satisfied the smaller States, that they had nothing to apprehend from a union of the larger in any plan whatever against the equality of votes in the second branch."

The next morning, Gouverneur Morris moved in the Convention a reconsideration of the vote of the preceding day, but the motion was not seconded. "It was probably," says Mr. Madison, "approved by several members, who either despaired of success, or were apprehensive that the attempt would inflame the jealousies of the smaller States." From this time the point was considered as settled, and was not again called in question during the sittings of the Convention.

Immediately after this decision the

Sixth Resolution, which provided for a negative by the national Legislature upon the State laws, and which had been passed over, in order that the suffrage question might be disposed of, was taken up. Although, as has been already noticed, the principle had been agreed to, soon after the opening of the Convention, "without dissent or debate," it was rejected, after a short discussion, by a vote of seven States to three,—Massachusetts, Virginia, and North Carolina, being in the affirmative; New York not present. Mr. Madison supported the principle, in a strong speech; Gouverneur Morris opposed it. The difference between the reception now given to this proposition, and that which it met with before in the committee of the whole, shows very clearly the strong impression which had been made in the interim upon the Convention by the reasoning, eloquence, and, above all, firm determination of the smaller States.

Thus were finally settled, on the basis of compromise, the leading principles of the Constitution. Acceptable as it afterwards proved to be, the plan not only failed, while under discussion, to give satisfaction to any one of the parties which divided the Convention, but was an object of positive dislike to them all. The ultra National party, represented by Hamilton, Morris, and others, regarded it as originally worthless, and incapable, while the leading principles were retained, of any essential amendment. The Virginia statesmen, from whom it proceeded, considered it as vitiated by the concessions made, in the course of the discussion, to the smaller States; and Governor Randolph, its ostensible author, refused to sign it as adopted. The smaller States, in turn—notwithstanding the concessions which they had extorted from the larger—were still so much aggrieved by the preference given to the latter in several important points, that some of their prominent champions seceded from the Convention, and most of the others went home determined, if possible, to prevent the adoption of the plan by the Union. It was only after a desperate struggle in most of the States, that its friends, though supported by the immense influence of the name of Washington, could procure by small majorities the assent of the people. Immediately after it went into operation it became universally popu-

lar, and has ever since been sustained, with equal zeal, though somewhat variously interpreted, by all the different parties that have successively appeared in the country. How it happened that a system, which, while under discussion, seemed to please nobody, should have been found, when adopted, to please everybody, is a rather curious question, which we have not room to examine here in detail. It may be remarked, in general, that the different parties in the Convention probably attributed too much importance to the particular points on which they differed, and too little to the great idea of an *effective Union* of the States, which, if realized, was sufficient of itself to ensure the success of the Constitution. The only radical defect of the old Confederation was the want of any direct action by Congress on the individual citizen. Almost any plan which contained this

principle would have proved, in practice, a complete remedy for the existing evils. The other schemes submitted to the Convention, all of which provided for an effective national judiciary department, acting directly upon individuals, though objectionable in some of their details, would, perhaps, have become, if adopted, as popular as the existing Constitution. Be that, however, as it may, the Constitution, as adopted, has justified, in its actual working, all the praise that could well be merited by a perfect system. It has already secured to the country more than half a century of a degree of prosperity and progress, unexampled in the history of the world; and if it were stricken to-morrow by any unexpected event from the roll of things that are, the period of its existence would be remembered for ever after as the golden age of America.

SONNETS.

I.

THE PALACE AND THE HOVEL.

Behold yon palace, lifting up its dome
 'Mid wood-grown parks, and gardens sweet with flowers,
 And fresh with fountains, where the happy Hours
 Pause in their flight, and Gladness dwells at home,
 In perfumed bowers, and bright saloons where Wealth
 Holds his high court;—and then, not distant far,
 Mark the low cottage, through whose thatch, by stealth,
 The morning sun peeps in, or evening star,
 As if afraid with glance too bold to look
 Where Want and Penury their vigils keep;—
 Ay, gaze on both, and there, as in a book,
 Read the world's history, and treasure deep
 The sad, sad lesson—ne'er was palace made,
 But the thatched hovel sprang beneath its shade.

II.

THE TWO MURDERERS.

News comes that one hath died—that Murder's hand
 Hath 'reft him of his life—and all the town
 Is filled with anxious hearts, and up and down
 Men hurry with flushed cheeks, or, talking, stand
 By the street-corners, planning how the thief,
 Who stole his blood, may not escape. The while
 Revenge sits on each heart, a voice of grief
 Calls from a narrow lane, where on a pile
 Of filthy straw another lieth dead,
 Who died of Hunger; but no tongue is there,
 That speaks of punishment, though by the bed
 His murderer stands, and with complacent air
 Looks on the hopes, his Pride hath brought to blight,
 And tearless turns away—strong-armed in legal right!

R.H. S. S. ANDROS.

SCHMUCKER'S PSYCHOLOGY.*

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

Most Americans, and, we were about to say, all Englishmen, of the present day, who devote themselves to philosophic studies, take altogether too low and contracted views of philosophy; and seem to have no suspicion of the real grandeur and extent of its province. They make philosophy, even when wishing to commend it to our love and reverence, consist in mere speculation; or in the mere analysis and classification of dry abstractions, or the dead phenomena of our past lives, utterly incapable of affording us either light or warmth for the duties that lie before us.

Rightly defined, philosophy is so much of the religion of a given country, or of a given epoch, as the human mind in that country or epoch is able to understand and appropriate. It is the science of life, and embraces within its view God, Man, and Nature. Its aim is to enlighten the mind and warm the heart. It does not merely make discursions on what is, or what has been; it does not seek merely to explain and account for the past and the present, to make us familiar with the laws of Providence, of the universe, or of humanity; but it aims to disclose to men a new and a loftier Ideal of wisdom, beauty, and goodness; and, therefore, to have an immediate bearing on everyday life. It surveys the past and the present, it is true; is erudite and observant; inquires into the nature of man and the universe, into the origin and relations of their respective phenomena; but always with a view to practical life,—always with the sole aim of making mankind wiser and better; of ameliorating their moral, intellectual, or physical condition, and of inducing them to live in stricter obedience to the law of their being, and the will of their Maker.

They wholly mistake the nature and purpose of philosophy who define it to be a merely speculative science. It is not, as too many of our modern psychologists contend, the product of mere reflection, of what M. Cousin terms the reflective reason. Its province is precisely that of religion, of which it is merely a special phase; it embraces the same objects, contemplates the same ends, uses the same means, and relies on the same authority. The philosopher is never a cold, dry, withered-up being, without heart or soul, surveying with indifference, without passion or sympathy, all systems, all opinions, all beings, and all phenomena; but he is a living man, deeply, often terribly, in earnest, and manifesting in its most awful energy, man's threefold power to know, to love, and to do. He is no amateur, no dilettante; but a full-grown man, hearty, robust, and resolute; meaning what he says, and doing what he means. He thinks, speculates, feels, acts, always to some end. He has always a point to carry—a purpose to accomplish. His philosophizing is never but a means to an end. He is one who is not and cannot be satisfied with what has already been gained. Prevalent systems of faith strike him as defective, false, or mischievous; approved practices as low, corrupt, and corrupting; established forms of worship as puerile, cold, and uninspiring; existing governments as oppressive, tyrannical, grinding, at best inadequate to man's wants, rights, duties, and destiny; and over them all, over the whole Actual, there hovers to his mind, a bright and kindling Ideal of something fairer, freer, loftier, wiser, and better; more conducive to the glory of God, and the relief of man. To this Ideal, seen clearly or dimly, which forsakes him never, his

* Psychology; or, Elements of a New System of Mental Philosophy, on the Basis of Consciousness and Common Sense. Designed for Colleges and Academies. By S. S. Schmucker, D.D., Professor of Christian Theology in the Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1842. 12mo. pp. 227.

soul is wedded, for better or for worse, for life or for death, time or eternity; and he studies, toils, struggles, suffers, lives, dies, but to realize it in the practical life of his race. No man is a philosopher who has not an ideal Good, as well as an ideal Truth or Beauty, which he burns to realize, and which he will realize, cost what it may. Something more than reflection, then, is necessary to make the philosopher. He needs to be inspired, as much as does the genuine poet, the prophet, or the founder of a Church.

Philosophy is not merely the science of man, of nature, or of God. It is the science of sciences; that which brings all the special sciences up to a common unity, disclosing the common basis of them all, and directing their cultivation and application to a common end,—the continued progress of mankind, or the uninterrupted amelioration, in the speediest manner possible, of their moral, intellectual, and physical condition.

In this high, this religious sense, we have no generally recognized philosophy among us. We have sciences, but no science. All is special, individual, anarchical; nothing general, catholic, orderly. Thought has no unity, either in aim or result. The special sciences we cultivate are not subjected to one and the same law of thought—are not pervaded by one and the same living idea—and do not conspire to one and the same social and religious end. Theology, geology, chemistry, physiology, psychology, ethics, politics, are treated as so many distinct and separate sciences; not merely as different branches of one and the same science. In studying one of them, we must learn what we must unlearn in studying another,—receive in this as true what in that we must reject as false. Contradiction, confusion, falsehood, therefore, reign in our scientific world, and science is able to do comparatively little for the advancement of the race.

In consequence of this anarchy, arising from the *individualism* which predominates, all the sciences, not excepting even theology, have with us somewhat of an irreligious tendency. The radical conception of religion is that something which binds, lays under obligation, is authoritative, has the right to legislate, to command. Reli-

gion is always authoritative, always legislative; it imposes the law; commands, nay, enforces us to do our best to realize the ideal it proposes. Of this ideal it permits us to lose sight never; but compels us to seek it, though at the risk of being scorned and derided, though we must brave exile and the dungeon, the scaffold, or the cross. But none of our sciences are authoritative; none of them propose an ideal and bind us, *in foro conscientiæ*, to realize it. They have, then, no religious, but an irreligious character. Their authority is lost by the fact, that they are mere individual sciences, wanting a common bond of unity, a vivifying principle, embracing, explaining, and uniting them all in one uniform and catholic science. They are now weak, and mutually destructive, like a mass of individuals thrown together, and striving to exist together without any power of cohesion, or principle of social order, which is out of the question; for each is infinitely repellant of the other, and one perpetually neutralizes or thwarts the efforts of another.

The secret of this scientific anarchy may be found in the separation which has for a long time been attempted between religion and philosophy. Philosophy is asserted to be of human origin; and religion to be of divine origin. Religious people formerly condemned philosophy as repugnant to religion; philosophers have latterly condemned religion as repugnant to what they have been pleased to call philosophy. More lately still, the rational and better-informed among religious people have contended that God cannot teach through nature one doctrine, and an opposite doctrine through Revelation; and they, therefore, have sought to harmonize religion and philosophy, by making the teachings of the one quadrate with those of the other. This is what Leibnitz attempts in his "Theodocæa."

But these last fall into as great, though not so obvious, an error as the other two; and do equally separate religion and philosophy. Philosophy is said to be that amount of truth to which we attain by the natural exercise of our faculties, without any special aid from our Maker: religion is the truth which we are taught by supernatural revelation. Here are then two systems of truth, and, if we exa-

mine their contents, we shall find them treating precisely the same questions. Now these two systems must needs be either opposing systems or parallel systems. If philosophy, acknowledged to be of human origin, be true, what need of divine revelation? If divine revelation be necessary to teach us the truth, what is the use of philosophy? Or how can philosophy, resting upon a basis independent of revelation, possibly be true? The separation of religion and philosophy, then, necessarily declares, to say the least, that one or the other is superfluous.

But there is no separation between religion and philosophy admissible. We do not mean to say by this, that the two coincide or harmonize in their teachings; but that the two are not two, but one. *We have no original means of arriving at the knowledge of truth but the supernatural revelation of God.* This revelation is the necessary basis of all that can be received as truth, whether termed religious truth or philosophical truth. Revelation is as necessary to furnish the basis of philosophy, as it is to furnish the basis of religion. Philosophy, then, is not a system of truth built up on a separate foundation, independent of religion, and able, and therefore having the right, to sit in judgment on religion, to overthrow it, or to explain and verify it; but is, if it be philosophy, identical with religion—the form which religion necessarily assumes when subjected to the action of the human mind. Instead, then, of seeking to reconcile religion and philosophy, we should seek their synthesis, to resolve philosophy into religion, and to find in divine revelation the one solid basis for our whole faith, whether termed religious or philosophical.

A people believing in the Christian religion can have, can at least tolerate, no philosophy resting on a basis independent of Christianity, and contemplating any Ideal but the Christian. Christianity is the philosophy, and the sole philosophy of Christendom. It is with all Christian people the supreme law of life. It has then the right to preside over the whole moral, intellectual, and physical development of humanity. Its Ideal is the only authorized Ideal. In Christianity, then, we must seek the science of sciences, the common bond, the catholic principle,

that raises up all special sciences to a common unity, vivifies them, and directs their application to a common end. The anarchy and irreligious tendency of modern sciences grow out of the fact, that the authority of Christianity in regard to them is denied, and the principle of individual liberty, in its most unrestricted sense, is affirmed. This must be corrected. For after all, we cannot get rid of Christianity, nor of its authority, even if we would; and our efforts to do so only confuse our language, and render us unintelligible each to himself, and all to one another. Christianity has become our life; it lies at the bottom of all our literature; and we cannot think, feel, or act, without thinking, feeling, acting it. It, so far as we have realized it, has become human nature, natural reason, the soul, the heart, the mind of all men. What is needed, then, in the philosophical world, is the reassertion of the legitimate authority of Christianity, in all that pertains to human development. By this reassertion we shall attain to a complete and living synthesis of every branch of human science; and the whole of life will be harmonious and consistent, and society in all its departments will be subordinated to the one catholic principle of the Gospel, for the realization on earth of the true Christian Ideal, that is, the establishment of the reign of God in all human affairs.

The work before us is a sincere effort of its author to contribute his quota towards advancing our knowledge of ourselves; and, as such, whatever estimate may be formed of its positive merits, deserves to be cordially welcomed, and honestly considered. We have read the work with some interest. We like its spirit; its general tone and sentiment. It has given us a favorable opinion of the worth and ability of its author, as a man whose personal influence on the young men committed to his care must be pure and elevating. As a work on an interesting branch of science, it displays more than ordinary capacity, and makes us regret that the author did not enlarge his views, adopt a more comprehensive plan, and take in a wider range of topics. Still, it bears on its face, and we are able to find, after the most diligent search, no proofs

that its author has any tolerable conceptions of philosophy in the broad, catholic sense in which we have defined it. It is true that he professedly treats only a special department of philosophy, and it would be unjust to demand, in a work intended to discuss merely a particular science, all that belongs to science in general. We do not, therefore, complain of the book because it treats merely a special branch of general science, nor because it confines itself to what properly belongs to that special branch; but because it does not treat that special branch in the light of general philosophy. The author does not show us its precise place in universal science; its relation to the Christian Ideal; nor its practical bearing on the great duties of every-day life.

A genuine psychology—one worth the writing or the reading—cannot possibly be written but in the light of a general philosophy of God, man, and nature. Such a work must answer the questions of man's wants, rights, duties, and destiny. But these questions are never answered by studying man in the abstract, as isolated from nature, from his race, and his God; but by studying him in the concrete, as a living man, as existing in God, in nature, in humanity; that is, in his actual relations, connexions, and dependencies. To study man in those relations, connexions, and dependencies, is to study him in the light of a general philosophy. Dr. Schmucker does not so study him, and therefore leaves all these great questions of man's wants, rights, duties, and destiny, not only unanswered, but even unasked.

A psychology which leaves out these questions, the only questions of any practical importance in the conduct of life, is, to say the least, of questionable utility, and by no means precisely the psychology a wise man would wish to have studied in our colleges and academies. For, after all, what is its subject-matter? Man as a living being? a social being? a moral being? a religious being? Not at all; but simply man as an abstraction, as isolated from God, nature, and humanity; in which sense he has no actual existence, does not *live* at all, and is at best a mere possibility, or virtuality. To know man in this isolated and abstract sense, in which the questions of his wants, his

rights, his duties, and his destiny, find no appropriate place, is no more to know man in any true and worthy sense of the term, than knowledge of the properties of the triangle is knowledge of that threefold energy of our natures by which we are able to *act*, to *know*, and to *love*. Dr. Schmucker seems to us, therefore, like a great many others, to have mistaken in the outset the real significance of psychology, and the real questions it ought to discuss. By rejecting the concrete man—the living man—man in his relations with God, with nature, and with other men, and confining him solely to the mere isolated and abstract man, he has given us not psychology, but at best a mere *psycho-anatomy*, bearing no more relation to psychology, properly so called, than anatomy does to physiology. It is a mere dissection of the dead subject, an analysis and classification of the phenomena of the dead subject, which can throw little or no light on the living.

But not to cavil at a term—admitting that the work before us is rightly named psychology, or an analysis and classification of the phenomena of the soul, we may still ask, what is its use, if it leave out all religious, ethical, social, and political questions? What does man live for? In relation to what should he be instructed? Is a work which throws no light, which does not even profess to throw any light, on any of the great practical questions of real life, precisely the work for our young men to study—a work that indicates no lofty social, political, moral, or religious Ideal on the part of the author, and that demands no pure, deep, serious purpose, no high, holy, and moral aspirations on the part of the student? What, again, do we live for? Has life no purpose? Was man made merely to play at marbles? If man was made for an end more serious, high, and solemn, what is it? "What is the chief end of man?" That end once determined, should not all instruction, all education, nay, all life, be directed to its fulfilment? Will Dr. Schmucker tell us what relation there is between making ourselves familiar with these psychological abstractions, distinct from all the great practical questions of life, and living to fulfil the end for which God made us, and clothed us with the power to do, to

know, and to love? The author who leaves all the great moral, religious, social, and political questions by the way, and passes over untouched all that concerns us in the daily conduct of life, is infinitely removed, in our judgment, from producing a work of practical utility, and from the right to call himself a philosopher, or his speculations philosophy.

To have gone further, to have left the abstract regions to which he for the most part confines himself, and to have entered upon the great concrete questions of actual life, would, no doubt, have compelled Dr. Schmucker to touch upon debateable ground, perhaps to stir up long and bitter controversy. It would very likely have involved him in the party and sectarian conflicts of the day, and have effectually excluded his book from colleges and academies. But what then? What is the use of books or of essays that touch no practical question, that throw, or attempt to throw, light on no doubtful or still unsettled point of moral, religious, social, or political faith? No man who speaks freely, boldly, and honestly, on questions which really concern us in the conduct of life, in which men do really take an interest, questions on which it is worth one's while to speak at all, but must run athwart somebody's convictions or prejudices; but must stir up somebody's angry feeling; because there will always be somebody indicted by what he says. He must necessarily tread on somebody's corns. But what then? This is the risk every man who is really in earnest to spread truth, and ameliorate the moral, intellectual or physical condition of his race, must run. It is only at this price, that he purchases the opportunity to labor for human progress. Whoso counts this price too high, or feels unwilling or unable to pay it,—let him hold his peace. His silence will hardly prove to be a public calamity.

All faith, if genuine, if deep, if earnest, if living, is, say what we will to the contrary, exclusive and intolerant. Nothing is so exclusive and intolerant as truth, which has no patience with error, but excludes the semblance even of falsehood. This excessive liberality, about which some men take it into their heads to talk, which regards all opinions with equal respect, and

alike proper to be inculcated, is not liberality but indifference, and more to be dreaded in Society, in Church or State, than the most narrow-minded bigotry, or the most ranting fanaticism. There is no sound morality nor practical wisdom in the remark, "I care not what a man's opinions are, if his conduct be good." Just as if a man's opinions were not a part of his conduct, and usually the most important part of it. The events of history are nothing but so many experiments, successful or unsuccessful, of the race to embody its opinions, to realize its faith. Men's beliefs are powers, and the only earthly powers of which the wise man stands in awe. A simple geographical opinion entering and germinating in the breast of a bold mariner, discovers a new continent, and changes the direction of the whole industrial activity of the race. A simple belief, that we should obey God, rather than kings, parliaments, and prelates, taking possession of a few honest, earnest-minded men in the western and midland counties of England, sends them on board the *Mayflower*, lands them one cold December's day on our bleak and rock-bound coast, and makes them the instruments of laying the foundation of a free republic, of opening a new school of social and political science for the world, and of demonstrating what man is and may be, when and where he has free scope to be what his Creator designed him to be. Faith is everything. There is not a single act of ordinary and every-day life, that could be done without faith on the part of the actor. Every honest man does and cannot but hold his own faith to be the true faith; and therefore does and cannot but hold every opposing faith to be false. To be as willing to see that opposing faith prevail, as to see his own prevail, would imply on his part, as much respect for falsehood as for truth; that in his estimation, falsehood is as good as truth, and worth as much to mankind. A man who is as willing to see falsehood as truth propagated, is no true man. He may be learned, polite, decorous, but God, truth, righteousness, have no greater enemy than he, on earth, or under the earth. Such are the men who are always in our way. They care for none of these things. They chill our hearts; they

damp our zeal; they weaken our hands. They belong to the race of Do-nothings. The advancement of mankind owes nothing to their exertions. Never out of their class does God raise up prophets, sages, heroes, and martyrs, by whose unwearied efforts, generous self-immolation, and unshrinking obedience to a high and living faith, the race is enabled to advance towards a higher and happier state. They are the lukewarm, the neither-cold-nor-hot, insipid and nauseating, whom God, in addressing the angel of the churches, declares he will "spew out of his mouth."

But happily for the cause of truth and righteousness, the bulk of mankind are sincere and earnest, and are strongly attached to their faith. Their opinions are to them serious matters, matters to be lived for, or if need be, died for. They do not and cannot hold it a matter of indifference to individual or social, to temporal or eternal well-being, what a man believes; and so long as this is the fact, no man will be able to put forth on practical questions, new, uncommon, or unpopular opinions, without stirring up controversy, without encountering serious opposition, and most likely not without calling down upon his head, many a shower of wrath and abuse. This result is inevitable, unless mankind be reduced to that state of perfect indifference, in which the opinions one puts forth, whatever their character, can excite no interest, command no attention. But, once more, what then? If we are to refrain from discussing in our elementary works the great questions of practical life, which "come home to men's bosoms and business," through fear of this controversy, opposition, wrath, abuse, what will be the advantage of a free press? Nay, in such case, what will be the meaning of a free press? Public opinion would control it more effectually than the edicts of tyrants, backed by an armed police, fines, dungeons, and gibbets. A true man will never be rash; will never forget that his opinions are deeds, for which he is accountable to God and to society; but having done his best to ascertain the truth, fully assured of the purity and sincerity of his purpose, and having a word pressing upon his heart for utterance, he will go forth, modestly, reverently, and utter it,

fearlessly and honestly, without stopping for one moment to confer with flesh and blood. He knows that he speaks at his own peril; but he takes the responsibility, and asks not that it be less. He knows the penalty he must pay for daring to be true to his own convictions of duty; but he is willing and able to pay it. He who shrinks from it, has no reason to applaud himself for the manliness of his soul. He may be assured, that he is held in no high repute in the City of God, and is by no means chosen by Providence to be an instructor of his race. Were he to speak, it would be to tell us, that which can have no practical bearing on life, or the truth long since told and realized.

Admitting, then, that Dr. Schmucker could not have constructed a system of mental philosophy, in the full significance of the term, without touching on debateable ground, and giving rise to long and even bitter controversy, we are far from holding him excusable in sending us forth such a work as this—a work scrupulously avoiding the discussion of the only questions for the discussion of which philosophical works should be written or are needed.

Thus far we have objected to this work, on the ground that it is not a part of a general system of philosophy; that it is mere speculation on naked psychological abstractions, which have no real existence; that it leaves out of view all the great philosophical questions which relate to man's wants, rights, duties, and destiny; and, therefore, leaves out the only *religious* object for which a work on philosophy can be written. But we do not stop here. Passing over these grounds of objection, taking the work as psychology in the most restricted sense possible, we hold it defective and false, and were it likely to be introduced very extensively as a text-book in colleges and academies, we should hold it to be not only defective and false, but mischievous.

The very title-page creates a presumption against it. The author calls it "The Elements of a *New System of Mental Philosophy*." A new system of mental philosophy, if by system is meant anything more than the order and dress in which old doctrines are presented, can hardly be looked for.

Additions may be made to the old, but nothing *radically* new can be obtained. The human race is subjected to a law of continuity, which presides over all its development and growth, whether considered generically or individually. From this law human thought does not and cannot escape. The present was elaborated in, and evolved from the past. The future must be—so far as human effort is concerned—the elaboration and evolution of the present. The law of progress is that of continuous growth, which is in no case interrupted or disturbed, save as Providence aids it on, by granting, at such intervals as seems to it good, supernatural accessions of moral and intellectual strength. But these special grants, accessions, revelations, which God makes to us from time to time, as the conditions of our progress, do not break the law of continuity. They are all made in harmony with one and the same Divine Thought, of which human nature, as well as they, is an expression. They merely swell the tide of life; or as fine musical accompaniments blend in with the tones of the human voice, swell and enrich their melody, without being in ordinary cases distinguishable from them. Jesus does not build on the ruins of Moses; Christianity does not supplant Judaism; but generalizes and fulfils it. From the first to the last, the life of humanity is a continuous growth, not strictly speaking, by development, but by assimilation, accretion.

According to this law, all radicalism, that is to say, all destruction of what was fundamental in that which has preceded, or the creation of an order of life, religious, social, or philosophical, that is new in its fundamental elements, is necessarily condemned. What is, must be always our point of departure. This is the principle that must govern us in relation to the race at large, and also in relation to a particular nation or country. Each reformer must connect his proposed reforms with the past of his own church, school, or nation; so that the continuity between its past and its future may be preserved. If he do not, he will labor to no end; he will fail in his projects, and deservedly fail. The American philosopher, then, must not attempt a *new* system of philosophy; but must seek to continue uninterruptedly, by

improving it, the philosophy the race has always embraced, and as modified by the faith and practice of his own nation. In other words, the American philosopher cannot transplant into his own country the philosophy of France or Germany, nor will it answer for him to seek to construct a philosophy for his countrymen from the French or German point of view. He must construct it from the English point of view, and continue English philosophy, as modified, as we may say, by Jonathan Edwards, our only American metaphysician, and by our peculiar civil, political, social, and religious institutions. Our philosophy must be English philosophy Americanized, like the great mass of our population. We do not, then, want, as we cannot have, a new system of philosophy. Locke, Reid, and Jonathan Edwards, have laid the foundation for us, have begun the work, which we are merely to continue.

But even if a new system of philosophy were needed, and could be looked for, we must assure Dr. Schmucker that he deceives himself if he thinks that he has furnished such a system. Saving his terminology, in some instances barbarous, and rarely felicitous, the distribution of the several parts, for the most part immethodical except in appearance, and now and then a statement no other philosopher would willingly hazard, we do not recollect a single portion of the work, either as to its thought, reasoning, or illustration, that can be called new. The author is rarely up with the Scottish school of Reid and Stewart, and is far below, as a mere psychologist, the Eclectic school of modern Germany and France. Even Upham's Philosophy, superficial and meagre as it unquestionably is, taken as a whole, is altogether superior to this, which throws no new light on a single metaphysical question, sets in a clearer point of view not a single fact of human nature, and adds nothing to our knowledge of the laws of the production or association of the psychological phenomena. If the author had spent less time in studying his own mind, and more in making himself acquainted with the views of such men as Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Leibnitz, Malebranche, Reid, and Kant, to say nothing of Schelling, Hegel, and Cousin, he would hardly

have ventured to call his crude notions a new system of mental philosophy. They can be new only to those who are not at all in the habit of reading on metaphysical subjects.

Dr. Schmucker not only tells us that his system is new, but that it is constructed on the basis of Consciousness and Common Sense. Has he any clear and definite notion of the sense in which he uses these terms, when he declares them the basis of his system?—or has he adopted them, without reflecting much on their import, from Dr. Reid, in whose philosophy they play so conspicuous a part? We have looked through his book without finding any clear or exact definition of them; and in any sense in which either is intelligible or acceptable to us, neither constitutes a basis of his system.

Common Sense, as the term is used by Dr. Reid, does not properly designate, as he supposed, a distinct and separate faculty of human nature, but a special degree of our general faculty of intelligence. Man by nature, in his very essence, is intelligent, capable of knowing, and intelligent to the requisite degree for seeing, perceiving, or knowing, in the three worlds of space, time, and eternity. The world which we call the world of eternity, is sometimes called the transcendental world, because its realities transcend those of time and space; and also, sometimes, the world of absolute, universal, immutable and necessary truth. The contents of this world, after Plato and the Platonists, we call IDEAS; Reid called them constituent elements of human nature, first principles of human belief; Aristotle and Kant term them categories of the reason, and in their view categories of the reason as a faculty of human nature. They are the first principles of all science, and of each of the sciences. They, however, do not, as some moderns seem to suppose, reside in the mind, but out of it, in what Plato and the Greeks call the Logos (λογος) and which we may call, with M. Cousin, "the world of Reason," of absolute, universal, and necessary Truth. But, though these ideas or first principles, do not subsist in the human mind, the human mind is constructed in accordance, and placed in intimate relation

with them; so as to be always capable of perceiving them, not detached, not as mere abstractions, but so far as they enter into, and constitute the basis of the finite, particular, contingent, concrete objects of time and space, save in connexion with which we never recognize them. The power to perceive these ideas, or first principles of belief, is what Dr. Reid really understood by Common Sense; that is, not merely a sense common to all men, but a power in each man to perceive, to entertain, or to assume certain first principles, *common and indispensable to every act of intellectual life.*

The reality of this power cannot be questioned. Without it, as Dr. Reid has shown over and over again, man could have not only no firm basis for metaphysical science, no recognition of objects transcending time and space, but in point of fact no science at all; but would be incapable of a single act of cognition whatever. But this power, the reason (*Vernunft*) of Coleridge and the Germans, which they seek to distinguish from the understanding (*Verstand*), is not a distinct and separate faculty of human nature, but, as we have said, merely a special degree of the general faculty of intelligence. To know may indeed have various conditions and degrees, but, as M. Cousin has well remarked, it is always one and the same phenomenon, whatever its sphere or degree. I know always by virtue of one and the same faculty of intelligence, whether the objects of my knowledge be the contents of space, of time, or of eternity; that is, whether these objects be bodies, events, or ideas; or whether I know mediately through external bodily organs, or immediately by intuition. Had Dr. Reid carried his analysis a little farther, he would have perceived that his "first principles" are *objects* of the mind, not *laws* of human belief; and he might then have escaped the error of calling Common Sense a distinct and separate faculty of human nature.

Does Dr. Schmucker understand by Common Sense this power of human nature to perceive ideas or objects which transcend the worlds of space and time? In this sense, it is the power to perceive substance in the cause, being in the phenomenon, the infinite in the finite, the universal in the par-

ticular, the absolute in the relative, the necessary in the contingent, the permanent in the transient. But this power he denies from the beginning of his book to the end, and admits as objects of knowledge, of cognition, only the objects of space. His pretension then to have based his philosophy on Common Sense, according to Dr. Reid's use, or virtual use, of the term, is wholly unfounded. He goes right in the face and eyes of Common Sense.

The only other intelligible sense of the term, is the common or universal assent of mankind. We have no objections to using the term in this sense, and none to making it in this sense authoritative. We know in matters pertaining to politics, and morals, matters pertaining to the race, no higher authority, under divine revelation, than the common assent of mankind. But what is the exponent of this common assent? Whence shall we collect this universal assent of the race? Unquestionably from tradition. The universal assent of the race, is the universal tradition of the race, and the authority of the race is nothing else than the authority of tradition. Tradition taken in the true and large sense of the term, and so as to include not only what may be termed natural, but supernatural, or Providential tradition, in all that relates to politics, morals, and society generally, we recognize and hold to be authoritative. But we do not find Dr. Schmucker appealing to tradition; nay, he rejects it, in calling his system *new*, and in seeking, as he tells us was the case with him, to construct his system, not by consulting the philosophical monuments of the race, but by refusing for ten years to read any work on the subject, and by devoting himself solely to the study of his own mind. We must needs believe, then, that he deceives himself, when he thinks that he has made Common Sense a basis of his system.

The author's claims to having made Consciousness another of the bases of his system, we apprehend, in any sense acceptable even to himself, are no better founded. Consciousness is not, as Dr. Reid seems to have taught, a distinct and separate faculty of the human mind; nor is it a peculiar act of the mind, by which it not only knows, but takes note of the fact that it knows, as seems to be Dr. Schmucker's own

opinion. The precise fact of consciousness is not the mind taking cognizance of its own operations, but of *itself*, in its operations, as their subject, as the operator. We perceive always; for we are by nature and essence active and percipient; and nature, sensible and transcendental, is at all times around us, and streaming into us with its influences: but we are not always conscious; we are conscious only in those more vivid, more distinct perceptions, in which we comprehend in one view, by *one simple act* of the percipient agent, both the object perceived, and the ME as subject perceiving it. Consciousness is therefore simply the recognition by the ME of itself, in the fact of perception, as the agent perceiving; in thought as the subject thinking; in love as the subject loving; in contradistinction from the *object* perceived, thought, or loved.

A system of philosophy based on Consciousness, must be based on the agent revealed by Consciousness, that is to say, the ME, or subject. A system of philosophy based on the ME must be purely subjective, and incapable of attaining to existence exterior to the ME. It would be then the reduction of all our knowledge to the sentimental affections of the sentient subject, the last word of the Sensual school; or the irresistible categories of the reason, or forms of the understanding, the last result of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason—a rationalistic idealism; or to mere volitions or voluntary creations of the ME itself, with Fichte, or an Egoistic Idealism, if the expression will be permitted us. Is it in either of these results that Dr. Schmucker would end? Is his philosophy purely subjective? So far as it is systematic, it is so, in our view of it; but he has not intended it to be so, for he asserts objective reality, the independent existence of entities out of the ME, though by what authority he does not inform us.

But in saying that his philosophy is based on Consciousness, we suppose the author intends that we should understand, that in constructing it he has had direct recourse to the facts of human nature, the phenomena of his own mind, as revealed to him by immediate consciousness. On this point he is nowhere very explicit; but we presume that we do him no injustice, when we say that he probably adopts what is

called the psychological method of studying the phenomena of the human soul. M. Joutroy, the pupil, friend, and successor of M. Cousin in the department of the History of Modern Philosophy, in the Faculty of Letters at Paris, who, we regret, has, by his premature death within the year, been lost to philosophy, is, perhaps, the best exponent of this method. He tells us that there are two classes of facts; each class alike real, each alike open to our inspection;—facts of the outward, material universe, and the facts of that interior, but nevertheless important world which each man carries in himself. The first class we observe by our outward senses, the second by means of an interior light, or sense, called consciousness. Is this Dr. Schmucker's method? And is the adoption of this method what he means by constructing his philosophy on the basis of consciousness? If so, perhaps he is not aware of all the consequences of this method.

This method never carries us out of the subjective; but let that pass. We deceive ourselves, if we suppose the light by which we see in the external world, is different from the light by which we are conscious, or by which we observe in the world within. The percipient agent is the same in both cases; and it is by virtue of the same faculty of intelligence that he observes or knows in one world and the other. The external senses do not observe, nor are they the light by which the man observes; the man himself observes through his external organs by means of his own inherent power of knowing, or faculty of intelligence; and it is by virtue of the same power of knowing, or faculty of intelligence, that he observes in the bosom of consciousness itself.

In the second place, what is called *internal* observation is not, strictly speaking, internal. If by *within* is meant within the ME itself, we have no power with which to look within. The ME is the observer, and, therefore, must needs be distinct from the object observed. It is all on the side of the *subject*, and do the best it can, it cannot, turn it ever so swiftly, get on the side of the *object*. The object observed, be it then what it may, must be, strictly speaking, exterior to the ME, and, therefore, veritably NOT-ME.

In the third place, these facts, which are called, though improperly, internal facts, are never observed, that is, studied, by immediate consciousness. The fact of consciousness, is the recognition of myself in the intellectual phenomenon, as the subject of the phenomenon; that is, as the subject thinking. The moment I seize this fact, and attempt to examine it, it ceases to be a fact of consciousness; for the fact of consciousness is now myself thinking on this fact, which I remember was a fact of consciousness a moment ago. It is impossible, then, to observe, analyse, and classify the facts of consciousness.

What psychologists study for the facts of consciousness, are the facts of memory. They are, no doubt, an important class of facts; but they are not, and cannot be observed, studied, by immediate consciousness. We can, no doubt, study them by means of memory; but our knowledge of them cannot be more immediate and certain than is our knowledge of many other things. Memory is not always faithful. It does not always, nay it rarely, if ever, reproduces the fact exactly as it was, in all its relations and connexions; and one grand cause, perhaps the chief cause, of the failures of psychologists, has been in the fact that they attempt to construct their systems with these facts alone. If Dr. Schmucker means, then, that he makes the facts of consciousness the basis of his system, he deceives himself; for, instead of observing the facts which he studies, by immediate consciousness, he studies them only by means of the memory.

But this is lingering too long on the very title-page of the work. It is time to proceed at least as far as the Introduction. This the author devotes to what he calls *methodology*, and to the difference between mathematical and metaphysical reasoning. "It has long been a subject of remark," says the author, "that while the science of mathematics, which discusses the properties and relations of space and number, is accompanied by the most conclusive evidence, and bears conviction with it at every step of its progress, the philosophy of the mind still remains enveloped in comparative darkness and uncertainty, after the intellect of ages has been expended in its investigation.

The question arises, are not both similar in their nature, and alike susceptible of demonstrative evidence?" Dr. Schmucker, while he admits that the two sciences may be dissimilar in their nature, yet considers the difference of the results obtained in the one from those obtained in the other, as owing to the different method of investigation adopted in mental science, from that pursued by mathematicians. "The superior force of mathematical reasoning arises," he says, "from three sources. *First*, from an intrinsic difference in the nature of the subjects discussed. *Secondly*, from the more rigidly analytic method of investigation pursued in mathematics. And, *thirdly*, from a less elegant, indeed, but more precise and perspicuous method of conveying to others the knowledge we have acquired."

The first of these reasons for the superiority of mathematics in clearness and evidence, may have some force; the other two, none. The third is dwelt upon much by English philosophers, and it held a conspicuous rank in the estimation of Leibnitz. But it is a great mistake to attribute the clearness and evidence of mathematics to the peculiar language adopted by mathematicians. Their signs, no doubt, abridge the labor of recording their results, and also the mechanical process of obtaining them; but their science is in no sense dependent on them, and there is not a mathematical problem the solution of which cannot be obtained and given out in the ordinary language of reasoning. Then, again, the adoption of a precise, exact, definite, technical language for metaphysics, similar in its character and office to the algebraic signs, as Leibnitz wished, and as some modern metaphysicians seem to judge desirable, would avail us very little. A sign is no sign to us, till we know that it stands for something; and it tells us nothing till we know what that something is which it stands for. Philosophy is not a purely verbal science. It deals with realities, and it is and can be intelligible no farther than these realities themselves are known.

Nor do we perceive the force of the *second* reason assigned for the superiority of mathematical reasoning. Reference had to the nature of the subject, mathematical reasoning is not

more rigidly analytic than metaphysical reasoning. The human mind is so constituted that, whatever the subject of its investigations, it must pursue one and the same method, what the Greeks call analysis and synthesis, and we, after the Latins, observation and induction. To hear some Englishmen talk, we might be led to attribute the invention of this method to Lord Bacon; but we may as well attribute to Lord Bacon the invention of the human mind itself. Bacon was no doubt a great man, and rendered important service, if not to science, at least to the sciences; but his merit was not precisely that of the invention of a method of philosophizing. The true method, and the only possible method, is given in the human mind itself. Every operation performed by the mind is performed by virtue of this method; without it the mind cannot operate. It cannot observe a fact, declare it to be a fact, or even to appear to be a fact, without a synthetic judgment, which is to a greater or less extent an induction; and without facts, real or supposed, it has no possible basis for any synthetic or inductive operation whatever. There has been a great deal of learned nonsense uttered about the inductive method, especially by Englishmen and their descendant Americans—a method always observed by the human mind in all its investigations, and as faithfully observed and as rigidly followed, in proportion to the extent of his ability and mental operations, by the simplest ploughboy as by a Newton or a Laplace.

The real cause of the difference between the results of mathematics and of metaphysics is, in the fact that mathematics require acquaintance with but a small number of facts, and of facts which are obvious to every eye, and can be learned in a few moments; whereas metaphysical science, dealing with actual life, requires acquaintance with all reality, which is infinite. Mathematical science is merely the science of quantities. Quantity can differ from quantity only in more or less. He then who has the conceptions of more and less, has all the conceptions essential to mathematics; and he who knows how to measure *more* and *less*, in any conceivable degree, comprehends the science of mathematics. All beyond this in the whole

science is, as it were, identical proposition piled upon identical proposition. No wonder, then, that mathematics were cultivated at an early day, and soon arrived at a high degree of perfection. We say high *degree* of perfection; for the science is not yet perfected, and it is far from having reached the utmost limits of its applications. But its farther progress, or the progress of its applications, will be found to depend in no small degree on the progress of metaphysics.

With philosophy the case is quite different. Here, instead of two, or at most three ideas, which are all that are required by mathematics, which may be obtained by acquaintance with a single concrete existence besides ourselves, and from which we may proceed by the calculus to the system of the universe, we have an infinite variety of complex ideas, which we can fully master only by an actual acquaintance with all contingent existences. The purpose of philosophy is not, as too many fancy, acquaintance with the relations of abstract ideas, which would give us for resultant only dead abstractions, not of the least conceivable value; but acquaintance with life—acquaintance with all that lives—to know really and truly the nature and law of every living being, from God himself to the veriest monad of his creation. A child can master all the facts essential to the science of mathematics; none but God himself has or can have the knowledge requisite for the construction of a perfect system of philosophy.

Philosophy, then, is and always must be imperfect. Its subject-matter is all Infinity, in all its unity and multiplicity. Man is finite, and can have only a finite knowledge. He can, therefore, never take into his view the whole subject-matter of philosophy, the infinite reality that underlies it. He can see this reality only on the side turned towards him, and comprehend it only under a single aspect. His system, then, though woven with infinite pains, can be at best only relatively true. It will always be defective, inadequate,—falling short of the reality to be comprehended. But man is, through Providence, progressive—has a continuous growth, and therefore becomes able every day to enlighten a larger portion of reality, and to com-

prehend more and more of it in his systems. Yet never will he advance so far as to be able to construct a system of philosophy that will abide for ever. The systems of to-day, as mere systems, will always be absorbed by the discoveries and necessary modifications of to-morrow.

This is no doubt a sad conclusion, well adapted to check our pride and presumption, and to teach us modesty and humility in our theorizing; but it is warranted by the whole history of the past, and is a legitimate inference from the finiteness of all our faculties. Saddening, then, as it may be, we must accept it. It is not given to man to build a tower that shall reach to heaven. There is no escaping the floods that will sooner or later come, in some sense, to swallow up our old world. There is no help for it. All that we can ask, then, of the philosopher of to-day is, that he embrace in his system, not absolute truth, but all the truth, in relation to God, man, and the universe, to which the human race has, thus far, whether naturally or Providentially, attained.

Passing over now the difference between mathematics and philosophy, we touch more especially what Dr. Schmucker calls Methodology. *Methodology!* Why could he not have used, with Descartes and all the masters of the science, the simple term *method*? Methodology, if it mean anything, means a discourse on method; but it was not a discourse on method, but method itself, that Dr. Schmucker was to consider. But what is his Methodology, or simply, his method of philosophizing? No man can tell from this Introduction, nor from reading the whole book, or at best can only guess it.

Method is given in the human mind itself; that needs no discussion. What Dr. Schmucker means by Methodology, is doubtless what we should term the *application of method*. All philosophers, in the strictest sense of the term, adopt one and the same method; they differ, however—and in this consists the difference of their systems—in their mode of applying this one and the same method. The mode of applying method to the construction of philosophical science, is the important matter. Descartes began in doubt, by

doubting all existences but his own. To follow his example, we must begin by doubting all that can be doubted, push doubt to its farthest limits, till we come to that which cannot be doubted, and then admit into our system only what rigidly follows from what has been ascertained to be not doubtful. This is well enough for all those who really entertain the doubt recommended; but all men do not entertain this doubt; and we deceive ourselves whenever we think we have assumed in our systems a doubt which we do not in reality feel. No man can take an artificial point of departure. A man who believes in the existence of God, cannot, even in thought, divest himself of that belief, and place himself in the position of him who really doubts that existence. In his arguments to prove the existence of God, he invariably and inevitably assumes the point to be proved, as the basis on which to rest his argument. A man, do his best, cannot divest himself of himself. He cannot assume, really and truly, as his logical point of departure, what is not his real and true point of departure; for he cannot both be and not be at the same moment, as would necessarily be the case were this possible.

The human race has lived a long while, and not altogether in vain. It has ascertained some things; settled some truths. These, in all our philosophizing, we necessarily assume, whether we know it or not, and have the right to assume, as our point of departure. The existence of God has become to the race a fact, which it is no longer necessary to attempt to prove, nor allowable to call in question. Any alleged facts which go to contradict it, or to make it doubtful, are by that fact proved to be no facts; for *it* is more certain than any fact which can be brought against it. The same may be said of man's unity, personal identity, moral freedom, and accountability. No matter what may be alleged against these facts, for we have for them the highest degree of certainty that we can have in any case whatever. Your science, or your fact, which contradicts them, is proved, by its contradicting them, to be no science, no fact. All facts of a similar nature the philosopher has the right to assume as so many points settled. His business, then, instead of seeking to create

and answer a doubt that he does not feel, is to ascertain what the human race has thus far established. This has not to be established over again. When ascertained, it is so much capital in advance. Our business is merely to add to it, and transmit it to our successors enlarged, to be transmitted by them to their successors still more enlarged.

The next thing with regard to method—and concerning this as well as the foregoing Dr. Schmucker is silent—is that we confine ourselves to the order of facts which belong to the special science we are constructing, and not conclude to one subject from the facts of another and a different subject. This rule is violated by phrenologists, who are perpetually concluding to what must be true of man, from what they observe, or fancy they observe, to be true of animals, forgetting that between man and animals there is a distance, and that man has and can have no animal nature. Man is not an animal, but an animal transformed. The great merit of Bacon, under the head of method, consists in his having contended earnestly for this rule. He has been called the father of the inductive method, simply and solely, we apprehend, from his having laid down, and insisted on this rule.

This rule, all important as it may be when rigidly understood and applied, has been too strenuously insisted on in English and American science. Each special science is supposed to have a separate and an independent foundation, to the confusion and virtual destruction, as we have already seen, of all catholic science. This has come from a too violent and too long continued reaction against the Scholastics. The Scholastics were said, and to some extent justly said, to subject physics to their metaphysics, and their metaphysics to their theology. They concluded from their theology to their metaphysics, and from their metaphysics to what must be true in nature; instead of going forth into nature, and ascertaining with open eyes what she contained. In this way they committed some gross errors, for which, however, science has amply avenged herself. It was against this method of studying nature that Bacon entered his protest.

In point of principle, however, the

much decried Scholastics were by no means so far in the wrong as the disciples of Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, and Condillac, have supposed. The universe is constructed by Intelligence, in its own image, or after one and the same divine Idea. Man was made in the image of God. The human soul is the finite representative of the Infinite Intelligence, to which it corresponds in all respects; that is, so far as the finite can correspond to the infinite. The universe, outward nature, corresponds to man, and is therefore, as we may say, the image of the image of God. There is, then, one and the same law of intelligence running from the Infinite Reason down to the faintest echo of it, in the simplest monad God has created. All things are created according to one and the same law, and this law is the law of all intelligence. We may say, then, with the Hegelians, though not, if we understand them, precisely in their sense, that a perfect system of logic were a complete system of the universe. The universe, if we may so speak, is the logic of the Creator, and a perfect system of logic would be a key to all its mysteries, and enable us to comprehend as thoroughly the operations of the material universe, as the operations of the human mind itself.

There is nothing extravagant or unheard of in this statement. It contains nothing not in a degree verified by Naturalists everyday. Fulton constructs his steamboat by his logic, before he does by his handiwork; and Franklin establishes by reasoning the identity of lightning and the electric fluid, before he draws the lightning from the cloud, and makes it run down the silken cord of his kite and charge his Leyden Jar. Every scientific man, for the most part, succeeds in his theory before he does in his experiments. Very few important scientific discoveries are made by accident, or without having been, to some extent, predicted. Naturalists reason and say, "It *must* be so;" and then go forth and interrogate Nature, who answers, "It *is* so." These, and similar facts which might be indefinitely multiplied, prove not merely the uniformity of nature, and that its order does not change; but that nature has, if we may so speak, a rational basis, is made in the image of mind, and that its laws are, as Plato asserted, *ideas* or

images of the laws or principles of Intelligence, Reason, *Nous*, *Λογος*.

Assuming the fact, for which we here contend, and which we hold to be unquestionable, the Scholastics were far from being wrong in principle. So far as we have a *true* system of theology we have the right to conclude from it to metaphysics. So far as we have a true system of metaphysics, we have the right to conclude from it to the facts of physical science. Metaphysical science has the right to preside over all mathematical and physical science. It does and will give the law to the mathematical and physical sciences, even if we try to have it otherwise, for it determines the character of the facts on which they are founded. We do not see the *whole* fact; and the fact we see and analyze varies as varies the metaphysical light in which we contemplate it; as the landscape varies as we shift the position from which we view it. But as our metaphysics are by no means perfect, we must never venture to rely solely on conclusions from metaphysical science to the facts of physical nature, till we have, to the best of our ability, corrected or modified them by actual observation and experiment in the bosom of nature herself.

Dr. Schmucker's error, under the head of method, seems to us to be in attempting to construct a science of the human mind by confining himself to a single class of facts, namely, the mere facts of memory, called by our modern psychologists, facts of consciousness, and which we have seen are insufficient for his purpose. Speaking of himself, in his preface, he says, "He then resolved to study exclusively his own mind, and for ten years he read no book on this subject. During this period, he spent much of his time in the examination of *his own mental phenomena*, and having travelled over the *whole* ground, and employed the leisure of several additional years, to review and mature his views, he now presents to the public the following outline of a system as in all its parts the result of original, analytic induction." But it does not seem to have occurred to him, that he might possibly have overlooked some one or more of the mental phenomena, and seen some of them but dimly, in a partial or even a false light; that in a word

no analysis of one's own mental phenomena is or can be an adequate basis for a genuine psychology. Is there no difference in individuals? Are the mental phenomena of a New Hollander and of a Leibnitz the same? Is Dr. Schmucker the standard-man, for all men? He would have done well to have conformed to the method of M. Cousin, which, though on one side too exclusively psychological, seeks always to correct or verify the psychology of the individual, by history, or the psychology of the race. M. Cousin really does what Dr. Schmucker professes to do, constructs his philosophy on the basis of consciousness and common sense, or what the individual can ascertain by the study of his own mental phenomena as presented, not indeed really by consciousness, but by memory, and by the study of the phenomena of the race, as presented in history in general, and that of philosophy in particular. He is therefore protected against taking the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of his own mind, for universal and permanent laws of human nature. But Dr. Schmucker does not seem to have ever heard of M. Cousin, or his school.

In concluding our criticism, on what Dr. Schmucker calls methodology, we will add that, in order to construct a true system of mental philosophy, or a psychology at all worthy of the name, we must, in addition to what Dr. Schmucker calls the mental phenomena, study—

1. **PHYSIOLOGY**, and in that enlarged sense in which it includes not only the functions of the human body, or organism, but nature in general. Man is not body, but he is, as Bossuet has finely expressed it, made to live in a body, and to manifest himself through bodily organs. By virtue of his union with a body, man is placed in relation with external nature. The body has in some way or other, not explicable to us, an influence on the mental and moral manifestations of the man; and nature an influence on the body. The relation then between the soul and body, and the body and nature, becomes an indispensable subject of study, in the construction of an adequate psychology. Climate, soil, productions, have a decided influence on our bodies, and therefore on our characters. There is a marked difference between the in-

habitants of mountainous districts and those of the plains; between the dwellers in the interior and the dwellers on the coast; between those who live amid laughing landscapes, under a sky ever serene, and those who live in regions of perpetual storm and mist. Under the head of physiology, then, we must study not only the human organism, but all nature so far as it affects that organism.

2. **SOCIETY**. Man is not only made to live in a body, and through that in relation with nature; but also in relation with other men, in the bosom of society. The individual does not, and cannot exist isolated from his race, but has his life and being in the race, as the race has its in God. God makes and sustains all creatures "after their kind," as races, and it is only by a knowledge of *genera* and *species* that we can come to a knowledge of individuals. In constructing our philosophy of man, we must study him as a race, or the individual as a member of the race, in his relations to other men, living one and the same life with them, and as modified by friendship and love, patriotism and philanthropy, by the Family, the Church, and the State.

3. **HISTORY**. Man, we have said, has a progress, a continuous growth, and therefore changes from age to age, and that too as a race no less than as an individual. He has an existence, therefore, in time, as well as in space. The study of physiology and society, gives what concerns him as living in the world of space; the study of history, what concerns him as a being of time. History is three-fold—individual, general, and natural. The first is what is ordinarily termed *memory*, and comprises what are usually treated as facts of consciousness, or mental phenomena. General (from *genus*) history is the history of the race, and is the memory of the individual enlarged into the memory of the race, and records the changes and modifications which humanity, human nature, has itself undergone. The law of human life, by virtue of which human nature is manifested, is in all ages the same; but the actual volume of human nature, so to speak, is perpetually enlarging, so that we must always have regard to chronology in what we affirm or deny of it. Between the human

nature of the Hottentot, and the human nature of a Newton, there is a distance of many centuries. Moreover, nature, the outward material universe, has a growth, is successively ameliorated, so that it is ever exerting a kindlier influence on human organism, and therefore on human character. The history of these successive ameliorations, or the history of nature, is then essential to a complete system of mental philosophy.

4. **INSPIRATION.** We have no confidence in the philosopher who believes himself able to explain the phenomena of human life, whether in space or time, without assuming the special intervention of Providence. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." The acorn must be quickened and fed by foreign influences, or it grows not into the oak; so man must be quickened by the spirit of God, and fed by divine revelations. Through the aid of Providential men, prophets, Messiahs, and God's Only Begotten Son, the human soul has been quickened into life, human nature redeemed, and humanity advanced by the infusion into its life, successively, of new and higher manifestations of life. The modifications and growth of human nature, effected by these supernatural communications, must be studied in order to have a complete knowledge of the actual, concrete, living man, as we find him to-day, in the bosom of Christian Civilisation.

Here is the vast field which he who would give us a psychology worthy of the name, must cultivate; and he who has not cultivated it long and assiduously, has no right to call himself a philosopher. To become even tolerably acquainted with this vast range of studies will require more than ten years devoted exclusively to the study of the phenomena of one's own mind.

AFTER having dwelt so long on the general method and design of this new system of philosophy, it cannot be necessary to spend much time in disposing of its details. These are at best of moderate value, rarely new, and when new, just as rarely true. The author does not appear to have sufficient acquaintance with the thoughts of others, to be able to form any tolerable appreciation of his own. His

reading is very far from having brought him up to the present state of metaphysical science, even in this country and England, to say nothing of France and Germany. In running over the whole work, we have found nothing worthy of special commendation, unless it be a single remark respecting what he makes the third division of the mental phenomena. He divides the mental phenomena into three classes:

1. Cognitive Ideas;
2. Sentient Ideas;
3. Active Operations.

In this third division he includes the unconscious, the spontaneous operations of the mind, as well as the phenomena of the will proper, which are operations performed with consciousness, and reflection, and which are all that Upham and some of the Germans include under the third division. Dr. Schmucker is more correct than they; for I am active in as true and high a sense in my unconscious operations, as in what are properly called my volitions. If this were not so, moral character could attach only to those acts which are performed after deliberation, which is not true. The real moral character of the man is determined, almost solely, by his spontaneous operations, the unconscious motions of his soul. So far, then, we find Dr. Schmucker in the right.

But we do not accept the terminology of this classification. What is the meaning of *cognitive Ideas*? Surely, not ideas that know; why not then say simply *cognitions*, the only proper word in our language for what Dr. Schmucker probably means. *Sentient Ideas* certainly are not ideas that feel. Then they are simply sensations, sentiments or feelings. But who before, ever dreamed of calling a sensation, sentiment, or feeling, an *idea*? Locke uses the term *idea*, to express the objects about which the mind in its operations is immediately conversant. We do not accept this use of the term, the most favorable to Dr. Schmucker of any authorized use he can find; but even according to this use, the feeling is never an idea, because the moment it becomes an object with which the mind is conversant, it has ceased to be a feeling, and become merely the memory of a feeling. Then, again, what is the use of saying *active ope-*

rations? Just as if there could be any operations that were not active, or did not imply activity on the part of their subject, or the operator.

Again, we protest against Dr. Schmucker's use of the word *idea* in general. The terminology of a science is not, we own, of the highest, but it is of some importance; and it is desirable that it should be as uniform as possible. For ourselves, we are no friends to neologism, either in the coinage of new words, or new senses to old words. It is rarely necessary to introduce a new term into our philosophical language, and the only novelty allowable in the use of an old term is its restriction as much as possible to its primitive, radical meaning. This radical meaning, guard against it ever so carefully, will always accompany the use of the word, and mislead both writer and reader, when it is not the exact meaning intended. The nearer we keep to the etymological meaning of a term, the more distinctly we express that meaning, the more just and proper will be our use of the term. Every language, too, has a genius of its own, and certain indestructible laws, which can never be offended or transgressed with impunity. There is no wisdom in the common sneers against a studied nicety in the use of words; and he who seeks to express his ideas in terms which are, as he would say, free, general, and familiar, will find, if he reflects, that his objections to this nicety arose from the very great vagueness and looseness of his thoughts.

The term *idea* was originally used in philosophy to designate that *objective* reality we take cognizance of in all our mental operations, which transcends what are called sensible objects, though never seen but in connexion with them. This objective reality was originally termed *idea* by Plato, because he held it to be an image of the Logos, or Divine Mind. Now this conception of image goes, and always will go, with this word *idea*. It is impossible to get rid of it, because it is the radical, the primitive sense of the word. When, then, we call our notions of the objects of time and space, *ideas*, as does Dr. Schmucker, we shall always, whether we so intend or not, teach that by *idea* we understand that the mental phenomenon we so name, is in some sort a representative or im-

age, of the object concerned. Thus, the *idea* of a book will be the *image* of a book in the mind; the *idea* of a horse will be a little picture or likeness of a horse; the wound by a sword will cause pain, which pain will give us an *idea*, that is, a mental image, or copy of the sword. This is precisely Dr. Schmucker's own philosophy, with this exception, that he does not contend that the *idea* is an image or likeness of the object, but merely a *representation* of it.

Accept this, call our notions, representations, and then say, with Dr. Schmucker, that the immediate objects of the mind are not the entities themselves, but their mental representatives, and you have the very idealism which Berkely deduced from Locke's philosophy, and which Reid spent so much time, and not without success, in overthrowing. Since Dr. Reid's Inquiry, it has not been allowable to talk of mental representatives, or *ideas*, as *objects of the mind*, separate from the external realities themselves. The mind does not hold communion with the external world through the medium of *ideas*, but converses directly with it; and what Dr. Schmucker calls *ideas* or representations of that world, are merely the notions we obtain by conversing with it, the form our thoughts assume, when we think it. By his use of the term *idea*, he revives an old error, long since exploded, and for which we had supposed no new champion would ever be found.

Moreover, we object to the principle on which Dr. Schmucker makes his classification of the mental phenomena. "The proper materials of this science, doubtless are," he says, "not the supposed faculties, of which we know nothing directly but the known phenomena of the mind." It is true we know nothing directly of ourselves or our faculties; but who ever contended that we do not know ourselves, or our faculties, as well as the effect of the exercise of these faculties, indirectly, by studying the phenomena of life? If we can know nothing of our faculties, what is the use of trying to obey the injunction, "Know thyself"? But we do know ourselves; that is, indirectly, so far as realized in the phenomena of life. In every act of life, of which we are conscious, we recognize always ourselves as the subject;

in cognition the subject that knows; in feeling the subject that feels; in love the subject that loves; in action, the subject or agent that acts. In every phenomenon we recognize, back of the phenomenon, the subject of the phenomenon, that which manifests itself in the phenomenon, the being, cause, or agency producing the phenomenon. Thus, in every one of the mental phenomena, we recognize, in addition, if we may so speak, to the phenomenon itself, the invariable, persisting subject of the phenomenon. This subject is always our *self*, the ME. The power of the ME, (what I mean when I say, *I am, I think, I love, &c.*,) to exhibit, produce, or cause this phenomenon, or more accurately to manifest itself in it, is precisely what we mean by the term faculty.

Now, if we can know nothing of the faculties of the ME, how can we classify its phenomena? What will be the basis of our classification? If we cannot know the fact that we have the faculty of knowing, we can know nothing at all; and then how can we call a portion of our mental phenomena, cognitions, or "cognitive ideas"? When we assert that a portion of our mental phenomena are cognitions, do we not thereby assert that we have the power to know, and, therefore, that we have the faculty of intelligence? The same questions may be asked in reference to what Dr. Schmucker calls "sentient ideas" and "active operations;" that is, feelings and operations. Can a phenomenon be known to be an *operation*, without the recognition of that which is the operator? Is it not the perception in the phenomenon of the operator, that leads us and enables us to call it an operation?

Dr. Schmucker must pardon us for asking, if he has ever read Plato? We presume that he has not, and we therefore recommend him to do it forthwith, or at least some portions of Plato; and without referring him to any difficult portions, we would mention the *Hippias*, which is on the Beautiful. From that he may learn that to be able to call a particular thing beautiful, we must needs know that by virtue of which it is beautiful; that to be able to say of this or that act, it is just, wise, or virtuous, we must be able to conceive of justice, wisdom, and virtue. He who knows not the *general*, (the

genus), cannot know the special and the individual. We know only by ascending from individuals to species and genera. Thus, we know an individual to be a man only by virtue of our ability to detect in him the genus, the race, humanity or human nature; for in affirming him to be a man we affirm him to partake of this race, that is, of humanity, human nature. It is only by our power of perceiving genera and species, what Plato would call, and what we ought to call, the power of perceiving *ideas*, that we can know at all, that we can say of this individual he is a man, it is a horse, an ox, or a dog. Our modern metaphysicians who neglect the study of the ancients, show more self-reliance than true wisdom. In all that belongs to pure metaphysics, so far as the science concerns or rests on abstract principles, powers, or reasoning, no additions have been made since the time of Plato and Aristotle, unless Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and Cousin's *Reduction of the Categories*, be exceptions. Our advance on the ancients is no doubt great, but it does not consist in the fact that we surpass them in our knowledge of the conditions of knowledge, of first principles of science, or in the strength, subtility, or soundness of our reasoning; but in a wider range of observation, in a richer experience, and a more thorough knowledge of life. Descartes in his doctrine of Innate Ideas, or more properly innate capacities or faculties, Reid, in his constituent principles of human nature, or first principles of human belief, virtually, even Kant in his *Categories*, and Cousin avowedly in his *Absolute Ideas*, have done nothing but reproduce, and, in our judgment, not in improved forms, Plato's doctrine of ideas, which asserts in all cases the reality of genera, ideas, or objects transcending time and space, and of our power to perceive them, as the absolutely indispensable conditions of all science. Against this doctrine we find the old Epicureans, and Sceptics, the Nominalists, among the Scholastics, Bacon, Hobbes, Gassendi, Locke, Condillac, Hume, and Dr. Schmucker, among the moderns; although this must not be said of Bacon and Locke without some important reservations, owing to the fact that they were both as men and as practical philosophers,

broader, richer, and truer than their official theorizing. We side with Plato, and in fact with Aristotle, who on this point is virtually a Platonist. All we contend is, that we never perceive genera, ideas, separate, detached from the individuals in which they are concreated, or actualized; but we do really perceive them in these individuals; and it is only by virtue of this fact, that the individuals themselves are objects of knowledge. But we are wandering too far from our present purpose. We will only add that the principle involved in Dr. Schmucker's assertion, that the proper materials of mental philosophy are the mental phenomena themselves, considered independent of their relation to the faculties of which they are the manifestations, involves, as all who are really masters of metaphysical science know full well, the denial of all solid basis of knowledge, the possibility of science, and therefore plunges us, theoretically, into absolute Pyrrhonism, or universal skepticism. He takes the side taken by all the philosophers whose speculations have led to the denial of religion, and the assertion of atheism. We are far from thinking, and far from intending even to intimate that we think, Dr. Schmucker is aware of this fact, or that he would not recoil from it with horror. But he who denies man's power to know anything in the phenomenon, but the phenomenon itself, has made a denial which involves the denial of the possibility of recognizing in any or all of the phenomena of man, or of the universe, the power, or even to be made acquainted with the power, being, agency or cause, on whom they depend for their existence, and from whom they receive their birth, their reality, and their law.

But waiving even this, we are far from adopting Dr. Schmucker's classification of the mental phenomena; not, indeed, because we hold it less correct than the classification proposed by others, for we really know of none that we should be more willing to adopt; but because we hold that no classification of the kind is admissible. There are no mental phenomena that are purely actions, purely cognitions, or purely feelings. The ME acts always as the living and indestructible synthesis of all its faculties. It is in its essence a unity, with the threefold power

to act, to know, and to feel; but not to act without knowing and feeling, to know without acting and feeling, nor to feel without acting and knowing; but always all three in each and every phenomenon. The mental phenomenon, then, whatever it be, is primitively a complex fact, at once and indivisibly action, cognition, feeling,—complex but not composite, nor susceptible of being resolved into distinct and separate elements, without ceasing to be a fact of actual life.

We state here a fact of very great importance, to the ignorance or neglect of which may be attributed nearly all the errors of psychologists. Psychologists have never, or at least rarely, been willing to accept the primitive fact of consciousness, as the primitive fact. What is complex or manifold, they have supposed must needs be composite; therefore, secondary; therefore, susceptible of being decomposed and resolved into its primitive elements. Their great study has, therefore, been to decompose the primitive mental phenomenon, and to reduce it to a lower denomination than the lowest. They have been able to do this only by assuming that the distinction of a plurality of faculties in the ME, is a division of the ME into a plurality of faculties; that is, they have been able to decompose the phenomenon only by dividing the ME into distinct, separate, and in some sort independent faculties, each able, as it were, to act independently and alone. Thus, the ME may act as pure activity, and give us pure actions, in which nothing of cognition or sentiment mingles; as pure intelligence, and give us pure cognitions, pure intellections, in which enters nothing of action or feeling,—hence the talk about and sometimes the condemnation of mere intellect; and finally, as pure sensibility, giving us mere feeling in which there is no action, no cognition. But having divided the ME, as it were, into three separate *mes*, or *sub-mes*, they have not been slow to mutilate it, by retrenching one faculty after another, under the pretence of resolving one into another; and in this way, among them all, they have retrenched the whole ME, and left nothing remaining. The Sensualists, of the school of Condillac, resolve intelligence and activity into sensibility, and, therefore, retrench all of the ME but the sensibility; Idealists

retrench all but the power to know ; and the Egoists, the Fichtians, retrench all but the activity. Every system of philosophy constructed in this way, on the hypothesis that the primitive fact of consciousness is a simple fact, the product of a single faculty of the soul, acting independently of the other two, is necessarily false, for its basis is a fact, not of life, but of death.

We cannot avoid remarking, by the way, that we are unable to account for the fact that M. Cousin, entitled to a high rank among the most eminent philosophers of any age or nation, while he recognizes the complexity of the primitive fact of consciousness, and even makes it the basis of what he improperly calls Eclecticism, should yet countenance the division of the mental phenomena into three classes, corresponding very nearly to the division proposed by Dr. Schmucker. It is a singular inconsequence, and one which has led him and his readers into some grave errors. No man can more distinctly assert the primitive synthesis of the phenomenon of actual life; nay, we are aware of no one before him who has stated it at all; it is of the most vital importance in his system; and yet he seems perpetually, when analyzing and classifying the mental phenomena, to have forgotten it. Is this owing to the fact that from his admiration of Proclus, he was led, without due reflection, to call his philosophy Eclecticism? Has this name misled himself, as it has others? Be this as it may, we regret that he has ever done himself the wrong to call his philosophy Eclecticism, from the Greek, signifying to *choose* or *select*, and, therefore, implying that it is made up of selections from other systems. In consequence of his adopting this name, the public believe, and in spite of all explanations will continue to believe, this to be the actual character of his philosophy; yet nothing is farther from the truth. His philosophy is really and truly *synthetic*, as it should be, founded on the primitive synthesis we have pointed out in the mental phenomenon itself. If he had always remembered this, he would never, it seems to us, have given the sanction of his authority to the attempted decomposition of the primitive fact, against which, even in his own name, we protest.

Nevertheless, if M. Cousin divides

the mental phenomena into three classes, corresponding to the three fundamental faculties of the soul,—activity, intelligence, and sensibility,—he takes care always to tell us that this division never takes place in actual life, for the mental phenomenon is always a product of the joint and simultaneous action of all the faculties. M. Leroux, therefore, in his very acute, able, ingenious, and instructive *Réfutation de l'Eclecticisme*, a work to which we have been largely indebted in the composition of this article, has been wrong to accuse M. Cousin of overlooking this primitive synthesis, and to reason against his system as if it were a system of mere Eclecticism. M. Leroux is not more synthetic in his own system than is M. Cousin. On this point both, in fact, adopt the same philosophy, for both belong to the nineteenth century, which demands a synthetic philosophy, and requires the philosopher to cease "murdering to dissect," to cease his fruitless efforts to decompose what is already ultimate, and to find out the primitive synthesis of actual life, and to make that the basis of a system of science which shall possess at once life, unity, and catholicity.

No doubt the mental phenomena vary among themselves. Every phenomenon is, indeed, the joint product of all the faculties, acting at once in the unity and multiplicity of the ME; but in some of the phenomena one faculty, without excluding the others, predominates, and in others another. How this can be, perhaps philosophy is not in a condition to explain. Perhaps at bottom the power to do, the power to know, and the power to feel, are one and the same, and all force, in proportion to the quantity of being in the subject of which it is affirmed, is essentially sentient and percipient—that all beings, the minutest even, in proportion to the quantity of their being, are active, percipient, and sentient beings, as Leibnitz teaches in his "Monadology," and as seems to us to be taught in the Proem to St. John's Gospel. But be this as it may, our phenomena differ among themselves, and by virtue of the differing degrees in which one or another of the faculties predominates in their production.

Also, men themselves differ one from another, in the same way. In some

the faculty to act—activity, seems predominant, in others the faculty to know; in others still, the sensibility. This fact has given rise to the St. Simonian classification of mankind into three classes:

1. Men of Action—*les Industriels* ;
2. Men of Science—*les Savans* ;
3. Men of Art—*les Artistes*.

M. Leroux, in his work entitled *L'Humanité*, thinks this classification was well known to the ancients, and that he finds it in the *Bereshith* of the Hebrews, concealed in the names Cain, Abel, and Seth, in the first series, and Shem, Ham, and Japhet, in the second; and it is worthy of note, that the meaning of these names in the original seems to afford no little support to his conjecture; and, moreover, we should always expect to find in a book given by divine inspiration, the profoundest philosophy. But without assuming to decide whether M. Leroux is correct or not, this much we may assert, that the classification is not without foundation. Men, if born with equal—which is questionable—are born with different capacities. No training can make every boy a poet, a painter, a musician, a mathematician, an expert handicraftsman, or a successful merchant. There is a class who of choice would be and by nature are fitted to be, active business men, traders, manufacturers, mechanics, cultivators of the earth; another class, whose great want is to know, who would spend their life in investigating, in acquiring and communicating knowledge; and still another class, who are of a plastic nature, whose souls are alive to the Beautiful; who contemplate truth, goodness, holiness, always under the aspect of beauty, of which they become impassioned, and which they seek to embody in song, melody, picture, statue, column, or dome. This distinction of men into three general classes, should be recognized in all our educational provisions, and our statesmen should be unwearied in their efforts so to perfect our social arrangements, as to suffer each one in life to fall into the class to which he naturally belongs, to pursue the calling for which he has a natural aptitude, and to receive according to his CAPACITY and his WORKS.

We would proceed further in the examination of the details of Dr. Schmucker's system, but it could serve

no purpose, save to give us an occasion of expressing our own views on the points concerned, in opposition; and this we shall have, hereafter, a more fitting opportunity to do, in reviewing several other philosophical works which we intend to bring, *seriatim*, to the notice of the readers of the Democratic Review. We have found already as much fault with Dr. Schmucker as we are willing to find with any one man, and we could do nothing but continue to find fault were we to proceed. If his work had been on any other subject, we should not have felt ourselves called upon to notice its errors; for we could have safely trusted to the good sense of the people at large to correct it; but works on metaphysical science are precisely the works to which the good sense of the people is the least capable of administering the necessary correctives. They must be examined and judged by persons whose habits, tastes, and studies have in some sort qualified them to judge wisely and correctly. We have no disrespect for Dr. Schmucker, but his work is precisely one of that kind which seems to us, from its size, its method, and its apparent simplicity, likely to take with the public. We have felt, therefore, that it was our duty to warn our countrymen against making it, as the author has designed it, a text-book in our colleges and academies. The author himself, of whom we know nothing but what this book tells us, we hold to be a very estimable man; and we doubt not that if he had written the Institutes of the Christian Religion, instead of the Elements of a new system of Mental Philosophy, we should have approved his work—at least have had no serious objections to urge against it; for, in the preparation of such a work he would have studied the Bible still more than the phenomena of his own mind; and he who studies diligently and prayerfully the Bible, we may add, will be as little likely, after all, to err in his philosophy as in his theology. The New Testament is the best manual of philosophy we are acquainted with.

The space we have appropriated to the subject of this book, and that which we propose for some time to come to devote to it, we cannot believe misapplied. The taste for philosophical studies in this country is evidently on the increase; and we are preparing to

become really a philosophical people. "Young America," the America of the nineteenth century, is not fuller of life than of thought. Thousands of young hearts all over the country are gushing out with love of truth and humanity. Thousands of young minds, with a maturity beyond their years, are buckling on the harness, eager to go forth to investigate, to explore Providence, man, and nature, and to win glorious laurels, in their battles with darkness and error. God's blessing on these noble young hearts, and brave young minds! Something will come of their efforts. We as a people are becoming more thoughtful, more profound; are acquiring a rich and varied experience; and we cannot fail to create a literature as much in advance of all the literatures of the most admired nations of ancient or modern times, as our political institutions are in advance of the old world, where the millions are still pressed to the earth by the overwhelming weight of kings, hierarchies, and nobilities. We are becoming an earnest people, feeling that we are to live, toil, suffer, die—if need be—for the growth of universal humanity; that it is ours to take the initiative in the new school of science which is to be instituted for the world, and to formula the new thought that is to rule the future. We are THE PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE, and to us the scholars of all nations must ere long look. This is our high destiny. We are not, then, warring against our destiny in seeking to engage our countrymen in the study of the profoundest subjects, and in calling upon them to grapple with the gravest problems of science. There is for us no time to trifle, and we have no thought to waste on what is frivolous and ephemeral. We must be great, grand, solemn. We rejoice in this increased attention to philosophical subjects; in all these new works on philosophy issuing from our teeming press; in the philosophical essays which are beginning to make so large a part of our periodical literature. All augurs well, and is significant of good. We are evidently preparing ourselves for the high mission which God has given us as a people, and unless we strive hard to fail, we shall ere long be found in the front rank of the nations, our faces

and our step onward, and still onward towards the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.

In conclusion, dropping the official "we," the writer must be allowed to say a word or two directly to the readers of this Journal, for his relation to them, which commences with this article, is to be somewhat peculiar. It is neither that of editor, nor yet of an ordinary contributor. Through the generous confidence of the Editor, I am permitted to speak in these pages as freely as if they were my own, on my own responsibility, exempt from the usual editorial revision and control. Nobody, then, but myself is to be implicated, should I be so unfortunate, or so fortunate, as to advance notions the public may agree to denounce as heretical. My own name will be annexed to my contributions, and what I write must be taken precisely as if it had appeared in the Journal which I have myself conducted for the last five years.

I must also be permitted to say, that in this article I have wished to do something more than criticize Dr. Schmucker's work. I have designed my essay as a general introduction to all that I may hereafter contribute to these pages, and also as a not inappropriate introduction to philosophical studies in general, and the nature, method, design, and leading principles of what should be understood by the term philosophy. I have crowded the article more than I could wish, and have been quite too dogmatical; for here, as elsewhere, I appear always under the disadvantage of being presumed to be heretical on all points on which I am silent, or on which I do not expressly avow orthodox doctrines; and I have wished to give my views in advance on as many points as possible, that the public might see at once the general spirit and direction of my philosophy. This was necessary, so that I might enter on this new field of labor with as little prejudice, from presumed past delinquencies, as possible. Hereafter I shall conceal myself behind my subject; yet I hope not so effectually but that a strong personal interest may grow up between the writer and his readers, to be shaken by no adverse winds, but to outlast all the controversies of the day, and to bloom eternally in the heavens.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON READING SEVERAL PAMPHLETS PUBLISHED BY CLERGYMEN AGAINST
THE ABOLITION OF THE GALLOWS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I.

THE suns of eighteen centuries have shone
Since the Redeemer walked with man, and made
The fisher's boat, the cavern's floor of stone,
And mountain moss, a pillow for his head ;
And He, who wandered with the peasant Jew,
And broke with publicans the bread of shame,
And drank, with blessings in His Father's name,
The water which Samaria's outcast drew,
Hath now His temples upon every shore,
Altar and shrine and priest,—and incense dim
Evermore rising, with low prayer and hymn,
From lips which press the temple's marble floor,
Or kiss the gilded sign of the dread Cross He bore !

II.

Yet as of old, when, meekly "doing good,"
He fed a blind and selfish multitude,
And even the poor companions of His lot
With their dim earthly vision knew Him not,
How ill are His high teachings understood !
Where He hath spoken Liberty, the priest
At His own altar binds the chain anew ;
Where he hath bidden to Life's equal feast,
The starving many wait upon the few ;
Where He hath spoken Peace, His name hath been
The loudest war-cry of contending men ;
Priests, pale with vigils, in His name have blessed
The unsheathed sword, and laid the spear in rest,
Wet the war-banner with their sacred wine,
And crossed its blazon with the holy sign ;
Yea, in His name who bade the erring live,
And daily taught His lesson—to forgive !—
Twisted the cord and edged the murderous steel ;
And, with His words of mercy on their lips,
Hung gloating o'er the pincer's burning grips,
And the grim horror of the straining wheel ;
Fed the slow flame which gnawed the victim's limb,
Who saw before his searing eye-balls swim
The image of *their* Christ, in cruel zeal,
Through the black torment-smoke, held mockingly to him !

III.

The blood which mingled with the desert sand,
And beaded with its red and ghastly dew
The vines and olives of the Holy Land—
The shrieking curses of the hunted Jew—
The white-sown bones of heretics where'er
They sank beneath the Crusade's holy spear—
Goa's dark dungeons—Malta's sea-washed cell,
Where with the hymns the ghostly fathers sung
Mingled the groans by subtle torture wrung,
Heaven's anthem blending with the shriek of Hell !—

The midnight of Bartholomew—the stake
 Of Smithfield, and that thrice-accursed flame
 Which Calvin kindled by Geneva's lake—
 New England's scaffold, and the priestly sneer
 Which mocked its victims in that hour of fear,
 When guilt itself a human tear might claim,—
 Bear witness, O Thou wronged and merciful One!
 That Earth's most hateful crimes have in Thy name been done!

IV.

Thank God! that I have lived to see the time
 When the great truth begins at last to find
 An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
 Earnest and clear, that **ALL REVENGE IS CRIME!**
 That Man is holier than a creed,—that all
 Restraint upon him must consult his good,
 Hope's sunshine linger on his prison wall,
 And Love look in upon his solitude.
 The beautiful lesson which our Saviour taught
 Through long, dark centuries, its way hath wrought
 Into the common mind and popular thought;
 And words, to which by Galilee's lake shore
 The humble fishers listened with hushed oar,
 Have found an echo in the general heart,
 And of the public faith become a living part.

V.

Who shall arrest this tendency?—Bring back
 The cells of Venice and the bigot's rack?
 Harden the softening human heart again,
 To cold indifference to a brother's pain?
 Ye most unhappy men!—who, turn'd away
 From the mild sunshine of the Gospel day,
 Grope in the shadows of Man's twilight time,
 What mean ye, that with ghowl-like zest ye brood
 O'er those foul altars streaming with warm blood,
 Permitted in another age and clime?
 Why cite that law with which the bigot Jew
 Rebuked the pagan's mercy, when he knew
 No evil in the Just One?—Wherefore turn
 To the dark cruel past?—Can ye not learn
 From the pure Teacher's life, how mildly free
 Is the great Gospel of Humanity?
 The Flamen's knife is bloodless, and no more
 Mexitli's altars soak with human gore,
 No more the ghastly sacrifices smoke
 Through the green arches of the Druid's oak;
 And ye of milder faith, with your high claim
 Of prophet-utterance in the Holiest name,
 Will ye become the Druids of *our* time?
 Set up your scaffold-altars in *our* land,
 And, consecrators of Law's darkest crime,
 Urge to its loathsome work the Hangman's hand?
 Beware—lest human nature, roused at last,
 From its peeled shoulder your incumbrance cast,
 And, sick to loathing of your cry for blood,
 Rank ye with those who led their victims round
 The Celt's red altar and the Indian's mound,
 Abhorred of Earth and Heaven—a pagan brotherhood!

POLITICAL PAMPHLETEERING.

THE period of the Civil War in England has been styled by D'Israeli, in an essay on pamphlets, "The Age of Pamphlets," an expression he had borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, from Johnson. Previously to that era, controversialists had, in the time of Elizabeth, commenced their fire of paper bullets and all the horrors of literary warfare; and indeed, from the beginning of letters, controversy must have had some existence, though in England it had not become a recognized department of popular literature before the epoch of which we have spoken. The reasons for its rapid growth about this time are sufficiently obvious and may be easily recounted. There was in the minds of a majority of the people of England an unsettling of old opinions, chiefly with respect to government, though the discussion of religious opinions soon came to be so closely mingled with debates that originally were devoted to political disquisition, that a man's politics became a fair test of his religious opinions, and *vice versâ*. An Independent was, of course, a fifth-monarchy man; a royalist was equally of course a high churchman; a moderate republican, then as now, was scouted by both parties as a time-server and trimmer. Church and State were indissolubly connected. The divine institution of Episcopacy and the divine right of kings went hand in hand. At an earlier and at a later period matters were carried still farther. A devoted loyalist in the reign of Henry VII., must have been a Roman Catholic, if he would preserve consistency; upon the same grounds that would have made a Scotch whig a Presbyterian, in the middle of the last century.

But we are not going into the early history of the Pamphlet, a form of writing that bears the same relation to political treatises, in speculative inquiries or practical suggestions, that the song or ballad does to the classical epic. The one is alluded to with respect, if seldom read; the other stowed into the pocket and read by everybody at his leisure. Locke and

Sydney wrote for scholars, Defoe and Tom Paine wrote for the people. The treatise is for the student of abstract principles; the tract, for those who look to a practical application of them. In a previous paper we noticed the principal political writers of the commonwealth; there were numberless writers of minor consequence. We said nothing, as we wish to say nothing, of the endless theoretical battles of the disputants of the same era; an era of the narrowest bigotry of doctrine and the fiercest contest for victory; an era which we rejoice is past, and trust may never return.

We intend to commence our present sketch with a notice of Sir Roger L'Estrange. This literary knight-errant and political hack, is said to have been the first political writer in England who regularly adhered to a party, from which he received remuneration for his services; or, in brief, the first regular party-writer who was taken into pay. We select this redoubtable partisan, as the first of a few prominent instances of professional political writers, by no means aiming at a scrutinizing criticism of all the political pamphleteers that might be found in the meagerest bookseller's catalogue; and also requesting the reader to consider this, like the preceding papers of a similar cast, and such of a like character as may succeed the present, as by no means pretending to exhaust topics of which they pretend to little more than a clear and faithful general view.

Roger L'Estrange was born in 1616, the son of a zealous royalist, whose doctrines he retained and ardently defended through a long and varied career. At an early age, twenty-two, he became a personal attendant about the person of Charles I., whom he accompanied on his fatal expedition into Scotland. But the commencement of his advancement and his misfortunes was simultaneous; he was detected by the partisans of the Parliament with the King's commission in his pocket, and was taken as a spy and thrust into prison. Here he remained for four

years, in a most perplexing state of uncertainty, ignorant of the issue of his captivity, when he escaped through the connivance of his gaoler to the continent. At the Restoration, his politics, his devotion, and his talents brought him into favorable notice, and he received the lucrative appointment of Licenser.

Shortly after this he set up a London gazette, wholly devoted to the Court interest, the *Observer*: and we may give this praise, at least, to the political course of L'Estrange, that it was consistent and firm, through a variety of fortune, which, in his depressed circumstances, often held out baits that a merely avaricious spirit could never have resisted. Of the political writings of L'Estrange we may give only a traditional opinion, as, after a diligent search, we have been unable to meet with a single tract. Our public libraries are singularly deficient in the rarer works of the elder English literature: the catalogue of our City Library furnishes the title of one book of L'Estrange, but "The Holy Cheat" has vanished into the collection of some individual unknown, who has, perhaps, a horror of treating religious hypocrisy with too much levity, and in consequence keeps an exposition of it out of the way. L'Estrange is said to be abusive and libellous in his matter, and careless and slovenly in his manner. Yet he was very popular, and several writers are thought to have formed their styles upon him. We imagine him to have been a sort of educated Cobbett: a gentleman by birth and breeding, but, although a high-toned royalist, writing like the prince of the radicals. To general scholars he is known best by his translations of books, which every man of education reads, and some of which are universally studied. The style of these translations is congenial and idiomatic in a high degree: fresh, easy, and thoroughly English. *Æsop's Fables* is perhaps the most popular, but hardly less so than the *Visions of Quevedo*; *Seneca's Morals*, with an afterthought, fall into fewer hands; and so with his *Offices of Cicero*. Of the translation of *Josephus* we know nothing.

Sir William Petty and Sir William Davenant are names referred to in tracts written just before our Revolution, but

we now believe they are now quite forgotten. Goldsmith gives Davenant, for manliness and clearness of style, a place even above Dean Swift; a criticism hardly, we should suspect, the fruit of judgment and reflection.

The reigns of Queen Anne and of George III. were almost equal in fruitfulness of political writers of the foremost ability. The first era includes the names of Swift, Bolingbroke, Addison, and Defoe: the second may claim the brighter glory of having produced Johnson, Burke, the author of *Junius*, and Thomas Paine. We have by no means arranged these names with any design of classification, but shall write of them, as they now stand, especially as they appear casually to have fallen into a natural order. Of the Queen Anne writers, the first two were high Tories: the last two, no less determined Whigs. And here any fancied resemblance ends; for each had a decidedly individual character and style of his own. Swift and Bolingbroke were personal friends and mutual admirers, yet no two writers differ more. Swift is plain, strong, pungent, and saturnine: Bolingbroke, vehement and oratorical. The Dean appears to address a meeting of mechanics: the Lord seems to be speaking to a political assembly. Their defects, too, grow out of opposite good qualities. The pithiness of Swift descends into coarseness, while the declamation of Bolingbroke runs into the merest verbosity. In personal appearance there could not have been wider contrasts: the uncouth, rough manner and plain person of the Irish priest, and the brilliant air and elocution, the handsome person and courtly address of Henry St. John. They had their gifts and knew their power; well distributed, their talents might have formed an irresistible union of grace and vigor. Swift should only have written for artisans, and Bolingbroke for men of fashion. The one mistook his walk when he attempted philosophy; and the other when he imagined the highest ecclesiastical office in the gift of the Queen was to be compared with his home reputation and the admiration of his friends. We hear more of the effects of Swift's tracts, but Bolingbroke is oftener quoted by later writers. "The Conduct of the Allies" had a vast influence on contemporary

politics, yet "The Patriot King" is called a master-piece by those who speak of Swift with an undue moderation of eulogium. For our own part we are inclined to prefer Swift's plain sense and plain writing to the factitious splendor and shallow declamation of Bolingbroke. Blair, after all, seems to have hit the literary character of this modern Alcibiades correctly, when he spoke of his writings as the least valuable of any English author of equal reputation.* Yet we are apt to think Swift a little too plain, with too strong a love of facts and details: perhaps deficient in the philosophy of politics; somewhat dry and tedious; certainly no poet and orator.

Addison and Defoe were strenuous Whigs; and with many points in common; yet in points of essential importance as authors, they possess individual peculiarities. They were both men of a naturally religious tone of character, great sticklers for a comprehensive yet strict Christian morality, and upholding the principles and practice of pure piety in all their writings. Each writer had humor, but what a difference between the bare simplicity of Defoe and the elegant finish of Addison! A principal feature of their humor, too, was grave irony, yet how unlike is the literal seriousness of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" to the half jesting, solemn quizz of the "Spectator." As writers, simplicity might be predicated as the chief characteristic of both: the simplicity of the one is to the simplicity of the other, however, as cotton is to silk. Defoe's is good homespun wear: Addison's is of the richest texture. As politicians they were equally sincere, sensible, and consistent; advancing and upholding by their writings the cause of the Whig party and the Hanoverian succession, with a tact and ability more than a match, we are prone to think, for their opponents of the Tory sect.

Defoe was born in 1663, and inherited from his father a regard for the principles of dissent, in which he was assiduously bred, and for which he battled manfully during a long and extremely active literary and political life. Our author's religious doctrine is not to be ascribed merely to education or prejudice, but to rational inquiry: he was a

dissenter on reflection, and from a natural bias to Independency. Constitutionally a man of cautious, moderate principles, he was no fit convert to the High Church party; neither was he one on whose conscience Popery could impose any fictitious terrors, or captivate his imagination by its gorgeous shows.

At the age of twenty-one he published his first effort, a treatise against the Turks, who up to that age had been looked upon as the common enemy of Christendom. We now hear less of them than of any other continental power. At the age of twenty-three he made his debut as a soldier, fighting for the Duke of Monmouth. He doubtless acquitted himself as fearlessly in this character, as afterwards in that of author. From the very first, at the Revolution, he sided with the Prince of Orange, whom as King William (the hero of his "True-born Englishman,") he idolized, as a pattern of military and regal greatness. Nor were his idolatry and zeal ill-placed: the king became his patron and friend.

During this period, and for some time later, Defoe had been carrying on his trade of hosier, in which his imprudence, his attention to public affairs, and, doubtless, his literary undertakings, were effectual bars to permanent success. Yet he soon regained whatever he lost, and was scrupulously honest in every transaction. A story is told much to the credit of Defoe's mercantile character. Having brought bankruptcy on himself, he was offered by all his creditors a composition, and that on his single bond. Most men would have considered themselves entirely free from further claims, but not so thought our author; after a lapse of time, having retrieved his affairs, and actually growing rich, (he might have left a princely fortune had he narrowed his soul to nothing but money-getting), he hears of the distress of certain of his old creditors, visits them, and tenders the remainder of his whole former debt to each one. This was a man whose pamphlets on banking might be trusted: too many of our modern financiers act upon a contrary principle, and build up their credit systems on a foundation of moral corruption. Until the accession of George I., through the striking period

* For a fuller expansion of these views, see *Arcturus*, 2d vol. Art. *Bolingbroke*.

of Queen Anne's reign, Defoe ceased not in his exertions for the two great objects of public interest that lay nearest his heart, the permanent establishment of the house of Hanover, and the cause of dissent, or rather of toleration. A third point, of almost equal importance with our author, was the settlement of the union between Scotland and England, toward which his writings, no less than his personal negotiations, contributed in no inconsiderable degree. But his very zeal, more than the most flagrant indifference, was of material injury even to the political character of our author. In most of his tracts he adopted a line of argument that continually assumed the air of solemn irony, a figure of all others the most easily misapprehended, and to his use of which he owed his ill fortune, and even imprisonment. His "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," while it was, at first, read as a grave proposal by the Tories, elicited their warmest praise, which was changed into bitter reproaches when they discovered the jest. It was burnt at Newgate by the common hangman, and its author incarcerated. This unjust sentence produced among other fruitful runnings of invention, the famous "Hymn to the Pillory." Defoe was released by the urgent solicitations of Harley, whom he ever after regarded as his kindest patron, and who, with the Queen, shared his sincere gratitude. Our author's tracts on behalf of the dissenters, also, were couched in similar ambiguities of phrase, and his real attachment continually suspected. Some of his pieces, designed to forward Whig principles, were stigmatized as libels on the administration in favor of the Pretender. The style of the political tracts, like that of the rest of Defoe's writings, is perfectly plain and copious. It is much of the same cast with the ordinary tone of discussion in newspapers and political debates, without any peculiar beauty of its own, though a lucid mirror of the thoughts of its author.

The Review was a journal started to maintain the favorite doctrines of its editor, in the field of political theory, but it embraced another department which served as the original of a more celebrated work—the Spectator. This was the narrative of the conversations of a scandal club which discussed

questions on divinity, morals, trade, war, love and marriage, language and poetry, drunkenness and gaming, similar to the famous club of Addison.

On the accession of George I., Defoe relinquished politics and devoted himself to literary composition. He is so much better known as a miscellaneous than as a political author, that we cannot omit, after a brief survey of his political character, some notice of his remarkable essays in the class of prose fiction. As a political writer, Defoe is characterized by directness, candor, perspicuity, and a mastery of his subject. The matter of fact character of his mind is clearly stamped on his writings. They are occupied with the three principal topics we have lately adverted to, and the more general subjects of trade and commerce, banking and credit. The *Essay on Projects*, which Franklin averred had determined the direction of his pursuits, disappointed us much several years ago, when we first looked into it; and perhaps may be taken as the vanguard of a great man, who had a right to speak a little at random. In this, as in the other departments of literature which he illustrated by so many excellent works, he was remarkably copious; a genius fertile almost beyond precedent, yet clear and fresh to the last. Much of his argument is comparatively useless, now that the maxims he attempted to establish are thoroughly settled; but they had their weight and just influence in his own day. The tenets of the author of *Robinson Crusoe* are of a mixed nature, owing to the spirit of eclecticism in his character and his wide toleration. He was a species of republican monarchist and loyal citizen at the same time; writing against the divine right of kings, and yet a staunch advocate of the House of Hanover, a hater of Catholic tyranny, and friend to dissent. Practically, a preacher of proper subordination, yet an independent thinker; a moderate reformer and a warm patriot; a sensible, ingenious, sincere speculatist, and a truly honest man.

Robinson Crusoe has cast too much in the shade the other admirable works of the same author. Of two divisions of prose fiction, Defoe may justly be styled the father, in England. The origin of Scott's historical novels may be traced to the *Memoirs of a Cava-*

lier, so highly prized by Lord Chatham, and the History of the Great Plague. These productions are so faithful, so accurate, so naturally contrived, and so ingeniously executed, as to have deceived some of the best critics. Chatham, it is said, took the first novel to be a genuine biographical fragment of the times of the Civil War, and thought it the fairest narrative of those times. The celebrated Dr. Mead read the History as a veritable relation. Both of these eminent men might well be mistaken, as the *vraisemblance* is complete.

Defoe introduced the picaresque novel into England, in his Colonel Jack, as spirited a thing as Lazarillo de Tormes or Guzman d'Alfarache: in fact, the whole of low life was at the command of his pen, and he wanted only inclination, not power, to write us an English Gil Blas.

In a wide field, and in important scenes of life, Defoe was a prose Shakspeare. A long experience of life, great natural quickness, and the utmost tenacity of facts, furnished him with abundant material for a pen ready, strong and ingenious. To these gifts he added lively sympathies with the world around him, and a domestic imagination, creative of pictures from real life. He died at an advanced age, having lived, thought, acted, and written like a manly spirit, or as he would love to have been called, (a synonymous term, in his eyes), a true-born Englishman.

To the general reader, the transition may very likely appear violent from Defoe to Addison; but the political student must acknowledge its naturalness and propriety.

The Freeholder, contained in fifty-five numbers, from Dec. 23, 1715, to June 29, 1716, is the work of Addison's we shall examine. Its object may be easily determined from the title: to engage the landed interest on the side of King George, and to battle with the adherents of the Pretender. In order to attain these ends, as in his moral essays to subserve the cause of virtue, polished ridicule is substituted for tedious processes of argument, sentiment is opposed to prejudice, and a graceful style is read in place of the too frequent violence of political disquisition and political controversy. The Freeholder is, in effect, the Spectator turn-

ed politician. There is the same fine sense and elegant humor, the same elevation of sentiment and satiric wit, the same classicality and finished style. Similar forms of writing are employed, not only the essay, but the letter and fictitious biography. The ladies are not neglected; their influence is solicited and obtained, exhibited often in a sufficiently singular manner. We care less to write of the work itself, however, than to give a fair idea of it. To do this, we must select a few specimens. The editor (and also sole contributor) thus pleasantly sets forth the advantages of property, in the introductory section of his first paper:—

“The arguments of an author lose a great deal of their weight, when we are persuaded that he only writes for argument's sake, and has no real concern in the cause which he espouses. This is the case of one who draws his pen in the defence of property without having any; except, perhaps, in the copy of a libel, or a ballad. One is apt to suspect, that the passion for liberty, which appears in a Grub street Patriot, arises only from his apprehensions of a gaol; and that, whatever he may pretend, he does not write to secure, but to get something of his own. Should the government be overturned, he has nothing to lose but an old standish.

“I question not but the reader will conceive a respect for the author of this paper from the title of it; since he may be sure, I am so considerable a man, that I cannot have less than forty shillings a year.

“I have rather chosen this title than any other, because it is what I most glory in, and what most effectually calls to my mind the happiness of that government under which I live. As a *British* freeholder, I should not scruple taking place of a *French* Marquis; and when I see one of my countrymen amusing himself in his little cabbage-garden, I naturally look upon him as a greater person than the owner of the richest vineyard in *Champagne*.”

In a paper on party-lies, occurs the following striking portrait of William III., accompanied with the observations of a clear-sighted freeholder:—

“But the most glorious of his Majesty's predecessors was treated after the same manner. Upon that Prince's first arrival, the inconsiderable party, who then labored to make him odious to the

people, gave out, that he brought with him twenty thousand *Laplanders*, clothed in the skins of bears, all of their own killing; and that they mutinied because they had not been regaled with a bloody battle within two days after their landing. He was no sooner on the throne, than those, who had contributed to place him there, finding that he had made some changes at Court which were not to their humor, endeavored to render him unpopular by misrepresentations of his person, his character, and his actions. They found that his nose had a resemblance to that of *Oliver Cromwell*, and clapt him on a huge pair of mustachoes to frighten his people with: His mercy was fear; his justice was cruelty; his temperance, economy, prudent behaviour, and application to business, were *Dutch* virtues; and such as we had not been used to in our *English* kings. He did not fight a battle, in which the Tories did not slay double that number of what he had lost in the field, nor ever raised a siege, or gained a victory, which did not cost more than it was worth. In short, he was contriving the ruin of his kingdom; and in order to it advanced *Dr. Tillotson* to the highest station of the Church, my Lord *Sommers* of the Law, *Mr. Mountague* of the Treasury, and the Admiral at *la Hogue* of the Fleet. Such were the calumnies of the party in those times, which we see so faithfully copied out by men of the same principles under the reign of his present Majesty.”

In the same paper are these just animadversions on the conduct and conversation of those who pretend a vast interest for the welfare of religion; making that a cloak for political ambition:—

“ But the most fruitful source of falsehood and calumny is that which, one would think, should be the least apt to produce them; I mean a pretended concern for the safety of our established religion. Were these people as anxious for the doctrines which are essential to the Church of *England*, as they are for the nominal distinction adhering to its interests, they would know, that the sincere observation of public oaths, allegiance to their king, submission to the bishops, zeal against popery, and abhorrence of rebellion, are the great points that adorn the character of the Church of *England*, and in which the authors of the reformed religion in this nation have always gloried. We justly reproach the Jesuits, who have adapted all Christianity to temporal and political views, for maintaining a position so repugnant to the laws of nature, mo-

rality, and religion, that an evil may be committed for the sake of good, which may arise from it. But we cannot suppose even this principle, (as bad a one as it is), should influence those persons who, by so many absurd and monstrous falsehoods, endeavor to delude men into a belief of the danger of the Church. If there be any relying on the solemn declarations of a prince, famed for keeping his word, constant in the public exercises of our religion, and determined in the maintenance of our laws, we have all the assurances that can be given us, for the security of the established Church under his government. When a leading man, therefore, begins to grow apprehensive for the Church, you may be sure that he is either in danger of losing a place, or in despair of getting one. It is pleasant on these occasions, to see a notorious profligate seized with a concern for his religion, and converting his spleen into zeal. These narrow and selfish views have so great an influence in this city, that, among those who call themselves the Landed-interest, there are several of my fellow freeholders, who always fancy the Church in danger upon the rising of bank stock. But the standing absurdities, without the belief of which no man is reckoned a stanch Churchman, are, that there is a Calves'-head Club; for which (by the way) some pious Tory has made suitable hymns and devotions: That there is a confederacy among the greatest part of the prelates to destroy episcopacy; and that all who talk against popery are Presbyterians in their hearts. The emissaries of the party are so diligent in spreading ridiculous fictions of this kind, that at present, if we may credit common report, there are several remote parts of the nation in which it is firmly believed, that all the churches in London are shut up; and that if any clergyman walks the streets in his habit, it is ten to one but he is knocked down by some sturdy schismatic.”

The table of contents to this Whig journal is varied enough, one would suppose, to suit almost any taste: moral essays on patriotism and perjury, the laughable memoirs of a Preston rebel, letters from and to the Female Association, political homilies, portraits of public men, general maxims of state and current suggestions, as the advertisers of cheap goods always add, to suit the times. Most of the scenes described in this work, and the questions debated, have become, by the lapse of time, of historical importance, and give it the value and weight of one

of the most important contemporary sources of history for the year of the first "turning out," 1715. As a model of fine writing also it is deserving of attention, to see how lightly this delicate artist handled the deepest topics. He made them even agreeable to the ladies. We cannot leave this pleasant book without extracting some of his gallant comicalities. He makes it appear that the ladies formed a female association, and gives the results of their deliberations in his habitual happy manner:—

"I have heard that several ladies of distinction, upon the reading of my fourth paper, are studying methods how to make themselves useful to the public. One has a design of keeping an open tea-table, where every man shall be welcome that is a friend to King George. Another is for setting up an assembly for Basset, where none shall be admitted to punt, that have not taken the oaths. A third is upon an invention of a dress which will put every Tory lady out of countenance: I am not informed of the particulars, but am told in general, that she has contrived to show her principles by the setting of her Commode; so that it will be impossible for any woman, that is disaffected, to be in the fashion. Some of them are of opinion that the fan may be made use of with good success, against popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the Church of Rome in various figures; and that their abhorrence of the superstitious use of beads may be very aptly expressed in the make of a pearl necklace. As for the civil part of our constitution, it is unanimously agreed among the leaders of the sex, that there is no glory in making a man their slave, who has not naturally a passion for liberty; and to disallow of all professions of passive obedience, but from a lover to his mistress."

And further on, he thus gossips with the happiest air:—

"As an instance of this cheerfulness in our fair fellow subjects, to oppose the designs of the Pretender, I did but suggest in one of my former papers, 'That the fan might be made use of with good success against popery, by exhibiting the corruptions of the church of Rome in various figures;' when immediately they took the hint, and have since had frequent consultations upon several ways and methods 'to make the fan useful.' They have unanimously agreed upon the following resolutions, which are indeed very suitable

to ladies who are at the same time the most beautiful and the most loyal of their sex. To hide their faces behind the fan, when they observe a Tory gazing upon them. Never to peep through it, but in order to pick out men, whose principles make them worth the conquest. To return no other answer to a Tory's addresses, than by counting the sticks of it all the while he is talking to them. To avoid dropping it in the neighborhood of a malecontent, that he may not have an opportunity of taking it up. To show their disbelief of any Jacobite story by a flirt of it. To fall a fanning themselves when a Tory comes into one of their assemblies, as being disordered at the sight of him.

"These are the uses by which every fan may in the hands of a fine woman become serviceable to the Public. But they have at present under consideration certain fans of a Protestant make, that they may have a more extensive influence, and raise an abhorrence of popery in a whole crowd of beholders; for they intend to let the world see what party they are of, by figures and designs upon these fans; as the Knights-errant used to distinguish themselves by devices on their shields.

"There are several sketches of pictures which have been already presented to the ladies for their approbation, and out of which several have made their choice. A pretty young lady will very soon appear with a fan, which has on it a nunner of lively black-eyed vestals, who are endeavoring to creep out at the grates. Another has a fan mounted with a fine paper, on which is represented a group of people upon their knees very devoutly worshipping an old ten-penny nail. A certain lady of great learning has chosen for her device the council of Trent; and another, who has a good satirical turn, has filled her fan with the figure of a huge taudry woman, representing the whore of Babylon; which she is resolved to spread full in the face of any sister-disputant, whose arguments have a tendency to popery. The following designs are already executed on several mountings. The ceremony of the holy Pontiff opening the mouth of a Cardinal in a full consistory. An old gentleman with a triple crown upon his head, and big with child, being the portrait of Pope Joan. Bishop Bonner purchasing great quantities of faggots and brushwood for the conversion of heretics. A figure reaching at a sceptre with one hand, and holding a chaplet of beads in the other; with a distant view of Smithfield."

We have been uncommonly full in our quotations from the *Freeholder*, as

it is a work seldom read at the present day, though, independent of its value as a party production, it affords good reading to all who cherish the fame, and have been (as who has not?) delighted with the grave irony and gay pleasantry of the painter of Sir Roger de Coverly.

Johnson, in English literature, follows Addison, critically considered, as Juvenal follows Horace, more magisterial in his air and imposing in his manner. A Tory from constitutional peculiarities, by no means made such by his pension, we cannot help respecting Johnson, in spite of his prejudices; and among them, none was more bottomless, irrational, and palpably absurd, than the view he took of the American Revolution. His own deference to authority and love of power, impelled him to write in advocacy of a high-toned government. Himself a literary despot, he too much inclined to favor arbitrary principles; yet the magnanimous nature of the old Tory sometimes got the better of his sophistications, and at heart he was the lover of liberty and hater of oppression. Boswell once extorted a memorable confession from him; after pressing his inquiries as to how far a people should bear the exacting claims, often falsely urged, of its rulers, he is reported to have answered, that driven to a certain point, human nature could bear no more, and must vindicate its inherent rights by turning upon its oppressors. This was a brave speech for so contracted a politician. The tract, "Taxation no Tyranny," is altogether framed to suit the views of his party; and although Johnson was a strong Tory before he received a pension, (given, as stated, for no future political services, which were nevertheless expected as a matter of gratitude, if not as a matter of course, in a business point of view), yet we cannot help thinking that unpensioned he had never written that odious plea for tyranny, and eulogy upon oppression. Johnson the moralist, does not appear here, but Johnson the bigoted partisan; the violent assailant of tolerant Whigs and enthusiastic republicans; and not the friend of liberty and humanity.

His great friend Burke, in his better days, did the good cause honorable

service by an eloquence and brilliancy unsurpassed in political oratory and political writing. It were idle, at this epoch, to recriticize those sterling efforts that have delighted and instructed thousands for the space of more than half a century. But to allude to two only of his masterly attempts; Americans should never forget their advocate, whose noble speech is not to be paralleled in the records of ancient eloquence; nor can the political writer find anywhere a nobler model for the very highest species of political writing, than the admirable Letter to a Noble Lord.

Junius is, to use a homely analogy, Burke *cut down, razed* into a sparkling letter-writer; in place of the magnificence and grandeur of the orator, we have the cutting sneer and polished sarcasm of the refined gentleman and scholastic wit. We conceive it almost an impossibility that Burke could have been the author of the "Letters." His power of imitation, to be sure, was great; but then his original must have been more after his own manner. Bolingbroke's style he easily adopted, since there existed a previous similarity, in their copiousness, vigor, and harmony of composition. But Burke and Junius had little in common. Burke was of a generous spirit; Junius, malignant as a fiend;—Burke's invective was almost poetic; Junius was very sarcastic, very bitter; but these are the talents of a small though an acute mind. Compared with the richness of Burke, Junius shrinks into a writer of epigrams. The one had a fertile imagination; the other a trained fancy. Burke is an author for the world; Junius for the most exclusive and insignificant portion of it. The former latterly "narrowed his mind;" the latter could never boast of any great comprehensiveness. With Junius ends the race of pamphleteers who have in England obtained any permanent reputation. Clever men write, are read, and speedily forgotten. One political writer of the present day, we shall notice presently. But for the next great political writer, and for the rest of whom we shall speak, with one exception, we must come home. And here we meet at the commencement of our glorious struggle, the name of Thomas Paine.

Perhaps no writings are more disregarded, or more often ignorantly condemned, than the political writings of Thomas Paine. Of these capital pieces we take the liberty to include a criticism written some time since, by the author of the present paper, and published in a volume of limited circulation. The matter will probably be new to the reader.*

"It is a fact not a little singular, in the history of literature, that political writing which relates to matters of great practical importance, and which is sure—when well done—of meeting with vast popularity, is generally the worst executed of any species of composition. In general, slovenly and carelessly written, it is purely ephemeral—seldom containing truths of sufficient importance to endure, in the meagre shape in which they are enveloped. The truth is, however, that politics, rightly viewed, is a noble study, and the inquiries tending to it of great value, both speculative and practical. It is a theme of some dignity, perhaps of the greatest. No employment of the faculties can be greater than the government of men. Most political pieces are expected to be, however, of a current nature merely. Occasionally men arise who discuss the questions more important than any to the human race, after the truths of religion, in a manner so as to impress durability on their productions. Sometimes the politician is a philosopher and a poet: and then, his works are appealed to as standards of foresight and wisdom.

"Political writers may be divided into three classes:

"I. Those who write to and for statesmen and philosophers;

"II. They who write for those of the educated classes who are neither; and,

"III. Those who write for that 'many-headed monster,' the people.

"Among English writers, Burke is the finest specimen of the first subdivision, Junius of the second, and Paine of the third—each admirable in his way, but wholly different from his rivals. The characteristics of Burke are brilliancy and profundity; and he, together with Bacon, Milton, and a very few others, is a rare instance of the union of these most opposite qualities. The second possessed pointed sarcasm, and a keen, polished style. The third was shrewd, admirably clear, pithy and caustic. Burke was less practical and more romantic than Paine;

his imagination was smitten with the love of chivalry, of antiquity, of fallen grandeur. This tendency of his imagination led him on to aristocracy; while the absence of it in Paine, probably, strengthened his democratic tone of character.

"Paine had more every-day shrewdness and smartness—far less, however, of Burke's comprehensive sagacity and gorgeous fancy. Junius was more cutting and vexatious, fuller of glittering points, and altogether a greater master of sarcasm. That was his chief weapon; but he wanted the fulness and coloring of Burke, and the fine declamation of Paine. Both Burke and Paine were metaphysical in their cast of mind; but Burke saw farther in his moral views, and extended his perceptions over a greater range of speculation. Coleridge used to compare Berkley and Paine, by likening the acuteness of the first to that of a philosopher, and the shrewdness of the second to the cunning of a shopboy. This parallel is deformed by extravagance and distorted by prejudice. Nevertheless, Paine's range was lower and narrower, though not to such a degree as the comparison implied. He has, notwithstanding, very great and distinct merits, wholly undeniable; and the services he has rendered this country by his pen are too great to account (except on one ground) for the declension and comparative obscurity of his reputation. It is allowed by all liberal judges that, in his 'Common Sense,' and papers entitled 'The Crisis,' he strengthened in the American mind its aspirations after liberty; gave them the right direction; manfully exhorted them in their wavering hour, and acted the part of a freeman and an active friend to humanity. In the face of all this, he is now become odious, and his name passes for a by-word of contempt. He is ranked with Wright, Trollope, and a similar band, and despised as a mere flaming Democrat. He passes for a thorough-going Radical, whereas he was the firmest of Democrats. The reasons of this we believe to have originated chiefly from his religious blasphemies—which have rendered that part of his character justly contemptible—and the popular cast of his style and address. The first of these causes is indefensible; we will not pretend to palliate it. We write and speak now only of Paine the politician—with his religion we have nothing to do. It is to be observed, however, that in his political writings published previously to the 'Age of Reason,' he never alludes to the Deity but with the most reve-

* The Analyst, p. 104.—Art. V. "The Political Writings of Thomas Paine."

rential mention. The only other cause for his obscurity seems to result from his style. Though a master of composition, and an acute thinker, he was the people's writer—expressing their views, as well as his own, but then better than any other man could. Clear, plain, explicit, close, compact, he could be understood by all; and he further possessed a most desirable faculty in a certain off-hand, dashing manner, which carried off everything.

“He is always full of sense, perfectly clear, and admirably concise. He is, whenever he attempts it, as brilliant a declaimer as Burke, with almost equal fancy, and without any of his verbosity. His glowing tirade on titles in the ‘Rights of Man,’ and frequent passages in the ‘Crisis,’ are perfect specimens. His second ‘Crisis,’ addressed to Lord Howe, is equal, for sarcastic point and cutting sneers, to anything in Junius. What wit he had grew out of strong sense, sharpened by a satirical spirit and a contempt of imposture, however successful. He is not a wandering, episodical writer, like Cobbett, but direct and straight-forward, perhaps a little too formal, and with as few digressions as any English writer.

“He has none of the common faults of political writers: he is never wordy—never clumsy and round-about in his expressions—never dull and tedious in his arguments. He has no pointless anecdotes—no heavy familiarity—no puerile rhetoric—no labored bombast. His sentences are clear and shapely—he is closely logical, and his arguments are connected as by a fine net-work. Whatever style he undertook, whether of expostulation or defence, narrative or logical, declamatory or moral, ironical or earnest, it always was perfectly perspicuous and admirably appropriate. ‘Hazlitt,’ says he, ‘is excellent at summing up and giving conclusions, but that he lacks the faculty of giving his ideas as they rise fresh in his mind.’ He prefers Cobbett for this progressive exhibition of the course of his thoughts.

“There is a pungency in his manner of uttering the simplest truths, which gives his pieces the air of a collection of aphorisms. He gives point to everything he touches, and is never dull and spiritless. He abounds in original sayings, and always concludes his pieces with a smart sentence: ‘An army of principles can penetrate where an army of men cannot,’ is one of a thousand instances.

“Paine is said to have been little of a reader—to have purposely excluded his mind from the acquisition of particular kinds of knowledge, in order to concentrate it fully on politics. What he did

read, however, was choice literature; and his few quotations are exceedingly apt. He composed by paragraphs—which accounts for the extreme finish of his style; for, though a very plain style in general, yet this could be perfected only by elaboration and study. His plain manner and simple ground-work set off his wit, his illustrations, his occasional flights, and his metaphysics, to great advantage, and besides contributed largely to his popularity. During his lifetime he enjoyed a great and most deserved reputation, which nothing could have destroyed but his religious dereliction and consequent debasement of character.”

The American Revolution regarded primarily the rights of the people, not of the rulers only but the ruled, not of the freeholder solely, but the humblest laborer. It embraced, in its views of Liberty and of Government, every citizen; and so with the writers of the Revolution. Before the time of Paine, one had sought to strengthen the regal power; one to defend the commercial—one, the landed interest: here was the defender of the artisan or manufacturer; but the mass of laboring poor were without a representative. That class, since the Revolution, have now become the most important body in the state at large: and their wants and interests are studied by the most philosophic statesmen and philanthropists.

At the present day, however much of inequality may exist in the social condition of our citizens, we justly assume as a first principle their political equality. This has greatly changed the character of political composition and the estimation of political writers. Politics are a popular study, and the journalist takes rank with the statesman and orator. Newspaper writing has become quite a different thing from what it was half a century ago. It improves yearly. Fonblanque in London, and Bryant in New York, are classical writers in their way. Leggett's vigorous pen entitles him to rank with these, and his generous spirit, strengthened by a love of truth and justice, would have raised him had he lived, and gone on improving in style, to perhaps a higher rank than that of the first writer. The pure poetry of Bryant places him above competition: and we cannot close this slight review of an important department of literature

more to our taste than by transcribing these choice lines upon his friend and associate, which indeed originally appeared in the pages of this Review :

"The earth may ring, from shore to shore,
With echoes of a glorious name,
But he, whose loss our tears deplore,
Has left behind him more than fame.

"For when the death-frost came to lie
On Leggett's warm and mighty heart,

And quenched his bold and friendly eye,
His spirit did not all depart.

"The words of fire that from his pen
Were flung upon the lucid page,
Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
Amid a cold and coward age.

"His love of truth, too warm, too strong
For Hope or Fear to chain or chill,
His hate of tyranny and wrong
Burn in the breasts they kindled still."

THE SABBATH.

Oh, blessed day ! kindly as the sweet dew
Falls on the earth at midnight's silent hour,
Restoring Nature's weariness anew,
And raising softly up each blade and flower,
Whose drooping beauty 'neath the balmy shower
Smiles forth again in richer colors set ;
Dost thou revive, with gently soothing power,
Earth's hapless millions, whose bent brows are wet
Thro' the long weary week with toil's unresting sweat,

In many a sadden'd bosom, where the low
Sweet voice of Hope is stifled by the press
Of more than life's full share of daily woe,
And fears of future evil and distress,
As silently as twilight's shadowy dress
Is blended into evening's quiet grey,
Thy calm and cheering influence finds access,
And softly as the sighing zephyrs play
With summer leaves, bends every feeling to its gentle sway.

'Till from its aching birth-place, where 'mid sighs
And gloomy doubts, to giant strength it grew,
Despondency assailed, reluctant flies ;
And Hope returning like the dove that flew
Far o'er the sunny waste, presents to view
The distant future, in fair colors drest,
And back on the dark present sheds the hue
Of its ideal brightness in the breast,
Reviving strength to meet all ills tho' sorely press'd,

And here thine influence, blessed Sabbath day !
Is sweetly lost in Faith, whose heavenly light
Points the enraptured soul from this dull clay,
To those ethereal mansions where the blight
Of Death's cold hand falls not to disunite
The kindred spirits, that, in feeling one,
Together fought the Saviour's glorious fight
With steady faith, till life's last sand was run,
Then upward soared, to meet that Saviour's blest "well done !"

A FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHÖKKE.

OLIVIER'S NARRATIVE.

"FATE favored me very much even at my first coming to reason. My father, whose property had been scattered by prodigal expenditure, left me on his death a scanty inheritance. But I had a prospect, after the decease of my uncle, of becoming a goodly owner of wealth. This was known to everybody. On that account, I had been betrothed to the Baroness of Mooser, the daughter of the President of the Exchequer. She was one of the most eligible matches in the country, as they used to say, being very pretty, very rich, and the niece of the War-Minister. The marriage having been concerted by my relations and old uncle, I was compelled, according to custom, to agree to it. But the sickness of my uncle, who stood to me in place of a father, caused the ceremony to be postponed. I was already major, and by the next promotion would become lieutenant-colonel. In a few years a regiment would not have been wanting to me.

"So stood matters at that time; and I soon found, after my recovery of reason, that they were not the most agreeable. It was an uncomfortable thought, that I, a free man, should, through my relatives, couple myself to a girl, for the sake of money, rank, and protection, without knowing her peculiarities, views, faults, and inclinations. The Baroness was, it must be confessed, pretty and good, but nothing more than any young lady might be under the same training; well-disposed by nature, but, through an artificial education, vain, pleasure-loving, trivial, proud of her family, her rank, and her beauty, and witty; at the expense of the best people in the world; in all things more French than German. Whether she truly loved me or not, I did not know; but that I cared no more for her than for any other well-formed and pretty woman, I did know.

"A letter, by a messenger, bade me go to my sick uncle. I got permission from the General, took leave of my betrothed and her parents, and rode

off. When I arrived, my uncle was already dead and buried. An old steward handed over to me the keys of the closets, and the will. I counted off the little legacies to the servants, let the steward into my secret, and openly declared myself poor, all the means of my uncle being covered with debts.

"So I returned to the garrison, and made known my story. I did it to try the disposition of my betrothed, whether she had the courage to remain by my side in the world, and become what I was. To make the story more striking, I sold what I did not want, to pay my own debts in the city, of which, old and new, there was a small amount. My companions laughed at me, and particularly when I gave out that I intended to be an honest man. Even the President of the Exchequer and his spouse dissuaded me; I must not excite *éclat*—I would *blamire* myself and them—I would make myself and them a *ridicule*, &c.

"I stuck to my notion: honor is more than appearance, and poverty is no disgrace. He who can want much is rich. These *saws*, as they were termed, pleased the Baroness least of all. Her parents gave me to understand that their child had been accustomed to certain *aisances*, and that they were not rich enough during their lifetime to give me and their daughter an outfit. Finally, after a few days, they trusted implicitly in my tenderness, that I would willingly release the contract. I did not hesitate to do it, and to declare that I thought I got off cheaply, since no mutual choice of hearts, but only an agreement and money reckoning among relatives had taken place.

"My assumed poverty had other effects of a good kind—namely, that old friends and jolly comrades did not look after me so much. Still it pleased me, that some continued to hold me in esteem. But the most became cold and distant; for, with my money, I had lost, in their eyes, my highest attractions. 'So much the better,' thought I; 'thou canst act and speak more sincerely.'

"But I was no more fortunate with truth—and this was foreseen—than men who have preceded me. For some winters I had been accustomed to deliver lectures to the officers on scientific subjects. I continued the occupation, and uttered my sentiments freely. But when I came to lay down the following propositions—That every war which was not undertaken for the independence and safety of our country against foreign invaders, but for the personal whims of a prince, intrigues of ministers, the ambition of the court, in order to conquer, to mix in the affairs of another people, or for the sake of revenge, was unjust; that standing armies were the plague of the land, the ruin of the finances, the ready slaves of despotism, when the prince would become a despot; that the soldier should be a citizen; that a hereditary or created nobility was, now-a-days, nonsense, which could only be tolerated among savages and barbarians; that I hoped to live to see the time when all the kings of Europe would agree by concordat to disband their immense standing armies, and on the other hand make their soldiers of all citizens capable of bearing arms; that duels belonged to the house of correction or the insane asylum: when, I say, I introduced these propositions, and others like them, and defended their correctness, of which no sane human understanding could doubt, the lectures were prohibited, and the General gave me a severe reprimand. I answered back again, and was put under arrest.

"That did not disturb me, for I all along expected it. Above all things I performed my duty. Since I had fallen out of the favor of the General even the best officers began to withdraw from me. They laughed and jested at my expense. Some of the wittiest insisted that I was crazy, and thought it a consequence of the shock I must have received from my hopes being disappointed as to a large inheritance. I was soon so much-neglected that even my former servants would remain with me no longer, because I supported them and myself upon slender means, rejected coffee, seldom took wine, and, instead of their former rich liveries, caused them to wear a simple, neat garb, such as fortunately thou seest me in now.

"On the other hand, about the same time I received a letter which made amends for all. I had, some time ago, found a poor beggar girl weeping near the barn of a farm-house. In the barn her ragged mother lay dying upon the hay. I learned from the dying woman, who was still young, that she was from Southern Germany, of poor, but respectable parents, had been in the service of a rich lord, where she was seduced by the son of the house, who gave her a piece of money and sent her away; that, after her delivery, she had sought employment, but, on account of her child, she could procure it nowhere for any length of time, was always distressed, had lately lived upon alms, and could now only pray for her daughter. I ran into the peasant's house, to buy her some refreshments, for the peasant himself would hardly allow her a resting-place in his barn. When I came back she already lay lifeless upon the hay, and the little girl was mourning bitterly over the corpse of her mother. I comforted her as well as I could; discharged the expenses of interment, and sent the orphan, who did not know the family name of her mother, to a female boarding-school at Rastrow. She was called Amelia, and I gave her, out of charity, the surname of Barn, after the place in which she was found.

"Well, then, when all had deserted me, I received from this Amelia Barn a letter, which is still secured among my treasures. Thou shalt read it. At that time it moved me to tears. The contents were, in effect, that she had heard of my misfortune, and thought that she must no longer be a burden to her father, as she was accustomed to call me. She would seek, as a governess in some good family, or by means of embroidery, dressmaking, instruction on the pianoforte, or in some other way, to earn her own support. I must not be troubled about her; but now it came to her turn to be troubled about me. Thou must read the letter thyself, with its beautiful outburst of gratitude. It is the very mirror of a pious and pure heart. She asked for permission to see, only for once, her benefactor, whose image was traced on her memory since the day of her mother's death. I wrote back, praising her good sense, but advising her that she had no occasion to be in a hurry; I

would take care of her until she had a suitable place.

"One day as I had returned from parade, there was a knock at the door of my chamber. An unknown young lady entered, with a most lovely countenance. The lilies and plum-blossoms do not mingle their colors more beautifully in a bouquet than they were mingled on her face, under the full locks of hair. She asked, blushing, and with a tender voice, after me, then fell down, melting into tears, embraced my knees, and when I, astonished, would have raised her up, covered my hands with her kisses. What I suspected was confirmed by her cry of 'O my father, my father; O my guardian angel!' I besought her to stand up. She asked me to allow her to remain in the position, saying, 'Ah, I am so happy, that my heart is like to break.'

"It was a long while before she let me go, and stood up. Then I clasped her to my breast, impressed a kiss upon her pure white forehead, and requested her to consider me as a father, and to call me thou. She listened. But the fatherly kiss had somewhat confounded my thoughts. She was taken to the hotel, where she remained some days; but these days were enough to undermine my peace of mind. When Amelia journeyed back to the institution, I counselled her to remain in the house of some respectable citizen, and take in embroidery for support. It was hard for me to tear myself from her; yet I did not betray to her that I was rich. I wished to try her; I hired a chamber for her, engaged a maid for her service, supplied her with harpsichord, harp, books, and, after a few days, also the proceeds of the sale of her embroidery, freely, at her own price, under the pretence that they came from a strange hand. I visited her only once or twice a week, to avoid observation and evil construction.

"Every visit was a feast. Thou canst think how sweet it was to know that there was one being under the sun, who was all innocence, who belonged to no one in the world, who was entirely dependent upon my care, and that this being, of all that nature had made beautiful, pious, and noble, was the most exquisite. The beauty and humble condition of Amelia was soon no secret in the town. She drew

all eyes upon her. They spoke to me about her, and I did not dissemble that I was her foster-father, and that she was a poor child of dishonorable birth. Work after work was brought to her, so that I advised her to go to some other and unknown house. Young ladies came to her, less for the sake of her embroidery, than to see one who was so much praised by the whole neighborhood.

"One day when I was visiting Amelia, as I stood before the door of her chamber, I heard her in hot dispute with some man. I recognized the voice of my lieutenant-colonel. Just as I opened the door, he was stealing a kiss from her. I upbraided him for his disgraceful conduct, and when he found the opportunity, he flew under my hands out of the door, and down the steps. He fancied that I had tarnished his honor, and challenged me to fight a duel. I would have nothing to do with his nonsense. The corps of officers threatened that they would not serve under me, if I was a coward. That I was not, and so went out to the usual battle-ground weaponless, saying to the fool that if he was ambitious of assassination, I would give him permission to try on me. He and the officers then became vulgar. They believed, according to their barbarous conceptions, that my honor would sustain a deadly wound, although they dishonored themselves by their brutality. I asked them whether the blackguards who covered a respectable man passing in the streets with mud, became themselves respectable thereby, or whether, on the other hand, the respectable man became a blackguard.

"At the parade the next morning, the General delivered to me, with a suitable speech, an Order just received from the court. This was one of the late fruits of my former connexion with the Baroness Von Mooser, and the work of her uncle, the War-Minister. I could not, according to my notions of my services, receive the little ribbon. Had I really performed a service to the state, I would have been ashamed to drag the reward of it vaingloriously about with me all day. My steadfast refusal to take the lappet, with a little star on it, was a thing unheard of in the annals of the monarchy. My idea was that duty and virtue did not permit themselves to be rewarded, but

only recognized; that the man of honor did not do his duty in order to be recognized; that least of all should he suffer himself to be constrained to play the great man before other people, particularly those whom he has aided; these notions went for so much Jacobinism and nonsense. The General was angered. The officers then stepped forward in behalf of their wounded honor. I became hated, and after some weeks left the regiment.

"I was well satisfied. I clad myself citizen fashion, as I wished; not after the present uncouth mode, but modestly, neatly, and naturally, as thou now seest us all here in Flyeln. The people opened their eyes, and regarded me as a crazy man, and the more so when it transpired that I was not only not poor, but one of the most wealthy men in the land. Amelia wished to know why I behaved so. I communicated to her my opinions of the world, as well as my own principles. She, a child of nature, simple and intellectual, approved my notions, and lived quite according to them. I could not but be proud of Amy's judgment, for it was my own. She thought, she felt nothing but what I did; her being was lost in mine. Her reverential, daughterly love had been changed into the purest, most modest, and deepest that a young woman knows, and I appeared, even to myself, somewhat too young to play the part of a father.

"One day when I told her that I thought of returning to my possessions, she asked whether she might follow me; she would be happy to serve me as a maid. And when I hesitated, saying, that I had some notion of getting married, she dropped her head and said, 'All the better, thy wife will not find a more trusty servant than I.' 'But,' said I, 'my future wife has not now as excellent an opinion of thee as thou deservest.' 'What have I done to her?' she answered with the lofty expression and pride of an innocent. 'Show me thy bride, and I will win her affection and esteem.' I led Amy to the looking-glass which hung in the chamber, pointed to it, and said stammeringly, 'There thou seest her!' She started with fright, grew pale as she turned her large blue eyes towards me, and saying, with trembling voice, 'It must not be me!' sank death-like up-

on the floor. I called the maid; I was palsied by the sudden fright.

"As Amelia recovered, and, after her swoon, the color came into her cheeks, she opened her eyes, and smiled gently at me, wondering at the anxiety of both myself and the maid. By degrees, her recollection returned; she believed that she had been asleep. I hardly ventured to speak to her of what had passed. As soon as we were alone again, I said, 'Amelia, why wert thou so frightened before the glass? Wherefore durst thou not become my wife? Speak freely, I am prepared to hear all.' She blushed, and was a long while silent, with her eyes fixed on the floor. 'Wherefore dost thou not dare?' asked I once more. Here she sighed and looked towards Heaven. 'Dare, oh God, dare! What else dare I not to do, if thou wishest it? Can I be happy, can I live without thee? Whether thy maid, or thy wife, all is the same, for I have but one love for thee.'

"Whilst I thus lived in the very portal of Heaven, the whole town was quite run mad with astonishment; my relations, on both father's and mother's side, were in terror and desperation, when I informed them of my approaching nuptials with Amelia. One of them, of an old and noble family, whose ancestors in the service of the king were covered with the highest dignities—a knight and baron, intermarried with the chief families of the land—took the wicked mis-alliance in high dudgeon. Only think, to marry not with one of the created nobility, not even with the citizen class, nor yet with the daughter of a respectable mechanic, but with a beggar-girl of disreputable birth! My relations wrote me threatening letters. They came all too late, for in about fourteen days Amelia and I were formally married.

"Why should I tell thee of the foolish things, which men infected with prejudices began to do, as soon as I determined to live as an honest, natural man, strictly according to truth, banishing all duplicity, all dancing-master politeness, all foreign airs, all the so-called etiquette of conduct, without, on the other hand, depriving men of the sight of a respectful and intelligent deportment? My simple Thou, with which I began to accost thee, and to cause them to accost me, fright-

ened many away from me, as though I were smitten with plague-spots. My beard became an object of wit; my friendly salutation, without ceremoniously taking off the hat in the streets, was called rudeness. I did not suffer myself to be put out. At some time or other the ice must be broken. I wished to see, whether one would be allowed in the nineteenth century, in a European city, to live, throwing away all humbugs, and all the prescribed notions of honor, manners, justice and respectability. So far from offending any one by an ill-habit, or from making their prejudices, or whims, or moral peculiarities a reproach, I was more complaisant towards them; I sought out men, from whom I differed as much externally as I did already in my inmost being, in order to conciliate them by goodness and kindness.

"I betook myself to my estate here in Flyeln; I found delight on it, in becoming known and served by my dependants. They were then half wild; they were slaves. They cringed in the most slavish manner before their master. None of them could read or write; they were lazy and indecent. To be idle, to guzzle, to fight, seemed to be their heaven. Superstition was their religion, a deadly, godless sanctimony their observance of it, and deceit and falsehood their prudence. I determined to make men out of these brutes. I caused the prisons to be improved, and a great school-house to be built; I and Amelia visited every hut; they were mere mud stalls. I commanded, under heavy punishments, the strictest purity. Whoever did not obey, was put into gaol; on the other hand, to the obedient I gave, by way of encouragement, tables, glasses, chairs, and other household furniture. Soon everything in the houses was well arranged and neat. I forbade card-playing, brandy, coffee, wrestling, cursing, and swearing, &c., &c. Whoever failed was chastised, and those that obeyed, and for one month gave no cause for censure, I suffered to become bond-servants. I gave the old pastor an annuity; chose a young, learned, and excellent clergyman, who soon entered into my plans, in place of the former: appointed a person skilled in various knowledge, and educated in Switzerland by Pestalozzi, as schoolmaster,

with a good salary; and with the help of both these perfected the reformation. I myself kept a school twice a week, composed of the larger boys and young men; Amelia took the girls; and the wife of the pastor the matrons. I caused all the children to be clothed at my expense, as thou seest them now. At our expense also, Amelia changed the ill-shaped dresses of the maidens.

The school and prison worked well. The young men, at my solicitation, suffered their beards to grow. I forbade it to the slaves—only the free being allowed to wear beards; slaves must go shorn. I opened the door to freedom. Whoever, after my directions, cultivated his field the best, received it at the end of the year for a small but easily redeemed ground-rent, as his own, and therewith certain privileges. Whoever for two years was the most frugal, diligent, and skilful, obtained his freedom, his own house, an outfit in money, an honorable dress, modelled after my own, and might suffer his beard to grow. Before the end of the first year, I had occasion, nay was under obligation, to free a great many families; these had begun to improve before my arrival. They awakened the envy of some, but the strife of emulation among others, the more so, when on judgment-day I placed the freemen beside me to decide the cases of those who had erred. The assessor of the judgment was chosen by the freemen themselves from out of their own number.

"Whilst I was here troubling myself very little about the outward world, the world troubled itself the more about me. Quite unexpectedly there appeared one day, by ministerial command, brought about by my relations, an extraordinary commission, to inquire into the state of my health and property. They had reported me to be crazy, and that I squandered my property in the most frantic methods. The gentlemen of the commission behaved very well for several months. What report they rendered I don't know, but probably, as I forgot to put money into their hands, not the most favorable. For, without regard to my trouble or my threats of vengeance, they treated me as a lunatic, and deprived me of my possessions. An administrator of my estate was sent down, who was at the same time to

watch my conduct, and to prevent the intrusions of visitors. Fortunately, the administrator was an honest, well informed man, so that we speedily became friends. When he had looked through my accounts, the good man was astonished at my rigid economy, and was of opinion, that by means of this, and the redemption money paid by the bond-servants and slaves, I should gain more than I lost. For a long while, he assisted me in the attempt to humanize my slaves. It suggested one good thing to him, viz. : that the emancipated for the space of five years should render an account of their receipts and expenditures, in order to assure themselves that they were not growing worse or becoming more indolent. The good man, in the end, was quite enamored with our Flyeln household, since he saw that, under well-directed management, nothing was done in vain. Since the two years of my being there, the peasants of our community had distinguished themselves above the whole neighborhood, for thrift, knowledge, and respectability. They called us, in other places, the Moravian brethren, and even to this day, in the neighboring villages, they believe that we have adopted a new religion.

"The administrator and guardian found my notions of the world, in the main, uncommonly correct. He even went so far as to wish that people generally would return to greater simplicity and truthfulness in manners, conduct and life. But he could not stand the beard; he stuck for life and death to the cue in the neck and the powder on the hair; the Thou was quite offensive to him, and he could not, to Amelia and me, in spite of all his efforts, bring it over his lips. Meanwhile, his report about me,—after the administration of one year, and after he had made to the government the most favorable disclosures as to my sound management of my property,—had the happy effect of restoring me to the control of my own affairs, under a condition, however, that I should render a yearly account of them. This was the doing of my relatives. They would not be persuaded that I had not lost a good deal of sound human understanding, although my former guardian at the worst had made me out only a wonderfully queer fellow. So,

on that account, and that I might give offence to no one by means of my new error, namely, my free utterance of whatever nature and reason sanctioned, I was forbidden, without special permission, from going out of the boundaries of my estate, i. e. from visiting the great European lunatic asylum, and allowed to know of it only from the newspapers. That could profit me little.

"It is now five years I have dwelt here in my blessed solitude. Go out, consider my fields, and the fields of our farmers, our forests, our flocks, and our dwelling places! Thou shalt see a blooming, though before unknown, prosperity. All my slaves are free. Only a single drunkard, and another lazy rough churl, seemed to be unimproved. The drunkard starved. The other could not be corrected either by rewards or punishments. But as all Flyeln wore beards, and he and the pastor alone were clear-chinned, it wrought a most wonderful effect upon the fellow; for the pastor was moved to let his beard grow, so that the slave became the only shorn one of the lot. He couldn't endure that, and so improved himself, that he might be respected among respectable people.

"The beard of the good pastor gave great offence to the consistory. Although he proved that beard was not against the true faith; although he called to mind the holy men of both the Old and New Testament; although he showed that he, by making himself like his equals, could do more good, and that he by means of it had changed one deemed utterly irreclaimable, the beard gave offence to the consistorial body. After my pastor adduced the evidence of a physician, that the toothache, under which he had always suffered, was put a stop to by means of the beard, he was allowed to provide for his own health, and that only within bounds.

"I not only instituted courts among my free people, but gave them the right to choose an overseer or governor immediately from themselves, as they pleased. From time to time the more noted among them ate at my table, with their wives. I was their equal. Similarity of dress begat confidence, without diminishing respect. Children were required to stand up before older people, and uncover their heads, but not to uncover before their equals.

Every manifestation of deceit was ranked as a crime, no less than theft. The people judged themselves more strictly than I had formerly done. I had often to moderate their decisions. Our schools are flourishing. The apter boys learn the history of the world, a knowledge of the earth, with its countries and people, geometry, and something of architecture. In the churches we have already choral hymning and worship.

"But, dear Norbert, better that thou stayest one week with us, and see for thyself; canst thou while away a week?"

THE CONVERSATION ON THE HEIGHTS OF FLYELN.

Such was the narration of Olivier.

I do not conceal it, that all that he had said to me, and all I had seen in Flyeln, made a great impression upon me. I wondered at his perseverance, and his benevolent invention, but regretted that his lot was such as it was.

But neither the persuasions of my friend, nor the seductive flattery of the requests of the baroness, were necessary to induce me to prolong my stay in this lordly *oasis*. Yes, I must call Flyeln an *oasis*, a blooming island in the waste of the surrounding country. For here, as soon as you reach the spot, if you have travelled through the sometimes sandy, and sometimes boggy lands of the vicinity, or through the pine forests, and the poor, muddy, ordinary villages, with their barracks and neglected inhabitants,—the ground seems suddenly greener, and the people more humane. Here, too, there were once barracks, but they have become neat cottages, which I visited, with Amelia, with pleasure. Here also there had been morasses, as might be learned from the long ditches and excavations, filled up with stones and covered with earth, made to draw off the water; here, too, had been slaves, who had been accustomed to tremble before the overseers and officers, but to cheat them behind their backs. Now they had the upright and bold bearing of freemen, who looked upon the Baron as an equal,—but with what childlike reverence and love they clung to him and his! This transformation, within

the space of the half of ten years, would have been a veritable wonder, if we did not know how prudently and surely Olivier went to work; how gradually he passed from the character of an imperious master to that of, first, a teacher, and then a father; how his peasants, moved only by the fear of the lash, had been allured and subdued by means of their rude self-respect; how he counted neither upon their thankfulness nor their understanding, nor their moral or religious feeling, but from the outset, disciplined rather than instructed them, relying chiefly upon their old established customs, and the rising generation. Thence, he and the baroness, the pastor and the school teacher, undertook the instruction of all; thence, also, it came that the assessors of the judgment, that the overseers of the community were mostly young persons from five-and-twenty to thirty years of age; at least I saw none of the older peasants among them.

But all this does not concern us here. I will describe the success of my friend, and not the art and method by which he tamed his dependants, and made a sterile place blooming.

As Olivier exhibited his account-books, and showed irrefutably that, so far from having lost by the reformation, he had gained more than his deceased uncle or any of his ancestors, he said to me laughingly, "Now thou seest, Norbert, where folly is at home, whether at Flyeln or in the royal residence! While I was actually gaining I was treated as a spendthrift, and compelled every year to suffer strangers, whom they sent here to investigate my accounts, to look into the intimacies of my household."

"Wherefore hast thou not complained of this? It is an injustice—it is an outrage."

"My complaint would be in vain. No justice, but the mere command of the cabinet, sent forth by the ministry, condemned me to this position. The matter is not easily remedied; for the ministry will take no back step by which to declare themselves to have been in fault. The annual committee of investigation would not advise it, because they would lose the delights of their annual pleasure-visit and the profit of their daily pay. That I have been confined here, in the estate of my forefathers, is the most endurable thing

about it. Now, Norbert, what think-est thou of all this?"

"I confess, Olivier, I came with prejudice and sorrow to thee; I shall quit thee with the most pleasurable remembrances. They have everywhere given thee out as a lunatic. I do not think thou art, but I concur with thy former guardian, that thou art a wonderfully queer fellow."

"Queer fellow! truly, that is the proper name for all those who do not succumb to the common-place and confusion of the age. Diogenes of Sinope was regarded as a fool; Cato the Censor was considered by the Romans a pedant; Columbus was pointed at as a crazy man in the streets of Madrid; Alavides was condemned to the Inquisition; Rousseau driven from his asylum among the Bernese; and Pestalozzi held by his countrymen as more than half a fool, because he associated with beggars and dirty children rather than with the be-powdered and be-queued world. And that I should be called a queer fellow—I, that presume only to speak, to think, and to act, naturally and intelligently—according to my right derived from God—is it not rather a reproach to you yourselves?"

"No, Olivier, neither a reproach against the world nor against you. No one prevents thee from acting or thinking naturally or reasonably; but thou must also respect the right of others to think, to speak, and to act, according to their opinions, customs, and even prejudices, until they or their children grow wiser. All men can't be philosophers."

"Have I not paid them proper respect? Have I trespassed upon them?"

"Certainly, friend, if you will allow me to say so. While thou opposeth thy own customs to the general customs of the world, thou breakest the peace with those among whom thou livest, and accomplishest only half the good that thou mightest do, if indeed the half. Christ received the customs of Judea, let himself down even to Judea's prejudices, in order to work the more powerfully. What is the object of thy ludicrous address? What matters it whether we wear a stiff cue or shorn pate, a beard or a smooth chin? Thou knowest the meaning of *sie* in German, and of *vous* in French; well, I grant, it is silly to speak of a single person in

the plural number, but what harm is it, after all? Did not the old Greeks and Romans address each other in the plural number? Thou knowest the meaning of *you* and *thou*. Dost thou not, then, take the offensive part, when rejecting common innocent customs, and, without regard to former notions of civility, force *Thou* upon every body? Whoever fights with the world must have the world fighting with him. Canst thou wonder at it then?"

"I do by no means wonder at what I expect. But do not adduce the example of Christ, after the manner of those who conceal deceit and villainy, with a pious countenance, behind some distorted version of the Bible. The God-like One had a higher mission among his contemporaries than I have, and forbore speaking of smaller follies; but I have to do with these alone; and I will not suffer myself to be constrained to praise, excuse, or practise barbarisms. There is reason enough still among the inhabitants of earth, to permit one to make use of his own poor understanding."

"Friend, as it appears to *me*, they have not even made that right questionable; but that right, by the indiscreet communication of your sentiments, especially if they are at war with existing arrangements, is likely to occasion confusion. Thou thyself, at the outset in Flyeln, played the part of a severe task-master to thy slaves, and gradually not suddenly enfranchised them, after they were prepared for freedom. Thou knowest how dangerous it is to put in the unpractised hands of children, a knife, which yet in skilful hands is a useful instrument. What wouldst thou have said, if one of thy slaves had suddenly spoken the truth to his companions concerning the fundamental principles of human nature, the barbarism and profligacy of the feudal relation, and the natural equality of men? Would not the reformer have broken up all thy projects?"

"Certainly, Norbert; but the example does not go against me for what I have done. I have never spoken against the existing order, even when it was bad, though I have rendered unto God the things which were God's, and unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's. I have spoken only against

existing fooleries and prejudices ; against your foreign airs, against your masquerades and hypocritical compliments, against your unnatural indulgences, against your effeminate disfiguration of yourselves by foreign fashions, against your conceptions of honor and shame, of worth and reward, and only in the way of a defence for my person, when you Europeans would urge me to abandon my return to reason, and would force me to be pleased with your perversity, to desert nature."

"But, friend Olivier, your notions of standing armies, of hereditary nobility, of the rights of subjugated nations, of the——"

"Ah, ha ! Norbert, these sentiments are generally recognized in Europe as *dead* truths. They are spoken of in essays and theories, but not in practice. I have nothing against those that do it. I myself, were I a prince or minister, unless I had a philosophical people, would take great care how I attempted to organize a Plato's Republic. I have only uttered my sentiments in the company of my friends and equals, and not preached them to the multitude to raise a revolution. I have done what millions are doing at this time both in writing and oral conversation. You must cut off half the heads of populous Europe if you would prevent such matters from being thought of and talked about."

"Let us leave that ;—understand me, I wish to reconcile you to the world. A little sacrifice from thee, a little compliance with unimportant externals, and believe me, they would forgive thy opinions, and even thy paradoxes."

"Thou requirest a little sacrifice from me ; thou askest as a small matter, nothing less than that I should sacrifice my convictions, my principles, and all the consequent duties. But if I sacrifice my convictions and principles, that is, my whole being, what am I fit for in the world ? How shall I do good ?"

"In many ways. See other wise men—they accomplish unspeakable good without falling out with the world. Wherefore canst not thou ? What canst thou do now, by thy single example, standing all alone, when all thy neighbors are convinced and believe, that thy understanding is a little shattered ?"

"The question deserves an answer,

for of all thy questions it is the most important. First, consider my right as a man, that I dare, within my own house, on my own grounds, according to my own better convictions, eat, drink, dress, speak and act as I please, if I trespass upon no other's right. Then again, I find the follies, the impertinences, the artifices, and affectations of modern European human nature, which has been culled out of the refuse of ancient barbarism, ludicrous, shameful, unnatural and mean,—why should I, with all my inclinations, with my vocation, with my obligations to truth and justice, not make use of my right ? Should the sailor, whom the wild Indians should set down to a banquet of human flesh, overcome his horror and adopt the terrible custom, lest the Indians should laugh at him ? So much, Norbert, as to what immediately and only concerns myself."

Here Olivier remained silent as if awaiting an answer, but soon continued. "Besides, Norbert, recall the Fragment from the Voyage of Pythias, and thy own confession as to the truth which strikes, and that which does not strike. Thou thyself hast granted, that human society has departed very far from the dictates of nature. You all acknowledge, that there is infinitely too much to endure ; for the violations of the eternal laws of God carry with them the punishment of the transgressor. None of you will deny, that your whole civil and domestic state, your constitution, customs, and manner of life, are at best but a persevering resistance to nature. But which of you has *heroism of understanding* enough to return to the simple, eternal order of God ? In this you fail ; but to me, it is nothing new. It is good, that some individual, undisturbed by the opinions and laughter of the great horde, should bring back an example of goodness and justice. It is good, that some individual, who will not capitulate or make terms with the follies of the age, should stand out, not to minister to your intercourse, but to make open war upon it. For, by means of the simple teaching of the church, the cathedral, and the theatre, by means of simple philosophy, by the eulogy of naturalness and truth, nothing is done. For talk, philosophize, and write for ever, and your teachers remain for ever the same, and your scholars do not be-

come anything else. Therefore it is good, that some individual should step forth as a model for the improvement of the realities of life. True, in the beginning they rate him as a crazy man, and abuse and mock him; but gradually the eyes of his contemporaries are accustomed to the strange appearance. Bye and bye, it is said: "but the man is not so far out of the way." And at last, the boldest begin shyly to follow after him in particular things. Ah! Norbert, whoever can bring back humanity, or a small part of humanity, one single step toward nature, has done as much as the fleetness of life permits. And so, dear friend, let me admonish you, that many are accustomed to deery one who does right, because he has, and they have not, the courage to do right. Because I eat and drink, without luxury, banishing all foreign mixtures; because I dress myself in a way at once comfortable and pleasing to the eye; because I suffer the manly beard to regain its honor; because I withstand the privileges and prejudices of my class, and would pass for no more than I am

worth; because I believe that I have not stained myself by marriage with a maiden of lower and unhonorable descent; because I will not establish my honor by a duel, or bear about the insignia of real or feigned services, as a show upon my breast; because I make my slaves my free companions and friends; because I forswear deceit, and assert the truth without fear; therefore am I treated in the NINETEENTH CENTURY as a FOOL. Here, Norbert, thou hast my answer to thy question. Now let us cease this parley."

He broke off; I embraced the noble but strange man, and laughingly said, 'We have had an old-fashioned talk—but the sharp makes notches.'

After some days I left him; the remembrance of Flyeln came to belong to the most agreeable of my life. Nor will I conceal, that if the whole world should fall into the phrenzy of my Olivier, I should be the first among the frantic. We have since then resumed our correspondence, and I have vowed, from time to time, to go on a pilgrimage to happy Flyeln.

AUTHOR-BOOKSELLERS.

AN OMITTED CHAPTER OF D'ISRAELI.

BY ONE OF THE CRAFT.

It is not a little remarkable that the great literary chronicler, D'Israeli, in his numerous anecdotal records of authorcraft, should have been so silent respecting that peculiar class referred to by the title of the present Article. However much it may be regretted that a subject so interesting has not been treated by such a pen, still it is undoubtedly deserving of investigation. It has not unfrequently been alleged against Booksellers as a class, that they have ever been characterized no less by their deficiency of critical acumen, than by their mercenary spirit, and want of sympathy with literary men and literary pursuits. But this charge, however widely it may have obtained, partakes more of the character of aspersion than of truth; and moved by an honest zeal for rescuing the reputation of the Craft from such reproach, we

subjoin the result of our investigations on the subject, which it is hoped may furnish a chapter in the general history of literature, not altogether uninteresting to the reader. If to the Author be assigned the more arduous process of mental incubation, it must be admitted that the Publisher has at least a somewhat onerous task to perform in ushering forth the new creation into tangible and visible existence. Both, then, enact their part conjointly in the literary arena, and each prefers his respective claims to notice and approbation.

Booksellers being, in a certain sense, the public purveyors of literature, it would be perfectly natural to expect to find among them the indications of a literary taste. An affinity in this respect would become the almost necessary consequence of their constant

commerce with books, even if in many cases some instinctive partiality for books may not have been their unconscious incentive to such pursuits.

A living evidence of the truth of our assertion may be cited in the instance of one Hughes, a patten-maker of St. Martin's-le-Grand, London. This singular individual, after quietly following for several years the worthy pursuit which contemplates as its object *the elevation of the female understanding*, as well as the conservation of the health of the fair sex, from his sedentary and retired avocations at length imbibed a love of literary and scientific pursuits, and the result has proved him to have ultimately become eminently proficient in several of the departments of literature, and particularly in mathematics. His establishment used to present a curious combination of pattens and books; and although in later times he has become more absorbed in these abstruse matters, yet he may be seen, nevertheless, laboriously occupied in the manipulation of those favorite objects of his first love, with all the energy and ardor of an undivided heart; while at the same moment, perchance, he is mentally solving a subtle problem of Euclid. We cannot say on which side his patronage predominates, his books or his pattens; but it is certain that he has proved himself, at any rate, a bookseller *con amore*.

The remark, we believe, of Lackington on this point, though without much pretension to elegance, is certainly true. He says, "among all the schools where a knowledge of mankind is to be acquired, I know of none equal to that of a bookseller's shop, where, if he have any taste for literature, he may be said to feed his mind, as cooks' and butchers' wives get fat by the smell of meat."

Numerous instances attest that a natural and intimate connexion subsists between printing and knowledge, and that printers have themselves contributed by their acknowledged abilities to adorn the literary annals of their age; rising from the servile labors of the press to the most eminent distinction, and diffusing, by these means, the light of science even in the darkest times of superstition and ignorance. Bayle speaks of one who actually composed and printed a work simultaneously, setting up the types by his

hands as fast as his brain indited his sentences, without the intervention of manuscript corrections. Sir William Blackstone, the eminent jurist and commentator on English law, was originally a printer; as well as many others scarcely less distinguished in the world of letters, whom it does not fall within the scope of our present design to enumerate.

As it is our purpose, primarily, to regard the development of character among the bibliographic fraternity, simply as we find it, we shall have mainly to do with recorded facts, reserving to the close of our desultory sketches whatever may suggest itself on the subject, of a more discursive character.

Perhaps the most curious instance that ever occurred of an author-publisher, if we may venture so to style him, was that of an individual well known some years since in the streets of London, who was no less remarkable for the novel method he adopted for displaying his productions before the world, even without the aid of the press, than as presenting the singular anomaly of writer and publisher combined, giving to the public his labors anonymously. How often have we seen him in our boyish peregrinations, and lingered to gaze on his ingenious performances, so profusely spread out before us. The "mammoth sheets" of our own day, stupendous as they are, shrink into a paltry insignificance as we trace out in mental vision the broad superficies of the former. Nor was the literary department the only feature that exhibited the skill of this luminous writer; he united within himself the combined abilities of the artist also, equally excelling in design, engraving, and chirography. A black's head, with a ring through his nose, and a group of fish, were portrayed upon the pavement with inimitable fidelity. This singular genius, who used to establish his location wherever the pavement was remarkably smooth and even, was a cripple, and it was amusing to observe if among the admiring crowd any inquisitive little urchin happened to encroach too closely on his prescribed limits, the implement which supplied to him the lack of limbs, was made the summary instrument to visit upon the shins of the offender the penalty of his trespass. His writings as

exceedingly well executed, and his poetic lucubrations were generally no less admirably pointed;—we regret that our recollection at the present moment supplies us with no more than the following specimen :

‘ Let no rude footsteps on this pavement tread,
For know these very flags to me are bread!—
Oh, spare a penny, or indeed ’tis plain,
The very stones themselves cry out in vain!’

This hapless votary of the muse has passed away ; and though unchronicled in any “Curiosities of Literature,” we trust we have said enough to rescue his memory—*non omnis moriar!*—from utter annihilation.

Craving indulgence for the digression into which the recurrence of an early association has beguiled us, we retrace our steps while we solicit the reader to accompany us adown the stream of time a few centuries back. In the olden time, prior to the era of printing, the MSS. of authors were obliged to be subjected to the ordeal of critical censorship, previous to their being allowed public perusal ; their works being required to be read over before the Universities for three successive days, or by appointed judges ; when, if approved, copies were allowed to be executed by the monks, scribes, and illuminators.

Even in the classic days of Greece and Rome, we find a trade carried on in books ; those works most in demand being multiplied by the scribes and copyists. An exclusive traffic in the MSS. of those days seems to have been carried on along the shores of the Mediterranean, and the Greek Colonies of the Euxine.

During the middle ages the booksellers were styled *Stationarii* at the Universities of Paris and Bologna ; they used to sell and loan MSS. This was the commencement of the book-selling business. A species of literary censorship, it appears, was first established at Paris in 1342, when a license from the University was requisite previously to engaging in such business. The booksellers were, in fact, regularly matriculated by entry on its roll, and considered as its officers ; the prices of all books were also fixed according to the tariff of four

sworn booksellers, by the institution ; a fine was imposed for selling an imperfect copy of a work, and a catalogue, with the prices annexed, was further required to be always kept in the shops. This censorship was afterwards invested in the person of Berthold, Archbishop of Mentz, in 1486, and again renewed with greater vigor, with respect to books, by the Council of Trent in 1546, being subsequently enforced by the popes down to 1563, by whom several *Indices Librorum Prohibitorum*, were issued. In France the censorship was vested in the Chancellor ; in England it was exercised by the well known Star-Chamber ; and, after the abolition of that Court, by Parliament itself. It was abolished in England about 1694, although it still continues in force, we believe, in several of the Continental States.

The first bookseller, so called, on record was Faustus. He is said to have carried his books for sale to the monasteries in France and elsewhere ; and the first bookseller who purchased MSS. for publication, without possessing a press of his own, was John Otto, of Nuremberg, (1516).

In 1472 Anthony Koburger was a person eminent for his learning as well as for his elegance and correctness in printing. He was styled the *prince of printers*, and was likewise a very extensive bookseller. Besides a spacious printing house at Lyons, he had agents in every considerable city in Christendom, and kept sixteen open shops, with a vast number of warehouses. He printed thirteen editions of the Bible in folio, which are esteemed as extremely beautiful specimens of the art ; but his *chef-d’œuvre* was the *German Bible*, printed in 1483, folio, the most splendid of all the ancient German Bibles, being embellished with many curious wood cuts, &c.

Were we to commence our sketch with the illustrious name of Caxton, who died at the age of 81, in 1491, and who, in addition to having had the honor of introducing into England the “divine art,” we should not need a more eminent instance of the successful cultivation of letters, combined with mechanical pursuits. Amidst the onerous charge of an extensive printing-office in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey, containing twenty-four presses, with about a hun-

dred workmen, this indefatigable man actually gave to the world no fewer than five thousand closely printed folio pages from his own pen, consisting chiefly of translations from the French, or the stock of his own vernacular literature. Several of his works have subsequently passed through successive editions, and one or two have even reached our own day. His just estimate of Chaucer, which he first printed, evinces his uncommon critical acumen. On more accounts than one, therefore, may Caxton be fitly styled the father of the English press. The well known names of Pynson, who died 1529, Wynkin de Worde, 1534, and R. Wyer, 1512, although justly celebrated for the improvements they effected in the typographic art, the former having first constructed and introduced into use the Roman letter, scarcely claim a further notice. Among the productions of the latter we find a curious satire upon the gentler sex, with the following title, "*Here begynneth a lyttle boke, named the scole horse, wherein every man may rede a goodly prayer of the condycyons of women;*" in which the following rather severe lines occur:—

Trewly some men there be
That lyue alwayes in great horroure,
And say it goth by destenye;
To hang or wed, both hath one houre,
And whether it be, I am well sure,
Hangynge is better of the twayne,
Sooner done, and shorter payne.

We should doubtless weary the patience of the reader were we to attempt a detailed enumeration of *all* the worthy names of those who have sustained the two-fold character described by our title; but as authors during the first two centuries from the discovery of the art of printing were generally obliged to become printers of their own works, we shall necessarily

have to content ourselves with merely a passing allusion to the more conspicuous of the class.

About the year 1547 we find honorable mention made of the name of Robert Copland, formerly engaged in Caxton's office; he was a stationer, printer, author, and translator. The Rose-garland, in Fleet-street, was his well-known residence. Anthony Scoloker was another, who translated several works which he printed, one of which, affording no unequivocal proof, however, of his prophetic skill, was intitled, "*A Juste Reckenynge, or Accompte of the Whole Number of the Yeares, from the Begynnynge of the World unto the Present Yeare of 1547; a Certayne and Sure Declaracion that the Worlde is at an Ende.*" We commend it to the notice of the Millerites of our own day. Robert Stephens, the renowned Parisian printer and scholar, was a contemporary of these; his transcendent erudition in classical studies, no less than as a critic and etymologist, is sufficiently evinced by his great work, "*Dictionaryum seu Latinae Linguae Thesaurus.*" De Thou, the historian, passed the following merited eulogium upon this distinguished scholar,—“Not only France, but the whole Christian world, owes more to him than to the greatest warrior that ever extended the possessions of his country; and greater glory has redounded to Francis I. by the industry alone of Robert Stephens than from all the illustrious, warlike, and pacific undertakings in which he was engaged. His son and successor was also of great classical attainments, and wrote many learned works.” We next come in the order of date to the name of John Day, the equally prolific printer and parent,—having introduced into the world two hundred and forty-five books, and twenty-seven children! He lived in the neighborhood of Holborn Conduit.*

* A singular instance of infatuated loyalty on the one part, and unfeeling cruelty on the other, is related as having occurred about this time (1579), which we shall be excused for here introducing. Shortly after the *incognito* visit to England of the Duke of Anjou, a tract, considered seditious, appeared under the title of "*The Discovery of the gaping Gulph, wherein England is like to be swallowed by a French Marriage, if the Lorde forbid not the Bands, by letting her Majestye (Queen Elizabeth.) see the Sin and Punishment thereof.*" &c. The author of which, John Stubbes, together with his publisher, William Page, and Hugh Singleton, the printer, were each apprehended, tried, and sentenced to have their right hands cut off by a butcher's knife and mallet:

Although, we believe, not ostensibly an author, yet so eminent a printer was Christopher Plantin, of Antwerp, who lived in the latter part of the sixteenth century, that we cannot refrain from alluding briefly to him in this place. "I am well aware," says his biographer, "that many illustrious men have flourished as printers, such as the *Alduses* of Italy, the *Frobens* from Germany, and the *Stephenses* from France; but these were all eclipsed in the single name of Plantin: if these," he continues, "were the stars of their own hemispheres, he was the *Sun*,—not of Antwerp merely, nor Belgium, but the world!" His offices at Antwerp, Germany, and France seem to have been established upon the most magnificent scale, and like one of his great predecessors, Stephens, he indulged himself in the luxury of *silver types*. At one time he is reported to have paid to his proof-readers and compositors no less than one hundred golden crowns *per diem*, no equivocal evidence of the extent of his operations. He also retained, not only in his friendship but in his employ, a host of the literary men of his day, among the number the renowned *De Thou*. His *chef-d'œuvre*, and which has been styled the eighth wonder of the world, was his *Biblia Polyglotta*, in eight folio volumes, a copy of which is still in existence, and produced at its last sale the enormous sum of one thousand pounds!

Then we have the no less illustrious names of Francis Raphelengius, the celebrated scholar, and printer to the University of Leyden, and Louis Elzevir, of the same place (temp. 1595—1616), the founder of the most learned family of printers that ever adorned the republic of letters; who is said to have been the first who observed the distinction between the use of the consonant *v*,

and the vowel *u* (which had been recommended by Ramus and other writers long before, but never regarded), as also the vowel *i* from the consonant *j*. Aldus Manutius, with whom terminated a family of printers scarcely less distinguished in the literary history of their times, extending to upwards of a century, was grandson to the celebrated Aldus; his extraordinary precocity was displayed by the successful publication of a production from his own pen in his eleventh year; and his great work, *De Veterum Notarum, Explanatione*, has not only immortalized his name, but has been long since acknowledged as a standard for reference by the learned. In the reign of the second Charles we find the name of John Ogilby, geographical printer to the Court, and noted as having written some books, including a pompous account of the coronation of that monarch, which he was appointed to conduct, in 1661. He also published a magnificent Bible, with illustrations; for which he was remunerated by the British Parliament. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, Palliot, the historiographer, printer, and bookseller to the King of France, was also highly distinguished as a genealogist; as a proof of his untiring perseverance and industry, it is recorded that he left at his decease thirteen volumes of MSS., in addition to the five folios which he had already published, the plates of which were likewise executed by his own hands. Contemporary with him, lived Rothscholtz, the bookseller, of Nuremberg, whose name is distinguished in the world of letters by his great work, in two volumes quarto, intitled "*A Short Essay towards an Ancient and Modern History of Booksellers*;" and also the renowned Swedish bookseller, Olaus Rudbeck, the author of "*Atlantica*," &c.

the last, however, was reprieved. On being brought to the scaffold, the former, after delivering himself in a dolorous address to the people, suffered the painful execution of his sentence, immediately after which, waiving his hat with his *left hand*, he exclaimed, "God save the Queen," when he fell down and swooned. Page next ascended the scaffold, and also spoke to the crowd, entreating their commiseration and pity, and laying his hand upon the block, besought the executioner to perform his office as quickly as possible, who at two blows severed his hand from his arm; whereat, lifting up the stump, he cried out, "I have left there a true Englishman's hand!" and so went forth from the disgraceful spot stoutly, and with great courage. He was the man for us! This abomination was perpetrated, be it remembered, in the "glorious days of good Queen Bess!"

Dunton, who lived 1659-1733, was an eccentric bookseller and author; *his* judgment was not greatly at fault at any rate, for it is said, that out of the six hundred works which he published, he had occasion to repent of his measures only in seven instances. He wrote at nineteen, and printed many productions of his own pen, among others, his "Life and Errors, Including Notices of One Thousand Literary Characters of Eminence, &c." Chiswell, styled for pre-eminence the metropolitan bookseller of England, and whose shrewdness and wit stood the test so admirably, that he is reported never to have issued a bad book, was also at about the same period an author of some consideration. Contemporary with him, we find the name of the learned linguist and bibliopolist Samuel Smith, the appointed bookseller to the Royal Society; and Thomas Guy, the founder of "Guy's Hospital," whose munificence and philanthropy have immortalised his name and often invoked the blessing of suffering humanity, was originally, it will be remembered, a bookseller.

John Bagford, an industrious antiquarian bookseller who lived to the early part of the seventeenth century, was the author of the "*Collectanea*," bearing his name, contained in the Harleian MSS. of the British Museum. Then again, there is our own illustrious Franklin, the Bacon of the new world,—a *tria juncta in uno*, printer, author, and one of the great fathers of modern science; and who has been thus *technically* described by one of the fraternity, "the * of his profession, the type of honesty, the ! of all, and although the ☞ of death has put a . to his existence, every ☽ of his life is without a ||."* But we are passing by a host of worthy bibliopoles, whose names at least, if not their works, de-

serve a passing notice; such as Lintot, Pope's publisher as well as his own, who was also a member of the Middle Temple; the famous Tonson, a no inconsiderable editor; not to speak of Miller, Evans, Griesson, Benj. Motte, &c. And again, such as Ruddiman, a man of profound attainments as a grammarian and critic; or Richardson, the celebrated author of "Sir Charles Grandison" and other popular works, which have procured for him the title of the English Rousseau;—and Alexander Cruden, the renowned compiler of the "*Concordance to the Sacred Scriptures*," whose stupendous labors turned him mad. A curious anecdote is related of him; one evening having prepared an excellent supper for some friends, whom he had invited to partake of a favorite dish of roast turkey, no sooner had Mr. Cruden arrived and made his appearance in the room, heated with walking, than before the covers could be removed, while his guests were eagerly anticipating their pleasurable repast, up walked the distinguished host, and advancing to the smoking joint in question, *sans ceremonie* pushed back his wig, and with both hands plunged in the gravy, began to wash his head and face over the bird, to the horror and dismay of the astonished group!

John Buckley, who lived to about 1746, was a learned linguist; and Paterson his contemporary, was also author of many works as well as the publisher of many more; he was indeed one of the most prominent bibliopoles of his age.

About the same date, we meet with the name of Ephraim Chambers, originally apprenticed to a bookseller, Mr. Senex, himself also an F.R.S., the author of the "*Cyclopædia*" bearing his name, originally called "*Lexicon Technicum*," and which was subse-

* An anecdote characteristic of the improvidence of printers, is related by Franklin, which we give for warning rather than for example. One of his workmen, although of great skill in his profession, never would make his appearance at the office till the middle of the week. "Francis," said Franklin one day to him, "surely you do not think of the future? If you worked more diligently, you might lay up something against old age." The workman replied, "I have made my calculation. I have an uncle, a druggist in Cheapside, who has just set up in business with the resolution to work twenty years, till he has saved £4000, after which he intends to live like a gentleman; he thinks to make himself a wholesale gentleman; I will be one by retail. I had rather be so, and do nothing for half the week during twenty years, than be so for the whole week twenty years hence."

quently made the basis of Dr. Rees' voluminous work, which extended to forty volumes, quarto. This celebrated work was styled "the pride of booksellers, and the honor of the English nation." He is represented as a man equally indefatigable, perspicacious, and observant. He was a quaker, a member of Gray's Inn, and at his demise, which occurred at Canonbury House, Islington, one of the residences of "good Queen Bess," he was interred in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

A remarkable story is related of one John Barber, (whose father also rejoiced in the profession of that name), who verified that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,"

by not only attaining to the distinction of Lord Mayor of London, but also by his long intimacy with Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke, to whom he bequeathed at his death jointly the sum of £600. On one occasion, his dexterity in his profession was severely brought to the test; being threatened with a prosecution by the House of Lords, for an offensive paragraph in a pamphlet which he had printed, and being warned of his danger by Lord Bolingbroke, he called in all the copies from the booksellers, cancelled the leaf which contained the obnoxious passage, and immediately inserted an amendment, so that when the pamphlet was produced before the House of Lords, and the supposed passage was referred to, it was found unexceptionable.

In later times we have a record of names no less luminous, such as William Hutton of Birmingham, who has been not inaptly styled the English Franklin, who from the very depths of obscurity and squalid poverty, neglect and abandonment, fought his way single-handed to wealth and literary eminence. His "*History of Birmingham*" was followed by other productions, including his interesting auto-biography. His literary labors were concluded in 1811, by a "*Trip to Coatham*," a watering-place in Yorkshire, written in his eighty-sixth year, in which he thus takes leave of his readers: "As it is perhaps the last time I shall appear before the world as an author, I may

be allowed the liberty of exhibiting my performances in that character. I took up my pen, and that with fear and trembling, at the advanced age of fifty-six, a period when most would lay it down. I drove the quill thirty years, during which time I wrote and published fourteen books."

We might also dwell upon Rushton of Liverpool, M'Creery, Debrett, Allan Ramsay the celebrated poet, Luke Hansard, Bulmer, Boydell, Griffiths, Harrison, and many others we must not stay to enumerate. John Worrall of Bell Yard, who died 1771, was a well known author-bookseller, as well as the eccentric Andrew Brice of Exeter, and Sir James Hodges, who lived at the Sign of the Looking-Glass, on London Bridge. The names should not be omitted of Faulkner, Gent, Goadby, and also Smellie, the first edition of whose work on philosophy yielded him 1000 guineas, and a greater amount of fame. Thomas Osborne, of Gray's Inn, was also a very eminent bookseller, although, if we are to decide with Dr. Dibdin, not eminent in philological attainments. Boswell relates an amusing circumstance connected with the professional career of this worthy bibliopole, who, it is said, was inclined to assume an authoritative air in his business intercourse. One day Dr. Johnson happening to encounter a similar exhibition of temper, the Dr. became so exasperated, that he actually knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck; and when remonstrated with on such summary proceeding, he coolly replied, "Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him."

Paternoster Row, the present great literary emporium of the world, did not assume any consequence till the reign of Queen Anne, when the booksellers began to forsake the former principal mart, Little Britain; and which may be said to have become the resort of all the bibliopoles about the time of the renowned John Day, terminating with the equally celebrated Ballard, (themselves both author-booksellers); during which period, those of our category appear to have been singularly conspicuous. In earlier times Paternoster Row seems to have been more noted for mercers, lacemen and haberdashers and a newspaper periodical of 1707, adds to the

list, "the *sempstresses* of Paternoster Row." We find, however, the record of a solitary member of the craft, one Denham, who lived then at the sign of the Star, as early as 1564, and whose significant motto ran as follows :

"Os homini sublime dedit."

There dwelt also turners of beads, and they were called Paternoster makers, from which, of course, this noted place originally derived its name. It is also worthy of notice, that the parish of St. Bride has been, from the days of Pynson, in 1500, down to the days of Strahan, and even to the present time, the location of the "King's Printer;" while the number of those carrying on the profession in this vicinity are singularly numerous, and far beyond the average of any other parish in England, or perhaps the world; the site seems to have become, from its first introduction, the *Alma Mater* of the printers. Alex. Hogg, called the king of Puffers, the Colburn of his day, was moreover reputed a man of considerable learning. He published numerous standard works in the serial form, and was the first to introduce that convenient, and, for the spread of literature, important mode of publication. He seems to have exhausted the vocabularies of superlatives, to express the beauty, elegance, and magnificence of his editions. He also was reputed to possess singular tact in revivifying a dull book by re-christening it, and otherwise metamorphosing its contents when its sale, under its original condition, had ceased.

On this side the Atlantic we might mention with no slight honor, the name of John Foster, who, in 1676, published the first book ever printed in New England—a man of great literary attainments, a graduate at Harvard University, and, it is believed, himself an author. William Bradford, in 1693, the first printer and publisher in Philadelphia and New York, was also translator of several works. At a later date we have good old Matthew Carey, and his son and successor Henry Carey, both of whom have recorded their names in the literary annals of their country, not to omit the living illustrious name of an author-bookseller, Peter Parley, (Goodrich), whose works are alike appreciated in both hemispheres.

Again, to return to England, we find still remaining a rich galaxy of names yet untold, the simple enunciation of which is all we can venture to attempt, such as the following:—Davies, Baker, King, Pole of Exeter, Denton of Yorkshire, Johnson, Towers, Bingley, Woodfall, Graham, and Morse the learned mathematician, as well as another of the fraternity who rejoiced in the patronymic since made so glorious, of *Andrew Jackson*, who indulged his propensity for reading and writing, too, amidst the dust and cobwebs of a dingy shop in Clare Court, every corner of which was choked up with piles of learned lumber.

We regret that we are unable to refer to many names of this date, justly distinguished, if not for their authorship, at least for their general intelligence and prominence in business; we cannot, however, omit to notice the amusing and very laconic item of epistolary correspondence, which passed between Johnson and Andrew Millar, his patron and publisher. It appears that the laborious lexicographer having wearied the expectation of the trade for his long promised work, and no less the patience of his publisher, who had already advanced him, in various sums, the amount of £1500, was induced, on receipt of the concluding sheet of his Dictionary, to send to the doctor the following:—"A. Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with money for the last sheet of copy of Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him." To which our author replied, "Samuel Johnson returns compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, (as he does by his note), that Mr. A. M. has the grace to thank God for anything."

Even James Montgomery deserves to be classed among our number, for he gave to the world the maiden efforts of his muse through the medium of the newspaper which he himself printed and published—the "Sheffield Iris."

The French and Germans, who are generally admitted to excel in the cultivation of this department of learning, boast many distinguished names among the profession. The author of the "Death of Abel," Gesner, was a bookseller at Zurich, and studied the arts of painting and engraving. He

received many distinguished tokens of esteem; among others a gold medal from Catherine of Russia. Francis de Bure, a bookseller at Paris, wrote, among others, a work of great research and skill, "A Treatise on scarce and curious books," in seven large volumes. The originator of the great work, "*Encyclopédie Méthodique*," which has extended to 150 volumes, was M. Panckoucke, also a Parisian bookseller. Peter Vander, of Leyden, who died 1730, was another eminent instance of an author-bookseller, as his singular work, "*Galerie du Monde*," in 66 folios, sufficiently attests: and Lascaile, of Holland, was no less celebrated as poet and publisher, having been honored with the poetic crown by the Emperor Leopold; and even his daughter so largely inherited her father's genius, that she was styled the Dutch Sappho, or tenth muse.

Both Horace Walpole and Queen Charlotte may be said to have been private printers—that is to say, the former established a press at Strawberry Hill, at which many curious works were printed; and at Frogmore there was another, at which an edition, consisting only of five copies, was struck off, of an historical and chronological work, which the queen had translated for the use of her daughters. Honorable mention also should be made, for its class, of a name which has never, perhaps, been eclipsed in the annals of books. We refer to that of Nicholls, whose Literary Anecdotes, as well as his numerous other works, will link his memory to many a distant year, and whose otherwise immense industry and labors, as printer, compiler, and publisher, would scarce require the aid of "*Sylvanus Urban*" to immortalize his name. The mantle of the sire has also descended upon the son—John B. Nicholls, his successor, who has published several historical works, and among others, an "Account of the Guild Hall, London," historical notices of "Fonthill Abbey," &c. Among the more recently deceased we may allude to Wm. Sotheby, the celebrated book-auctioneer of London, whose establishment, originally founded by Barker, (his great uncle), in 1744, was the first of the kind that ever existed in London. He was a man of extensive learning and literary acquirements, and had been many years occupied in collecting

materials for an elaborate work on the "Early History of Printing," about 150 plates for which, comprising early specimens of the art, have been already executed, but the completion of which is for a time intercepted. He is also favorably known to the literary world by his interesting work, in folio, on the "Handwriting of Melancthon and Luther." Davy of Devonshire, another author-bookseller of eminence, was distinguished by many high encomiums for his attainments in biblical literature, and will be long remembered by his voluminous "System of Divinity in a series of Sermons," comprising 26 vols., 8vo. John Gough, of Dublin, bookseller, was also author of "A Tour in Ireland," "History of Quakers," and other works of note. William Harrod was a worthy but eccentric bookseller, whose pen produced several topographical works. Samuel Rosseau, who, when an apprentice to Nicholls, used to collect old epitaphs, &c., it is said actually taught himself in the intervals of business, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Persian, Arabic, as well as two or three other modern languages; besides having edited in after life several useful and popular works on elementary education. To name Robert Dodsley, would prove almost his sufficient eulogy; his valuable series of "Annual Registers," collected edition of "Old Plays," twelve vols., and other literary performances, form alone an enduring monument to his memory. George Nicolson, of Worcester, is another member of the profession of bookselling, who has added to the stores of literature; and the names of Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, whose amenity of manners, and great bibliographical knowledge, independently of his having been the originator of the Edinburgh Review, sufficiently entitle him to be noticed among the class. Ballantyne, the publisher and confidant of Sir Walter Scott, who was the sprightly author of the "Widow's Lodgings," and other works in the department of elegant literature, in addition to his vast fund of ludicrous anecdote, is equally entitled to such distinction; as well as William Blackwood, for seventeen years the editor of the inimitable periodical that still retains his name. But our recitals are growing wearisome, and yet we have done but very

imperfect justice to the subject. There is one other name, we must be allowed to introduce—that of James Lackington, the well known London bookseller, who may be said to have established his claim to our notice from the publication of his “Auto-biography.” From the humbled shades of obscurity, he was indebted to thriftiness and parsimony, no less than the accidents of adventitious fortune, for his ultimate distinction. Although we may not assign to his character any evidences of literary eminence, his career was at least marked by singular eccentricity; his spacious establishment in Finsbury Square, around which, it was his boast, that he actually drove a coach and four, contained an immense collection of books. Among his many expedients to excite notoriety, was the publication of an advertisement, stating that his coach-house in Old-street had been robbed of 10,000 volumes, consisting chiefly of Dr. Watts’ “Psalms and Hymns,” a manœuvre that answered the two-fold purpose of letting the world know that he kept a coach, and that even so large a quantity of books could not be missed from his collection. He also had the vanity to hoist a flag at the top of his house as a signal, whenever he arrived from his country seat at Merton. His vanity was certainly very amusing, and excusable when we consider the disadvantages of his humble origin. At ten years old he commenced crying half-penny apple pies in the streets, so that, as he himself intimates, he soon began to make a noise in the world. His success in this his first essay, induced speedily the exchange of tarts for books; thus he commenced his business as a bookseller, which one year yielded him a profit of £5000. Here we might mention the name of John Trusler, who was distinguished as L.L.D.—a doctor, parson, bookseller, and author; having fabricated many useful books, and amongst others, an “*Essay on the Rights of Literary Property*”—a subject, even at the present day, we regret to find, so very imperfectly understood among the mass of those to whose enjoyments it is made to yield so large a contribution. Also, one Wm. Davis, who in 1817 compiled and published several amusing bibliographic works, one entitled, “*Œno of Bibliographical and Literary*

Anecdote and Memoranda,” &c., and another, “*A Life of Garrick*,” which went through several editions. Richard Beattiffe, bookseller, of Norwich, wrote a “*Tour through Norfolk*” and other works. J. Parkhurst, of Twirton, was of distinguished reputation, and occupied many years in preparing a Talmudic Lexicon! Upham, of Exeter, also translated several books of the Buddhists and on Mohammedanism. Dr. William Russell, who died at the close of the last century, the well known author of the “*History of Modern Europe*,” was originally apprenticed to a bookseller, in a few years after which he was engaged as a corrector of the press, and subsequently was enabled to devote himself to authorship. His first essay was a series of “*Sentimental Tales*,” “*Fables*,” &c. His historical works were the product of his maturer years. Whiston, the celebrated translator of “*Josephus*,” was also in his early days a bookseller. The same might be remarked of the renowned naturalist, Smellie, equally celebrated as having produced the best edition of *Terence*, which has been reputed as immaculate in its text. He was, moreover, the antagonist of Hume, the refutation of whose atheistical opinions became the theme of his pen. Again, about this time, we might allude to one Walwyn as a bard-bookseller of eminence, “a worthy associate of Dryden;” also, Thomas Watton, who kept a shop near St. Dunstan’s many years, and published and compiled several excellent works—among them the earliest history we possess of *Baronets*, occupying 5 vols. 8vo. Then, there is that extraordinary writer, Godwin, whose “*Caleb Williams*” alone is sufficient to preserve his name from oblivion; he was for a considerable time a bookseller in Skinner street, and ushered many books of value into tangible existence. Dr. Olinthus Gregory also was once a bookseller at Cambridge, and a teacher of mathematics at the same time.

John Lander, who, with his brother Richard, discovered the source of the Niger, was originally a bookseller. Devoting his leisure to literary pursuits, and his mind being inspired with a love of enterprise, he not only rendered important services to physical science, by the discovery of a problem

which had long baffled the literati of Europe, and which has placed his name among the proudest in the annals of science, but bequeathed to the world one of the most delightful and interesting narratives of travel in the English language. Two more names, and we complete our posthumous notices,—first, that of Sir Richard Phillips, of whose elementary writings, which we need not stay to specify, it is enough commendation to remark that they were sufficiently productive to become the adequate support of his declining years; and of whose character it is sufficient to mention that he was not only the first publisher to introduce a reduction in the price of books, but the originator of a fund for oppressed debtors—two things that go to his glory; the other name we would allude to is that of John Booth, of Duke-street, London, who died about two years since. His profound knowledge of books, critical, not titulary, rendered him eminently distinguished, and his collection was exceedingly rare and extensive. His literary capabilities were so far respected by Malone, the commentator of Shakspeare, that he consigned to him the onerous task of editing and arranging the annotations and remarks for his edition of that great poet. He also edited and compiled several documents for his “Account of the Battle of Waterloo,” two volumes quarto, which went through the unprecedented number of nine editions in less than two years.

We now approach our living contemporaries, and it is satisfactory to observe that the race of author-booksellers, far from being extinct, is no less flourishing at the present day than it has been at any former period: while the numbers are not a few who are emulous of the classic honors of their sires, and whose genius and labors will supply a worthy sequel to the past, and add a new lustre to the bibliographic history of the nineteenth century. We will commence with noticing the son of the senior member of one of the most distinguished bookselling houses in the British metropolis,—we refer to the Longmans. William Longman, although young in years, bids fair to become a distinguished proficient in the science of entomology, a subject that has already successfully engaged his pen. Mr. Rees, of the same firm, is also a gentleman of great

literary attainments—the grace of the establishment. William Wood, F.R.S., the natural history bookseller, is undoubtedly deserving a place among the leading writers of the day on that branch of knowledge, which his esteemed work, “Zoography, or the Beauties of Nature Displayed,” three large volumes, sufficiently attests. He is, however, author of some four or five other important works, as well as editor of the beautiful edition, greatly enlarged, of Buffon, in twenty volumes octavo, and contributor of several interesting papers to the “Philosophical Transactions.” But even here again the numbers increase upon us so fast that to attempt a detailed account would carry us far beyond our prescribed limits, and in most instances a bare recital of names must suffice for our purpose. John Ebers, the well-known bookseller of Bond-street, published an octavo of considerable interest, upon the Italian Opera, entitled “Seven Years of the King’s Theatre,”—Charles Ollier wrote and published “Ferrers,” a clever novel; Thomas Dodd, edited “*The Connoisseur’s Repertory*,” and Arnett, a bookbinder, published a curious volume, under the title “*Bibliopegia, or the Art of Bookbinding*,” and another somewhat similar work. Then, again, we remember our early and esteemed friend Moxon, who, when a clerk at Longman’s, published “Christmas,” a poem, and a volume of “Sonnets,” which were so favorably noticed by Rogers, the poet, that a friendship ensued, which has ever since ripened with its growth, and contributed very materially to the success of this enterprising and accomplished publisher. To the classical reader, we need only mention the name of A. J. Valpy, whose edition of the “*Variorum*” Classics, extending to 161 vols., 8vo., with notes from his own pen, forms a lasting monument of his learning and skill. M’Cray, also, has translated and published some beautiful Lyrics from the German; William Clarke, originally a bookseller, gave to the antiquary an exceedingly curious and interesting account of libraries, under the name of “*Repertorium Bibliographicum*,” and Rodd is the translator of several volumes from the Spanish. One of the very best bibliographers of the present day is R. H. Evans, the great auctioneer and bookseller of Pall-Mall;

he has had to officiate more than once as editor, as in the instance of Aikin's *Essays*; Dolby gave to the critical public a work of great thought and labor, "The Shakspearian Dictionary;" and Christie, the auctioneer, has also given birth to four abstruse works on the taste and literature of the ancient Greeks, which he compiled during the intervals of his business occupation; Griffith, the bookseller, wrote a laborious work on ancient and modern poetry, entitled "Bibliographia Anglo-Poetica;" and Dr. Koller and Mr. Bach were both translators and German critics, as well as booksellers. Another conspicuous member of our class was John George Cochrane, for some time an eminent bookseller and auctioneer, the able and discriminating editor of the "Foreign Quarterly Review" for seven years. He was also selected by the trustees to draw up the catalogue of Sir Walter Scott's library and articles of *virtu* at Abbotsford—a most delightful labor of love; and on the formation of the London Library, was, among a host of candidates, unanimously elected to the offices of librarian and secretary.

We might also mention Stewart, the eminent linguist, and known as the skillful compiler of the celebrated catalogue of Miss Carver's library, which he embellished by drawings from his own pencil; or Straker, who may be ranked among the very first class of Oriental linguists; or Madden, also an eminent Oriental scholar,—both of whom deserve a much more extended notice than we can here give them. Again, there are such names as the following:—Arrowsmith, formerly the celebrated map publisher, and author of "Ancient and Modern Geography," as well as several elementary works in geography, some of which, with the former, are used as text-books at Oxford, Cambridge, and Eton; J. Wilson, editor of the "Bibliographical and Retrospective Miscellany," "Shakspeariana," &c.; and Robert Tyas, the well-known publisher of the "Illustrated Shakspeare," and other similarly embellished works, who, besides being the author of his many excellent "Handbooks for the Million," is also the author of that superbly embellished work, "The Sentiment of Flowers," the ninth edition of which has recently appeared. James Atkinson, of Glas-

gow, possessed, perhaps, the greatest acquaintance with "Medical Bibliography" of any person in ancient or modern times, as his curious and unique work under that title fully proves. We have before us a notice of it by one of the leading medical journals of Europe, in which it is characterized as "one of the most remarkable books ever seen—uniting the German research of a Plouquet, with the ravings of a Rabelais, the humor of Sterne with the satire of Democritus, the learning of Burton with the wit of Pindar," &c. It is to be regretted the ingenious author did not live to complete the whole design.

Ainsworth, the popular historical novelist, was originally a bookseller with John Ebers, of Bond-street, to whom he afterwards became related by marriage.

Nor should the name of John Murray—the friend and publisher of Byron—be omitted in this place. It is not our province to remark on the splendor and distinguished eminence of this gentleman as a publisher, although in this respect he may unquestionably be entitled to take the highest rank; but his well-known literary abilities and severe critical taste equally render him conspicuous, as evinced in the immense collection of valuable works which have issued from his establishment. And it is a fact little known that the series of "Hand-books" now in course of publication by Mr. Murray, and which are considered super-excellent in their way, and consequently immensely popular in England, are all executed from actual survey, and are the unavowed productions of his son, whose very superior scholastic and literary acquirements are doubtless destined still more to do honor to his father's high and well-deserved reputation.

The name of Talboys will long be remembered by his admirable translations of Adelung's "Historical Sketch of Sanscrit Literature," to which he appended copious bibliographical notices. He was, moreover, the translator of the very erudite volumes of Professor Heeren, of which he is also the publisher: his "Bibliotheca Classica" and "Theologica" likewise deserve honorable mention for their completeness and excellent scientific arrangement. But we find many more whom

we must group together, who, although less prominently before the world, are yet deserving of a passing tribute, such as E. M. Browne, author of "Evro," a romantic poem of considerable merit; T. C. Hansard, the printer, who wrote "Typographia," and another similar work, and who has been also a contributor to the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" West, the author of "Fifty Years' Recollections of a Bookseller," &c., who still lives. Then there is Goodhugh, the author of the "English Gentleman's Library Manual;" Jas. D. Haas, who translated Dr. Krummacher's "Elisha," and Zschökke's "History of Switzerland;" George Dubourg, an occasional contributor to the "Literary Gazette," and author of "The Violin and its Professors;" and the late Samuel Bagster, the author of an enthusiastic and exceedingly clever work on the "Management of Bees," &c. John Russell Smith, of Compton-street, formerly an errand-boy, and now one of the most rising of the London booksellers, has rendered himself justly distinguished by his almost unprecedented industry and application, as well as natural genius; his work on the antiquities of Kent, "Bibliotheca Cantiana," as well as his "Bibliographical List of all Works which have been published towards illustrating the Provinces and Districts of England," evince both his untiring antiquarian research and literary zeal. We come next to a name that has become almost a synonym with antiquarian anecdote—William Hone, from the sale of whose "Every Day Book and Year Book," (who has not read them?), during the first year of its publication, Tegg cleared £500. He was originally a bookseller,—his collected works would probably fill ten or twelve octavos. His political satires had a prodigious run, upwards of 70,000 copies being disposed of in a short space of time. His infidel publications, for which he was imprisoned, he lived to recant publicly, in a subsequent volume, entitled his "Early Life and Conversion." Henry G. Bohn deserves to be classed among our list; his catalogue, containing a critical description of 300,000 volumes, in all the languages dear to literature, may be ranked among the most remarkable productions of the press of any nation: it contains 2,106 pages, and cost its in-

defatigable compiler two thousand guineas to publish, and an almost incredible amount of labor. William and Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, the editors of the able and valuable weekly "Journal" that bears their name, present another noble instance of genius rising superior to all opposing circumstances;—they were originally to be seen, we understand, perambulating the streets of Glasgow, as hawkers of a few pamphlets and books. Their essays are among the choicest of the periodical literature of the age. There is still another name we cannot, in justice, omit to notice: we allude to that of C. H. Timperley, whose "Encyclopædia of Literary Anecdote" discovers immense labor and research; and to whose interesting and valuable statistics we confess an indebtedness to no small extent in the prosecution of our subject. Such a volume will form of itself an enduring monument of the industry and bibliographical knowledge of the writer, and if it were the sole production of a lifetime, it might yet stand in successful competition with many of those whose effusions are of even much greater extent.

We cannot, however, close our already too extended sketch, without a passing allusion to one or two names, justly entitled to such distinction in our own day, and nearer home:—*par exemple*, the senior partner of one of the leading publishing establishments of Philadelphia (Lea and Blanchard's), enjoys no less celebrity as a contributor of numerous scientific papers in the "Philosophical Transactions," than he does as being the liberal publisher of the works of two of America's proudest writers—Irving and Cooper. To Henry Carey, late of this firm, we have already made allusion; he has contributed repeatedly to the fugitive literature of the day, and is author of a work on Banking, &c. In the east, we find Cummings, formerly of the firm of Cummings and Hilliard, author of an elementary book on Spelling and Geography, &c.; Wilkins (of Wilkins and Carter) is author of a work on Astronomy; Isaiah Thomas has written and published a "History of Printing," a work of considerable reputation; Samuel G. Drake, the antiquarian bookseller of Boston, is, besides being a member of several learned societies, author of the "Book of the Indians,"

"Tragedies of the Wilderness," &c.; Joel Barlow, author of the great American epic, "The Columbiad," was also formerly a bookseller at New Haven; nor should we omit to mention the name of James T. Fields, a young man already favorably known to fame, —he has also been distinguished by being appointed to deliver a poem before the Societies of Brown University; and is, moreover, a poet of considerable pretensions. In our own city, as well as in those we have referred to, there are many minor members of the author-bookseller fraternity, who are modestly moving along the bye-paths of literature, and whom we regret not being at liberty to signalize, since they have done nothing ostensibly in the way of authorship; but there are some exceptions, and we refer with pleasure to those of George P. Putnam, whose "Tourist in Europe," and other volumes, justly entitle him to notice; Casserley, of this city, a very respectable Greek scholar, and, lastly, though not least, we will name John Keese, whose beautifully embellished works of the American poets, and recent publication of the "Poetical Remains of Lucy Hooper," no less than his active intelligence and literary abilities, render him deserving of our full quota of praise; indeed he deserves the thanks of his brethren for his prompt and manly reply, some time since, to an illiberal attack made against them as a class, in one of the leading journals of this city, in which they were represented as "knowing very little about the thing they sell; and dispose of a book as they would of a boot, and that their relation to an author was that of a wig-maker to a schoolmaster,—one learned on the outside and the other within," &c. In his reply to this Mr. K. states "that some of the most valuable treatises issued from the American press, owe their origin to the talent and learning of booksellers; and that, moreover, American literature is studded with many gems from the amateur pens of booksellers." By the way this worthy biblioplist has, we learn, nearly completed a work on which he has long been occupied during the brief intervals snatched from the arduous avocations of business, which will doubtless comprise much curious bibliographical anecdote respecting those amongst us

who follow the "gentle craft," as well as the more prominent members of the bookselling fraternity in the United States. It is to be styled "Memoirs of Printers and Booksellers who have become Eminent Publishers." Such a work from Mr. Keese's animated and not inelegant pen, cannot fail of proving a highly acceptable contribution to our native literature; nor can it be questioned that it will be destined to occupy a niche in most libraries, along with Mr. Griswold's forthcoming "Curiosities of American Literature," and the delightful miscellanies of the immutable D'Israeli. And as affording the latest specimen of our class, we may mention the name of Mr. Norman, of New Orleans, who has just returned from a tour in Central America, the results of which will speedily be given to the world through the press of one of our publishers in the form of an elegantly illustrated and deeply interesting volume on the Ancient Ruins of that mysterious and interesting section of our continent.

We conclude our notices of the author-booksellers with the following; First, Charles Knight, the well known publisher and editor of the "Pictorial Shakespeare,"—the most valuable as it is the most elegant edition ever given to the world, and who is also the conductor and editor of the other admirable publications issued from his establishment; including "London," a work, which is of itself alone sufficient to entitle him to the thanks of the literary world. Secondly, Thomas Miller of Newgate-street, formerly a basket-maker, now an honored member of the bookselling fraternity, a poet, novelist, and essayist, and whose works, comprising about fifteen volumes, have been too great favorites with the public to require naming in this place. And lastly, William Howitt, a writer we need not stay to eulogize, who was originally one of the honored fraternity, completes the glorious trio,—names which may justly be considered as forming the triple coronal of the booksellers of the nineteenth century.

Thus, then, we think we have fully established the point we originally proposed to make out, namely, that booksellers, so far from meriting the reputation which has been fastened upon them by the jealous complaints of dissatisfied and irritated authors, present

more numerous instances of men of genius and literary eminence among them, than perhaps any other class among the community. At least, if we have not made this evident to others, we are satisfactorily convinced of its verity ourselves, and shall therefore very contentedly, in conclusion, simply subjoin a few stray characteristic allusions, touching some of the peculiarities that seem almost indigenous to the craft. One great procuring cause for so much literary eminence among this class, doubtless arises from the subdivisions of the London trade, an arrangement which not only allows full scope for improvement in its several departments, but which superadds powerful incentives to exertion and diligence. The admirable system of issuing catalogues so universally adopted by the London booksellers, affords satisfactory evidence that their acquaintance with their stock is not merely titular; most of these catalogues containing analytical notices, which are admirably done. This pervading bibliographic intelligence among "the trade," reacts with double advantage to themselves, and the public are scarcely less profited, for there is scarcely a book in the world that may be obtained, however scarce, but may be heard of in the great Londonopolis. The largest catalogue we believe ever constructed, was the "*Bibliotheca Thottiana*," Copenhagen, 1789; which comprised works in the several departments of literature, and occupied twelve ponderous tomes.

And after all that Mr. D'Israeli and others have insinuated to the contrary, Campbell once at a literary banquet, being asked to name a friend to literature, toasted Bonaparte. The company expressed their surprise, and inquired why he ranked him among its support-

ers, when he replied, "He shot a bookseller, (Palm), and had he done more in that way, poets and writers would turn printers themselves, as formerly, and speedily fill their purses." But pray is not this all poetry, Mr. Campbell? Who among the early author-printers acquired such prodigious wealth? Besides, Goldsmith and Johnson were of a different opinion; nor do we learn that they possessed more inclination than ability for embarking in the enterprise of paper and printing. Dr. Johnson, indeed, was so conscious of this, that he asserted, booksellers were the best Mæcenases. The author's best friends are the booksellers and publishers; they mediate with the public and do for him what he could not achieve himself, namely, obtain a ready payment for his manuscripts. There are abundant instances on record, of surprising liberality in this respect on the part of publishers; take, for example, the case of Andrew Millar, in early times, who, unquestionably one of the best patrons of literature, not only paid Fielding one thousand guineas for his "*Amelia*," notwithstanding our author had continued to decline in the popularity of his works from "*Tom Jones*," but even at his death, without solicitation, the worthy bibliophile cancelled a loan against the novelist of £2,500. How many similar instances might be quoted. Look at the enormous copyrights given to Scott, Byron, and Moore, and many others, could we stay to refer to them.* We will, however, give one case in point, and for the authenticity of which there needs no voucher, as we received it direct from the distinguished author himself. Washington Irving, when he first completed his inimitable volumes of the "*Sketch Book*," offered the MSS.

* An amusing and well-known anecdote we must here introduce, of the celebrated Peter Pindar, (Dr. Walcot,) who, from the prodigious success of his earlier pieces, became a desirable object of bookselling speculation, and about the year 1795, Robinson and Walker entered into a treaty to grant him an annuity for his published works, and, on certain conditions, for his unpublished ones. While this was pending, Peter had an attack of asthma, which he did not conceal nor palliate, but at meetings of the parties, his asthma always interrupted the business; a fatal result was of course anticipated, and instead of a sum of money, an annuity of £250 per annum was preferred. Soon after the bond was signed, Peter called on Walker, the manager for the parties, who, surveying him with a scrutinizing eye, asked him how he did. "Much better, thank you," said Peter, "I have taken measure of my asthma, the fellow is troublesome, but I know his strength and am his master." "Oh!" said Walker,

without success to most of the booksellers, when finally he discovered the only chance of its publication would be to engage in shares with Millar; this was at length agreed upon, but during the progress of printing, Millar became embarrassed, and the business having been transferred to John Murray, the friend of Byron, and of enviable reputation, his successor was solicited to become the purchaser of the work by a friend of the author, (who under these untoward circumstances would gladly have accepted £10 for it,) which was also agreed between the parties upon payment of £100. The work appeared, and no book perhaps took more rapidly with the public, edition after edition, till it became the all-engrossing theme of conversation. Such instantaneous and unlooked-for success proved too much for the health of the astonished author, and he repaired to Paris for a change of scene. While here and when making the tour of the Italian States, Murray, with a liberality hardly equalled but in his own subsequent dealings, sent to Mr. Irving, unasked by him, in three or four repeated instances, the additional sum of one hundred guineas.

Now, those who attach to publishers and booksellers the charge of mercenary dealing after this, must, we think, look at things through a strange mental obliquity. They imagine, we suppose, because Andrew Strahan died worth half a million sterling, Luke Hansard £50,000, or Edward Dilly nearly £100,000, who left it to charities, and was indulgent and fostering to many unedged authors of his time; Toason and Dutton, similar amounts; that this must have been the fruit of liberality to authors; whereas the reverse of this is rendered more than probable. Some booksellers have acquired wealth through adventurous causes. One Thompson, of Long Lane, Smithfield, we remember, had actually amassed at his death, in 1826, £70,000, all out of ballads and the coarsely col-

lored pictures! Thomas Tegg, who, by the way, is himself somewhat of an author, having written "The Young Man's Book of Knowledge," and others, is said to be the richest member of the bookselling profession at the present day. His establishment used to be technically called the "Book-burying-ground," from the circumstance of his staple commodity in business consisting in the purchase of remainders of cautious considered dead, the original demand for them having ceased. Tegg performed the office of sexton and resurrectionist, and after the revivifying process had been administered, he sent them on the wings of the wind to all quarters of the globe, even the antipodes. By the way, this same gentleman, seven years since, perpetrated something of a comic extravaganza, described by the following title, "*Spirit of Election Wit, or Middlesex Fun Box opened, by Thomas Tegg, the Bookseller, 1801.*" The wealthy occupant of the splendid mansion in Regent's Park, and the extensive warehouses of Whittington-house in Cheapside, may possibly have forgotten his early bantering in the multiplicity and magnitude of his subsequent engagements, but we feel convinced that we shall receive his thanks for thus revivifying the departed. Never having enjoyed the privilege of perusing this remarkable effusion, we cannot gratify our readers with a description of its characteristic features; nor are we able either to detect the possibility of plagiarism by a later writer of eminence who has, with inimitable effect, excited the risibilities of his numerous readers by his delectable pictures of an Election squabble in the two well known contests of the "*Buffs and Blues*" in "*Pickwick*." Mr. Tegg commenced his career as book-auctioneer on the smallest possible scale, in a shop in Cheapside of the smallest possible size, with a merchandize of the smallest possible reputation; and now he is probably the larg-

gravely, and turned into an adjoining room, where Mrs. Walker, a prudent woman, had been listening to the conversation. Peter, aware of the feeling, paid a keen attention to the husband and wife, and heard the latter exclaim, "There now, didn't I tell you he wouldn't die? Fool that you've been! I knew he wouldn't die." Peter enjoyed the joke, and outlived both the parties, receiving the annuity for *twenty-four years!*

est dealer, as he is the wealthiest of the entire trade, if we except simply the Longmans.

While on this point we cannot refrain from a recollection or two of a somewhat similar character; we refer to two members of the brotherhood, both since consigned to that dreamless repose which no personal allusion of ours may disturb. One was named *Nunn*; he kept an old book establishment in Great Queen street, and although a singularly large and corpulent personage, was scarcely less remarkable for his activity in early life, than for his austerity and moroseness in its later stages. By his parsimony and patient application to business, he became ultimately possessed of considerable wealth; and although this was no secret, yet his two daughters, who were (if one may hazard gallantry for truth) remarkably ugly, lived in single blessedness to the very autumn of life; but, strange to add, immediately after the demise of their venerable parent at the advanced age of eighty, they each entered into matrimonial alliances. Old *Nunn* possessed many peculiarities, and although not particularly remarkable for indulging any "sudorous brain-toils" of his own, he yet never appeared so contented as when immersed among the musty tomes of those who have left us in no condition of doubt as to that matter. We well remember, too, his curious custom of cramming his capacious coat-pockets, which on one occasion actually yielded four-and-twenty large octavo volumes before their contents were exhausted. Another, of the name of *D'Arcey*, also a dealer in second-hand and black-letter books in Holborn, rendered himself conspicuous, among other eccentricities, for the whim of having female attendants in his establishment, some of whom were decidedly pretty; and what is certainly not less singular, he regulated their remuneration according to the ratio of their personal attractions. We have often been surprised how any stipulation could tempt the fair bibliopoles to

the dry drudgery of his dingy shop and dusty books; or consent to the surveillance of a miserly old bachelor, as dirty and as dingy, too, as the objects of his vocation. He died wealthy, like his eccentric contemporary above alluded to. *Luke White*, of Dublin, who died in 1824 in great affluence, was also originally a penniless itinerant hawker of pamphlets in the streets of Belfast. By energy and application he at length opened a shop, and, aided by successful speculations in the lotteries, he ultimately became possessor of nearly half a million sterling.

Booksellers, moreover, evince an affinity of feeling in more instances than one with the "*genus irritabile*." We remember an incident, among many others, to this effect, and with it we close our desultory chapter. *Goldsmith*, who was originally poor and unknown, after the publication of the *Traveller* became of much greater consequence; and one day, on learning that a scandalous attack had appeared against him in a paper published by *Evans*, he called at the shop of the offending biblioplist, and announcing his errand, proceeded to administer summary chastisement. The pugilistic encounter, however, proved ultimately to the overwhelming disadvantage of the worthy "*Vicar*," who got well beaten himself and rolled upon the floor, to the amusement of the real offender, the author of the offensive article, who complaisantly stood by as bottle-holder on the occasion. *A propos* of which excellent example, we conclude our agreeable task of the vindication of this honorable fraternity, by avowing our own determination, as "*One of the Craft*," to perform, or at least attempt, the same feat on the person of the first individual, especially if he be an author, who in our presence, after all the contrary evidence we have herein above accumulated, shall so far cease to have the fear of God before his eyes, as ever again to repeat the old and abusive slanders, of which we have so long been the innocent and unresisting victims!

DUELLING.

In our last number we found ourselves compelled by the pressure of our limits, to break off rather abruptly in the midst of a paper which we had prepared for the instruction and delectation of our readers, on this barbarous though interesting subject, *à propos* of the entertaining history of the practice recently published in England, by Dr. Millingen,—of which, by the way, it is some matter of surprise that in this duelling country, it has not yet found an American republisher.

We have before shown the origin and rise of this detestable absurdity,—how it grew out of the bloody brutality of the old Germanic barbarism,—how it became consecrated by Religion into the Judicial Combat,—and how Chivalry supervened to give it a modified direction, by adding to it the new and powerful element of the “point of honor;” and, in harmony with the fighting spirit which was the chief characteristic of the civilisation of the age, (such as it was), to make it fashionable and honorable. Foul and noxious growth as it was, it throve rankly in the congenial soil of the society where it was planted. In an age which placed the highest virtue in the greatest boldness and skill in the art of butchering—when the whole feudal organization of society was at the same time military and individual—when the contempt for the arts of industry and commerce, which was the inheritance of all gentle blood, threw these fighting gentry of necessity into the arms of idleness, the proverbial mother of mischief, the sanguinary game of the Duel rose to a frequency of indulgence, and a respectability of credit, that set all law and religion at equal defiance. France, as we have before stated, was its classic ground; and in French history the reign of the great Henri Quatre was the period in which it reached its highest luxuriance. The number of gentlemen slain in duels within that period, about eighteen years, was about four thousand, while the number of pardons granted by the King for this offence, was not

less than fourteen thousand. The case of Balagny was before referred to, spoken of in the *Memoirs* of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, upon whom every favor and the most assiduous attentions were lavished by all the ladies of the court, for no other merit than that of having killed eight or nine men in duels. The tendency of such a state of things to generate a most insolent and brutal ruffianism of character and deportment, need not be dwelt upon. No mistake is greater than that which ascribes to the restraint of the duel the forbearing courtesy of manners which is so essential to existence in society. The more frequent duels are, the more frequent are these abominations. Ruffians of the most sanguinary disposition became noted and respected under this popular Henri IV. Says our author:

“One of them named Lagarde Valois, was celebrated for his brutal deeds; another quarrelsome ruffian, named Bazanez, was determined to have a trial of skill with him, and for this purpose sent him a hat, ornamented with feathers, and accompanied with a message, stating that he would wear it at the peril of his life. Lagarde immediately put the hat upon his head, and set out in quest of Bazanez, who was also looking for him in every direction. Having at last met, after an exchange of mutual civilities the combat began. Lagarde inflicted a wound on the forehead of his antagonist; but, the head being harder than his steel, his sword was bent on the skull: he was more fortunate in his next lunge, which penetrated his antagonist's body, when he exclaimed, ‘This is for the hat!’ Another thrust was equally successful, when he added, ‘And here is for the feathers!’ This purchase he did not deem sufficient, and he therefore gave him a third wound, exclaiming, ‘And this is for the loop!’ During this polite conversation, seeing the blood of his opponent streaming from his several wounds, he complimented him on the elegant fit of his hat, when Bazanez infuriated, rushed upon him, breaking through his guard, and, throwing him down, stabbed him in the throat with his dagger, and repeated his desperate blows

fourteen times in his neck, chest, and stomach; while at each stab, as the wretched man roared out for mercy, the other replied at every reiterated thrust, 'No! no! no!' However, during this conflict, the prostrate Lagarde was not altogether idle; he bit off a portion of his adversary's chin, fractured his skull with the pommel of his sword, and 'only lost his courage with his life.' During this scene, the seconds were amusing themselves also in fencing, until one of them was laid dead on the field of honor. This Lagarde, it appears as concise in his epistolary style as in his colloquial eloquence during a fight: the following is a copy of one of his letters to a man whom he was determined to despatch. "I have reduced your home to ashes; I have dishonored your wife, and hanged your children; and I now have the honor to be your mortal enemy,—LAGARDE."

Louis XIV. made the most strenuous efforts, so far as regards proclamations and decrees, for the suppression of the practice; which, during the violent agitations of the Fronde, had recovered from the slight temporary check imposed upon it by the energetic and vindictive severity of the administration of Richelieu, under, or rather *over* Louis XIII. During that period, even De Retz had fought two duels in person, though he had not only to lay aside the robe of a priest, but to doff the hat of a cardinal for the purpose. And he could refer to a sufficiently recent precedent for his justification, in the Cardinal de Guise, in the days of the League, who was ever equally ready to wield the sword and the crucifix. The following gives us a comprehensive glimpse of the manners and the morals of this period:—

"It was during this reign that arose the celebrated quarrel between the beautiful Duchesse de Longueville, sister of the great Condé, and the Duchesse de Montbazon, the mother-in-law of Madame de Chevreuse; these three ladies being concerned in all the intrigues of the busy court of Anne of Austria, then Regent of the kingdom.

"The subject of this dispute arose from a love-letter, in a woman's hand-writing, having been found, which was supposed to have been dropped by the Comte de Coligny as he was leaving the apartments of Madame de Longueville, and which contained various reports unfavorable to

the reputation of Madame de Montbazon. This letter was attributed to Madame de Longueville, who insisted that Coligny, her acknowledged lover, should call out De Guise, the favorite of Madame de Montbazon. The parties met in open day in the Place Royale, where Coligny received a mortal wound; while the two seconds, D'Estrade and De Bridieu, were fighting, and the latter was severely wounded. This duel is worthy of record, from the singular fatality which attended it. Admiral de Coligny, the illustrious victim of the massacre of St. Barthélemy, was murdered by the orders of the Duke de Guise; and, seventy years after, the grandson of the admiral was killed by the grandson of the Duke!"

And the following is every way characteristic of its amiable hero, especially in the *bonhomme* of its finale:—

"It was during this reign that a curious meeting took place between La Fontaine, the fabulist, whose meekness and apathy had acquired him the name of 'the Good,' and an officer. Although generally blind to the irregularities of his wife, he once took it into his head to become jealous of a captain of dragoons, of the name of Poignant. La Fontaine had not himself observed the intimacy with his wife, but some kind friends had drawn his attention to its impropriety, telling him that it was incumbent on him to demand satisfaction. La Fontaine, reluctantly persuaded, contrary to his usual habits, got up early one morning, took his sword, and went out to meet his antagonist. When the parties were in presence, the worthy poet said, 'My dear sir, I must fight you, since I am assured that it is absolutely necessary.' He then proceeded to acquaint him with the reasons that induced him to call him out, and drew his pacific sword. The dragoon, thus obliged to defend himself, whipped the weapon out of the inexperienced hand of the fabulist, and having disarmed him, proceeded quietly to point out to him the absurdity of the reports circulated in regard to his wife, and the folly of his having thus exposed his valuable life; adding, that since his visits had occasioned scandal, he would from that hour cease to call at his house. *Le Bon La Fontaine* was so affected by this sincere explanation, that he not only insisted that the captain should pay more frequent visits than ever, but swore that he would fight him over again if he discontinued them."

The softening manners of the time, far more than the ten successive edicts

against the practice, issued during the long reign of Louis XIV., produced a sensible effect within that period, in diminishing the number of duels fought, and in mitigating the ferocity of the prevailing public sentiment in relation to them. Many disputes which at a former period must have led to bloodshed, were settled in other modes. Such, for instance, was the quarrel of the Dukes de Luxembourg and Richelieu about precedence; when, after a long and angry correspondence, Richelieu meeting Luxembourg in the palace, where he was captain of the guard, went up to him, and told him that he dared him on foot and on horseback, him or his followers, either at court or in city, or even in the army, should he proceed to it, or, in short, in any part of the world; notwithstanding which provocation, an apology was deemed sufficient. A "court of honor" was instituted, composed of the constable and the marshals of France—or rather it was revived, with a regular code of penalties and satisfaction, a similar enactment having taken place in 1596 in the reign of Charles IX., and having also been contained in the edict of Blois, in 1602, by Henri IV. A regular code was framed for the jurisdiction of these courts. A lawyer who insulted another was subjected to very severe penalties; giving the lie, striking with hand or stick, were acts that subjected the offender to imprisonment, with the obligation of making ample apology to the offended party on release; and not unfrequently the latter was allowed to inflict a castigation similar to the one he had received. In addition to the penalties of incarceration, fine, or banishment, such satisfaction was ordered by the judges as the case might require, according to the nature of the provocation; and in various instances guards were sent to the houses of the offenders guilty of a contempt of court, who were obliged for a considerable length of time to maintain their own domestic gaolers. However, it may be doubted whether much good proceeded from this court, which not only consisted of members who were themselves fighting men, but was also rarely willing to extend its jurisdiction beyond the cases of parties of high birth or distinguished rank. An instance of this,

which occurred under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, is thus related:—

"An abbé of the name of D'Aydie had fought with a clerk in the provincial department, at an opera-dancer's house, and wounded him. The Duchesse de Berry, daughter of the Regent, immediately ordered that the Abbé d'Aydie should be deprived of his preferment, and obliged to become a knight of Malta. The scribe, on recovering from his wound, was constantly seeking his antagonist, who was compelled to fight him four times, until the duchess brought the parties before the court of honor, presided over by Marshal de Chamilly, who, upon hearing of the condition of one of the parties, exclaimed, 'What the deuce does he come here for—a fellow who calls himself *Bouton*—do you presume to think that we can be your judges?—do you take us for bishops or keepers of the seals?—and the fellow, too, dares to call us *my lords*!'

"To understand these punctilious feelings, it must be remembered that the marshals of France were only called *my lords* by the nobility, being considered the judges of the higher orders; and such an appellation from a *roturier* was deemed an affront.

"This D'Aydie, it should also be known, was the lover of the Duchesse de Berry, who naturally feared that the low-bred clerk might deprive her of her paramour by an untimely end. The tribunal recommended the Regent to imprison the lover of his daughter, as a punishment for having fought a low-born fellow, who, on account of his ignoble condition, was discharged as beneath their notice. The duchess, however, did not approve of this finding of the court; but, after procuring the liberation of her favorite, pursued the unfortunate clerk with such rancor that she at last got him hanged; thereby exciting, according to Madame de Crequi, 'the horror and animadversion of all Paris.' Strange to say, this despicable princess died a month after, on the very same day that the clerk was hanged: the execution took place on the 19th of June, and she breathed her last on the 19th of July!"

An honorable effort of a different character, to discourage the practice, took place in this reign, which is thus related:—

"The inefficacy of the various edicts to restrain duels was at last acknowledged, and various means were adopted to en-

force them. In the year 1651, a clergyman of the name of Olier, founder of the congregation of St. Sulpice, conceived a plan of supplying the inefficiency of the law, by putting honor in opposition to itself. With this view he projected an association of gentlemen of tried valor, who, by subscribing an engagement, to which the solemnity of an oath was to be added, obliged themselves never to send or accept a challenge, and never to serve as seconds in a duel. In this project he engaged the Marquis de Fenelon, a nobleman respected for the frankness of his disposition and the austerity of his principles, as well as for his well-known courage, when that quality had been called upon in the service of his country; since it was of him that the great Condé had said, that he was equally qualified for conversation, for the field, or for the cabinet. It was to this nobleman that the justly-celebrated Archbishop of Cambray owed his education and his rise in the church.

"The Marquis de Fenelon having placed himself at the head of this association,—into which no one was admitted unless he had distinguished himself in the service,—on the Sunday of the Pentecost, the members assembled in the church of St. Sulpice, and placed in the hands of M. Olier a solemn instrument, expressing their firm and unalterable resolution, never to be principals or seconds in a duel, and moreover to discourage the baneful practice to the utmost of their power. The great Condé was so struck with the proceeding, that he said to the marquis, that a person must have the opinion which he himself entertained of his valor, not to be alarmed at seeing him the first to break the ice on such an occasion."

Under the Regency and the dissolute reign of Louis XV., the frequency of duels again increased. The life of licentious intrigue, which was the chief occupation of all the world of fashion and nobility, could not but generate constant occasions calling for this mode of adjustment. One, for instance, is told in which the rank of the Regent alone protected him from that necessity. When the Count de Horn, a Belgian nobleman of distinguished family, was found by his highness with one of his favorites, the Countess de Parabère, "*Sortez, Monsieur!*" was the duke's disdainful

command to him; to which the other retorted, "*Your ancestors, sir, would have said, Sortons!*" This is alleged by Madame de Crequi (a relation of Horn) as the reason of the implacable obduracy of the Regent, when Horn was condemned to death for a most atrocious murder, and when the most powerful efforts were exhausted in vain to obtain from him the slightest relaxation of either the severity or the ignominy of the punishment.* The great Law of Lauriston, the canonized patron-saint of modern credit-system financiering, commenced his meteor career by several duels. But the prince of duellists in these despicable times was the celebrated profligate the Duke de Richelieu, who was as willing and ready to murder a husband as to seduce a wife,—for whom, by the way, a pistol-meeting took place between the Marquis de Nesle and the Countess Polignac. St. Evremont and St. Foix are also the names of two noted duellists who flourished amid the noxious rankness of this period. Another is chronicled by our author in the following manner:—

"Amongst the other fashionable *roués* of the day was Du Vighan, from Xaintonges, whose handsome appearance was so fascinating, that hackney-coachmen are said to have driven him without a fare, for the mere pleasure of serving such a *joli garçon*. Another anecdote is related, of a tailor's wife, who called upon him for the payment of four hundred francs, due to her husband; but his attractions were such, that she left behind her a bill for three hundred. Although of middling birth, he sought to attract the notice of the King, who granted him letters of nobility on his appearance. This fortunate youth was constantly involved in law-suits, wherein he always contrived to win his cause. So successful was he in all his undertakings that the Archbishop of Paris called him 'the serpent of the terrestrial Paradise.' The name he was usually known by was *Le Charmant*; and Madame de Crequi was obliged to acknowledge that she only mentions him *qu'à son corps défendant*.

"It was of course of the utmost necessity that such a charming gentleman should be constantly engaged in some duel; and his fascinations seemed to operate as powerfully on the marshals of France, constituting the court of honor,

* See Democratic Review for July, 1842, p. 19.

as on the hearts of the ladies of the court, for he was invariably acquitted.

His sword, however, was not always as successful as his features and manners, for he received from the Count de Moulain a severe wound, that endangered his precious life. On his recovery he had the presumption to pay his addresses to Mademoiselle de Soissons, a young princess of great beauty, who became so enamored of her admirer that her aunt was obliged to shut her up in a convent at Montmartre, under the surveillance of one of the provost's officers. But bars and locks could not keep out such a Lothario; and a letter and a rope-ladder having been discovered, the lady's family applied to the Baron d'Ugon, one of their relatives and an expert swordsman, to bring the youth to reason. The challenge was sent and accepted; but the meeting did not take place, in consequence of the fatal malady of the King, upon whom Du Vighan attended to the last.

"The monarch dead, Du Vighan lost no time in seeking his adversary, who inflicted two dangerous wounds in his right side. Notwithstanding the severity of the injury, he contrived to scale the walls of the abbey of Montmartre to see his beloved princess; but he was obliged to spend the night under the arches of the cloisters, the young lady having been shut up. During this painful vigil, his wounds broke out afresh; and the hemorrhage was so profuse, that he was found there a corpse the following morning. The body was carried home, and a report spread abroad that he had died of the small-pox, caught from the King, during his attendance on the royal sufferer. Although the princess grieved pretty nearly unto death, yet she at length consoled herself by marrying the Prince de Cobourg."

Under the succeeding reign, of Louis XVI., a duel took place between the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) and the Duke de Bourbon, growing out of some highly ungentlemanly rudeness on the part of the former, at a masked ball, toward the Duchesse de Bourbon. It was terminated, after a short encounter, without bloodshed, on the interposition of the seconds.

The father of this Duke de Bourbon, the Prince de Condé, though a prince of the blood, had also fought a duel with a young Captain of the Guards, the Vicomte d'Agout, who challenged him for a gross injury and insult, growing out of a licentious intrigue of the Prince. After the Prince had re-

ceived a slight wound the combatants were separated; and shortly afterward D'Agout, who had resigned his commission, which was held under Condé, was restored by the latter to the corps of the Guards, with promotion to a majority. In this reign flourished the noted Chevalier d'Eon, the most expert fencer and duellist of the time, of whom it was reserved only for a post-mortem official declaration, to settle the doubts existing as to his sex—a considerable part of his life having been passed in female attire; while a tumor in the breast, growing out of a wound received in fencing, contributed to the mystification which, for reasons never fully explained, he saw fit to practise on this singular subject. His only rival in skill, and equally in fashionable popularity, was the Chevalier St. George, who was a mulatto, and, in spite of swart features and woolly head, a great favorite among the ladies. He was appointed Equerry to Madame de Montesson, whom the Duke of Orleans had privately married, and then Captain in the Guards of his son, the Duke of Chartres, the present King of the French. He is thus described:—

"He was an excellent musician, amiable and polished in his manners, and of a most agreeable conversation; his humanity and charitable disposition were universally acknowledged; and, although engaged in many duels, he had generally been the insulted party, and was never known to avail himself of his reputation to insult any one less skilled in the science of destruction."

It was during this reign that the celebrated impostor Cagliostro, being called out by a physician whom he had called a quack, proposed, on the plea that a medical question should be settled medicinally, that the parties should swallow two pills, the one poisonous and the other innocuous.

The following is certainly the sublime of French bravado:—

"Such were the reckless feelings of the time, that a certain Marquis de Tennesie, from Brittany, actually challenged the pit of a theatre. Being behind the scenes, he had appeared so forward in one of the wings, that the public rebuked him; when he immediately stepped forward to the footlights, and addressing the

audience, said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, with your permission a piece will be performed to-morrow, called 'The Insolence of the Pit chastised,' in as many acts as may be desired, by the Marquis de Tenteniac!' This impudent address was received with great applause, and no one individual thought proper to resent a general insult."

It is not worth while to dwell upon the period of convulsion that succeeded this reign, in connexion with the history of the Duel. With the earlier orators and leaders of the Republic it was rather the fashion to detest and despise it as one of the discarded things of the old régime. In the parlance of the day the duel was "the argument of an assassin." Occasional duels were, however, fought. A few months after delivering a very eloquent speech against the practice, Barnave fought with Cazalès. The National Assembly, after having, at first, adopted a severe law against it, at last abrogated all former laws prohibiting single combat, and passed an amnesty in favor of those transgressors who had been prosecuted agreeably to their enactments. Under the Directory and the Consulate the practice revived; and amidst the prevailing military ardor, the recklessness of life, the general social agitation, and the unsettled confusion of classes, it became fashionable and frequent. In the army it was constantly resorted to, both by officers and soldiers; scarcely a day passed without a meeting in the Bois de Boulogne, while garrison towns were continually disturbed by desperate duellists. Pistols were now adopted by civilians, after the English fashion, and the sabre, rarely the small-sword, became the arm of the military. Napoleon was very stern in discountenancing it. Although he knew, from the character of his officers and soldiers, that it was impossible to prevent it, yet he visited with his displeasure all the superior officers who transcended the regulations on this subject. He was frequently heard to say, that he never could place any dependence upon a duellist in battle, and that Latour Maubourg, the bravest of the brave, had never drawn his sword in a private quarrel. His own reply to the mad challenge of Gustavus IV., of Sweden, is well known,—“that he would order a fencing-master to attend him as a

plenipotentiary;" and that to Sir Sidney Smith's equal absurdity does not need an allusion.

After the Restoration of the Bourbons, the level of comparative social tranquillity which had been maintained by the superincumbent weight of the imperial throne, and him that sat thereon, was all broken up again. The political agitations which prevailed, and the bad blood between the partisans of the old and of the new order of things, again sought frequent vent at the point of the sword or the muzzle of the pistol. Within this period the Press arose in freedom and great power, and out of its unaccustomed licentiousness grew a vast number of duels involving its conductors and others. Literary duels became frequent, especially on account of political and historical works. Critics occasionally found a weapon sharper and more merciless even than the pen of their vocation, with which to assail an unfortunate author's mistakes of fact or reasoning. Two enthusiastic novel writers fought in defence of the classical and romantic schools of literature. A Neapolitan colonel of the name of Pèpé, challenged the author of a work in which Italy was reproached for its pusillanimity, and refuted the slander by wounding the author. While the Count de Ségur, author of the "Campaign of Russia," had to meet General Gourgaud, one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp, by whom he was also visited critically with a corrective wound.

Since the Revolution of July, duels of the press and of politics have been most absurdly frequent. A pistol-case has been at times an almost indispensable article of furniture to the editor's cabinet. The legitimist editors of *Le Revenant* challenged those of their editorial *confrères* who had not implicit faith in the virtue of the Duchesse de Berry, and both Laborie, of that paper, and Carrel of the *National* were wounded. The eventual fate of the latter in a similar encounter with Emile de Girardin is well known. Similar occurrences took place in all the principal cities. The mania spread through all classes. Paragraphs can be quoted from French papers of this period, relating three or four duels in a morning, growing chiefly out of political differences. In the present more tran-

quilt time they are of course less frequent; but there is no country, not even our own South-west, where the duel is more thoroughly established in public opinion and as a practical resort than France. That is, in fact, the only country in which a regular code of rules exists, for the government of the practice. This is given at length by Dr. Millingen, embracing eighty-four articles, as having been sanctioned by twenty-five general officers, eleven peers of France, and fifty officers of rank. The Minister of War, who could not consistently with his public duties affix his signature to the document, gave his approbation in an official letter, and the majority of the Prefects equally sanctioned the regulation.

A considerable number of duels are on record as having been fought by women in France, sometimes with the pistol and at others with the sword,—sometimes with each other for jealousy, and at others with their lovers. The actress Maupin, of the opera, in the time of Louis XIV., was a famous duellist. Having once at a ball behaved in a very rude manner to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did on the condition that those gentlemen who had warmly espoused the lady's cause should accompany her. After a hard combat with them in succession, she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball-room. And so late as 1827, a lady of Châteauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face without resenting the insult, called out the offender, and in a duel with swords severely wounded him.

In Italy during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the press teemed with works on "the noble nature of the science of duelling." More elaborate works have been written on duels, satisfaction of wounded honor, and the various qualifications of murder, by Italians, than by the natives of any other country. Among these may be named Antonio Massa, Pomponio Torelli, Pigna, Dario Attendolo, Suzio de la Mirandole, Fausto de Longiano, Possevino, Rinaldo Corsa, Fabio Albergotti, Maffei. Most of the celebrated fencing-masters who gave instruction to the duellists of other countries were Italians. In Italy first originated the practice of bringing in seconds and witnesses, who were to share the dan-

gers of the principals. Brantôme makes the following remarks on the subject:

"I have heard much talk on this matter, and have been informed by great Italian captains, that they were the founders of these fights, and their punctilios, which were well known theoretically and practically. The Spaniards resemble them, but are not so proficient in the art, which now-a-days our Frenchmen practise in perfection. The Italians are a little more cool and daisied in this business than we are, and somewhat more cruel. They have given as an instruction to those who feel disposed to grant or to spare their adversary's life, the glorious opportunity of showing their generosity, by maiming their fallen foe, both in his legs and arms, and moreover giving him a desperate cut across the nose and face, to remind him of their condescension and humanity."

And he farther relates, that when he was at Milan he took fencing lessons for a month under a celebrated master named Trappe; and during this period not a day passed, but he witnessed at least twenty *quadrilles* of persons fighting in the streets, and leaving the dead bodies of their adversaries on the pavement. There were numerous braves who let themselves out for hire, to fight for those who did not feel disposed to risk their own lives. The same practice prevailed in Spain. This mode of fighting constituted the famed *Vendetta*; and the hired combatants were called *Bandelers*. Upon the extent to which the practice degenerated—if indeed it should be called a degeneration—into that of secret or hired assassination, in the avenging of wrongs or the indulgence of passion, it is not necessary to speak.

In Spain duels in a former day had a similar frequency to that which we have observed to have grown out of the military chivalry of the age, in the other countries of Europe. During the period of the Moorish wars, single combats between the warriors of the different faiths were of constant occurrence. At a later day we find the founder of the order of the Jesuits, Loyola, offering to fight a Moor who denied the Divinity of the Saviour. But in modern times, both in Spain and Portugal, duels are very uncommon, though in both the stiletto has almost become a national weapon.

In Germany and Northern Europe,

duels, although formerly not unfrequent, are now rare—throwing out of view the ridiculous student duels of the Universities. By an ancient law of Sweden, writes Dr. Millingen,—

“If a man told another that he was inferior to any other man, or had not the heart of a man, and the other replied, ‘I am as good a man as yourself,’ a meeting was to follow. If the aggressor came to the ground, but did not find the offended, the latter was to be considered dishonored, and held unfit to give testimony in any cause, and deprived moreover of the power to make a will. But if, on the other hand, the insulted party came forward, and the offending party did not make his appearance, the former was to call him aloud by name three times, and, if he did not appear, make a mark upon the ground, when the offender would be held as infamous and false. When both parties met, and the offended was killed, his antagonist had to pay a half compensation for his death; but, if the aggressor succumbed, his fate was to be attributed to temerity and an unguarded expression, therefore his death called for no compensation. In Norway, any gentleman who refused satisfaction to another was said to have *lost his law*, and could not be admitted as evidence upon oath. According to the Danish laws, it was held that force is a better arbiter in contestations than words; and in the judicial combats, which frequently arose on the slightest provocation, no champion was allowed to fight in the cause of another, however feeble or unskilled in arms he might be: women were not even allowed a proxy to defend them, but were obliged to defend their honor personally. In such cases, to afford the woman a better chance, the man who had offended her was obliged to get into a pit up to his waist, by which means his Amazonian opponent could wheel round him and strike him on the head with a sling or leather thong to which was suspended a heavy stone; the male combatant was armed with a club, and if he missed her three times, or struck the ground instead of her, he was declared to be vanquished.”

The story of Gustavus Adolphus is generally known, who, after striking one of his officers, Colonel Seaton, accepted his resignation of his commission, and then, following him across the frontier, offered him satisfaction for his wounded honor on equal terms—which of course resulted in reconciliation, and the return of the officer to favor and

promotion. Gustavus II., a contemporary of Louis XIII., hearing of a meditated duel between two officers, was first on the ground, where he had a gallows erected; pointing to which and to the hangman at its foot, as awaiting the survivor, he coolly told them, “Now, gentlemen, you may proceed.” In the Austrian and Prussian states, and in most of the countries of Germany, duelling is rigidly punished with various terms of imprisonment. The offence is of rare occurrence, though not entirely unknown. In 1834, the German papers gave an account of a duel of a most romantic nature:

“A Baron Trautmansdorf was paying courtship to the widow of a Polish general, the young Countess Lodoiska R—; he only awaited an appointment to an embassy to marry her. In the mean time a Baron de Ropp courted the lady, and in a sonnet turned his more successful rival into ridicule. The baron immediately sent him a message, which Ropp accepted; but on the ground proposed a champion, who espoused his cause, when Trautmansdorf fell. His second, indignant at this act of treachery, insisted that Ropp should give him satisfaction. The second was also mortally wounded, when it was found out that Lodoiska herself had accompanied her betrothed in male attire. Ropp, having recognized her when she fell, felt so deeply the turpitude of his conduct, that he threw himself on his own sword, and expired near the bodies of Lodoiska and her lover.”

Duels are rare in Russia, but less so among the Poles. Two singular Russian duels are mentioned. A dispute and challenge having taken place between Prince Dolgoroucki and an old general officer, Zass, and at that moment the Swedish artillery being heard, and intelligence being brought that the enemy were attacking a redoubt, the two engaged in their duel at once by standing together in an embrasure of the redoubt till the one or the other should be struck. The Prince was cut in two by a cannon ball, when the general withdrew—this desperate resolve having been witnessed by the whole army. The other was between a noted duellist, the Count de Tolstoy, and a naval captain. The latter, refusing other weapons, insisted upon what he called a naval manner of fighting, which was,

to seize each other and jump into the water, the victory being awarded to the party escaping drowning. The Count demurred on the ground that he could not swim,—when the other, taunting him with cowardice, rushed upon him, and threw himself, with him, into the sea. Both were, however, drawn out; but the naval officer was so much injured, that he died a few days after.

Duelling is not an Oriental barbarism. It is emphatically a practice of the Western Civilisation and Christianity. In Japan, however, we see mentioned a singular form of duel, which might be commended to the imitation of those among us who are still silly and wicked enough to engage in this game of blood and murder. The parties prove their valor by being the first to kill, not each other, but themselves. Under such a regulation, it may be easily imagined, as Dr. Millingen dryly remarks, that duels are rare in Japan, and quarrels not frequent.

There is nothing peculiar in the early history of Duelling in England to claim our special attention. The practice existed to similar extent, and based on similar principles, as we have seen in France. There are a great many narratives recorded of individual duels, remarkable either for the rank of the parties, or the attendant circumstances. We might quote some of these, if permitted by our limits. Some were of a most desperate character—such as that between two noblemen in the time of Henry VIII., the Duke of B—— and Lord B——, who fought till both were streaming with gore; when at last the one ran the other through the body, so as not to be able to withdraw his sword; in which position, he was in turn run through by the sword of his opponent, after vain attempts to parry the blows with his hand,—from which position both fell dead, the one upon the other. During the civil wars of the Parliament and the Protectorate, the practice was rare. Under the reaction of political and social profligacy which succeeded, it again became very frequent. The duel of the Duke of Buckingham with the Earl of Shrewsbury was of a very revolting character. The licentious Duke had seduced the wife of the latter, for which he gave him the satisfaction of running him through the body. It is

added that Lady Shrewsbury, in a page's attire, according to the general report and belief, was holding Buckingham's horse in a neighboring thicket, to facilitate his escape in the event of his killing her husband,—with a still darker feature of reckless profligacy and guilt, marking the ensuing night, before her paramour had laid aside his bloody shirt, which disgust refuse to record on this page. It was after this, that when Buckingham took the Countess of Shrewsbury openly to live with him in his house, on his Duchess expostulating with him on such a line of conduct, adding that it was out of the question that she and his mistress should live under the same roof, he quietly replied, "that is also my opinion, Madam, and I have therefore ordered your coach to carry you to your father." Addison, in the *Spectator*, mentions a club of duellists, in the reign of Charles II., in which none was to be admitted who had not fought. The president of it was said to have killed half-a-dozen in single combat, while the other members took their seats according to the number they had slain,—a side table being provided for such as had only drawn blood. He adds that, "This club, which consisted only of men of *honor*, did not continue long, most of the members being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after the institution."

The practice continued very frequent and fashionable through the whole of the past century. The well known duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth was in 1765. That between John Wilkes and Lord Talbot was in 1792, growing out of an article by the former in the *North Briton*, of which he was the disguised editor. In the year following, he fought another with Mr. Martin, Secretary to the Treasury, growing out of the same cause. Sheridan fought a severe duel in 1772, with Mr. Matthews, in defence of the character of the beautiful singer, Miss Linley, who rewarded with her hand his championship of her honor. Fox fought with Mr. Adam in 1779, on a challenge by the latter, growing out of a parliamentary debate. In 1789, the Duke of York accepted a challenge from Colonel Lennox, in consequence of some disparaging words from the former respecting the latter. The meeting took place at Wimbledon

Common—the Duke receiving Col. Lennox's fire, but not firing himself; the ball from Col. Lennox's pistol grazed his prince's curl. Curran fought a political duel with Major Hobart in 1790. In 1792, John Kemble fought a theatrical one with a Mr. Aiken of Drury Lane. Mr. Pitt's meeting with Mr. Tierney was in 1798. That of Canning and Lord Castlereagh was in 1809, in which Canning was wounded in the left thigh. That in which O'Connell killed Mr. D'Esterre, was in 1815; on which occasion, it is known that he made the vow to which he has since adhered, never again to engage in a similar affair. The Dukes of Bedford and Buckingham met in 1822. The late Earl of Durham, when Mr. Lambton, had a duel with Mr. Beaumont, in 1826, growing out of an insult on the hustings. The Duke of Wellington challenged and met Lord Winchelsea in 1829, for a political offence. The latter received the fire of the Duke of Wellington, but threw away his own. Lord Powerscourt fought with Mr. Roebuck in 1839, notwithstanding the prominent place occupied by the former in questions and affairs of the Church, as a professing religious man. The last duel in England of particular consequence, is that between Lord Cardigan and Lieut. Tuckett, on the 12th of Sept., 1840; on the occasion of which, Lord Cardigan claimed his privilege of being tried by the House of Lords. Before that body the case was managed so as to go off on a side question of technicality in the indictment. This whole proceeding afforded a remarkable evidence to show the ascendancy of that public opinion which sustains the Duel, above all the power of the law which declares it murder. Even in addressing the House of Lords against the Earl, the public prosecuting officer, the Attorney-General, could use such an expression as this, "that he was glad that nothing of moral turpitude had occurred in this cause,"—an expression, against which Lord Eldon and the Bishop of London felt bound indeed on another occasion to protest. It is ridiculous to read the accounts of the frequent trials had in England for the violation of the laws against duelling—a farce which is never omitted when a fatal issue has resulted, and the parties remain within reach of the

law. It is only in case of unfairness in the fight, that convictions are ever had. It may be said, that the object of the trial is little more than to investigate that fact. The judge with stereotyped uniformity lays down the law dead and strong against the prisoner, as he is fairly forced to do,—at the same time that the whole tone and spirit of his charge convey to the minds of the jury the assurance, that this is all by universal consent to be understood as mere official "gammon." With the same stereotyped uniformity the foreman of the jury comes into court, and in the face of law and evidence enough to hang fifty petty thieves, delivers the verdict of "Not Guilty," and the "unfortunate gentleman at the bar is discharged amid the warm congratulations of his friends;" to which are very commonly added those of the judge and jury, who have thus violated their oaths to save him from the disproportionate penalty of the law.

Of the extent of the prevalence of duelling in some parts of the United States, it is unnecessary for us to speak. The fact is unhappily notorious. It is, however, equally certain that in other sections it is so rare that the practice may be almost said to be extinct. With few exceptions it is confined to the Southern and Western States, the population of which remain under the influence of peculiar causes, to keep it alive, from which those of the Northern and Eastern States are exempt. In New England, duels are almost entirely forgotten. In the central States, in no other portions are they ever heard of than perhaps occasionally among the moral scum of population, composed of the most mixed materials, floating on the surface of the large cities, particularly New York.

The assembling of representatives from all sections of the Union at Washington, under political excitements which have of late years partaken of a most violent and embittered character, has given rise to a considerable number of duels in Congress, of which one in particular—that between Mr. Cilley and Mr. Graves—inflicted on the moral sense of all the better portion of the community a shock which pained and agitated the public heart to its inmost depths. Of this duel, by the way, Dr. Millingen gives an account totally inaccurate, in

a point which, in justice to the memory of poor Cilley, we feel bound to correct. He says that, on the reception of Colonel Webb's challenge through the hands of Mr. Graves, "Mr. Cilley said he would not fight such a blackguard as Webb, but was ready to accept a challenge from Mr. Graves." Mr. Cilley made no such gross imputation against anybody; he made no imputation in terms at all against Col. Webb. He simply declined to accept his challenge, without the statement of any reason. There was nothing to preclude the presumption, if the other party had chosen to make it, that it was on the ground of his parliamentary privilege. Mr. Graves insisted upon an express *disclaimer* of any personal objection to Col. Webb,—this Mr. Cilley refused to make. An issue of veracity arose also between them, Mr. Graves asserting that, in an unwitnessed oral conversation, the other had made such a disclaimer, and Mr. Cilley on the other hand denying it. Each party at the time made his representation of the conversation according to these opposite versions, which is doubtless to be explained on the ground of a misunderstanding by Mr. Graves of some verbal remark falling from Mr. Cilley. But so far was Mr. Cilley from proffering the rude and bloody bravado implied in the above statement, as an invitation or defiance of Mr. Graves to take the place of Col. Webb, that he made the most emphatic assurances of personal regard and kindness towards that gentleman. It was a bad business, and we will not disturb the buried embers of an exhausted fire; but we cannot permit, in a "History of Duelling," the just censure due to the needless and wanton provocation of the encounter which had so unhappy a result, to be transferred from the side of guilty surviving friends, to that of persecuted and unfortunate innocence, which had to pay the penalty of its own folly and another's crime.

A few words before closing this Article, on the merits of the practice itself, of which we have sought to digest, from the materials of Dr. Millingen's interesting work, a succinct historical account. We shall not dwell

upon the truism of the combined absurdity and atrocity of the practice, almost universally admitted as it is in theory. It is certainly about the very silliest as well as wickedest sight the sun looks down upon in his diurnal "girdle round the earth," to behold two grown men, endowed by nature with reason and a moral sense, standing face to face with each other, aiming at each other's heart or brain, and blending into one act the double guilt of murder and suicide. If it proceed from those deep and dark passions which make it an encounter of hate, the spirit which animates and characterizes it is one fresh and hot from hell. If destitute of that character, as a duel of punctilio, of presumed social obligation, it is clearly the purest idiotism that ever issued from the "Paradise of Fools." And so it is now pretty generally understood throughout the portion of the Union in which these remarks are written. No one is here under any obligation to accept a challenge. The public opinion will not only fully justify and sustain a noble and conscientious refusal in such a case, but it has little else than contempt, as well as severe censure, for the opposite course. It is true that we do not find the laws enforced against it which make it murder, and as such punishable with the death penalty which is applied to assassination; but this is due, not so much to a disposition of toleration for the offence, as to a just and natural abhorrence of the not less sanguinary and detestable punishment. A mitigation of the penalty, to a term of imprisonment, would operate far more efficiently for every purpose of restraint and prevention. And this course may be particularly commended to the legislators of those States in which the practice is yet frequent; for it is, and will long continue to be, vain to ask a jury, representing the population of those States, by their verdict to place on the same level of crime and disgrace the brutal or treacherous murderer, and the duellist who, detestable as his act may be, has at least faced his antagonist fairly, with an equal risk of himself incurring the same death it may have been his lot to inflict.

TO THE RIVER SCHUYLKILL.

I sit by thy side as thy waters glide
 Away, away, in their gurgling tide,
 River, oh sportive River!
 Sparkling and whirling, with nothing to stay,
 Save when a rock crosses thy silvery way,
 Onward, still on, with their froth and foam,
 As thou boundest away from thy mountain home,
 Far in the sunshine to quiver.

Through pathway made 'mid the forest shade,
 Through craggy glen and through grassy glade,
 River, oh joyous River!
 Through frowning pass and through smiling vale,
 Thou flowest with many a murmuring tale,
 Or thou dashest along with a cataract shock,
 Like a leaping steed, o'er the rugged rock,
 Where a thousand eddies quiver.

Now swift as the glow of light dost thou flow,
 And the gazer would hardly thy dark face know,
 River, oh rushing River!
 For the gentle and slender and glittering rill
 That danced down the side of the pine-robed hill,
 While onward, still on, in thy might and grace,
 Thou hurriest ever thy darksome race,
 Far from thy birth-place to quiver.

By the dense haunts rife with death and with life,
 Through their wo and joy, through their love and strife,
 River, oh glorious River!
 Still onward flows thy unpausing tide,
 And o'er its broad bosom rich navies ride,
 Till it finds the embrace of the waiting sea,
 And thy waters for ever are lost to me,
 Where far 'mid the billows they quiver.

How like to the heart of man thou art,
 With thy winsome grace in thy joyous start,
 River, oh lovely River!
 How like to thy sparkling and murmuring purl,
 Doth the youthful spirit in pleasure whirl,
 While so often the light of its glancing flow
 Shines on the surface but not below,
 Where the heart in sadness doth quiver.

And how like thy tide to manhood's pride,
 Where it hurrieth on so deep and wide,
 River, oh mighty River!
 Still onward, it knoweth nor pause nor stay,
 For flower or rock by its rushing way;
 Till as sinks thy stream in the ocean wave,
 To that weary heart is the waiting grave,
 Where its pulse will forget to quiver!

CHARLES PERRY.

Philadelphia.

PASSAGES FROM A POLITICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE ADJOURNMENT.

CONGRESS has at last done one good thing—it has adjourned. On the night of the 3d of March next it will do a yet better—it will dissolve. Meanwhile, let the country be grateful for at least the little intermission of repose afforded it for three months, in the interval between the two sessions. It is true that we are to undergo yet one more infliction of a Whig majority session; but, thanks to the immutable laws which will bring round the 4th of March in the due procession of the seasons, it will be short, if we may not hope it to be sweet. Let us, in the meantime, seize the hour, and reap the enjoyment of its brief repose. Like the ass in the fable, under the load of its double panniers, the one on the right side and the other on the left, the country is indeed heavily and sadly burthened, under two such bodies as the two Whig houses of Congress; but while the panniers are laid aside for a brief halt in the middle of the journey, let it not, like the foolish beast, fret its poor and patient soul, as it browses by their side, with the anticipation of their resumption. If we cannot rejoice that the Lord gave them, let us be thankful that he has taken them away—for a season at least.—But the shame and the sorrow of witnessing such a legislature and such legislation presiding even temporarily over the destinies of our country, rebuke the tone of levity, suggested by the ridiculousness which is combined with so many worse features in the character and conduct of this memorable “Hard-Cider Congress.”

What a scene of moral retribution—of political, if not poetical justice—is presented to us by all the convulsive writhings and ravings of that bad faction in possession of the Capitol! They remind us of the accounts by travellers of the mode in which the Eastern snake-charmers catch and force into obedience the noxious things which it is their hideous trade to deal with. Seizing the creature by the end of the tail, with a firm clutch of the hand,

the man holds it out at arm's length thus suspended downward by its own tail; in which situation it will continue for a long time darting its head around in every direction, vainly striving, with the quivering fury of its tongue, to reach the master who grasps it with a strong and unyielding hand; till at length, exhausted and subdued, it surrenders the vain contest, hangs straight and quiet, is disarmed of its sting, and shut up in a box, where it afterwards will dance to its conqueror's music, whatever tune he may please to pipe to it. The snake—the “hooded snake”—is the Whig faction; the charmer, the conqueror, is Mr. Tyler,—and very effectually has he done the business, and shut them up, after all their impotent twistings and strugglings, in a very “bad box.”

“So perish all traitors!” is the exclamation with which the solemn ceremony is concluded, after the executioner has done his doom of law on the patricial guilt to which that name is due. So perish all corrupt factions, placed by imposture in possession of the power which they afterwards seek to abuse, for the attainment of objects which they dared not before avow, to the generous people whose confidence they ensnared!—is the sincere exclamation with which we hold up to the public gaze the lamentable spectacle of the “be-headed” Whig Congress. Viewed on every side, it is complete and perfect, as a specimen of that kind of Providential retribution which so overrules the machinations of the wicked as to defeat their aims, not merely by the intervention of any new or external agencies, but by the very action and reaction of their own cunning contrivances. What is it that has now prevented the consummation of the hopes of these great Whig politicians in the very instant of seeming fruition?

—“Like Dead Sea fruits that tempt the
eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!”

John Tyler. Who gave John Tyler

the power to do all this? The great Whig politicians. And why did they put him in the position to have that power? Because they could hope for success in their scheming only by putting some man of that political birth and school on their ticket with their amiable old President; and since Mr. Tyler had continued with them through so much and so long, they thought that his principles, as he had learned them in that school, were as loose as their own, and like his gloves, though put on for cover and show out of doors, could easily be pulled off and cast aside as soon as they should all get "in." What was the first effect of their concealment of their true designs from the people, and the heterogeneous variety of professions and pretensions which they made to suit the different geographical and political latitudes in the country? To succeed in the election. What is its ultimate effect? Not only to cause the President of their own making to be the very means of paralyzing those plans they would have him the means of executing, but also to justify him most conclusively out of their own lips in doing so. What was the first effect of the system of tumult and crowd and excitement and clamor, which was adopted by them in the canvass, as a substitute for truth, proof, and argument? It contributed largely to elect General Harrison. What was its further effect? It wore the poor old gentleman out, so that he could not stand more than a month's persecution by the same office-seekers who had stirred up the whole, and he died on their hands, and it may be said under their hands. And what is the upshot and moral of the whole? That in politics, as in everything else, *Honesty is after all the best Policy.*

There has certainly never been a Congress since the foundation of the government, in which the prevailing majority has been so gross, so undisguised, so unscrupulous, in the character of a mere faction—legislating on every important measure only by the abominable and corrupt system of extra-legislative caucussing—controlling the independence of their own friends by "iron rules" of dictatorial discipline, of so tight and heavy a pressure as to extort complaints even on the public floor of the Senate—adapting their action to

objects of the pettiest personal spite or partisan policy, in laws framed by them with the unconcealed view of eliciting Executive vetoes—and, in the pursuit of these objects, and the indulgence of these passions, sacrificing alike the principles of the Constitution, the rights of common fairness and justice, and the proprieties of official decorum. We content ourselves with a brief reference to the action of the House of Representatives on the President's last Veto. On its reception, we see them disregarding the plain mandate of the Constitution, which required them to proceed to the reconsideration of the vote on its passage—for the sole purpose of making an opportunity to lay before the public, in the form of a report from a committee, a counterblast of criticism upon the reasoning of the Veto, the cogency of which might not with safety be allowed to pass unanswered. For this purpose they laid the Bill upon the table, from which there could be no other assurance that it would ever be taken up again, than perhaps an uncertain intention in the individual minds of members to do so, at some uncertain future day—then to obey the plain requisition of the Constitution for its reconsideration, which ought to have been the first action of the House on the reception of the vetoed Bill. And the Report of this Committee did as little credit to its veteran author—(why does he seem so determined to deny the world the power to say, the venerated or venerable?)—did as little credit to its veteran author, we repeat, as to the Committee which consented to it, and the House which received and adopted it. Like bad punch, Mr. Adams's report was at once very hot and very weak. It was a document of the merest partizan attack and abuse against the President. Forgetful that the occasion limited alike the duty and the right of the Committee to the consideration of the reasons of the Veto, the greater part of the Report is devoted to a general review of the President's former course on totally distinct occasions; the whole being a general philippic of party abuse, as intemperate and bitter in spirit as it was unsuitable, both to a former President of the United States, its author, and to the actual incumbent of that dignity, its object.

It must be confessed, however, that in his retort, by a "Protest" which he asked to have recorded on the Journals of the House, Mr. Tyler very fairly brought down the laugh upon his own head—in a manner for which our recollection of a few years ago, when he stood, *vice versa*, himself as a member of Congress in the Senate, forbids any very deep sympathy with his plight. It was an excellent legislative joke—coming in just the nick of time to rescue Mr. Botts from the ridicule of his unperformed boast—that Mr. Tyler's Protest to the House should be rejected in the identical terms in which Mr. Tyler had himself, as a Senator, voted for a similar rejection of a similar Protest by General Jackson. The case of the latter was indeed a much stronger one than that of Mr. Tyler. The Senate being the court for the trial of the Presidential impeachment, he had a far higher right to protest against a declared pre-judgment by that body, on a point which might possibly be brought again judicially before them, than Mr. Tyler could have in relation simply to the House of Representatives,—in which body the course protested against might possibly prove merely preliminary to the exercise of their right of impeachment. How on earth came Mr. Tyler, with the memory of the former occurrence yet recent and fresh,—

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui!"—

how on earth came he to do so very absurd a thing? As a sort of small by-play to the more important events in the extraordinary drama of politics now in progress, the occurrence suggests at least a passing allusion, which we cannot withhold, to the political justice of which Mr. Tyler has received this slight taste, as a drop from the very chalice he had himself helped to drug for other lips.

One word upon the receptions to the returning members of this memorable body, which we have seen "got up" with so much effort of enthusiasm, by way of salvo to the mortification which could scarcely fail to mark their first greetings with their friends and partisans at home—elaborate demonstrations of committees, steamboats, orators, processions, and bands of music.

We have not heard whether any of these occasions, rescued from being ridiculous only by being so lugubrious, were enlivened by the usual air of "See, the conquering hero comes!"—on the *wind* instruments alone appropriate to such an ovation. Had it been attempted, it is much to be feared, that the notes would insensibly have flowed, in spite of the musicians' efforts to the contrary, into those of a not less familiar March,—which we would name, but for the fear that some of our friends among the unfortunate individuals thus honored, might not properly appreciate the distinction intended between personal and political "Regues," in hinting at the suggestion. The truth is, that they go home very satisfactorily beaten and baffled; and worse,—far worse!—with the consciousness which many of them cannot wholly shut out of view, that they have very richly deserved it. To do an act of dishonesty and treachery, in politics as in the other affairs of life, must be a very uncomfortable thing at best, "*per se*," even when consoled by all the softest solace of success; but to attempt it, to no better end than to be defeated, detected, and derided, must be indeed unpleasant to nice moral sensibilities. In the issue between them and the President, they cannot entirely blind either the people or themselves to the truth, that the consistency and the political honesty are all on his side;—that it is *they* who have striven hard to carry out to its practical fruits the most abominable fraud ever perpetrated upon the flattered and betrayed confidence of a nation, by fastening upon it measures of a most obnoxious character, not only unavowed, but disavowed, before the election; and that it is *he* who has earned a meed of praise honorable in the present generation, and destined to brighten through future ones, by proving himself, in a time of no slight trial, not false to them, but true to himself and his own honor; not false to party, but true to patriotism; not false to any public interest, but true to the Constitution, to the will of the people, and to the general good of the common country of all.

All this, these unfortunate gentlemen must know and feel, with more or less distinctness, as they may be the more or less able to look calmly forth on the real merits and relations of the

case, through the bewilderment and excitement of their own exasperated passions. All this, too, they must begin to perceive that the people likewise know and feel, from the thronging evidences already afforded in quick succession, in so many of the State

elections of the summer—evidences which we doubt not are yet so to accumulate upon them, before the period of their next re-assembling, that not a peg will be left then, on which to hang either a doubt as to the past, or a hope as to the future.

A "PRESIDENT WITHOUT A PARTY."

The present is the first time under our government that the phenomenon denoted by the above phrase has been witnessed. Nor is it easy to imagine any possible combination of circumstances which would be likely ever again to reproduce it—at least in a manner so remarkable as exists in the case of Mr. Tyler. That which has produced it in the present instance is peculiar, and indeed "passing strange." In the first place, we see a heterogeneous party of opposition gradually accumulating against an administration in the possession of power through three Presidential terms; absorbing every fragment from time to time detached from the latter; and reflecting every new phase of local or partial discontent, naturally growing out of the infinite complexity of the operations of such a government. We see the central and chief body of this party composed of a political school odious to the great majority of the people, and hostile to the genius of its system of institutions, which is democratic, progressive, and reformatory,—yet for the necessary purpose of getting into power by the popular suffrage, forced to dissemble this character, and abstain from any avowal of any positive system of principles or intended measures;—as well from the impossibility of uniting their own loose and incoherent mass upon any such definite platform, as from the fact that the measures lying really in the thought of their leaders, and probably of the majority of their popular members, are such as they dare not avow—such as in some sections of the Union they are forced even to disclaim and repudiate. We see this body, in the selection of their ticket for the Presidential canvass, casting aside the man whom they have themselves since designated as "the life, the soul, the embodiment" of their principles, and taking up for President an old "military chieftain," of

great amiability of character and personal popularity, but of no particular political character at all; selected as a sort of "nose of wax," easily, as was supposed, to be turned and twisted to any shape or any direction that might be found desirable by the true President who was meant to preside over the President. We see them adding to his name, as candidate for the Vice-Presidency, that of one identified by all the ties of birth, breeding, and unrecanted professions, with the principles of a school the very opposite to that of the greater part of their own leaders. By these means, aided by exertions unprecedented alike in kind and in degree, and favored by the universal embarrassment of the times to which they held out vague but flattering hopes of immediate relief, we see them triumphant in their first main object,—the Election,—when suddenly all this skilful scheming is baffled in the very hour of success! The President is removed by a death which should scarcely indeed be termed accidental, since it was directly produced by the very causes which had mainly contributed to place him there; and the individual who was designed only as a serviceable candidate for the Vice-Presidency—an element of political strength necessary indeed to success, yet designed only for show and not for use—assumes that higher seat of office and power which he soon shows himself determined to fill in his own right and person, and not as the mere vicarious puppet of another's pleasure. We next see realized the impossibility always predicted by ourselves, of any union of such a party upon any practical system of measures; and the President happening to represent that portion of it whose original political character, yet unforgetten and unobliterated, was the farthest removed from that of the interests now dominant in the party councils, becomes personally the

pivot on which the unavoidable dis-sension must turn. Bills are sent to him, which he cannot choose but veto, unless prepared to go down to posterity under a cloud of infamy, as a parricidal traitor to the memory of the great fathers and founders of his political faith. To this cause of severance is added that of the jealous resentment and hatred soon manifested by the great head and leader of the party, on perceiving symptoms of an intended competition with himself for the glittering prize of the Succession; under the influence of which the breach widens rapidly day after day, in spite of efforts on his part to propitiate the gathering wrath, so strenuous,—so humble, we had almost said,—as scarcely to be consistent with a very high dignity of conduct or manliness of self-respect. Unrelenting, unrelaxing abuse and denunciation, however, continue to be heaped upon the head of the offending chief-magistrate and the dreaded rival. A vehement opposition to his administration is actively conducted, both in the Senate, where stands the curule chair of the enraged dictator, and in the other branch of Congress, where his partizans faithfully represent alike his policy and his passions;—the Democratic party naturally, meanwhile, standing aloof; frankly supporting those acts of the persecuted President which harmonize with their own principles; but neither going any farther, nor evincing any disposition to go farther. And thus is gradually evolved out of all the complex series of circumstances here rapidly reviewed, this singular political phenomenon above adverted to, of a "President without a Party."

Now, thus produced, this may be a position honorable in itself, and affording to its incumbent a fine ground for the exercise of a patriotism worthy of a nobler ambition than that of a mere re-election to his office—were such an event possible. If Mr. Tyler's motives of action are as pure and lofty as we are desirous of believing them to be, he will pursue the line of conduct appropriate to the position he has himself described in this phrase; and will both render an invaluable service to his country, and earn for himself a high historic name. If otherwise, he will utterly fail in whatever interested aspirations he may indulge, and the

next as well as the present generation will write his name in very small letters on his country's annals. Let the "President without a Party" remain so. Let him not seek to make a "party" for himself. The patronage of this government can corrupt a party—can destroy it—but cannot make one. The idea has gone abroad—we know not whether from authority, or because, with those who have propagated it, the wish was father to the thought—that a general sweep of the offices in the gift of the government is contemplated. We have seen of late numerous very edifying demonstrations of enthusiasm toward the potent hand that holds this *cornucopia* of public patronage, which seems just about to tilt over to pour its rich fruits into the expectant mouths below. Whether, in a greater or less number of instances, there is more or less of relation between these two things, as *cause* and *effect*, no one can do more than privately surmise. But at any rate we would warn Mr. Tyler against mistaking these hungry shouts for the tramp of fame. We trust that he will do no such thing as he is said to contemplate, and as so many seem so disinterestedly desirous that he should do. It is bad enough when we see Presidents *seek* Parties, forced by the irresistible pressure of influence upon them, carrying out this system of political prescription which treats the public offices as the lawful "spoils" of a sort of bloodless civil war. For heaven's sake, let us not have to witness the same spectacle gratuitously volunteered for the purpose of *making* a Party. We trust that Mr. Tyler will adhere to the rule of his own circular addressed to the holders of office on his first induction into his own. So long as they abstain from an improper kind or degree of interference in elections, the simple reason that they may prefer to adhere to their party, instead of accompanying Mr. Tyler in the secession from it into which he has been forced, will constitute no justification for their removal. We refer, of course, to those offices whose duties are not of a nature to make it material, for their efficient and satisfactory performance, whether the politics of the incumbents are or are not in accordance with those of their Executive head. An indecent violence of language against

the Administration on whose favor they are dependent, might fairly indeed provoke some degree of personal displeasure, and the penalty of removal; but it is not to be presumed that any considerable number can take particular pleasure in thus quarrelling with their own bread and butter; while the mere declaration of their adhesion to Mr. Clay, and consequent disapproval of the course of Mr. Tyler, ought not to come within the scope of this ground for removal. No—let them stay; and while the sighs are yet scarcely out of our ears, of so many hundreds, not to say thousands, of families cast off upon destitution by the last turn of the political wheel, let us not have another repetition of the same process of wholesale decapitation upon another set, for the mere reason that their husbands, brothers, or sons, entertain such and such opinions on the party topics and men of the day. If this threatened sweep with the broad besom of the Executive displeasure, of which we have heard so much, is really to be carried into effect, Mr. Tyler will find that, without adding any real effective strength to his government, he will have greatly impaired the moral dignity with which his present peculiar position may be surrounded. The public will then believe the charge urged against him by his foes, that it is a selfish personal ambition which has actuated his recent course, prompting him to seek to make a party for himself by means of the machinery of the Federal patronage, or to recommend himself to the Democratic Party by reopening it to them. Now, the positive injury that would result from this course to what may be termed the party morals of the country, together with the loss of the beneficial effect that might be produced upon them by a different course, would be such that, even though such a course of argument may seem to be in hostility to the interests of our own political friends, we would most earnestly deprecate it, and caution Mr. Tyler against its adoption. Let him go on and be true to our prin-

ciples, because our principles are those of his own political parentage and breeding—though for so many a year, and especially in his reputed strong advocacy of Mr. Clay in the Harrisburg Convention, he has been sadly untrue to them in his party associations and conduct. But let him place his motives beyond assault, beyond suspicion. If he hopes to make a party for himself, that will be the best mode of effecting it. If he wants to win the Democratic Party to his support, they will come far more readily and warmly, of their own generous accord to sustain an administration thus deserving it "*per se*," than they could be induced to come by any prospect or hope held out of the paltry "spoils of office." In the appointments that he may legitimately have to make, free as he is from party trammels or ties, let none but men of distinguished character, talent, and public service be selected, so far as such can be found. Let him repay the hollow adulation of personal and political devotion which may be clamored into his ears by servile placemen and more servile place-seekers, with a manly and just contempt. We should sincerely rejoice, for his own sake, to see him lay before the country some demonstration of not holding himself as a candidate for a second term of his elevated office. Let him pursue the course indicated in the preceding remarks. He would extort the respect and applause of no inconsiderable portion of the Whigs; he will be honored and supported by the Democratic Party in a manner which he can never attain by an equivocal and suspicious course, shadowed over with doubts of its disinterestedness; while the general moral influence of his acts and plans with the country and the world at large will be immeasurably increased; and, at the close of his term, he may with a proud and noble dignity lay down the capacity which accident may have conferred, but which merit will have adorned, of a "President without a Party."

AN INCIDENT IN A RAIL-ROAD CAR.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
 Pressed round to hear the praise of one
 Whose breast was made of manly simple stuff,
 As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned
 And heard, with eager hearts and ears,
 His birdlike songs whom glory never weaned
 From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
 Sunlike o'er faces brown and hard,
 As if in him who read they felt and saw
 Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong,
 And slavish tyranny to see,
 A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
 In high Humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
 Promptings their former life above,
 And something of a finer reverence
 For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
 Freely among his children all,
 And always hearts are lying open wide
 Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but sows some seeds
 Of a more true and open life,
 Which burst unlooked for into high-souled deeds
 With wayside beauty rite.

We find within these souls of ours
 Some wild germs of a higher birth,
 Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
 Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
 These promises of wider bliss,
 Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
 In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestic
 In life or death since time began,
 Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The angel heart of Man.

And thus among the untaught poor
 Great deeds and feelings find a home
 Which casts in shadow all the golden lore
 Of classic Greece or Rome.

Oh! mighty brother-soul of Man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyeey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And, from the Many, slowly upward win
To One who grasps the whole.

In his broad breast, the feeling deep
Which struggled on the Many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of Thought whose surges leap
O'er the weak throne of Wrong.

Never did poesy appear
So full of Heav'n to me as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear,
To lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the unlearned heart.

* *Boston, April, 1842.*

THE STAR.

At evening on the shadowy shore,
In sad and lonely mood I stand,
And list the billows' moaning roar,
That curl along the rocky land.

No distant light the landscape cheers,
And darkness broods o'er earth and heaven,
Save where yon lonely Star appears,
Piercing the silent shade of even.

By grief surrounded, thus contends
The generous spirit with its doom,—
And shining through the storm, ascends,
The brighter for the darkening gloom.

VINCENT E. BARON.

New Haven, Sept., 1842.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

SINCE our last publication, most unexpectedly the tariff bill, which had been vetoed on account of the clause repealing the condition on which the distribution act of last year was passed, has become a law, with that objectionable section stricken out. The present law, although it bears, if we take into consideration the peculiar state of the currency, more of a protective or prohibitive character than any which has gone before it, produced temporarily on its passage a generally better feeling. It is of such a nature as to be highly popular with the manufacturers of those domestic goods which have heretofore been supposed to suffer most from the competition of imported goods, and, with the present extremely low rate of raw material, produce, and labor, the prospect of extending the markets for domestic goods and wares at higher rates has given an impetus to the movements of the manufacturers. The dealers in imported goods, many of which are prohibited under the new law, and of which fair stocks are held, were encouraged with the prospect of obtaining better prices after the tendency had been so long downwards. The people at large have also been inclined to hope that the tariff, by some magic influence, would impart a degree of activity to trade, to which it has long been a stranger.

The people have been too much inclined to look to the government for assistance in their daily transactions. There is, perhaps, no subject on which such a number of ill-undead popular prejudices exist. The number of idle tales spread about by the industry of faction, and by the zeal of foolish good intention, and greedily devoured by the malignant credulity of mankind, tend infinitely to aggravate prejudices which in themselves are sufficiently strong. In that state of affairs, and of the public in relation to them, the first thing that the government owes to the people is information. To provide for us in our necessities is not in the power of government. It would be vain presumption in statesmen to think they can do it. The people maintain them, and not they

the people. It is in the power of government to prevent much evil; it can do very little good in this, or perhaps in anything else. Of the government measure of relief, the only actual results thus far appear to be the advance in price of some few articles of foreign goods, which can no longer be imported. Buyers do not, however, seem inclined to submit to this advance, and they purchase very sparingly. There has been no advance, nor increased activity in domestic goods, nor is there likely to be. The stocks of goods are large, and if any disposition to improve were apparent in prices it would only have the effect of increasing the supplies, by tempting new capital and new operators into the trade. The only result upon business which is likely to be felt this fall from the tariff may be to check the downward tendency of prices.

The want of a tariff has not been among the causes of the depression in trade. The stagnation which has been so long felt seems to have arisen from far other causes. The country is full of produce at exceedingly low prices. The cities have been filled with goods, foreign and domestic, offering at prices at which they can neither be produced nor imported. The want of a tariff could have had no agency in preventing an interchange of these commodities. The difficulty seems rather to have arisen from the fact that a great revolution has been and is going on, not only in the manner of doing business, but in the direction of that business. Until within a very few years all the business of the Union has been done on a system of bank credits; both the purchase of produce and the sale of merchandise. The local banks, operating under the supervision and control of the National Bank and branches, became the agents of credit, by which constantly accumulating quantities of goods were brought into the country and sold and consumed on credit. The natural tendency of that system was to concentrate trade at the money centre, New York, where about 60 per cent. of all the foreign goods

imported into the United States are entered, the proportion having increased from about 35 per cent. in 1826, when the United States Bank was first regularly in operation, to 60 per cent. at the present time. Under that system dealers from all quarters of the Union came to New York, and being in fair standing, could purchase goods at four to eight months, giving their notes payable at their own local banks. A discount of these notes could always be readily procured, either through the banks or the large monied houses in Wall street. These notes were very generally lodged with the National Bank at the place of payment, and at their maturity were always paid in the notes of the local banks. By these means a balance was constantly accumulating in favor of the branch against the local banks where it was situated, and this balance was the instrument by which it held them in perfect control. If any one bank extended itself too freely it was instantly checked by the balance accumulating against it at the branch. The proceeds of the notes, thus collected, were transmitted freely from one branch to another, all communicating with the mother bank, and forming a machine by which collections were facilitated, at the same time that the paper currency was rendered uniform, by confining each bank within its proper sphere of business, according to its capital and means.

This restriction and control was a frequent cause of complaint on the part of the local banks, who complained of "the tyranny" of the National Bank. Holding this general command over the banks of the Union, it is evident that no universal inflation of the currency could take place, unless the controlling power or National Bank itself expanded. That institution was subject to no check itself, except that which always arose from a foreign demand for specie when the currency became too full. As long, therefore, as no unusual influence was brought to bear upon the foreign exchanges, they were a true index of the state of the currency, whether full or otherwise. The high tariff of 1828 was undoubtedly the first of a series of events which produced a derangement of the currency, by operating artificially upon the foreign exchanges. The effect of that tariff was to cause the imports in the years 1829-1830 to average each year \$13,000,000 less than the average of the five preceding years, making \$26,000,000 less of foreign goods to pay for in those two years. This, of course, had a powerful influence in keeping specie in the country, and removed the only check upon the movements of the National Bank. The effect of this was magical, and is seen in the following table of the loans, specie circulation, and deposits of that institution for five years:

MOVEMENT OF THE UNITED STATES BANK FOR FIVE YEARS SUBSEQUENT TO THE TARIFF OF 1828.

	1828.	1829.	1830.	1831.	1832.
Loans,	33,682,905	39,219,602	40,663,805	44,032,057	66,293,707
Circulation,	9,855,677	11,901,656	12,924,145	16,251,267	21,355,724
Deposits,	14,497,330	17,061,918	16,045,782	17,297,041	22,761,434
Specie,	6,170,045	6,098,138	7,608,676	10,808,047	7,038,023

Here was an enormous accumulation of specie in its vaults, and the check upon it being removed by the action of the tariff, its loans and liabilities increased immensely. This expansion was followed of course by a relaxation of the control upon the local banks, which accordingly largely increased their liabilities. In order to trace the

extent of this movement, we must first consider that the profits of banks beyond the interests on their own capitals, consist in the difference between the aggregate of their circulation and deposits and the specie that they may have on hand. With this proviso we may make the following comparison:

	1829.	1830.	1831.	1832.
	Local Banks.	U. S. Bank.	Local Banks.	U. S. Bank.
Circulation and Deposits,	\$71,706,077	28,963,678	189,506,556	44,117,158
Deduct Specie, - - - -	11,989,643	6,098,138	25,340,270	7,038,023
Difference, - - - - -	59,716,434	22,865,540	164,166,286	37,079,135
Capital, - - - - -	95,003,557	35,000,000	180,005,944	35,000,000

This calculation presents, as accurately as the imperfect returns of the local Banks for 1832 will admit, the enormous expansion which took place. The credit means of the United States Bank, rose from 61 per cent. of its capital in 1829, to 106 per cent. in 1832, and those of the local banks rose 50 per cent., or from 61 in 1829, to 91 in 1832. The consequence of this vast inflation, was, that the imports became greater than ever, and the demand for specie being renewed from abroad led to the revulsion of 1834. At that time a new influence began to be exerted on the foreign exchanges, which was the system of open credits, by which the long dated paper of American importers was discounted for the purchase of Lancashire goods, by the London houses, backed by the Bank of England. This prevented the natural check upon the bank, viz. the foreign demand for specie,

from operating upon the currency here, until the Bank of England, in the summer of 1836, broke through those credits, and brought the accumulated demand for coin upon the New York markets, giving the banking system here a shock from which it has never recovered. In 1838 9, again, a new agent influenced the foreign exchanges. This was State Stocks, large amounts of which being sold abroad, the proceeds were returned in goods, and specie, again causing the banks to inflate. The failure of this new agent of credit through excess of issue, was not followed by an accumulated demand for coin, because the stocks, being the immediate means of payment for the goods do not mature for years to come. In illustration of that which we have here set forth, we may give the following table from official sources, showing

THE FOREIGN GOODS CONSUMED IN THE UNITED STATES, THE EXPORTS OF DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES, THE EXCESS OF IMPORT OR EXPORT OF SPECIE IN EACH YEAR, WITH THE LOANS OF THE NATIONAL BANK FOR A PERIOD OF TWENTY YEARS.

Year	SPECIE.				
	Foreign goods consumed.	Exports of domestic manufactures.	Excess of imports.	Excess of exports.	United States Loans.
1821	41,286,236	2,572,681		2,413,169	30,965,199
1822	60,955,309	3,121,040		7,140,334	28,061,169
1823	50,035,615	3,139,598		1,275,041	30,736,432
1824	55,211,850	4,841,383	1,365,283		33,432,631
1825	63,749,432	5,727,797		2,646,290	31,812,617
1826	60,434,865	5,495,430	2,782,288		33,624,631
1827	56,084,932	5,536,654	1,179,825		30,937,866
1828	66,914,807	5,548,334		753,735	33,982,905
1829	57,834,049	6,412,320	2,479,592		39,249,002
1830	56,489,461	5,320,980	7,914,341		40,663,805
1831	83,157,598	5,086,890		1,708,986	44,032,057
1832	76,989,793	5,050,633	350,964		66,293,707
1833	88,265,576	6,557,080	4,825,609		61,695,913
1834	103,208,521	6,247,893	16,235,374		54,911,461
1835	124,291,247	7,694,073	6,633,672		51,808,739
1836	168,233,675	6,107,528	9,076,545		59,232,445
1837	119,134,255	7,136,997	5,823,684		57,593,209
1838	101,264,804	8,397,078	14,239,070		45,256,571
1839	110,201,560	6,054,429		3,201,190	41,618,637
1840	88,951,207	6,829,218	465,794		36,839,593
1841	116,110,001	7,130,000		5,111,562	

In 1828, the high tariff went into operation, and continued until 1832, when the compromise bill passed, providing for biennial reductions of the duty thereafter. It appears then that, during that high tariff, which was

about 10 per cent. higher in average rates than the present one, the following result was produced, as compared with a period of five years before the tariff.

Five years before the tariff,	-	Average foreign goods consumed, 57,000,000	Domestic goods exported, 4,800,000	Bank loans, 22,000,000
“ “ during the tariff,	-	68,000,000	5,200,000	44,000,000
Excess during the tariff		\$11,000,000	\$400,000	\$22,000,000

These figures show the indisputable fact, that the volume of the currency was doubled during the existence of the high tariff, and that it caused, notwithstanding that tariff, an aggregate increase of 20 per cent. in the consump-

tion of foreign goods, including the decline in imports during the first two years. We may now, in the following table, observe what effect the high duties and increased imports had upon the customs.

CUSTOMS, REVENUE OF THE UNITED STATES FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS.

1821	13,004,447	1828	23,205,523	1835	19,991,310
1822	17,589,761	1829	22,681,965	1836	23,409,940
1823	19,088,433	1830	21,922,391	1837	11,169,290
1824	17,878,325	1831	24,224,441	1838	16,158,800
1825	20,098,713	1832	28,465,237	1839	23,137,924
1826	23,341,331	1833	29,032,508	1840	13,499,502
1827	19,712,283	1834	16,214,957	1841	14,847,557

This table gives the fact, that the revenue was increased during the five years of high tariff 20 per cent., as compared with the previous five years, showing that the increased duties gave no increased revenue, but that the revenue improved precisely in the same proportion that the quantity of imports increased and the currency expanded. The same fact is visible in the following years. In 1834, a year of revulsion, the customs were but two-thirds of the amount of 1836, when a reduction had taken place of $\cdot 3$ of the duties under the compromise act. In the following year, 1837, the customs were lower than they had been at any period since the war, and yet two years after, when a further reduction of $\cdot 3$ making $\cdot 6$ had taken place in the rates of duties, the customs ran very nearly as high as the average during the five years of the high tariff of 1828, but not quite so high as during the year of speculation, 1825-6, before the high tariff. All these facts lead to the inevitable conclusion, that the customs cannot be increased by a rate of duties higher than the tariff of 1824, which yielded \$17,000,000 to \$20,000,000. All the revenue that has since been derived over that amount, has been got by increasing the quantity of goods imported through the operation of the banking sys-

tem, a fictitious and dangerous resource.

This brings us to the present condition of that system, as compared with that which was the case when the tariff of 1828 went into operation. At that time the United States Bank was in full and successful operation. The whole circle of paper credits emanating from the local banks revolved about it, as on a centre, in perfect harmony and in sound credit. The effect of the tariff was then easily and noiselessly produced, as is a frigate floated from her cradle in a dock by the gradually rising tide. The United States Bank relaxed the rigor of its control. The branches increased their loans, and swelled the measure of their liabilities, giving wider scope to the operations of the local banks. These eagerly put forth their energies, increasing their business and its profits, tempting new men and new capital to compete for that business. The result was, that the bank capital of the Union, which, in the ten years from 1820 to 1830, had increased but \$7,000,000, extended itself from \$145,000,000 in 1830, to \$231,250,000, in 1835,—an increase of \$86,250,000, or \$17,000,000 per annum, and their loans in the same time increased \$165,000,000. This impulse continued until the ten years ending in 1840 presented the following comparison with the ten years ending in 1820:—

FLUCTUATION OF BANKING IN THE UNITED STATES.

	No. of Banks.	Bank Capital.	Bank Loans	Circul. & Deposits.
From 1820 to 1830	- 28	8,081,657	7,350,000	36,069,112
“ 1830 to 1840	- 392	211,250,424	262,445,309	65,781,503
Decrease 1840 to 1842	- 102	120,980,000	210,000,000	53,130,240

This presents a pretty accurate condensed view of the great reverse which has not only taken place, but is yet in progress. The reduction from 1840 to 1842 is made out from actual enumeration of the banks that have failed. This process of curtailment, failure and liquidation, is the effect of the utter prostration of confidence in paper credits of all kinds, public and private, state, city, corporate and individual. It grows out of inability to pay originally, engendering want of will in many cases, and is in no wise dependent upon either high or low duties. It must continue until increased wealth imparts ability and will to submit to sufficient taxation from which to discharge the debts. Therefore, no increase of importations can give either out of the improved state of the paper currency at home or restored credit abroad. The imports will be only to an extent which can be paid for. The means of paying will be diminished by the necessity of paying interest and principal of former debts out of the exports before returns can be expected.

We have gone thus particularly into details of that which we apprehend to be the effect of the tariff, because that has been a leading question with the mercantile community during the month which has elapsed since the date of our last number.

During the last few weeks a better business has been doing, being the first indications of the fall trade. This arises, however, not from legislative action, but from those general causes of increased national wealth, lower prices and abundance of money, which we have ever supposed would inevitably bring about a reaction. The season has now arrived for the various crops to move forward to market. Thus far the indications are that the product of all descriptions will be larger than ever before, and, with a specie currency, prices must rule very low. Flour is now selling in this market at \$4 50 per bbl., and that is generally looked forward to as the average rate through the coming winter in the New York market. Probably it will not average more than \$3 75 throughout the United States. The manner of conducting the business growing out of all the crops is undergoing an immense change. Formerly the commission houses in New York generally came

under acceptances to western farmers and dealers for produce to come forward. Many houses would accept from miners drafts, which would be discounted by the western banks, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of wheat, from which to manufacture the flour already accepted for. This system is now changed. Few or none of the New York houses accept any drafts unless the goods are in hand, and then generally for three-fourths of the market rate only. Very many of the western farmers and dealers do not draw against produce until it is actually sold. This forms a healthy cash business, giving rise to very trifling banking operations.

At New Orleans and the other great cotton markets, a similar change has been undergone. The old manner of buying cotton was for the agents of foreign dealers to draw upon houses in New York, at 60 days, which bills were discounted by the banks, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of cotton, which, in most cases, would be shipped to Liverpool, and drawn against from New York at 60 days, to meet the inland bill at maturity. This process, by requiring no actual funds, but merely bank credits, greatly facilitated the purchase in the hands of speculators, and kept the southern markets always half to one cent per lb. in advance of the Liverpool market, leading to reclamations and heavy losses. This system has itself been destroyed by the failure of the banks which it has ruined. Cotton-factors now very generally demand specie in payment for cotton. This, of course, must keep prices very low for the present; but the business will be healthy, filling the channels of circulation with a sound currency; and the business will ultimately improve as the foreign markets of consumption get over their present embarrassments.

The demand for money for mercantile purposes has not materially improved. There is as yet not sufficient encouragement for the sale of goods to induce operators to go into the markets, notwithstanding the low prices. The late accounts from England give prospects of a plenteous harvest, without having recourse to very large imports of foreign corn. This diminishes the hope of a greatly improved market for American produce in that quarter;

while the manufacturing districts are in so disturbed a state, arising from the distresses of the operatives, that it casts a temporary gloom over the cotton market.

Notwithstanding this want of employment for money there is no disposition to invest it in State stocks or paper securities of any kind, if we except some of the choicest, say New York State and city, for which there is some demand. The failure of the State of Pennsylvania had, at the date of our last, cast an additional gloom over the condition of American credit abroad. Pennsylvania has, however, made the first movement towards compromising her debts by advertising for sale all the public works, for the construction of which those debts were contracted. These works cost about \$33,000,000, but have hitherto not yielded sufficient to pay the repairs and expenses independently of the interest of their cost. The stock debt of Pennsylvania is about \$37,000,000, mostly 5 per cent., and the market price is 40 per cent. This stock the State proposes to receive at par for the works, at such prices as may be agreed upon. On these terms, if the works realized cost in stock at par, the whole could be purchased for about \$15,000,000 cash, and the State would not only be out of debt but relieved from a heavy expense. None other of the States have yet taken any steps towards redeeming their credit. An unaccountable apathy seems to prevail upon that subject. In Illinois the Legislature, which is biennial, meets in December next, and strong hopes are entertained that, under its democratic rulers, some compromise will be effected by means of the large tracts, near 500,000 acres of valuable lands, of which she stands possessed, with her creditors.

The agents of the federal government having failed entirely in effecting the negotiation of any portion of the loan. Congress has passed a law repealing the disgraceful provision in the

act authorizing the loan, to the effect that it might be sold at any price, and has again resorted to the old and well tried plan of Treasury notes, of which \$6,000,000 additional are to be issued in lieu of so much of the loan unsold. These notes are to be issued in payment of debts due by the government, which are nearly equal to the amount authorized. They are mostly payable to contractors and others, who are not disposed to retain them, and will therefore put them immediately upon the market. These notes form a favorite mode of investment, and are much held by capitalists, which is evident from the fact, that although upwards of \$8,000,000 are now outstanding, they are at a discount of 1-8 to 1-4 per cent. only, while at this time last year, with a less amount outstanding, they fell to from 5 to 6 per cent. discount. There are orders to some extent for the notes already, for investment, principally on bank account, but the large supply will probably cause them to fall.

Two failures have occurred in the commercial circles, one being the Bank of Lyons, a safety fund bank of the State of New York. This concern was tainted with old speculative transactions, and has long been in a weak condition. The other was a more important failure, being that of the American Fur Company, with a capital of \$3,000,000. The general causes of this failure were losses on furs during the past few years, through the successful competition of private dealers.

The general prospect now before the mercantile community is that which invariably results from the elements now operating to produce it, viz. great national wealth, low prices, and abundance of money. A return of commercial activity has been retarded hitherto by the apprehensions and panic engendered by constant explosions of mismanaged banks and monied corporations. These have now nearly passed away, and confidence is returning on the broad basis of abundant products of industry and cash payments.

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Elements of Chemistry. By ROBERT KANE, M.D., M.R.I.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy to the Royal Dublin Society, &c., &c. An American edition, with Additions and Corrections, and arranged for the Use of the Universities, Colleges, Academies, and Medical Schools of the United States, by JOHN W. DRAPER, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of New York, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1842. 8vo. p. 704.

THE design of the author in this work, is to present to the student an account of the general principles and facts of Chemistry, and of its applications to Pharmacy, to Medicine, and to the Useful Arts. The author has adopted the plan of fully describing all the general principles and laws of chemical action, before entering on the description of the chemical substances in detail,—a plan which has obvious advantages over that of entering in the commencement on the description of individual substances, inasmuch as reference to the principles of affinity and the laws of constitution is continually necessary, in order that the re-actions of these bodies may be understood. As Chemistry is itself but a department of natural philosophy, and so intimately connected with the other branches of physics, that a knowledge of at least their general principles is necessary for the proper understanding of the nature of chemical phenomena, the author has accordingly embraced within the design of the present work, a description of the physical properties of bodies, so far as they serve to complete their chemical history, or influence their chemical relations; thus, on the one hand, supplying characters by which chemical substances may be recognized, and on the other, modifying the affinities by which the action of chemical substances upon each other is determined.

The chapters on Cohesion, Light, Heat, and Electricity, are admirably drawn up, and acquaint us fully with the existing state of knowledge on these subjects. After treating of the general laws of chemical combination, we are presented with an account of the mode of preparation and properties of all inorganic substances of

interest to science, to medicine, or to the arts. Matters of curiosity merely, having little or no relation to practical utility, are either omitted, or slightly noticed; while everything bearing upon general principles or existing theories, or connected with pharmacy, medicine, or employment in the arts or in ordinary life, is fully discussed and its application pointed out. In addition to all this, the relations of chemical action to the functions of organized matter, the applications of chemistry to physiology and pathology, are treated of as fully as present knowledge extends; and, in conclusion, we are presented with a very full and accurate description of the mode of analysis of organic and inorganic bodies.

Such is a brief sketch of the nature and design of the present work. We believe it superior to any work of the kind hitherto published, and especially adapted as a text-book for the use of universities, colleges, academies, and medical schools, as well as the man of science and the general reader.

In preparing this work for the use of American students, Dr. Draper has made such alterations in it, as the system of instruction pursued in the United States seems to require. Not that he has taken the improper editorial liberty of altering or omitting any part of the text of his author; but by putting in smaller type such portions as treat of comparatively unimportant details, valuable to the advanced proficient, but unsuitable to the practical purposes of instruction, within the short period of time usually allowed in our schools and colleges. His own additions are distinguished by brackets, which permit their introduction without disfigurement to the typographical symmetry of the page.

In Europe, the reputation of Professor Kane was well established even before the appearance of this work; and now, since he has made this important contribution to the noble science in which he has been such a successful laborer, he cannot fail to be soon properly estimated throughout the scientific world. Its republication in this country will doubtless meet, under the favorable auspices of its erudite editor and enterprising publishers, with a fortunate reception. As it is undoubtedly

the best text-book extant in the English language, representing the *present* condition of chemical science, we recommend it to the favorable attention of all public teachers.

The first author of whom any decided accounts exist is Theodore Ptochoprodromus, who flourished about the middle of the 12th century, under the Emperor Manuel Comnenus.

Sophocles' Greek Grammar. Fifth Edition. *Greek Exercises*, by the same. Second Edition. *Romaic Grammar*, accompanied by a Chrestomathy, with a Vocabulary, by the same. *Felton's Greek Reader*, adapted particularly to *Sophocles' Grammar*. Second Edition Revised. All published by H. Huntington, Jun. Hartford. 1842.

The History of the Reformation of the Church of England. By GILBERT BURNET, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Salisbury. With the Collection of Records, and a copious Index. Revised and corrected, with additional Notes, and a Preface, calculated to remove certain difficulties attending the perusal of this important history, by the Rev. E. NARES, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford; and Rector of Biddenden and Newchurch, Kent. With a frontispiece, and twenty-two portraits. In four volumes. New York. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway. 1842. 8vo. pp. 592, 652, 543, 622.

THE extensive popularity of the above enumerated elementary books, supersedes the necessity for particular examination of them on our part, to point out their merits or observe their features of difference from others. It is sufficient to notice their appearance, and to direct the attention of teachers to the strong recommendations from high authorities which accompany them. Into the Grammar of the Modern Greek we have looked with a somewhat closer interest. Such a publication was very much desired, if not wanted. With it every Greek scholar can acquire at least a reading acquaintance with the Romaic, in a short time and with light labor. The pages given to extracts from a number of Modern Greek writers and poets, easily as the greater part of them, with the aid of an accompanying vocabulary, are legible to every eye not unfamiliar with the ancient language, will have a particular interest to those who have had no other opportunity of access to them. Some of these fine spirited Klephtic songs are somewhat tempting to translation. The rhythm of the Romaic verse is entirely by the accents and cadences, and not by quantity, and the greater part of them are in rhyme. Professor Sophocles avoids encumbering his Grammar with comparisons between the ancient and the modern forms, which in other Romaic Grammars are only useless to one portion of their students and embarrassing to the other. He states that the ancient name of "Ἕλληνας," which has been restored by the revolution of 1821, is used only by the inhabitants of Bavarian Greece, who perhaps do not constitute more than a fourth of the Greek nation, so that it may safely be said that the most of the people still call themselves and their language Romaic. The language is the legitimate offspring of the Byzantine Greek, the last stage of the Arabic—bearing a similar relation to the latter that modern Italian bears to Latin.

ONE after another the rapid increase, both of our numerical population, and of our circle of cultivated readers and collectors of libraries, leads to the republication of American editions of those standard works of the classic literature of the language, which were before accessible to us, on this side of the Atlantic, only at rare intervals and wide distances, in the public libraries of the large cities, or in the private collections of the small number of persons who could afford the expensive forms of the original English editions. This is one of the class we refer to; and in the handsome and cheap form in which the liberal publishers offer it to the American market, reproduced from the stereotype plates of the last English edition, it can scarcely fail, we presume, to justify abundantly the intelligent and well-directed enterprise of the Messrs. Appleton. Dr. Nares's edition is well known as having antiquated, and to some extent, superseded, all former ones; by reason of the valuable directions which he supplies in his Preface as to the mode and the order in which its different parts should be read, as well as of the corrections made, throughout the body of the work, of the numerous errors well known to disfigure the text. Of the merits of such a work, it would of course be absurd for the current criticism of the day to speak. Without adverting to those Catholic complaints against it which an English Bishop could scarcely fail to excite, yet the Protestant world have so long looked upon it as the most complete and valuable work existing on the subject, that our recommendation

of it, even if not impertinent, could not be other than superfluous. One only further remark we will make upon it—we refer to the reasonableness of its present publication. There is no doubt that the present is a very critical period to Protestantism—we mean the Protestantism established and left by the Reformation. It is in a state of unrest, of agitation and dissension, which betokens the working of elements whose eventual results it is not easy to foresee. We will advance no opinions of our own on a subject of this nature, on an occasion affording no opportunity of developing or defending them. Yet it is certain that many at least see in the present aspect of the Christian world a great silent Protest in progress, of the human reason and heart, against Protestantism, according to the general acceptation of the term. They see it a household against itself, in countless factions, between which prevails a mutual animosity, little in harmony with the essential spirit of the Religion common to all. Standing midway as it does between Catholicism and Rationalism, they see in its wavering mass a double movement—backward and forward. Backward, to rest the aching weariness of doubt on the great pillar of *authority*, as maintained by Catholicism. Forward, to seek, if possibly it may be found, a more steady poise on the self-sustaining centre of the individual reason and conscience, interpreting the great Charter of Faith, the Bible, with a more bold and free philosophy of criticism, which repudiates the fetters of creeds, and the hampering machinery of church organizations. With these two influences at work against it in opposite directions, Protestant Orthodoxy—however it may denounce the one as popish superstition, and the other as disguised infidelity—has its hands full to hold its own. A most fit and reasonable period is it, therefore, for the publication, in this country, of such a work as Bishop Burnet's great History of the Reformation, which should be well studied by all the various opinions, and tendencies of opinion, now so deeply fermenting on the subject throughout the Christian world.

Man a Soul; or, the Inward and the Experimental Evidences of Christianity. By the Rev. A. B. Muzzey. Boston: William Crosby and Co., 118 Washington-street. 1842. 16mo. pp. 157.

THIS little volume consists of the substance of some conversations between the author and a young man who came within

the sphere of his ministerial labors; and who, while conscious that he was dying from a hereditary consumption, and though educated in a somewhat strict school of ordinary Christian doctrine, was distressed by his own want of comprehension of, and faith in, the great spiritual truths and mysteries of Christianity. Abandoning the ground of disputable and unsatisfactory dogmas respecting total depravity, grace, &c., the author states, that by turning his eyes inward to the contention of the deathless nature of the Soul, and fixing his thoughts on the Inward Man, he fully succeeded in the object of bringing peace, light and faith, into the moral chaos of the mind on which these pious labors were devoted. To have rendered this service to one fellow human being, is to have lived enough. His dying language was "of the firmness of his faith, of his calm trust, of his sublime anticipations, and his hope in Heaven." Without having been able to command the requisite time to read the book through, we have gathered from such of its pages as we have been able to turn over, a favorable impression of the ability with which the author has executed a task evidently prompted by the highest motives and animated by the purest spirit. The following are the concluding words in his Introduction:

"The case of this young man re-occurs, I believe, that of many many others. In the hope of doing a slight service to such, and of leading all who may read these chapters to a deeper piety in the foundations of the Christian Faith, I have committed to the press the substance of several conversations I had with him, in a reading of his work. The form in which it is done may be so abstract to interest the common reader, that he will perhaps call it a book into this title, but I assure you will see, at once its lack of pretentiousness. But, such as it is, I commend it to the Charity of my fellow men, and to the Blessing of God."

The Characters of Schiller. By Mrs. ELIZA. New York: John Allen. Boston: Otis, Broaders, and Company. 1842. 12mo. p. 246.

WE are pleased to see a second issue of a volume which, in its first edition, published a few years ago, found as many admirers as readers—a circle which will doubtless at the present day be much widened, from the cultivation which has of late been given to the German language and literature in this country. Those who have made themselves acquainted, in the original, with these noble creations in which Schiller expresses and manifests the lofty loveliness of his own soul, will be glad to compare their own impressions of them with those of a critic

who brings to the task so rare a degree of natural as well as cultivated accomplishment for its performance, as the fair and youthful author of this volume. While to those who do not enjoy that advantage, it will afford an opportunity that should not be lost, of beholding at least a reflection of the glory of the great Poet's genius, in a skilful analysis of his plays and characters, illustrated by numerous passages of fine translation. But Mrs. Ellet scarcely deserves at our hands the praise which justice extorts;—for the re-appearance of this volume, after the long interval during which she has altogether withheld from the public, a name once so great a favorite, suggests an expression of discontent thereat, in which many will concur. Mrs. Ellet's youthful promise—yes, and youthful performance too—were such as to excite and to justify expectations of her continued devotion to the fine labors of literature, which she has no right, in the absence of any reason, to disappoint. If there is anything in the southern air of her present residence adverse to the exertions once so easy and natural, we trust that Professor Ellet will speedily retire from the chair (Chemistry and Natural Philosophy) which he fills with so much ability and distinction in Columbia College, South Carolina, and return to the more congenial though sterner climate of the North; since it is far better that a few students in that institution should lose the benefit of his labors, than that a whole "public" should be defrauded of its rightful claim upon hers.

Remains of the Rev. Joshua Wells Downing, A.M., late of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. With a Brief Memoir, edited by ELIJAH H. DOWNING, A.M. New York: Published by G. Lane and P. P. Sandford,

for the Protestant Episcopal Church at the Conference Office, 200 Mulberry-street. 1842. 12mo. pp. 329.

THIS volume consists of sermons, notes of sermons, and some letters, by a young man, who seems to have left behind him so sweet an odor of memory in the hearts of his friends, and those who had listened to his preaching, as to induce his brother to embody this record of him, as not useless in itself, and as a gratification to many having a particular interest in its subject. These productions, without aspiring to any remarkable intellectual rank, seem yet characterized by a fervent piety, which is in itself recommendation enough. Of the genuineness of this spirit, a beautiful death of peace and joy, as described by his biographer, was at once the sign and the seal.

Models of English Literature for the Use of Colleges and Academies. Baltimore: John Murphy, 146, Market-street. 1842. 12mo. pp. 372.

A SCHOOL-BOOK collection of "pieces" for reading and declamation, pretty copious and varied, and, being the last, doubtless as good for the purpose for which designed as any other collection of the kind,—perhaps a little better, for we do not believe that any other contains Dickens's inimitable scene of the examination of Sam Weller, by Serjeant Buzfuz, in the great cause of Bardell vs. Pickwick.

A number of other books on our table are necessarily deferred till our Next, the space at our present command being here exhausted.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

Mr. NORMAN, a traveller, recently returned from Yucatan, Mexico, having extended his researches in a direction not previously visited by other tourists, where he has discovered many stupendous and highly interesting vestiges of antiquity, is engaged in preparing for the press, the result of his investigations, which will be embellished by a series of illustrations from drawings made on the spot. (J. & H. G. Langley are to be the publishers.)

Mr. LESTER's new work, "*The Condition and Fate of England*," is rapidly passing through the press, and may be expected to appear in the course of this month. It is to be embellished by designs from the magic pencil of Chapman.

General MORRIS is about to publish, for the holidays, a beautifully illustrated edition of his lyrical effusions.

A volume of "*Collected Poems*," by ALFRED B. STREET, is in press. Hooker, of Philadelphia, has in preparation, "*The Smuggler's Son, with other Tales and Sketches*," by a Lady of Tennessee. We observe that Professor TORRY is preparing for the press, the "*Scientific and Miscellaneous Writings of the late President Marsh*." Mr. GRUND, the well known American author, has in press a work on the "*Present State and Prospects of Germany*."

A new work by Mr. SEARS, is to be published this month, in one handsome octavo, with 500 plates, entitled, "*The Wonders of the World in Nature, Art and Mind*." The subject of this work is of universal interest, and in the hands of the industrious editor it cannot fail of proving a most desirable contribution to the domestic libraries of the land. It will be perfectly unique in its binding decorations, presenting one of the richest specimens ever attempted.

We are happy to learn that Dr. FORRY, author of the recent valuable work on "*The Climate of the United States*," has nearly completed for publication, by the Harpers, a new production, to be entitled, "*The Physical Geography of the Earth, and its Relations to Organic Structure*," &c. From the deserved success of his former work, which we observe has received the most unequivocal commendation from two of the severest critical Journals of England, (*The London Literary Gazette*, and the

Athenæum.) there can be no doubt of the success of its successor.

We are gratified to learn, that Mr. KIMBALL, of the Picayune, intends to publish the journal of his Santa Fe expedition in a volume. It will be a very interesting and valuable book.

James Monroe & Co., Boston, have in preparation, for the holiday season, a new volume, by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, of a descriptive character, designed as a gift book.

Lea & Blanchard are about to issue an American edition of "*Muller's Physiology*," in one vol. 8vo.; "*A System of Therapeutics and Materia Medica*," by Dr. DUNGLISON; and "*An Atlas of Plates*," illustrative of the principal operations of Surgery, with descriptive letter press, embracing an account of the latest operations, &c.

A new work of important historical interest is, we observe, announced for the press, comprising the "*Journal and Correspondence of an American Refugee*," SAMUEL CURWEN, Esq., a Judge of Admiralty in Massachusetts, before the Revolution, who took refuge in England during that war. High-minded and honorable, he unfortunately espoused the wrong side of the politics of the day; his Journals and Letters are replete with good sense, taste and discrimination, and cannot fail of awakening strong and lively interest. These curious documents, in the possession of Mr. George A. Ward, of this city, are now passing under editorial revision and arrangement, for speedy publication.

ENGLISH.

Mr. DICKENS's new work is to be entitled "*American Notes for General Circulation*;"—a title, as far as it concerns this country, not inaptly chosen, as it will doubtless immediately on its appearance, become the staple commodity of all the newspaper press throughout the land.

A new novel, by Capt. Marryat, is just published, entitled "*Parvial Keene*."

On the 1st of July was commenced a New Edition of the "*Chronicles of Sir John Froissart*," to be completed in Thirty-two Numbers, price one shilling each—embellished with one hundred and sixteen wood engravings. In the first number will be given a colored facsimile of one of the drawings in the illuminated copy of Froissart at the Bri-

- tish Museum, from which most of the engravings are copied.
- Preparing for publication, "*Illustrations of Froissart*," being a series of colored fac-similes from the drawings contained in the illuminated copies in the British Museum, and elsewhere. To be published in monthly parts, super royal 8vo., size to correspond with the recent edition of Froissart in two volumes.
- Just appeared, "*An Historical Outline of the Book of Psalms*," by the late JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D., F. R. S., author of "A New Translation of the Book of Job," &c., &c. Edited by the Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, B. A.—"*Cardinal Allen's Admonition to the Nobility and People of England and Ireland*," &c. A. D. 1538. Reprinted, with a Preface by EUPATOR, in fac-simile, and with the Cardinal's Arms.
- The third edition of the "*French Orthoteger*," by Mons. L. A. J. MORDACQUE, French Master at the Manchester Free Grammar School, is in the press, and will shortly make its appearance. The last edition of this most complete course of theory and practice of the French language, was published in 1832, and has remained out of print for several years, owing to the author's professional engagements.
- A new Novel is announced to appear immediately, under the title of "*Dr. Hookwell, the Puseyite Vicar*."
- "*Decided Preference, by an Old Spinster*," is the title of another new Novel.
- "*Characteristics of Painters*," is the name of a new work, by HENRY REEVE, the translator of De Tocqueville's great work on "Democracy in America."
- Firman Didot, Frères, et Cie. (printers to the Institut de France), have just issued their general Catalogue, which shows a degree of enterprise in Paris that we might in vain look for in nearly all the publishing trade of London.
- We also see announced for publication, "*The Principles and the Practice of Art*," by J. D. HARDING, author of "*Elementary Art*," a work which gives ample promise of a valuable sequel.
- We observe that the late Dr. ARNOLD, at the time of his decease, had just completed the third volume of his "*History of Rome*," and that his friend, Archdeacon HARE, will superintend its progress through the press. Dr. Arnold's executors also announce a new volume of his "*Sermons*," and a "*Memoir of his Life, with Selections from his extensive Correspondence*."
- Now ready, "*Dickinson's Rustic Figures*," chiefly executed with the brush in litho-
- tint, the author's fac-similes of his Sketches. There are 24 plates, printed on 4to.
- "*The Grasses of Scotland*," containing a scientific description of each species, remarks on their use in agriculture, &c. By RICHARD PARNELL, M. D., F. R. S. E. Illustrated with a figure of each species, and several varieties, amounting to 130; drawn and engraved by the author. "*Lectures on Female Prostitution*," its Nature, Extent, Effects, Guilt, Causes, and Remedy. By RALPH WARDLAW, D. D.
- We observe Mrs. JAMESON announces a "*Hand-Book to the Private Picture Galleries of England*," a companion volume to that on "The Public Galleries."—"Life in the West, or Back Wood Leaves, and Prairie Flowers," is the title of another novelty; also, "*Evelyn, or Mistaken Policy*," a domestic tale, by a Lady; "*The Sepulchre of Lazarus*," a Poem; "*Sketches from a Travelling Journal*," by Viscountess St. JEAN, embellished with a series of beautiful drawings, by her own pencil.
- A work, by Lady VAVASOUR, to be called, "*My Last Tour and my First Book*," is just ready.
- The Shakspeare Society will in a few days issue their ninth publication. "*The First Sketch of Shakspeare's Merry Wives of Windsor*," printed in 1602, 4to., which has never been reprinted. To which will be added, a collection of early Tales, upon which the Play is supposed to be founded. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by J. O. HALLOWELL, Esq., F. R. S., F. S. A., &c.
- We observe the announcement of a work, entitled, "*Travels in the Interior of North America*," in the years 1832, '3, '4, by MAXIMILIAN, Prince of Wied, in one volume, royal quarto, accompanied by eighty-one elaborately colored plates, imperial folio, numerous engravings on wood, and a large map, translated from the German, by H. EVANS LLOYD, to which we beg to direct the attention of those of our readers who are interested in works of this description.
- Also, very shortly, a new edition of "*Stow's Survey of London*." Reprinted from the two editions published by Stow himself. With Notes, a Memoir, and copious Index. By WILLIAM J. THOMS, Esq., F. S. A., Secretary of the Camden Society, &c. This will be uniform with their Popular Library, and, consequently, at a very moderate price.
- Also, "*Memoirs of Claude Broustou, Doctor of Laws*," &c., who was broken on the wheel at Montpelier, A. D. 1698. By H. S. BAYNES.

A Society has lately been established, LORD FRANCIS EGERTON, President, called the *ÆLFRIC SOCIETY*, for the illustration of Anglo-Saxon and Early English History and Philology. The object of the Society is the publication of those Anglo-Saxon and other literary monuments, both civil and ecclesiastical, tending to illustrate the early state of England, which have either not yet been given to the world, or of which a more correct and convenient edition may be deemed desirable. The works to be published in uniform octavo volumes, containing the Anglo-Saxon originals, and a translation. It is proposed to commence the series with the *HOMILIES* of the *ANGLO-SAXON CHURCH*, of which a considerable portion (whether translations or originals) are ascribed to the learned prelate by whose name the Society is distinguished; to be followed by *THE LIVES* of the *ANGLO-SAXON SAINTS*, — *THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE*, — *THE WORKS OF KING ALFRED*, viz.:—his *Version of Bede's Ecclesiastical History*, of *Gregorius de Cura Pastoralis*, and of *Orsius*; together with such other early remains as the Society may deem worthy of publication.

Fresco-PAINTING is, we observe, the all-engrossing subject of speculation in London at the present time, among artists. The Royal Commissioners of Fine Arts have given notice that three premiums of 300*l* each, three premiums of 200*l* each, and five premiums of 100*l* each, will be given to the artists who

shall furnish cartoons which shall respectively be deemed worthy of one or other of the said premiums, and Mr. Barry has submitted his plans with reference to the decorations of the New Houses of Parliament. Some half-dozen works have also recently appeared on this all-but-obsolete branch of art, and the public attention seems to be already favourably enlisted on the subject. Severn, Parris, and Haydon, are among its more prominent advocates. The beautiful art of Lithotint is to be seen exhibited in all its brilliancy and effect in a recent volume just published. The posthumous works of Sir David Wilkie, amounting to six hundred and sixty-eight, and composing a splendid series of his pictures from his earliest efforts down to the matured productions of his later days, have just been sold by auction, and have brought, in most instances, immense prices. There should be an effort made in this country to establish an *Art-Union* on the plan of the London Art-Union, for the encouragement of the Fine Arts—its establishment would be comparatively easy, with a vigorous president at its head, and it would prove of incalculable benefit to the profession. The sixth annual distribution which recently occurred in London, awarded about £10,000 as prizes for the purchase of pictures and £500 for bronze and plaster casts. A variety of such munificence here would doubtless speedily bring to light much of the latent courage of our neglected and depressed artists.

NOTE.

The Portrait embellishment of the present Number, is an engraving from an excellent miniature by Blanchard, of the able and distinguished Senator WALKER of Mississippi. The biographical sketch intended to accompany it, has failed to reach our hands in proper season, from those of the author to whom its preparation was entrusted, a gentleman in Mississippi. It will be given in our next.

Several other miniatures from the same artist are only awaiting the opportunity for their insertion. They are of BENTON, WRIGHT and CALHOUN—all very recent and all admirable productions. The last named is the only truly good likeness we are acquainted with of the great Southerner. We refer to them for the purpose of recommending the artist to that public patronage which he eminently merits, and which he will well repay.

OBITUARY.

It is doubtless due to propriety, as well as to the kind friendliness of the no small number of the subscribers to this Review who have continued attached to its lists from its original establishment, that we should announce and record in its pages the recent death of MR. LANGTREE, on the 8th of September, who, up to the period of the commencement of the New Series published in New York, was associated both in its proprietorship and editorship, and who at one period had the sole charge of its publication. With this view, in preference to intruding on our readers any of those terms of personal notice, which often on such occasions proceed with but an ill grace from the partial pen of private relationship, we confine ourselves to the quotation of the following from the New York Commercial Advertiser of September 17th, 1842 :

“We regret to announce the decease, at Bacon’s Castle, Surrý county, Va., of S. D. Langtree, Esq., one of the original editors and proprietors of the Democratic Review, aged 31 years. The deceased was a native of Ireland. He was educated to the medical profession, and came to the United States in 1832, as physician of an English ship, in compliance with the directions of the government, that a physician should be sent out with every passenger-ship during the prevalence of that fearful pestilence, the cholera. His tastes, however, were decidedly literary, and averse from his profession. His reading was very extensive for a man of his years, and he wrote with facility and energy. For a season he was an assistant in the office of this paper, and the readiness with which he acquired knowledge of every description, especially of books, was remarkable. We mourn his loss as of an able and estimable friend, of fine talents, of generous impulses, and truly benevolent feelings. For the last sixteen months Mr. Langtree had had no connexion with the Democratic Review, which has been under the sole conduct of his brother-in-law, Mr. O’Sullivan. He had retired to Virginia with the view of leading the life of a planter, in which occupation he was extensively engaged. The fatal disease was congestive bilious fever.”



Engraved by A. L. Beck, from a Daguerrotype Miniature by A. M. Grand, Junr.

John Tyler

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Engraved for the N. Y. Magazine & Democratic Review

J. & R. G. Langley, New York

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DEMOCRATIC REVIEW

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CLIMATOLOGY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

THE excellent work to which reference is made at the foot of this page has one merit which is of primary importance—it is as valuable for the authenticity as for the originality of its materials. In its preparation, its laborious and judicious author has accumulated a mass of facts for which alone he is eminently entitled to the thanks, not only of the scientific world, but in a peculiar degree, of his countrymen at large—data which have required years to collect, and years to collate and digest. Unlike all other treatises on the same subject, which are generally loosely written and made up of the most vague and general statements, the deductions of this volume are based upon precise instrumental observations. "The design of this work," in Dr. Ferry's own language, "is to exhibit a connected view of the leading phenomena of our climate, both physical and medical, comprising a condensation of all the author's observations on the subject." It is based chiefly on the "Army Meteorological Register," and the "Statistical Report on the Sickness and Mortality in the Army of the United States," embracing a period of twenty years (1819 to 1839), both of which are the result of the labors of the same author, who

has now derived from them their present useful and interesting application. Having presented in Part First a classification of the principal phenomena of our climate, *physically* considered, Dr. Ferry traces out, in Part Second, the *medical* relations of these laws, thus establishing in both a classification of climates, having for its basis observation; and having extended his researches through a long series of years, and over vast masses of individuals, he has disclosed many important relations having reference to the health and disease of our wide-spread borders.

Climatology, although of the highest interest to man in every conceivable relation of his earthly existence, yet has been, strange to say, wonderfully neglected so far as regards the climate of our own country. Indeed, so little effort has been made to keep pace with the progress of kindred branches of science, that the work of M. Volney on the climate of the United States, written more than forty years ago, when this French *savant* made a flying visit through our country, is still quoted by every writer on this topic. So barren of precise data, in truth, is this work, that the author's only instrumental observations consist

* The Climate of the United States and its Endemic Influences: based chiefly on the Records of the Medical Department and Adjutant General's Office, United States Army. By Samuel Ferry, M. D. New York: J. & H. G. Langley. 1842. 8vo. pp. 380.

of a few thermometrical results obtained from a literary gentleman in New York, for which even he made no acknowledgment. Prior to the appearance of Dr. Forry's work, we possessed no treatise founded on facts in regard to the climate of the region that we inhabit. It is, therefore, with particular pleasure that we hail the volume before us, in which the author has determined the relations to one another of the isolated facts collected in reference to our climate, and in which, as regards the general laws of climate, he has demonstrated their harmony throughout the globe.

The merit of being the first to establish, on an extensive scale, a system of meteorological observations, with a view to the elucidation of the laws of climate throughout the United States, is due to the late Surgeon-General of the United States Army, Dr. Joseph Lovell, who in 1819 issued instructions to the medical officers of the different posts to keep regular records of the weather and to transmit them quarterly to the Medical Bureau at Washington. In 1820 and 1821, he published the general results of each year, and in 1826, the connected results of the observations for the preceding four years. The first State that followed in this laudable measure was New York, whose academies and other schools, established under legislative patronage, have been bound, for many years past, to keep meteorological registers, and make reports of the results to the regents. In 1836, a liberal appropriation for similar purposes was made by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, thus supplying each county in the State with a set of meteorological instruments; and the observations thus made have been reported monthly to a special committee of the Franklin Institute, where they are at all times open for consultation. As Ohio has come, within the last year, into a similar measure, we have now a very extensive district of country dotted, as it were, with points of instrumental meteorological observation. When to these efforts of individual States and those of the medical department of our army, we add the observations made under the direction of the British authorities in their extensive possessions, as well as those of private individuals throughout the continent of North

America, it is cheering to those engaged in solving the intricacies of meteorological phenomena to look forward to the prospects of the future.

In this general view of the existing state of climatology in our country, we must not forget the present head of the Medical Department of the United States Army, Dr. Thomas Lawson. To him the volume before us is appropriately dedicated, inasmuch as it was under his official direction that the investigation of the subject was first undertaken by Dr. Forry in the "Army Meteorological Register," and the "Statistical Report on the Sickness and Mortality of the Army of the United States."

"In the investigation of the laws of climate," observes Dr. Forry, "a range of subjects so multifarious as to comprise almost every branch of natural philosophy, is embraced; but its true province is properly restricted to a general view of these subjects, which, if based on legitimate deductions of observed phenomena, should enable us to reduce the infinite variety of appearances presented to us in nature, to a few general principles. It is by means of this generalization that the subject will be elevated to the dignity of a science.

"Climate embraces not only the temperature of the atmosphere, but all those modifications of it which produce a sensible effect on the physical and moral state of man, as well as on all other organic structures, such as its serenity, humidity, changes of electric tension, variations of barometric pressure, its tranquillity as respects both horizontal and vertical currents, and the admixture of terrestrial emanations dissolved in its moisture. Climate, in a word, constitutes the aggregate of all the external physical circumstances appertaining to each locality in its relation to organic nature."

Considering the vast importance of this subject to human welfare, it is lamentable to contemplate its meagerness in the advanced state of knowledge in the nineteenth century. Even at the present day, one writer regards climate as differing only with the distance of parallel zones from the equator or the poles; another, as dependent on the internal heat of the globe; a third, as merely a tabular arrangement of the course of winds, of the

quantity of rain, and of thermometric, hygrometric, and barometric degrees; whilst a fourth, supposing himself in advance of the age, refuses to admit that climate is materially modified by any causes other than latitude and local elevation.

The prosecution of this subject, as pointed out by Dr. Forry, promises to confer upon mankind benefits of the most interesting and valuable nature. The general law of the decrease of heat for each parallel, from the equator to the pole, subject as it is to modification from local causes, may be ascertained, as well as that for each vertical height in proportion to its elevation above the level of the sea. We may determine the bounds of each species of vegetation, and draw around the globe series of curves, that is, lines of equal annual temperature, or *isothermal* lines,—lines of equal summer temperature, or *isothermal* curves,—and lines of equal winter temperature, or *isochermal* curves. It is pleasing to contemplate such a division of the earth, each of these belts representing a zone, in which we may trace the causes of the existing similarity or diversity in animal and vegetable productions. To determine the influence of these zones respectively upon the animal economy in health, and the agency exercised in the causation of disease, has afforded investigations still more useful and interesting. As climate not only affects the health, but modifies the whole physical organization of man, and consequently influences the progress of civilisation, a comparison of these systems of climate, as distinguished into constant and variable climes, or mild and extreme ones, in connection with the influence of the noxious exhalations which arise from the earth, will reveal to the medical philosopher much that is now unknown, and to the political economist many of the circumstances that control the destinies of a people. The complete development of the mental, moral, and physical attributes of man, even when nature has bestowed a perfect organization, is made to depend upon the physical agents which influence those functions. For full mental and corporeal development, the due succession of the seasons is requisite. Those countries which have a marked spring, summer, autumn,

and winter, are best adapted, by this agreeable and favorable vicissitude, for developing the most active powers of man. It is, according to Malte-Brun, between the 40th and 60th degrees of north latitude, that we find the nations most distinguished for knowledge and civilisation, and the display of courage by sea and by land. This limitation, however, is inapplicable to the United States, in consequence of a feature in our climate to be described hereafter. With us the 32d and the 46th parallels would form a reasonable boundary. In general, in countries which have no summer, the inhabitants are destitute of taste and genius; whilst in the regions unfavored by winter, true valor, loyalty, and patriotism, are almost unknown. As in the corporeal structure, different effects result from the dry and restless air of the mountain, compared with those evidenced in the moist and sluggish atmosphere of the valley, so, as regards the mental manifestations, the observation of the poet Gray is philosophically correct:

“An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler manners of the plain.”

Our author has taken for his motto the remark of Malte-Brun, that “*the best observations upon climate often lose half their value for the want of an exact description of the surface of the country;*” and accordingly he has given a bold outline of the physical features of the vast region stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the inland seas on our northern border.

The Atlantic Plain, extending from the Hudson to the Mississippi, is described as slightly elevated above the sea, gradually widening from a few miles in the North to upwards of one hundred and fifty miles in the South. Among the physical features which characterize this alluvial zone, which slopes gently down to the ocean, are extensive morasses and swamps, sluggish streams, and wide arms of the sea penetrating far inland. It is composed, in a great measure, of tertiary and secondary cretaceous deposits, consisting of alternating beds of sand and clay, and sometimes marl, all abounding in marine fossil shells. As the al-

lution brought down by the mighty rivers into this tide-water region is of a humid nature, abounding in organic remains, effluvia or miasmata, noxious to man, are here copiously generated. The western limits of this tract are very distinctly marked by a ledge of primary rocks,* over which the rivers fall, and to which, in the northern section, the tide penetrates. Along this line are found Trenton, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Georgetown, Fredericksburg, Richmond, Smithville, Camden, Augusta, Milledgeville, and Columbus. The fact that nearly all the principal cities of the Atlantic States have arisen upon this boundary, from the obvious motive of seeking the head of navigation, affords a striking example of the influence of geological causes in distributing population, and thus determining political relations.

The territory of the United States is traversed by two great systems of mountains, by which the country is distinctly marked into three natural divisions, viz., the Pacific region, the Mississippi Valley, and the Plain just described. The Alleghany or Appalachian system, bounding the Atlantic Plain, has a mean altitude above the sea of about two thousand five hundred feet; of which not more than one-half consists of the height of the mountain ridges above their bases, the adjacent country having an equal elevation above the ocean. Several of the most elevated summits, however, as Black Mountain and Mount Washington, attain an altitude of nearly six thousand five hundred feet. The more lofty and extensive mountain-chain in the western part of the continent, which is known under the various names of Rocky, Oregon, and Chippewyan, is a prolongation of the Andes or Mexican Cordilleras, extending to the Arctic Sea. Rising from a common base of about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, the average height of the summits above the base is estimated at five thousand feet, some of the crests being not less than eight or ten thousand feet above the adjacent country. This mountain-chain is five or six hundred miles

from the Pacific. Farther west is the range of the Pacific coast mountains, which stretch northward from California into the Peninsula of Russian America. They are from seventy to eighty miles distant from the coast, and have peaks rising even above the most elevated of the Rocky Mountains, some being estimated at from ten to eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. These summits, like those of the Rocky Mountains, are covered with snow, and ascend far into the region of perpetual congelation.

It is geographical features such as these that produce modifications of climate, and as climatic laws are also influenced by the character of the surface, the following general description by our author will not be out of place:—

“From the shores of the Atlantic to the Mississippi, there is presented an immense natural forest, interspersed with open and naked plains, called *prairies*, which are numerous west of the Alleghanies, but very rare on the Atlantic side. The country west of the Mississippi is comparatively lightly wooded; and in the arid and desert plains, occupying a breadth of three or four hundred miles, only a few trees are seen along the margins of the rivers. In that portion of the United States which is inhabited, the land cleared and cultivated does not probably exceed one-tenth part of its surface.”

But one of the most striking characteristics of the physical geography of the United States, and which, it will be seen, induces the most remarkable modifications of climate, is the existence of those great inland basins of water which lie on our northern frontier. Of so vast an extent are these ocean-lakes, which we shall bring more particularly under notice hereafter, that one of them (Lake Superior) has a circuit, following the sinuities of the coast, of one thousand seven hundred and fifty miles. The physical features of America generally have been cast in large forms. Her rivers are amongst those grand natural features in which she claims the most decided pre-eminence over the other

* The term *Atlantic Slope* ought to be applied to the region which, commencing with this abrupt limit of the Atlantic Plain, extends gently upwards to the base of the mountains.

quarters of the globe. In the immense basin of the Missouri-Mississippi, we find a system of rivers, reaching from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, which is not equalled in extent even by that of the Amazon, and rivalled by none in the world in regard to the benefits destined to be derived from it as a medium of commercial intercourse. The Mississippi and Missouri, which stretch their hundred giant arms over all that immense tract between the Rocky and Alleghany Mountains, constituting the southern slope of the vast central plain to be described below, are the mightiest of these rivers. The Missouri has its origin in the Oregon Mountains, not more than a mile from some of the sources of the Columbia. Its extreme length to the Gulf of Mexico is four thousand five hundred miles, of which three thousand eight hundred are navigable. It is the main stream, notwithstanding a capricious nomenclature which cannot alter the relations of nature.

Although the influence of climate on vegetation will be more particularly dwelt upon in the sequel, yet we cannot refrain from now surveying, in the language of our author, the grandeur of our own country as regards the vegetable kingdom:—

“The great plain which extends through the centre of the continent from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic sea, bounded on the west by the Rocky Mountains, and on the southern portion of the east by the Atlantic system, is comprised only in part within the United States. This section, however, constitutes the most fertile and valuable portion of this vast central plain, which, including the valley of the St. Lawrence, embraces an area estimated to contain three millions two hundred and fifty thousand square miles. On its northern borders, where winter holds perpetual sway, vegetable life expires, or survives only in some species of mosses and lichens. South of these dreary wastes, stunted trees begin to appear, forming gloomy and desolate forests; and it is not until we reach the fiftieth parallel, that the eye is cheered with the vegetation known in the temperate zone. Proceeding still farther south, we ultimately discover, in the Valley of the Mississippi, the palms and the splendid foliage of the tropics—a land already peopled by millions, and one destined, as

a necessary consequence springing from natural adaptation, to nourish upon its fertile bosom multitudes as countless as on the teeming plains of India and China. A characteristic feature of this immense basin of the Mississippi and Missouri, is the vastness of its level surface, covered with primeval forests or spreading in vast savannahs, unless where encroached upon by the rapidly advancing tide of human colonization. Its tracts of fertile lands, with its great and navigable rivers terminating in one main trunk, open to it prospects of opulence and populousness to an extent incalculable. In this region, man is everywhere occupied in opening new lands, in building houses, in founding cities, and in subjugating nature.”

That this immense plain is destined to become the seat of a mighty empire, is a result that will inevitably follow, unless some convulsion of nature, as has been suggested, may cause the ocean-lakes on our Canadian frontier to overwhelm it with a catastrophe more formidable than the deluge of Deucalion. The possibility of this event is sufficiently obvious, when we consider that Lakes Superior, Huron, and Michigan, have a mean depth of one thousand feet, and that the surface of these interior seas is elevated more than three hundred feet above the level of the Mississippi basin. Now, should this intervening barrier suffer disruption from volcanic agency, (of which force there are not unfrequent indications in the Valley of the Mississippi,) the devastation that would sweep these plains would find no parallel in the history of our globe since the Noachian deluge.

The first consideration of obvious importance which presents itself on the threshold of this subject is, that of the laws which govern the superficial temperature of the earth. These consist of two classes of causes, viz., those resulting from celestial relation, and those depending on geographical position. The former, which may be called the primary constituents of climate, result from the globular figure of the earth, its diurnal motion upon its axis, and the obliquity of its motion in an elliptical orbit in regard to the plane of the equator. The secondary constituents are, the position of the place on the surface of the earth, as regards elevation above and distance

from the sea. Now, if the phenomena of terrestrial temperature depended solely on the former class of causes, climates might be classified with mathematical precision; but the effects produced by solar heat are so much modified by local causes, that the climatic features of any region can be determined only by observation. It is a general law, for instance, that the mean temperature of the earth's surface gradually increases from the poles to the equator, but this law is greatly modified by the agency of physical geography. Amongst these local causes, the following are regarded as the principal:—1. The action of the sun upon the surface of the earth; 2. The vicinity of great seas and their relative position; 3. The elevation of the place above the level of the sea; 4. The prevalent winds; 5. The form of lands, their mass, their prolongation toward the poles, their temperature and reflection in summer, and the quantity of snow which covers them in winter; 6. The position of mountains relatively to the cardinal points, whether favoring the play of descending currents or affording shelter against particular winds; 7. The color, chemical nature, and radiating power of soil, and the evaporation from its surface; 8. The degree of cultivation and the density of population; 9. Fields of ice, which form, as it were, circumpolar continents, or drift into low latitudes.

It is these causes that determine the deviations of the *isothermal*, *isocheimal*, and *isothermal* lines from the same parallels of latitude. The isothermal curves represent lines drawn upon a map through all the places on the globe having the same mean annual temperature; and these lines are by no means, as might be expected, regular. Were two travellers, for example, to set out, the one from London and the other from Paris, visiting all the places having the same mean annual temperatures, it would be found that the lines of their routes would not only deviate from the parallels of latitude, but would not be parallel to each other. Thus, the isothermal line or mean annual temperature of Edinburgh, Scotland, strikes the Atlantic coast of North America twelve degrees farther south. Hence the former division of the surface of the earth into five zones, as regards its temperature, has been superseded in scientific inquiries, by a more

precise arrangement. As the places having the same mean annual temperature are connected by isothermal lines, the spaces between them are called isothermal zones. Whilst in this arrangement are classed together the mean temperature of the *whole* year, the application of the same principle to any portion of the year, as the mean winter and summer temperatures, is equally obvious. Thus lines drawn through places having the same summer temperatures are denominated *isothermal*, and those through points having the same winter temperatures, *isocheimal* curves. The importance of this classification, more especially as places having the same mean annual temperature often exhibit great diversities in this respect, will be strikingly apparent when we come to consider the climatic character of a particular country.

Before proceeding to special examination of the climate of the United States, it will be well to take a glance at the general laws of climate, as illustrative of their harmony, throughout the globe. It is an important general law in reference to both continents, that a striking analogy exists, on the one hand, in the climatic features of the western coasts, and, on the other hand, in those of the eastern shores. Thus, in tracing the same isothermal line around the northern hemisphere beyond the tropic, it presents on the east side of both continents, *concave*, and on the west side, *convex* summits. Following the mean annual temperature of 55°40' Fahr. around the whole globe, we find it passes on the eastern coast of the Old World near Pekin, and on the eastern coast of the New World at Philadelphia, both places being in the latitude of about 40°; and on the western coasts, the same isothermal line passes in Europe near Bordeaux, and in America at Cape Foulweather, south of the mouth of the Columbia, both points being about six degrees farther south than the corresponding mean annual temperatures on the eastern coasts. On comparing the two systems, the concave and convex summits of the same isothermal line, "we find," says Baron Humboldt, "at New York, the summer of Rome and the winter of Copenhagen; and at Quebec, the summer of Paris and the winter of Petersburg. In China, at Pekin, for example, where the mean

temperature of the year is that of the east of Britany, the scorching heats of summer are greater than at Cairo, and the winters are as rigorous as at Upsal."

Connected with this branch of the subject, there are many interesting relations, the consideration of which is precluded by want of space. Reference may, however, be made to several points. It is only within the temperate zone, from about 30° to 60° of north latitude, that the year exhibits the grateful vicissitudes of the four seasons—the varied charms of spring and autumn, the tempered fires of summer, and the healthful rigors of winter. Wisdom desires not that "eternal spring" the want of which poets affect to deplore. At the equator there is no difference between the mean temperature of summer and winter, but it increases, as a general rule, with the latitude. In the United States, for example, the contrast in the seasons, from Florida to Canada, increases in proportion as the mean annual temperature decreases,—a general law subject to modification on every parallel of altitude with the varieties in physical geography. This is strikingly illustrated in tracing the same isothermal line around the globe. Thus, in following the mean annual temperature of 51°, we find the mean temperature of winter in the mild climate of England as high as 38°; in Hungary, which is the interior of a continent, it sinks to 32°; in China, in the austere climate of the eastern coast of a continent, it sinks still lower, being 24°; having reached the uniform climate of the western coast of America, it rises suddenly to 41°; and approaching the rigorous climate of our eastern shores, it is once more seen to sink, at Council Bluffs on the Missouri, as low as in China; and reaching our eastern shores at Fort Wolcott, where the temperature is modified by the ocean, the mean winter temperature again rises to 32°. In regard to the mean temperature of summer, the law is reversed, each climate having a summer temperature high in proportion as that of winter is low. In England, the mean temperature of summer is 64°; in Hungary, 70°; in China, 79°; on the western coast of America, 65°; at Council Bluffs, 76°; and at Fort Wolcott, R. I., 69°. Hence it is demonstrated that

the climate is most uniform on the western coasts of Europe and America, and least so on the eastern shores of Asia and America; that in Europe it grows more rigorous, in proportion as the eastern part is approached; and that in eastern America; the interior, remote from large bodies of water, is more austere than the region of the Atlantic. The results find a ready explanation in physical causes. Between our coast and the western coast of Europe, for example, the difference of climate is so marked, that Fort Sullivan, on the coast of Maine, notwithstanding it is more than 118 south of Edinburgh, Scotland, exhibits a mean annual temperature of 5° lower; and Bordeaux, France, which is parallel with Fort Sullivan, has an annual temperature of 15° higher. Consequently, we find that Europe is separated from the polar circle by an ocean, whilst eastern America stretches northward at least to the eighty-second degree of latitude. The former, intersected by seas which temper the climate, moderating alike the excess of heat and cold, may be considered a more prolongation of the eastern continent; whilst the northern lands of the latter, elevated from three to five thousand feet, become a great reservoir of ice and snow, which diminish the temperature of adjoining regions. These results gave rise to the opinion that the climate is warmer than the now, until more recent observations showed that the western coasts of both continents have a higher temperature than the eastern in corresponding latitudes.

The *rationale* of these laws finds an explanation in a grand natural phenomenon, which may be designated the *great atmospheric circulation*. As the accumulated heat of the sun in the tropical zone rarifies the air, it ascends into the higher regions of the atmosphere, and flows off towards the north and south; and, on the other hand, to maintain that atmospheric equilibrium which the barometer informs us always subsists throughout the globe, lower currents of heavier air from the northward and southward sweep into the tropical regions. These polar and tropical currents do not flow directly north and south. The former, as the velocity of every point of the earth's surface increases from the poles to the equator,

and as the particles of these currents cannot at once acquire a velocity equal to the continually accelerating velocity of the parts of the earth's surface over which they pass, will gradually seem to acquire a motion in an opposite direction to that of the rotation of the earth. Thus, the polar currents will assume in the northern hemisphere the character of a north-east, and in the southern, of a south-east wind, both becoming more easterly as the equator is approached, and constituting the Trade Winds. The winds without the tropics, on the other hand, have a prevailing direction from the west—a fact which affords a solution of the problem that in extra-tropical latitudes, countries lying to the eastward of seas or other great bodies of water, have milder climates than those situated on the eastern portions of a continent. As large bodies of water never become so cold in winter or so warm in summer as the earth, the winds that sweep from them have a constant tendency to establish an equilibrium of temperature. Land-winds, on the contrary, must necessarily bear with them the greater or less degree of cold induced by congelation, whilst in summer they will convey the accumulated heat absorbed by the earth; and thus is produced, in a great measure, those extremes of the seasons which characterize extra-tropical latitudes on the eastern coasts of continents.

In either hemisphere above the latitude of 30°, a westerly breeze of considerable force and regularity prevails. These winds cross the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Cornwall, and traverse the southern ocean from the Plata to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to New Holland. Any wind which blows from the south of west, comes really from the equatorial region, and is therefore relatively warm. According to observations made by John Hamilton, during twenty-six voyages between Philadelphia and Liverpool, from 1799 to 1817, the winds were more than half the time from the west. Thus, out of 2029 days, the wind prevailed:

208	days	from	northward,
167	"	"	southward,
361	"	"	eastward,
1101	"	"	westward,
192	"		variable.

2029

The same fact is established by the average period of the passage between these two points, the mean from west to east being 23 days, and from east to west 40 days.

There are, however, many other causes in operation, a few of which will be here noticed. Philadelphia and Pekin, each on the eastern coast of its respective continent, and nearly in latitude 40°, have the same mean annual temperature; whilst on the western coast of the Old and the New World, the same annual temperature is found about the 48th parallel. Continuing this comparison, it will be seen that the climate of the New World, viewed in its general features, is, contrary to common opinion, more mild and uniform than that of the Old. As this is proved by thermometrical observations, the fallacy of the opinion which ascribes the mild climate of Europe to the influence of agricultural improvement, becomes at once apparent; for the region of Oregon, lying west of the Rocky Mountains, which continues in a state of nature, has a climate less contrasted than that of Europe in similar latitudes; and it is consequently, in a proportionate degree, milder than the climate of our own region, in which the labors of man, in a few ages, have almost wrought miracles, as well as that of the eastern coast of Asia, which has been under cultivation for several thousand years. Another cause of the higher temperature of Europe is, that the surface of the earth, between the 40th parallel and the equator, absorbs a large quantity of caloric, which is diffused by radiation into the atmosphere. Thus, Africa, as Malte-Brun observes, "like an immense furnace, distributes its heat to Arabia, to Turkey in Asia, and to Europe." On the contrary, the north-eastern extremity of Asia, which extends between the 60th and 70th parallels, and is bounded on the south by water, experiences extreme cold in corresponding latitudes.

Still another cause contributing to the same effect is the Gulf-Stream, which stretches across the Atlantic between Cape Hatteras and the Azores, forming, nearly in the middle of the northern Atlantic, a lake of warm water, which, according to Rennell, is not inferior to the Mediterranean in extent. Whilst a cold polar stream sweeping immense masses of ice into lower latitudes, is directed upon the coast of

North America, the warm air of this sea within an ocean, in consequence of the westerly winds just described, is wafted over the whole of the coasts of western Europe, from Cape Finisterre to North Cape. But as the Gulf-Stream approaches much nearer to the coast of North America than that of Europe, and as the temperature of its waters is also highest near the former, it may be objected that the effect here described applies rather to the New than to the Old World. This ocean current, however, along the coast of America, is of comparatively inconsiderable width, being opposite Charleston only about 60 miles across. At Cape Hatteras, it turns to the east; and opposite the great bank of Newfoundland, after a course of 1300 miles, its waters have lost only 5°, the temperature being 8°—10° above that of the adjacent seas. It is in these colder regions that the most marked influence of the Gulf-Stream upon temperature is manifested; and when we consider that here westerly winds prevail, it follows that by far the greater portion of the warm air arising from this source must be wafted to countries lying to the leeward of these winds.

The western coasts of the northern hemisphere, it appears, resemble each other only to a certain point, that of America being like that of Europe, according to Humboldt, as far as 50° or 52° of latitude. In attempting to account for the extraordinary dissimilitude in the climate of our own two coasts, we observe on the eastern side an unascertained prolongation of the continent towards the pole, and an oceanic current sweeping immense masses of ice southwardly; whilst on the western side, the great range of Rocky Mountains shelters Oregon from the polar winds, and the projecting mass of Russian America protects it from the polar ice. Reference has already been made to the westerly winds which transport the tempered atmosphere of the Pacific over the land; and conversely the same winds, in traversing the continent, bear upon their wings the accumulating cold towards our eastern shores.

We come now to an examination of the climatic features peculiar to the region of the United States. To facilitate description as well as to express the operation of general laws, our author considers the facts presented un-

der the three divisions of the *Northern*, the *Middle*, and the *Southern*. The Northern is characterized by the predominance of a low temperature; in the Southern, a high temperature prevails; whilst the Middle exhibits phenomena vibrating to both extremes. Each of these general divisions is subdivided into well marked classes or systems. The Northern Division, extending as far south as the harbor of New York, has three classes; the *first* embracing the coast of New England; the *second*, the districts in the proximity of the Northern Lakes; and the *third*, localities alike remote from the ocean and inland seas. The Middle Division has two systems of climate, the *first* comprising the Atlantic coast from Delaware Bay to Savannah; and the *second*, interior stations. The Southern Division has also two classes, the *first* including the region of the Lower Mississippi; and the *second*, the peninsula of East Florida.

1. As the *Northern Division* presents the greatest diversity of physical character, so it exhibits the most marked variety of climate on the same parallels of latitude. The most striking characteristic in its physical geography is its chain of vast lakes or inland seas, which contain an area of 66,000 square miles, the influence of which upon climate is no more a doubtful question. These ocean-lakes have been estimated to contain 11,500 cubic miles of water—a quantity supposed to exceed more than half of all the fresh water on the face of the globe. The deepest chasms on the surface of either continent are presented perhaps by the depression of these lakes; for though elevated near 600 feet above the ocean, the bottom of some is as far beneath its surface. Lakes Huron and Michigan, which have the deepest chasms, have been sounded to the amazing depth of 1800 feet without discovering bottom. Let not the reader be surprised at our frequent reference to physical geography, for these are the great causes which modify climate on the same parallels of latitude. The remark of Malte-Brun, selected by our author as his motto, is so much to the point that it is worth while here to recall it to the recollection of our readers:—"The best observations upon climate often lose half their value for the want of an exact description of the surface of the country."

"In accordance with the diversity in

the physical geography," says Dr. Forry, "we find that on the sea-coast of New England, the influence of the ocean modifies the range of the thermometer and the mean temperature of the seasons. Advancing into the interior, the extreme range of temperature increases, and the seasons are violently contrasted. Having come within the influence of the lakes, a climate like that of the sea-board is found; and proceeding into the region beyond the modifying agency of these inland seas, an excessive climate is again exhibited. The variations of the *isothermal* and *isochermal* curves—the lines of equal summer and of equal winter temperature, as illustrated in the map facing the title-page—thus afford a happy illustration of the equalizing tendency of large bodies of water."

Here are, then, four striking peculiarities of climate on the same parallels, within a comparatively limited space—that of the ocean and the lakes being characterized as *uniform*, and that of the intervening tract and the region beyond the lakes, as *excessive* or rigorous, climates. As in positions remote from large bodies of water the winters are colder and the summers hotter than in the opposite localities in the same latitude it is obvious that a classification of climates having for its basis mere latitude, is wholly inadmissible; for, although there may be no difference in the mean annual temperature, yet the distribution of heat among the seasons may be widely unequal. Did our limits permit, many other pe-

culiarities in these systems of climate might be profitably introduced. A marked distinguishing feature, for example, between the climates peculiar to these large bodies of water and those in opposite circumstances, is the difference between the mean temperature of winter and spring, which, on the ocean and lakes, is only 17°, whilst in the opposite localities it is as high as 31° on the same parallel of latitude. This peculiarity in the increase of the temperature of spring, as manifested in the vegetable kingdom, constitutes a feature which strongly characterizes excessive climates; for, as Humboldt remarks, "a summer of uniform heat excites less the force of vegetation, than a great heat preceded by a cold season." Accordingly we find that in these excessive climates, (unlike the uniform ones on the ocean and lakes, in which the air is moist and the changes of the seasons slow and uncertain), summer succeeds winter so rapidly that there is scarcely any spring, and vernal vegetation is developed with remarkable suddenness.

Another feature which characterizes these two systems of climate is the mean annual range of the thermometer. The law regulating the extremes of temperature is beautifully illustrated in the results of the four following posts, which are all nearly on the same parallel of 41° 30', the first two being on the ocean, and the last two far in the interior, remote from large bodies of water:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Annual range.
Fort Wolcott, Newport, R. I.,	85	2	83
Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn.,	87	9	78
Council Bluffs, near the confluence of Platte and Missouri, }	104	—16	120
Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, Ill.,	96	—10	106

The meteorological phenomena of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, according to the data furnished by the British army statistics, are in perfect harmony with the laws of climate developed in the United States.

"As Nova Scotia," says Dr. Forry, "is perfectly insular, with the exception of a neck of land eight miles wide, and is so much intersected by lakes and bays, that nearly one-third of its surface is under water, the mercury

seldom rises above 88° in summer, or sinks lower than 6° or 8° below zero in winter. . . . Its climate consequently exhibits a marked contrast to that of Lower Canada on the same parallels. In Newfoundland, the climate is similar to that of Nova Scotia; but the summers, owing to the melting of the icebergs on the coast, are less warm, of shorter duration, and subject to more sudden vicissitudes. In Canada, remote from the lakes, the climate is of the most excessive character.

At Quebec, when walking along the streets, the sleet and snow frequently freeze in striking against the face; and here, too, the alternations of temperature are so sudden, that the mercury has been known to fall 70° in the course of twelve hours. Cold weather sets in as early as November, from the end of which month till May the ground remains covered with snow, to the depth of three or four feet. When the winds blow with violence from the north-east, the cold becomes so excessively intense, that the mercury contained in the thermometer serves no longer to indicate the reduction of temperature. Wine and even ardent spirits become congealed into a sparry mass of ice; and as the cold still continues, these folk see vegetation of the trees, which occasionally burst from this internal expansion, with tremendous noise. During winter, the general range is from the freezing point to 50° below zero. The seas do not, as in more temperate regions, freeze properly into each other. In June, July, and August, the heat, which often attains 95° of Fahr., is frequently as oppressive as in the West Indies."

2. The *Middle Division*, as it is traversed by the Alleghany range of mountains, running parallel with the Atlantic Plain, affords abundant opportunities of determining the interesting question of the influence of elevation above the sea upon climate. This has been done, not only by means of thermometrical data, but by observing the diversities in vegetable geography on the same parallels. The general laws developed in the Northern division are here corroborated. The fact that the climate of the region of the lakes on our northern frontier is not more contrasted in the seasons than that of Philadelphia, will appear strange at first view; but this inference was long since deduced from observing that similar vegetable productions are found in each, whilst the same plants will not flourish in the interior of New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire.

"The region of Pennsylvania," says our author, "as though it were the battle-ground on which Boreas and Auster struggle for mastery, experiences, indeed, the extremes of heat and cold. But proceeding south along the Atlantic Plain, climate soon undergoes a striking modification, of which

the Potomac River forms the line of demarcation. Here the domain of snow terminates. Beyond this point the sledge is no more seen in the farmer's farm-yard. The table-lands of Kentucky and Tennessee, on the other hand, carry several degrees farther south, a mild and temperate clime. Although few thermometrical observations have been made upon the table-land lying in the centre of the middle division, or upon the ridges which crest this large plateau, thus rendering it impracticable to determine fully the interesting question of their influence upon temperature, yet we are enabled to supply this deficiency, in some measure, by observations made upon the differences in vegetable geography. Thus, in Virginia, as the limits of the State extend quite across the great Appalachian chain, four natural divisions are presented, viz. 1. The Atlantic Plain, or low-water region, below the falls of the rivers; 2. The middle region between the falls and the Blue Ridge; 3. The Great Valley, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains; and, 4. The Trans-Alleghany region, west of that chain. In each of these phenomena of vegetation are exhibited in accordance with the climatic features. On the Atlantic Plain, tobacco is the principal staple; in the Great Valley, it is cultivated only in the southern portion; and beyond the Alleghany its culture is unknown. In the last only is cotton cultivated, and in its southern part quite extensively. In North Carolina, the Atlantic Plain extends from sixty to seventy miles from the east, whilst the middle region, corresponding to that described in Virginia, gradually merges into the mountainous regions farther west. As these table-lands are elevated from one thousand to twelve hundred feet above the sea, upon which rise many high crests, one of which (Black Mountain) is the highest summit of the Alleghany system, the diversity of climate on the same parallel causes a corresponding difference in the vegetable productions. Whilst the lowlands yield cotton, rice, and indigo, the western high country produces wheat, hemp, tobacco, and Indian corn. In South Carolina three strongly marked regions are also presented; but as the temperature increases, as a general law, in proportion as we approach the

equator, cotton is cultivated throughout the State generally. Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, like the Carolinas, are divided into three well-defined belts, exhibiting similar diversities in vegetable geography. Cotton and rice, more especially the former, are the great agricultural staples; and on the Atlantic Plain of these three States, as well as its continuation into Florida and Louisiana (which last two will be more particularly adverted to in the southern division), sugar may be advantageously cultivated. In North Carolina and Virginia, the Atlantic Plain forms, as it were, a chaos of land and water, consisting of vast swamps, traversed by sluggish streams, expanding frequently into broad basins, with argillaceous bottoms. Throughout its whole extent, as already remarked, it is characterized by similar features, besides being furrowed with deep ravines, in which the streams wind their devious way. The hot and sultry atmosphere of these low-lands, in which malarial diseases in every form are dominant, contrasts strongly with the mild and salubrious climate of the mountain regions—results that will be developed more fully in the investigation of endemic influences.”

3. The *Southern Division*.—On approaching our southern coast, climate experiences a most remarkable modification. The seasons glide imperceptibly into each other, exhibiting no great extremes. This is strikingly illustrated on comparing the difference between the mean temperature of summer and winter at Fort Snelling, Iowa, and at Key West, at the southern point of Florida, the former being $56^{\circ} 60'$, and the latter only $11^{\circ} 34'$. Compared with the other regions of the United States, the peninsula of Florida has a climate wholly peculiar.

“The lime, the orange, and the fig,” says our author, “find there a genial temperature; the course of vegetable life is unceasing; culinary vegetables are cultivated, and wild flowers spring up and flourish in the month of January; and so little is the temperature of the lakes and rivers diminished during the winter months, that one may almost at any time bathe in their waters. The climate is so exceedingly mild and uniform, that besides the vegetable productions of the Southern States generally, many of a tropical character

are produced. The palmetto, or cabbage-palm, the live oak, the deciduous cypress, and some varieties of the pine, are common farther north; but the *lignumvitæ*, logwood, mahogany, mangrove, cocoa-nut, &c., are found only in the southern portion of the peninsula. In contemplating the scenery of East Florida in the month of January, the northern man is apt to forget that it is a winter landscape. To him all nature is changed; even the birds of the air—the pelican and flamingo—indicate to him a climate entirely new. The author being attached, in January, 1838, to a boat expedition, the double object of which was to operate against the Seminoles and to explore the sources of the St. John's, found, in the midst of winter, the high cane-grass, which covers its banks, intertwined with a variety of blooming morning-glory (*convolvulus*). The thermometer at midday, in the shade, stood at 84° Fahr., and in the sun rose to 100° ; and at night we pitched no tents, but lay beneath the canopy of heaven, with a screen, perhaps, over the face, as a protection against the heavy dews. Notwithstanding the day attains such a high temperature, the mercury just before day-light often sinks to 45° , causing a very uncomfortable sensation of cold. Along the south-eastern coast, at Key Biscayno, for example, frost is never known, nor is it ever so cold as to require the use of fire. In this system of climate, the rigors of winter are unknown, and a smiling verdure never ceases to reign.”

The climate of Pensacola and of New Orleans, in consequence of the agency of the Gulf of Mexico, and in regard to the latter the additional influence of large lakes, is nearly as much modified as similar parallels in East Florida. In summer, the mercury rises higher in most parts of the United States, and even in Canada, than it does along the coast of Florida. In six years' observations at Key West, it was never known to rise above 90° . There is little difference between the thermometrical phenomena presented at Key West and at Havana. In the West India Islands, the mean annual temperature near the sea is only about 80° . At Barbadoes, the mean temperature of the seasons is as follows: winter 76° , spring 79° , summer 81° , and autumn 80° . The temperature is re-

markedly uniform; for the mean annual range of the thermeter, even in the most excessive of the islands, is, according to the British army statistics, only 13°, and in some not more than 4°. Contrast this with Hancock Barracks, Maine, which gives an annual average range of 41.8°; Fort Snelling, Iowa, 11.6°; and Fort Howard, Wisconsin, 12.6°. The peculiar character of the climate of East Florida, as distinguished from that of our more northern latitudes, consists less in the mean annual temperature, than in the manner of its distribution among the seasons. Thus, though the winter at Fort Snelling, Iowa, is 54.8° colder than at Key West, yet the mean temperature of summer at the latter is only 88.64° higher. In like manner, although the mean annual temperature of Petite Coquille, Louisiana, is nearly 2° lower, that of Augusta Arsenal, Georgia, nearly 8° lower, and that of Fort Gibson, Arkansas, upwards of 10° lower, than that of Fort Brooke, Florida; yet, at all, the mean summer temperature is higher. We thus perceive the truth of the remark made by Humboldt, that the climate of the tropics is characterized much more by the duration of heat than its intensity.

"A comparison of the climate of East Florida," says Dr. Ferris, "with the most favored situations on the continent of Europe, and the islands held in highest estimation for mildness and equability of temperature, in regard to the mean temperature of winter and summer, that of the warmest and coldest months, and that of successive months and seasons, results generally in favor of the former. Thus, it is demonstrated that invalids requiring a mild winter residence, have gone to foreign lands in search of what might have been found at home, viz.: *an evergreen land in which wild flowers never cease to unfold their petals.*"

Having thus completed our notice of Dr. Ferris's special examination of the several systems of climate pertaining to our wide domain, we will bring under notice several farther subjects of a general character.

In regard to the extremes of heat and cold in the United States, it would be natural to expect that the severest cold would be registered at the most northern, and the greatest heat at the most southern posts. It is now, how-

ever, proved by exact instrumental observations that this is not the case, as these are situated on large bodies of water; but that the western stations, Forts Snelling, Gibson, and Council Bluffs, remote from inland seas, are remarkable for extremes of temperature. The highest temperature in the shade noted at our various posts, was at Fort Gibson, Arkansas, on the 15th of August, 1841, when two thermometers, observed by Dr. Wright of the army, rose in the shade, carefully excluded from reflected or radiated heat, the one to 116°, and the other to 117° Fahrenheit. Although the mean annual temperature, in proceeding from the equator towards the poles, gradually diminishes, yet the thermometer scarcely mounts higher at the equinoctial line than under the polar circle. It has been remarked that on the coast of Senegal the human body supports a heat which causes spirits of wine to boil, and that in the north-east of Asia, it resists a cold which renders mercury solid and malleable.

Much diversity of opinion has existed, in regard to the month that expresses the nearest equivalent to the mean annual temperature. Whilst Humboldt maintains that it is the month of October, Kirwan shows by tabular statements, that April is better entitled to this characteristic. As the laws of nature are universal, these phenomena, like all others, must be susceptible of systematic arrangement. It has been reserved for Dr. Ferris to decide this long-contested question, a means of comparison doubtless heretofore unequalled being afforded by the diverse systems of climate presented in the United States, more especially on the same parallels in the northern division. Our author shows that in *extreme* climates, the mean temperature of April is generally as high as that of the year, whilst that of October is considerably higher; and in regard to *moderate* climates, he demonstrates that the former is generally as much lower as the latter is higher. Now this relation is precisely what might have been anticipated, because the vernal increase of temperature is always much greater in rigorous than in uniform climates. Hence it follows that in the former class of climates, April expresses a nearer equivalent, whilst in the latter, October gives an approximation

equally close—a decision of this long-mooted question which illustrates the ancient axiom that truth is rarely found in extremes.

One of the principal causes which modify the distribution of heat is elevation above the level of the sea. It is computed by meteorologists that the temperature of the atmosphere sinks at the rate of 1° Fahr. for every hundred yards of altitude above tide-water. Consequently whenever land rises high above the common level, a change of climate similar in its effects to increase of latitude, as regards the distribution of temperature and the consequent distribution of plants, is induced. But these effects differ greatly in different latitudes. Thus, under the equator, perpetual snow exists generally at an altitude of fifteen or sixteen thousand feet, whilst in the 70th degree of north latitude, it is found at the height of three thousand three hundred feet. Receding from the equator, these phenomena assume a more irregular character. The difference between the limits of perpetual snow on the northern and southern sides of the Himmaleh Mountains is not less than four thousand feet; and whilst these limits are at the equator nearly 3° above, they are in the frigid zone more than 10° below, the freezing point.

In reference to the effects resulting from the diminution of temperature attending the elevation of land, the following observations are made by our author:

“Whilst the flowers of spring are unfolding their petals on the plains of northern France, winter continues his icy reign upon the Alps and Pyrenees. By this beneficent appointment of nature, the torrid zone presents many habitable climates. On the great table-plain of Mexico and Guatemala, a tropical is converted into a temperate clime. As the vernal valley of Quito lies in the same latitude as the destructive coasts of French Guiana, so the interior of Africa may possess many localities gifted with the same advantages. In our own country, reference has already been made to the marked contrast between the Atlantic Plain and the parallel mountain ridges; but it is in the geographical features of Columbia, in South America, that we find most strikingly displayed the physical phenomenon of *height* producing the effect of *latitude*—a change of climate with all the conse-

quent revolutions of animal and vegetable life, induced by local position. It is on the mountain slopes of from three to seven thousand feet, beyond the influence of the noxious miasmata, that man dwells in perpetual summer amid the richest vegetable productions of nature. In the mountains of Jamaica, at the height of four thousand, two hundred feet, the vegetation of the tropics gives place to that of temperate regions; and here, while thousands are cut off annually along the coast by yellow fever, a complete exemption exists. In these elevated regions, the inhabitants exhibit the ruddy glow of health which tinges the countenance in northern climes, forming a striking contrast to the pallid and sickly aspect of those that dwell below. In ascending a lofty mountain of the torrid zone, the greatest variety in vegetation is displayed. At its foot, under the burning sun, ananas and plantains flourish; the region of limes and oranges succeeds; then follow fields of maize and luxuriant wheat; and still higher, the series of plants known in the temperate zone. The mountains of temperate regions exhibit perhaps less variety, but the change is equally striking. In the ascent of the Alps, having once passed the vine-clad belt, we traverse in succession those of oaks, sweet chestnuts, and beeches, till we gain the region of the more hardy pines and stunted birches. Beyond the elevation of six thousand feet, no tree appears. Immense tracts are then covered with herbaceous vegetation, the variety in which ultimately dwindles down to mosses and lichens, which struggle up to the barrier of eternal snow. In the United States proper, we have at least two summits, the rocky pinnacles of which shoot up to the altitude perhaps of six thousand five hundred feet. Of these, Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is one. Encircling the base is a heavy forest—then succeeds a belt of stunted firs—next a growth of low bushes—and still further up only moss or lichens, or lastly a naked surface, the summits of which are covered, during ten months of the year, with snow. Of the snow-capt peaks of Oregon, we possess no precise knowledge.”

The causes upon which this diminished temperature in the higher regions depends are—first, the perfect permeability of the atmosphere to the solar rays; and secondly, its increased capacity for caloric in proportion as it becomes more rare. As the solar rays radiate through the atmosphere almost without affecting its temperature, it

follows that the temperature of its lower regions is derived more immediately from the earth. Although the atmospheric stratum immediately incumbent on the surface of the earth, owing to this rarefaction, naturally ascends, yet, as its capacity for caloric at the same time increases, it loses rapidly its sensible heat. Hence, as we ascend into the atmosphere, its temperature diminishes precisely in the ratio that its latent heat, that is, its capacity for caloric, as produced by rarefaction, increases. To explain the diminution of temperature on the summits of high mountains, no longer therefore presents any difficulties to natural philosophers. As the atmosphere is rare and diaphanous, but a small portion of the heat of the solar rays which traverse it, is retained, and as the more dense inferior strata, heated by the surface of the earth, expand, rise up, and grow cold from the circumstance alone of their rarefaction, they encounter these summits, and rob them of their caloric, which passes into a latent state.

It is only, however, when lands are considerably and suddenly elevated, and exposed to the action of the atmosphere laterally, that this rapid conduction of heat and rarefaction of the atmosphere can take place. When large tracts of country rise gradually, the decline of 1° of temperature for every three hundred feet of elevation, as determined either by a balloon ascension or by scaling the sides of isolated and precipitous mountains, does not by any means take place. The region of our great lakes, for example, notwithstanding it is elevated 600-800 feet above the level of the sea, so far from causing a diminution of annual temperature, produces, in consequence no doubt of the great accumulation of summer heat by the soil, an augmentation. A most striking illustration of an analogous fact is offered by the ridges and valleys of the great Himalah mountains of Southern Asia, where immense tracts, which theory would consign to the dreariness of perpetual congelation, are found richly clothed in vegetation and abounding in animal life. At the village of Zonching, fourteen thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, in lat. $31^{\circ}36'$ N., Mr. Colebrook found flocks of sheep browsing on verdant hills; and at the village

of Pui, at about the same elevation, there are produced, according to Captain Gerard, the most luxuriant crops of barley, wheat, and turneps, whilst a little lower the ground is covered with vineyards, groves of apricots, and many aromatic plants.

In considering the laws relative to the distribution of plants and animals over the globe, we find that they are chiefly regulated by the temperature of the atmosphere. The circumstance next in importance is the nature of soil, which has resulted from the gradual attrition of the solid materials composing the crust of the globe; but as regards the very existence of all animals, at least of the land, and all vegetables, we find this stratum of common mineral substances an organic remains absolutely indispensable.

It is in tropical countries alone, beneath a vertical sun, that vegetation displays its utmost glory and magnificence. It is there, amidst eternal summer, that we find groves ever verdant, blossoming, and productive. Advancing to the northern orb, we can discover forests, which, denuded of their leaves, assume during half the year the appearance of death; and still approaching the poles, we meet vegetable life under a variety of stunted forms, which are ultimately superseded by a few coarse grasses and lichens.

"The influence of temperature on the geography of plants," says Dr. Forry, "is ably pointed out by M. de Candolle. In considering its relation with the organic life of plants, it is necessary to keep in view three objects: 1. The mean temperature of the year; 2. The extreme of temperature both in regard to heat and cold; 3. The distribution of temperature among the different months of the year. The last is the most important; but in the investigation of vegetable geography, it is requisite to estimate the simultaneous influence of all physical causes—soil, heat, light, and the state of the atmosphere, as regards its humidity, serenity, and variable pressure. Each plant has generally a particular climate in which it thrives best, and beyond certain limits it ceases to exist. Hence, having seen the great variations of summer and winter temperature on the same isothermal line, the absurdity of limiting a vegetable production to a certain latitude or mean annual tem-

perature, is apparent. To say that the vine, the olive, and the coffee-tree, require, in order to be productive, annual temperatures of $53^{\circ}.60$, $60^{\circ}.80$, and $64^{\circ}.40$, is true only of the same system of climate. As the annual quantity of heat which any point of the globe receives, varies very little during a long series of years, the variable product of our harvests depends less on changes in the mean annual temperature, than in its distribution throughout the year. Thus climates in regard to vegetable productions, are strongly characterized by the variations which the temperature of months and seasons experience."

Reference has already been made to the contrast in the climate of Western Europe and Eastern America, the former producing the olive and the orange in latitudes which with us are productive of ice and snow. Scarcely does a winter elapse that the Hudson river is not frozen over even in the vicinity of the city of New York; whilst Philadelphia and even Baltimore, lying on the same parallels on which flourish in Europe the olive and the orange, have their commerce often interrupted from the same cause. The Delaware, which is in the latitude of Madrid and Naples, is generally frozen over five or six weeks each winter. Even the Potomac becomes so much obstructed by ice, that all communication with the District of Columbia by this means, is suspended for weeks. Further north, we find the mouth of the St. Lawrence shut up by ice during five months of the year; and Hudson's Bay, notwithstanding it is in the same latitude as the Baltic Sea, and of thrice the extent, is so much obstructed by ice, even in the summer months, as to be comparatively of little value as a navigable basin.

Accordingly we find, that whilst the sugar-cane is cultivated in Europe as far north as latitude 36° , in a mean annual temperature of about 67° , its cultivation in the United States, on account of the low winter temperature, is prevented beyond latitude 31° . In Europe, the olive ranges between latitude 36° and 44° , that is, in a mean annual temperature of 66° down to 58° , provided the mean temperature of summer is not below 71° , nor that of the coldest month below 42° , which last excludes the United States beyond latitude 35° . For the same reason,

the date, palm, and sweet orange, grow in Louisiana only to latitude 30° . That these plants would succeed, however, on the Pacific coast of our territory, on parallels corresponding to Europe, is an opinion that has for its basis the fundamental truth, that the laws of nature never vary. It has, indeed, been recently stated, on the authority of travellers, that even as high as the forty-fifth degree, the fig, citron, orange, lemon, pomegranate, and cotton plant, flourish. This, in truth, is confirmed by thermometrical observations made by Mr. Ball, of New York, at Fort Vancouver, in latitude $45^{\circ} 37'$, situated on the Columbia River, about seventy miles in a direct line from the Pacific Ocean. During a year's observations, the lowest point is 17° of Fahr., and the whole number of days below the freezing point is only nine, all of which are noted in January. The seasons are even less contrasted than at Pensacola or New Orleans. The mean temperature of spring, summer, and autumn, are about the same as at Fort Wolcott, R. I., whilst the winter resembles that of Fort Gibson, Arkansas. "Though the latitude is nearly that of Montreal," he says, "mowing and curing hay are unnecessary; for cattle graze on fresh growing grass through the winter. . . . Winters on the Columbia River are remarkably mild, there being no snow, and the river being obstructed by ice but a few days during the first part of January." Here the seasons, notwithstanding five degrees farther north than the city of New York, are so mild and uniform, that the difference between the mean temperature of winter and summer is only $23^{\circ}.67$ —a mean which is less than that of Italy or southern France, and only about two-fifths of that of Fort Snelling, Iowa, which is $56^{\circ}.60$, notwithstanding the latter is nearly one degree further south.

Dr. Forry also points out the influence produced upon vegetable geography by the unequal distribution of heat among the seasons, as illustrated in the four systems of climate demonstrated on the same parallels in the northern division of the United States; and if we extend the comparison to the Pacific coast, a fifth system, as has just been seen, may be enumerated on the same latitude. Taking the coast of New England, the region of the great lakes,

and the Pacific coast, the difference between the mean temperature of winter and spring, varies from 6°.67 to 15°.42; whilst in the excessive climates of the regions west of the lakes, and intermediate to them and the Atlantic, this difference ranges from 18°.82 to 30°.83; and accordingly we find, as already explained, that spring and summer are confounded with each other, and that the sudden excess of heat renders the progress of vegetation almost perceptible. Not only is the vernal increase greater in excessive climates; but, as it supervenes upon a lower winter temperature, the effect produced upon the development of vegetation is in an inverse ratio. The vernal increase of 39°.83, for example, at Fort Snelling, Iowa, comes upon a mean winter temperature of 15°.95, whilst at Fort Sullivan, on the coast of Maine, on the same parallel, the increase of only 17°.16 follows a winter temperature as high as 22°.95.

As regards the effects of diversity of climate on the distribution of animals, our limits will not allow us to enlarge. Tropical regions, as in the vegetable creation, display animate nature in its grandest developments. Both on the land and in the sea, animals attain not only the most enormous magnitude, but exhibit the most extraordinary and diversified forms and colors in nature. Where else than amidst the profusion of vegetable exuberance teeming with animal life exhibited within the tropics, could the elephant and rhinoceros, the ostrich and cassowary, the boar and crocodile, exist? And in illustration of the design evidenced on every hand, where but in countries so productive of animal life should we discover the ferocity of the tiger and the poison of the serpent, as wise checks upon excessive increase?

One of the most interesting problems in history is, the geographical distribution of the human family; but this subject would of itself occupy a volume. Man alone can be truly regarded as a cosmopolite. Although more readily assimilated with particular climates than any other animal, yet the inhabitants of the middle latitudes, like other animals as well as plants, in consequence of their habitual exposure to extremes of temperature and consequent greater vital energy, manifest, in the highest degree, that plia-

bility of functions by which organized structures accommodate themselves to a change of physical circumstances.

"In surveying the different regions of the earth," says our author, "as it were with a *coup-d'œil*, the mental eye is equally struck with the dissemblances and the analogies which appear. Each climatic zone has a peculiar aspect, the physical circumstances of which mould everything with a plastic hand. Even man, endued with those functions which constitute him a cosmopolite, becomes, in appropriating to his wants the objects which surround him, assimilated in nature. Our idea of a special climate, then, should embrace all the characteristics in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, by which nature has distinguished one locality from another."

From remote ages, it is well known that the inhabitants of every extended locality have been marked by certain physical, moral, and intellectual peculiarities, serving no less than particularity of language, to distinguish them from all other people; but how far this result ought justly to be ascribed to the agency of the climate is still an undetermined point. But the influence of climate upon man's organization has been noticed from the earliest records of medicine. This powerful influence is apparent at once in surveying the external characters of the different nations of any quarter of the earth. In casting one's eye over our national legislature, the same diversity of physiognomy is apparent. The general countenance of each State's delegation is indeed a pretty sure criterion to judge of its comparative salubrity. We can at once distinguish the ruddy inhabitant of that mountain chain, where health and longevity walk hand in hand, where Jefferson and Madison inhaled its cheerful and invigorating breezes, from the blanched resident of our southern lowlands—those fair and inviting plains whose fragrant zephyrs are laden with poison, and the dews of whose summer evenings are replete with the seeds of mortality. As in the smiling but malarial plains of Italy,

"In florid beauty, groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here."

"Death here," says Macculloch,

speaking of malaria in Italy, "walks hand in hand with the sources of life, sparing none; the laborer reaps his harvest but to die; or he wanders amid the luxuriance of vegetation and wealth, the ghost of a man, a sufferer from his cradle to his impending grave; aged even in childhood, and laying down in misery that life which was but one disease. He is even driven from some of the richest portions of this fertile yet unhappy country; and the traveller contemplates at a distance deserts, but deserts of vegetable wealth, which man dares not approach,—or he dies."

Macculloch gives a deplorable picture of the degeneracy produced in man by a residence of successive generations in some of the malarial districts of Italy. Young women, before the age of twenty, have often the aspect of that of fifty, while in men, the age of forty is equivalent to sixty in healthier climates. Not only does the stature become reduced, but deformities are frequent. In our own country, along the frontiers of Florida and the southern borders of Georgia, as witnessed by our author, as well as in the lowlands of our southern States generally, may be seen deplorable examples of the physical, as well as mental and moral deterioration induced by malaria. In the Pontine marshes of Italy, the residents have the appearance of walking spectres. The moral and intellectual faculties become degraded. In the Maremma of Tuscany, absolute idiotism is common. The picture drawn by Monfalcon of the moral condition of the people in some of these pernicious districts, is truly frightful. In the catalogue of their vices, he names universal libertinism, abortion, infanticide, drunkenness, a disregard of religion, and whilst their murders are common, a large proportion are those of premeditated assassination. It is also worthy of remark, that whilst the deaths are increased and the mean duration of life diminished, the ratios of marriages and births are augmented, it being not uncommon for one woman to have had three, four, or even five husbands.

At the same time, it is manifest that political institutions and social organization often struggle successfully against climatic agency; for heroes, men of genius, and philosophers, have

arisen both in Egypt, under the tropic, and in Scandinavia, under the polar circle.

Our author propounds the two following questions—Does the climate of a locality, in a series of years, undergo any permanent changes? Does the climate of our north-western frontier resemble that of the Eastern States on their first settlement?

It has been much debated, whether the temperature of the crust of the earth or of the incumbent atmosphere, has undergone any perceptible changes since the earliest records, either from the efforts of man in clearing away forests, draining marshes, and cultivating the ground, or from other causes. As the earth is continually receiving heat from the sun, it follows that, if no caloric is thrown off into surrounding space, its mean temperature must be continually augmenting. It has accordingly been inferred that the increase of temperature is at the rate of 1° in eighty years; and thus the changes of climate alleged to have gradually supervened during successive ages in many countries, and particularly in the west of Europe, are attempted to be explained. But many geologists, on the other hand, maintain the doctrine, (on the supposition that the surface of the earth had a higher temperature at the period of the formation of the older rocks), of a decreasing superficial temperature as the result of radiation. It has been satisfactorily demonstrated by La Place, however, that since the days of Hipparchus, an astronomer of the Alexandrian school, who flourished about two thousand years ago, the temperature of the earth cannot have increased or decreased a single degree, as otherwise the sidereal day must have become either lengthened or shortened,—which is not the case.

In regard to the former and present temperature of the earth, M. Arago arrives at the conclusion, that in Europe in general, and in France in particular, the winters were, in former ages, at least as cold as at present,—an opinion founded upon the alleged fact of the congelation of rivers and seas at a very ancient period. He thinks that the conquests of agriculture, such as the opening of forests and the draining of marshes, as well as the confinement of water-courses to their chan-

nels, have caused a sensible elevation of the mean annual temperature. But after all M. Arago looks to America for the data necessary to settle this point definitely.

"Ancient France," he remarks, "contrasted with what France now is, presented an incomparably greater extent of forests; mountains almost entirely covered with wood, lakes and ponds, and morasses, without number; rivers without any artificial embankment to prevent their overflow, and immense districts, which the hands of the husbandman had never touched. Accordingly, the clearing away of the vast forests, and the opening of extensive glades in those that remain; the nearly complete removal of all stagnant waters, and the cultivation of extensive plains, which thus are made to resemble the *steppes* of Asia and America—these are among the principal modifications to which the fair face of France has been subjected, in an interval of some hundreds of years. But there is another country which is undergoing these same modifications at the present day. They are there progressing under the observation of an enlightened population; they are advancing with astonishing rapidity; and they ought, in some degree, suddenly to produce the meteorological alterations which many ages have scarcely rendered apparent in our old continent. This country is North America. Let us see, then, how clearing the country affects the climate there. The results may evidently be applied to the ancient condition of our own countries, and we shall find that we may thus dispense with *a priori* considerations, which, in a subject so complicated, would probably have misled us."

As much importance has been attached by some to those classic records which go to prove that the climate of Europe two thousand years ago was much more rigorous than now, our author has been at considerable pains to collect historical facts bearing upon this question up to the present time. He arrives at the following conclusion:—

"In regard to the opinion generally entertained, that the climate of Europe has been very much meliorated since the days of Julius Cæsar, it is then clearly apparent, from the foregoing facts, that it is far

from being sustained by evidence sufficient to enforce conviction."

In viewing the contradictory statements made in reference to the climate of particular countries in early periods, it must be borne in mind that the thermometer is comparatively a modern instrument, invented by the celebrated Sanctorius, in 1600; but still left so imperfect, that it was not till 1724 that Fahrenheit succeeded in improving it sufficiently to warrant a comparison of observations. The want of exact instrumental observations prior to the commencement of agricultural improvements, therefore, renders it impracticable to determine, with any degree of precision, what changes may have been effected through these causes, in the mean annual temperature or in that of particular seasons.

The following remarks of Dr. Forry and the facts adduced in their support, carry with them great force:—

"Dense forests and all growing vegetables doubtless tend considerably to diminish the temperature of summer, by absorbing evaporation from the surface of their leaves, and preventing the caloric rays from reaching the ground. It is a fact, especially well known that snow lies longer in forests than on plains, because in the former locality it is less exposed to the action of the sun; and hence the winters in former years may have been longer and more uniform. As the clearing away of the forest causes the waters to evaporate and the soil to become dry, some increase in the mean summer temperature, diametrically contrary to the opinion of Jenkinson and others, necessarily follows. It is remarked by Untreville that at Hudson's Bay the ground in open places thaws to the depth of four feet, and in the woods to the depth only of two. Moreover, it has been determined by the inometrical experiments that the temperature of the forest, at the distance of twelve inches below the surface of the earth, is, compared with an adjacent open field, at least 10° lower during the summer months; whilst no difference is observable during the season of winter. It may therefore be assumed that although cultivation of the soil may not be productive of a sensible change in the mean annual temperature, yet such a modification in the distribution of heat among the seasons may be induced as will greatly influence vegetation."

Changes of climate in the New

World are also alleged to have super-vened. Jefferson, Volney, Rush, and Williams, the historian of Vermont, maintain this opinion. It has been further asserted, after the usual loose manner, that on comparing the results of recent observations on our frontier with the best authenticated accounts we have of the climate of the Eastern States in their early settlement, a close similitude is found. The winters, it is said, have grown less cold and the summers less warm—consequences which are ascribed to the clearing of the forest and the cultivation of the soil. That the climate of the great lakes resembles that of the sea-coast, is very apparent; but that the region intermediate or the one beyond, ever maintained such a relation, is an assumption contrary to the laws of nature.

The following quotation expresses the views of our learned and able author on this subject:—

“The opinion that the climate of the States bordering the Atlantic on their first settlement, resembled that now exhibited by Fort Snelling and Council Bluffs, [the former at the confluence of the St. Peter’s and the Mississippi, and the latter near the junction of the Platte and Missouri], has been shown, it is believed, to be wholly gratuitous and unsustained by facts. Although the mean annual temperatures, as has been ascertained, vary from one another irregularly, either a few degrees above or below the *absolute* mean temperature of the place; yet no accurate thermometrical observations made in any part of the world, warrant the conclusion that the temperature of a locality undergoes changes in any ratio of progression; but conversely, as all facts tend to establish the position that climates are stable, we are led to believe that the changes or perturbations of temperature to which a locality is subject, are produced by some regular oscillations, the periods of which are to us unknown. That climates are susceptible of melioration by the extensive changes produced on the surface of the earth by the labors of man, has been pointed out already; but these effects are extremely subordinate, compared with the modification induced by the striking features of physical geography—the ocean, lakes, mountains, the opposite coasts of

continents, and their prolongation and enlargement towards the poles.

“But even Malte-Brun has ventured the assertion, that ‘France, Germany, and England, not more than twenty centuries ago, resembled Canada and Chinese Tartary—countries situated, as well as our Europe, at a mean distance between the equator and the pole.’ This illustration is certainly very unhappy; for, rejecting the pretended antiquity of the Chinese—the fables in relation to Fohi and Hoang-Ti, the former of whom, we are told, founded the empire of China about five thousand years ago—we must, with Malte-Brun, date its origin at least eight or nine centuries before Christ. China should, therefore, possess a milder climate than Europe, inasmuch as agriculture is represented to have been always in the most flourishing condition. As the practice of fallowing is unknown, almost the whole arable land is constantly tilled, and even the steepest mountains, cut into terraces, are brought under cultivation. Now, as this country presents a climate as austere as that of Canada in the same latitudes, the conclusion is irresistible, that in proportion as the leading physical characters of a region are immutable, does error pervade the remark of Malte-Brun—‘That vanquished nature yields its empire to man, who thus creates a country for himself.’”

A partial view of this question, indeed, not unfrequently leads to the most unwarranted conclusions. Any changes in the climate of the United States as yet perceived, are very far from justifying the sanguine calculations indulged in, a few years ago, by a writer* whose observations upon many other points are very valuable.

“But there will doubtless be,” he says, “an amelioration in this particular, when Canada and the United States shall become thickly peopled and generally cultivated. In this latitude, then, like the same parallels in Europe at present, *snow and ice will become rare phenomena, and the orange, the olive, and other vegetables of the same class, now strangers to the soil, will become objects of the labor and solicitude of the agriculturist.*”

The fallacy of the opinion which ascribes the mild climate of Europe to the influence of agricultural improve-

* Remarks on the Climate and Vegetation of the fortieth degree of North Latitude. By Richard Sexton, M. D., in Vol. V., American Journal of Medical Sciences.

ment, becomes at once apparent, when it is considered that the region of Oregon, lying west of the Rocky Mountains, which continues in a state of primitive nature, has a climate even milder than that of highly cultivated Europe in similar latitudes; and again, China, situated like the United States on the eastern coast of a continent, though subjected to cultivation for several thousand years, possesses a climate not less, and some assert even more rigorous, than that of the United States on similar parallels.

Connected with this subject is the question often agitated—upon which we have before slightly touched—whether the Old Continent is warmer than the New. Volney and others have attempted its solution by a comparison of the mean annual temperatures of different places on both sides of the Atlantic; but to this mode of determining it, the objection at once presents itself, that the points of comparison represent opposite extremes in the climate of each continent. Indeed, the question in itself involves an absurdity; for, as the laws of nature are unvarying in their operation, and as similar physical conditions obtain in corresponding parallels of both continents, the same meteorological phenomena will be induced. It shows in lively colors the truth of the remark, that every physical science bears the impress of the place at which it received its earliest cultivation. In geology, for example, all volcanic phenomena were long referred to those of Italy; and in meteorology, the climate of Europe has been assumed as the type by which to estimate that of all corresponding latitudes. In making a comparison of the two continents, it is, therefore, necessary that both points have the same relative position. Peking and Philadelphia, for instance, are legitimate points of comparison; but this is not the case in reference to the United States and Western Europe, or the latter compared with China. The climatic difference between the former has just been pointed out; and as regards the latter, the following extract from Traill's "Physical Geography" is to the point:—

"At Peking, in lat. 40° N., and long. 116° 20' E., the mean temperature of summer is 78° 8', and of winter 23°—a differ-

ence of not less than 55°.8, which gives rise to frosts of several months' duration in that part of China; yet Peking is under the same parallel as the southern extremity of Naples, where frost is unknown, and of the central provinces of Spain, in which, though at an elevation of two thousand feet above the sea, ice is an extremely rare occurrence."

In every work professing to treat of the climate of the United States, the opinion of Jefferson and Volney, that, in regard to the temperature of the regions lying east and west of the Alleghanies, "there is a general and uniform difference equivalent to 3° of latitude in favor of the basin of the Ohio and Mississippi," is quoted as an established fact. Mr. Jefferson estimated the difference equivalent to 3° of latitude, as similar vegetable productions are found so many degrees farther north. These phenomena M. Volney ascribed to the influence of the south-west winds, which carry the warm air of the Gulf of Mexico up the valley of the Mississippi. As North America has two mountain chains, extending from north-east to south-west, and from north-west to south-east, nearly parallel to the coasts and forming almost equal angles with the meridian, Humboldt endeavored to explain the migration of vegetables towards the north, by the form and direction of this great valley which opens from the north to the south; whilst the Atlantic coast presents valleys of a transverse direction, which oppose great obstacles to the passage of plants from one valley to another. The tropical current or trade-wind, it is said, deflected by the Mexican elevations, enters the great basin of the Mississippi and sweeps over the extensive country lying east of the Rocky Mountains; and that when this current continues for some days, such extraordinary heat prevails even through the basin of the St. Lawrence, that the thermometer at Montreal sometimes rises to 98° of Fahr. In winter, on the contrary, when the locality of this great circuit is changed to more southern latitudes, succeeded by the cold winds which sweep across the continent from the Rocky Mountains or descend from high latitudes, this region becomes subject to all the rigors of a Siberian winter.

The fallacy of these views is ably

pointed out by Dr. Forry. "As a traveller," says Volney, "I can confirm and enlarge upon the assertion of Mr. Jefferson;" and in regard to the temperature of the regions lying east and west of the Alleghanies, he concurs in the opinion, "that there is a general and uniform difference equivalent to three degrees of latitude in favor of the basin of the Ohio and Mississippi." This conclusion, which is not deduced from instrumental observations, rests, it will be observed, upon the phenomena of temperature and vegetation exhibited in the region of the great lakes. "Even as high up as Niagara," he continues, "it is still so temperate that the cold does not continue with any severity more than two months, though this is the most elevated point of the great platform—a circumstance totally inconsistent with the law of elevations." He proceeds to say that this climate does not correspond with similar parallels in New Hampshire and Vermont, "but rather with the climate of Philadelphia, three degrees farther south. . . . At Albany, no month of the year is exempt from frost, and neither peaches nor cherries will ripen." The phenomena observed by Volney are truly facts; but as the influence of physical geography on climate was then little known, the theory in regard to the difference of temperature east and west of the Alleghanies was naturally suggested. Instead of deducing general laws from universal facts, it is thus seen that the theory of Volney and Jefferson was a premature deduction—the result of hasty and partial generalization.

It is a good rule in philosophy to ascertain the truth of a fact before attempting its explanation—a truism, the observance of which would have saved M. Volney the labor of constructing his complex theory of the winds. It is a law that in proportion as we recede from the ocean or inland seas, the climate grows more excessive; and that the meteorological phenomena of the great lakes do not arise from the agency of tropical winds, is apparent from the single fact, that the winters are several degrees warmer, and the summers at least ten degrees cooler, as regards the mean temperature of these seasons, than at positions one hundred miles distant, notwithstanding they are on the same parallel

or even directly south, and consequently equally exposed to the current from the Gulf of Mexico. Volney's theory, in truth, bears a contradiction upon its own face; for, whilst he ascribes the modified climate of the lakes to the agency of tropical winds, he admits that the intermediate country traversed by these winds has a much more rigorous climate. Now had Volney and Jefferson chanced to observe the vegetation, by way of comparison, along the coast of Rhode Island or Connecticut, and on the same parallels in Illinois or farther westward, instead of the Lakes and Albany, the world would have been edified with an opposite theory, viz., that the Atlantic side of the Alleghanies is milder by three degrees of latitude than the tramontane region. Whilst at Fort Trumbull, Connecticut, the mean winter temperature is 39°.33, at Council Bluffs, near the junction of the Platte and Missouri, it is as low as 24°.47. Hence plants sensible to a low temperature, which flourish in the climate of the former, will perish in the latter; for, whilst the mean temperature of the coldest month at Fort Trumbull is only 34°.50, at Council Bluffs it is as low as 22°.61. This is also demonstrated by the average minimum temperature, that of the former being nine degrees above, and that of the latter sixteen degrees below zero; and equally so by the minimum temperature of the winter months, that of December, January, and February, being at Fort Trumbull, respectively, 20°, 10°, and 16°, and at Council Bluffs, —4°, —13°, and —11°. On the other hand, it will be found that the vegetables which can endure the rigorous climate of Council Bluffs will flourish more vigorously than in the region of Connecticut; for at the former, the vernal increase is 27°.47, at the latter only 11°.67. Moreover the latter increase is added to a winter temperature of 39°.33; whilst the former, added to 24°.47, more than doubles itself. It thus appears that the error of Volney and Jefferson arose from the fact demonstrated by Dr. Forry, that the United States present on the same parallels different systems of climate, produced by the unequal distribution of heat among the seasons—causes upon which the geographical distribution of plants greatly depends.

We have thus brought under notice

the portion of the volume before us, pertaining to climate proper; and though we have endeavored to follow our author through the main course of his investigation, yet there are many points considered which it would have given us pleasure to have noticed more particularly. Indeed we do not feel at liberty to make any further requisition upon these pages, inasmuch as we may have already, perhaps, infringed upon the law of copyright. As this Review speaks for itself, we deem it unnecessary to do more than merely advert to the severe mental toil demanded of the author of this excellent and impartial work, and to the circumstance that the facts and views he presents are in a great measure original. The work has been already most favorably noticed not only throughout the United States, but in England, Ireland, France, and Germany. Witness the following tribute to its merits from the London Literary Gazette, with

which, as a distinguished foreign endorsement of the praise we have bestowed on the production of our able and indefatigable countryman, we conclude the present article:—

“ This is an important subject, treated in a comprehensive, able, and scientific manner. . . . Considering what few data existed previous to the author's labors, it is a most complete and satisfactory performance. It has further the advantage of being treated in a scientific manner, and up to the present state of knowledge on the subject. . . . The highest praise that we can award to this great labor—for so it may be truly designated—is, that the older country, with all its industrious intelligence, has nothing of the kind; most of the contributions in local medical topography that adorn the pages of the Transactions of the Provincial Medical Association will not bear comparison; and it reflects altogether the highest credit on the medical literature of the United States.”

THE FUNERAL OF GOETHE.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF WARRO HARRING,

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERITT.

I.

SLEEP well beneath thy lordly funeral stole,
 While envying lords are crowding round thy hearse,
 Bard of the lofty rhyme and little soul!
 Thou star-bedizened, courtly King of verse!
 Sublime and sweet, I own, was every line
 That ever flowed from thy prolific pen;
 But never did one German thought of thine,
 In the long course of thy most varied strain,
 E'er reach the German hearts of thy true countrymen.

* The Poem of which a translation is here presented, exhibits one of the various lights under which the character of Goethe has been viewed by his countrymen and the literary world. It is curious to contrast the extreme bitterness of the censure here expressed, with the tone of admiration—I may almost say, *adoration*, with which he has been held up by Carlyle, not merely as the first poet of his day, but as the great moral and religious regenerator of modern times. There is a downright, straightforward, business-like air in these stanzas, which gives a favorable impression in regard to the author's sincerity, though the excessive acrimony of the satire may throw some doubts upon his discretion. It is not to be denied, however, that the friends of improvement and liberty in Germany have no small ground for complaint in the total indifference shown by their favorite poet to the fortunes of his country at the most trying moment of her history.

II.

In all thy works,—the more than fifty tomes,—
 I seek in vain to find a single place
 Wherein a word of kindly counsel comes
 In earnest love to thy own German race.
 The people hung upon thy lips :—they took
 With eager, open mouth whatever came ;
 But thou, poor, selfish soul ! would'st never look
 Beyond thyself. It was a sin and shame
 That thy own Fatherland for thee was but a name.

III.

God gave the gifted bard his breathing thought
 And burning word,—for what ?—that he might raise
 The people to his level,—upward brought,
 Electrified, by his inspiring lays.
 His lofty aim should soar beyond, above,
 The present time, to higher, holier things ;
 His verse a sword of truth,—a charm of love,—
 To cut the root of Falsehood's fatal stings,—
 To thrill with ravishing tones the multitude's heart-strings.

IV.

But thou !—what hast thou done with all the powers
 Which lavish Nature wasted on thy soul ?
 What object hadst thou in thy happiest hours
 Of inspiration, but the paltry goal,
 Thyself ?—What hast thou brought to pass for truth,
 For man's improvement, country, liberty ?
 Did thy cold bosom, from thy earliest youth,
 Through all thy long career of eighty-three
 Long years, bestow one throb on suffering Germany ?

V.

Thou boastedst thou couldst understand the ways
 Of God himself ;—say, didst thou understand
 What God had wrought beneath thy proper gaze
 Miraculously in that neighboring land ?
 When Falsehood throned was put to open shame,
 Didst thou approve or hold thy peace ? Ah no !
 Thou spak'dst of that most holy cause with blame ;
 Thou call'dst it, “insurrection of the low,”
 And “lawful government's unlawful overthrow.”

VI.

What was it ? Was it not the grand affair,
 At which three centuries our Germany
 Had wrought with heart and hand ? The holy war
 Of Truth with Lies—of Man with Mockery ?
 Didst thou as such regard it,—thou, whose eye
 For everything beside was passing bright ?
 Alas ! amidst his courtly mummery
 What cares a rhyming, courtly Parasite,
 Though millions all around are bleeding for the right !

VII.

A word from thee, and Germany had caught
 Some glimpses of what Germany should be ;
 A word from thee had freed the people's thought
 To ecstasy—to madness ; Germany,
 Storm-shatter'd, blasted by oppression's blow,
 Poor Germany perhaps had now been free.
 That saving word thou didst not speak :—but know
 To whom much has been trusted, much shall be
 From him requir'd again :—'tis God's declared decree.

VIII.

And much to thee was trusted : Nature's care
 Most bounteously her rarest gifts allowed,
 Dispensing to thee for thy single share
 What ten well-gifted minds had well endowed.
 But thou these matchless powers didst basely hide,
 And thy young heart's uncounted treasure sell
 For worthless toys,—intent on worldly pride
 And sensual pleasure only,—to the weal
 Of country, human kind, through life insensible.

IX.

Thy busy thought explored all sciences
 And arts ;—thy busy pen explained the whole,
 Save one :—one only that most searching gaze
 Passed unobserved,—the science of the soul.
 Thou, to whom nothing else remained unknown,
 Wert still a stranger to the better part
 Of thy own nature ;—never breath'dst a tone,
 With all thy mastery in thy minstrel art,
 That told of Love to Man, deep-rooted in thy heart.

X.

German in this alone, if naught beside,
 It was thy ruling passion to possess
 The gift,—at once our nation's curse and pride,—
 The boasted, fatal *Manysidedness*.
 The German roams with satchel in his hand,
 And brings in pomp laborious nothings home
 From every field of learning, while the land
 He calls his own is crushed beneath the doom
 Of thirty tyrannies,—the scorn of Christendom.

XI.

Germans like thee know all things thoroughly,
 Excepting this, that they are German born :
 Heroic with pen in hand, they calmly see
 Their native Germany to fragments torn,
 And never stir a finger :—poorly vain
 Of useless lore, they want the generous glow
 Of the true spirit, and with fond disdain
 View from their fancied heights, as quite below
 Their notice, the great scene of human weal and woe.

XII.

So great and yet so little!—Born a king,
 In Mind's unbounded empire, thou must be
 A minister at Weimar!—born to fling
 The fetters of thy mighty minstrelsy
 O'er charmed Europe, thou must condescend
 To play the menial;—never satisfied
 That thou wert noble, till thy august friend,
 His Most Transparent Highness,* certified
 The fact, and round thy neck two yards of ribbon tied.

XIII.

Then rest in peace beneath thy princely pall,
 And Germany shall weep beside the bier;
 Aye! weep for what thou hast been, and for all
 Thou might'st have been, with many a scalding tear.
 Thou wert the Cæsus of the realm of mind,
 Who wouldst not to thy suffering land allow
 A mite:—for this the Germans leave behind
 Their kindly homes, and as they wandering go
 To climes afar, on thee the bitter curse bestow.

XIV.

For this I hold thee up to public scorn
 Before the world in all thy littleness,—
 Greater than thee, however lowly born,
 In that I feel, in joy and in distress,
 My brotherhood with man. With cheerful heart
 I own thy genius,—own the potent charm
 So oft thrown o'er me by thy minstrel art;
 But neither Rank nor Glory shall disarm
 The steadfast voice of Truth, whome'er it may alarm.

XV.

Therefore it is, all-gifted as thou wert
 With God's best gifts of genius and of grace,
 That I pronounce thee recreant at heart,
 False to thyself, thy country and thy race.
 Alike to me the lordly and the low,—
 I view them by the same impartial light;
 But one unflinching rule for all I know,
 Content that others should to me requite
 What I mete out to them—the honest Rule of Right.

* The barbarous term, *Durchlaucht*, which is used in Germany as the official style of the reigning princes of the Ducal order, and which is commonly translated *Most Serene Highness*, means literally *Transparency*. I have accordingly rendered it *Most Transparent Highness*. This is one of the worst specimens of the wretched taste for unmeaning titles which prevails in Europe—and to some extent in this country.

AMERICAN NAMES.*

We have taken up this work, which, by the way, is a most valuable abridgment, not for the purpose of discussing its merits, but for the purpose of selecting one or two passages, and making them the occasion of some remarks upon NAMES ON OUR CONTINENT.†

On pages 1015 and 1016, referring to the United States, M. Balbi thus remarks:—

“One of the most distinguished geographers of the Union, Mr. Tanner, correctly remarks that this confederation offers the geographical anomaly of an immense country, without a proper name. In fact we find ‘United States’ in Europe, in the Ionian Islands—‘United States’ in North America, in the confederations of Mexico and Central America—‘United States’ in South America, in the *ci-devant* vice-royalty of Rio de la Plata, and we are on the point of seeing others spring up, by the division of the republic of Colombia. We had made the same remark long ago; and after some years we have proposed the names of Anglo-American Confederation, and Anglo-Americans, to designate the soil and the inhabitants of this important part of the new world. These denominations, based principally upon the origin of the great mass of the inhabitants, have been already adopted in many works of merit, and we think we can, without inconvenience, use them provisionally, until it shall please Congress to give them a convenient name. After the example of Humboldt and other celebrated savans, we have used as synonymous the terms *Union* and *United States*, but only in circumstances which did not

admit of the least misunderstanding. So, then, this confederation is found designated by the four names of *Anglo-American Confederation*, which appears to us the least improper, because it cannot apply to any other federative state; *United States of North America*; *Union*, *PAR EXCELLENCE*; and *United States*, properly so called. This last is the official name, and is used in political transactions.”

This is a subject which deserves more consideration than it has yet received. Hitherto we have barely got along, by using the word America, whenever we were in want of a single name, and by taking at other times double words or phrases. In all official transactions we style our country The United States of America. Besides being open to the objection that this is a name which several other countries may lay claim to, it admits of no adjective.

At home the inconvenience is not so great. When we have occasion to speak of ourselves we can say, “our country,” or “this country,” but the moment our intercourse with other nations begins we find ourselves embarrassed. When our traveller in Europe is asked what country he comes from, he answers, without hesitation, from America. He takes it for granted, that everybody will understand by it that he comes from our United States. Very likely he is then asked some question about Canada or Rio Janeiro, which shows him that the idea he has given is not of this country in particular, but of the continent. The Texan,

* Abrégé de Géographie, réédité sur un Nouveau Plan, d'après les Derniers Traités de Paix, et les Découvertes les plus Récentes. Par Adrien Balbi. Paris, chez Jules Renouard. 1831.

† “Upon pages 1015 and 1016, we call the reader's attention to the singular geographical anomaly which the United States present, of being still without a proper name, and we have given our reasons for the denominations employed by us in the course of this work. Having consulted on this point our learned friend M. Constancio, he has signified to us how much he would be flattered if he could have the honor of being the godfather of this confederation, which has become too powerful to pass under a special denomination. The name which he proposes is that of *Pleiadelphia*. It contains the following ideas—a *Northern and Western Fraternal Union of Maritime States*, being composed of *Adelphia* and *Pleias* or *Pleiades*. The northern constellation, named *Hesperides* or *Atlantides* by the ancients, was regarded as the protectress of navigators. The flag of the Union being composed of stars, of which each represents a State, presents in effect to the eye a real constellation.” *Introduction*, page 101.—The reader will smile at M. Constancio's fanciful name.

the Mexican, the West Indian, the Peruvian, claim to be Americans also, and our traveller soon finds, what he had scarcely thought of at home, that his country has no name.

Will it be said that this is a matter of no importance? A name may be of importance. It is impossible to generalize without giving names to general ideas. The complex idea of a nation, of one distinct political community among the nations of the world, must be represented by words, whether it be a single name or a phrase. A phrase is inconvenient, harsh to the ear, and incapable of expressing the relations which the derivatives from a single name express. Every nation that has been glorious and powerful before us has had one word for its name. Rome, France, England, Spain, are names which represent nations. They have a spell in them, to bind together their inhabitants, and to concentrate and exalt their nationality. What a crowd of associations attend upon the name of Rome—the Senate and the Consuls—the Forum—the People—the conquering eagles.

We may indeed continue one people, if we have no name. We shall multiply, and spread, and become more powerful, nevertheless. But this is not the question. It is, whether an appropriate name may not materially promote our convenience, strengthen our union, make our associations with our country still more agreeable to us, and, by gratifying the imagination, increase our nationality and our love of country. If it were a mere matter of taste, that would be much, for matters of taste have often, as in this very case, a great deal to do with character. A name is a bond of union. It is a sign, a watchword. Who can tell how much it may affect the sentiment of national pride and honor! While we have one country, and are one people, let us be called by one name.

Our practice of calling ourselves Americans no doubt prevents our being sensible of many of the inconveniences of the want of a single name. Let us try to imagine, how we should get along without it—without any name. We may then perhaps reflect, that this name is, at present, a very imperfect designation; and that whatever reason there may be for having any, exists for

having one that is really appropriate to the country.

It is much to be regretted, that the revolution was suffered to pass without giving a name to the new country. That was the most fit time. It seemed a natural consequence of the revolution. Possibly the Congress of the Confederation, when it called the States the United States of America, intended that America should be the name of the country. At that time we were the only nation on the continent; the provinces to the south of us had no political importance, separate from the mother country. The name of the continent, it might be thought, could be easily appropriated by ourselves, the only nation upon it.

But since that day the face of the world has changed. Spain has fallen in pieces. The old provinces have become nations, all calling themselves American. We are no longer alone upon the continent, and we cannot continue to appropriate to ourselves its name.

One who has not thought much of it is scarcely aware how often the word is used in two different senses. In all geographies, and whenever either the continent of the north or the south is mentioned, America is of course the name given. At the same time the more restricted sense of our particular country is so often used, that we almost forget its having any other. Take, for example, the messages of the Presidents. They speak of America, the American people, American institutions, as if this country were the continent. In State papers, in diplomatic notes, in court circulars, we see everywhere America taken to signify our country. Nor is this practice confined to ourselves. In England, our minister is styled the American minister. In France, *l'Amérique* often signifies the United States. In Canada, they talk to you of the American and the Canadian shore of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. In the new republics of our Southern Continent they vary the phrase and call us, "Americanos del Norte."

Here we have the same word used indiscriminately for the whole continent and for our own country. The inconvenience of this practice, and the other reasons which we have mentioned, make it necessary now to

change it. We must get another name for ourselves or for the continent.

It appears to us that the latter alternative is the preferable one. We think it is quite practicable even now, and if practicable most proper, to give the name of Columbus to the continent, and to retain America for ourselves.

The great navigator was robbed of the honor which was his due. Whatever antiquaries may say of the voyages of the Northmen, and of the traditions of their discoveries which lay scattered about Europe, to Columbus belongs the unquestionable merit of having first reasoned himself into the firm belief that an undiscovered continent lay in the west; of having cherished that belief through many years of disappointment and distress; of having persevered in his efforts to fulfil the dream of his life, till he actually set his foot upon a new hemisphere. If the name of any man should have been given to these shores, it was his. He discovered a new world, and it was his right to give it a name. By a singular mischance, which his contemporaries lamented less indeed than their posterity, his own name was lost, and the name of another, a mere adventurer, who followed long after, fell upon the land.

Is it now too late to repair the wrong? Is the Christian name of Vespucci so finely imbedded in the soil, that it cannot be torn out, to make room for the worthier name of the great discoverer? It may have been reserved for the inhabitants of the New World to do him the justice which the Old denied. There was a strange apathy in those times respecting the merits and the wrongs of Columbus. Perhaps the rivalry between the different nations prevented that unanimity which might otherwise have existed. And there was wanting a public sentiment, extending and working throughout Christendom, such as there is in our days.

We are aware of the reluctance with which men make great changes, and the difficulty they find in adapting themselves to them. We have not overlooked the obstacles which must first be overcome; and yet we are satisfied that the change can be made, and that nothing more is necessary for it than the concurrence of our own people.

The world is accustomed to great changes in the names of places. There is nothing less permanent than geography. What mutations in the names of places have been constantly going on! Ancient and modern geography seem hardly to describe the same world. Cities, provinces, and kingdoms have changed. The maps of modern Europe have to be renewed every quarter of a century, such are the changes perpetually occurring in that most civilized and stable quarter of the world. Every new general treaty of peace re-arranges the continent.

What has happened almost within our own recollection? Poland has been contracted, extended, blotted out, and replaced. The Batavian, Helvetic, and Cisalpine Republics were constructed, and fell in pieces in a few years. The kingdom of Westphalia appeared a short time in the list of continental states, and then vanished. Within the last fifteen years a new kingdom has arisen at the mouths of the Rhine, and taken the old name of Belgium. All the maps of Europe that we studied in our boyhood made the Don its eastern boundary. Under the direction of Russian geography, the limit is now pushed forward to the Volga, and an immense tract separated from Asia.

On our side of the ocean, the great island of Hispaniola has changed its name once to St. Domingo, and a second time to Hayti. The peninsula on our eastern border was formerly known as Acadia, till it fell into the dominion of the Stuarts, and got a new name from the country which gave its origin to that house.

Within twenty years the continent which bounds the Indian ocean on the east was everywhere known as New Holland; it is now Australia. Many of the objections which may be urged against the change of name of our continent, might have been made against that. It had been known by that name more than two hundred years; geographers had designated it so in every section of Christendom; historians had written of it; large settlements had been formed on its coasts; yet no difficulty was found in making the change. Besides this change, a new nomenclature has been adopted for the islands of the South Seas. Otaheite and Owyhee have disappeared

from the maps, and Tahiti and Hawaii written in their places.

These considerations may satisfy us that custom does not interpose an insurmountable obstacle. The change will make no confusion after a few years; no sooner is it resolved upon than it is accomplished. *Ce n'est le premier pas qui coule* is as true here as it ever was. Many will make mistakes at first perhaps, as they do when they begin a new year, writing the old a few times when they should have written the new, but in a short time the new name becomes the most natural.

Other obstacles there are none; the change opposes no interests; it disturbs no balance of power; interferes with no international arrangements; changes the relations of no state; it proposes simply to substitute one word for another; to write COLUMBIA instead of AMERICA. We should then have North and South Columbia, instead of North and South America.

Our own country fortunately stands at the head of the New World; we lead the mind as we control the politics of the hemisphere; what we resolve upon, we have the means of accomplishing. In this matter, our influence would be as certain as anything could be. If Congress were once to authorize the change, it would spread with unexampled rapidity. But whether done by resolution of Congress, or even by the agreement of our learned bodies, our writers, geographers, and all our people, would in a few years forget that they had ever known any other designation.

One edition of a new geography, with the new names, extensively circulated and used in the schools, would soon accustom our people to the change, and once adopted in this country the new name would become general in the rest of the world. The change in the calendar from the old to the new style was a very formidable undertaking. The calendar was in daily, hourly use; the change was sudden and complete. Every person had at first to make an effort to bear it in mind. There was an instantaneous and total revolution in every calculation of time and in the date of every document and every letter. The old engrafted prejudices respecting the changes of seasons and

their times had to be overcome. Everybody, no doubt, began to write the date in the old style, recollected himself, drew the pen through what he had written, and wrote it again in the new. So it would be in this case. At first everybody might begin to write America, then draw the pen through the word, and finish by writing Columbia, and in a little time the hand would cease to write America in the accustomed places, and the change would be perfect.

Fortunately the name of Columbia is still unappropriated, for we lay out of view the republic that once arose in the south, and took that name for a few years. That has broken in pieces and disappeared; the name no longer appears in maps or geographies. Nor do we regard the circumstance, that, in poetry, Columbia has sometimes been used to signify this country. In ordinary language the name is unknown. The way is therefore clear for our restoring to Columbus the lost honors which were the right of the Discoverer.

It has been sometimes proposed to call this country after Columbus. And if it were not possible to pay his name the more appropriate tribute of calling the whole continent after it, we should think the suggestion worthy of a great deal of consideration. But it appears to us not more difficult to give his name to the continent than to this particular portion of it. And if the two things are equally easy, certainly the continent should take the name.

Compare the difficulties of the two changes. America has now two significations. It signifies a great country, and a great continent. We are obliged to choose between them. It is easiest to discontinue the use of that signification which is least frequent. A continent is less often mentioned than a great country, one of the leading powers of the world. In nine cases out of ten, whenever this country is named, it is named as America. Let any one look into the newspapers, public acts, familiar treatises, not grave histories and precise state papers, and he will soon satisfy himself how much oftener the word America is used in reference to this country, than to the continent of which it is the leading State. As a question, therefore, of comparative facility, we should be led to choose the

discontinuance of the present name of the continent.

Nor must we forget, even in this view of practicability, the influence of the important consideration, that by changing the name of the continent we shall be doing a long deferred act of justice to Columbus. We shall do more readily what we know to be just. It is fit that the name of Columbus should be engraven upon the shores of both the continents. We would call the whole hemisphere *Columbia*, that the voyager from the old world, whenever, on his voyage hither, he describes the land, may be reminded of him to whom it owes its discovery. We would call it *Columbia*, that the name of the great discoverer may be on men's lips, whenever they speak of the new world, that he laid open to the old. We would call it *Columbia*, as an everlasting testimonial to heroic virtue, as a memento to the child, to the scholar, to every man, of the reward which the world finally bestows on greatness.

The balance of difficulties, then, is in favor of doing now that justice to Columbus, which his contemporaries denied, and which Europe has been too tardy in making good. If the difficulties even were only equal, the opportunity of doing this justice should determine our choice. But, fortunately, they are not so. We are in the infancy of our existence as a nation. We have already placed ourselves in power by the side of the oldest and strongest nations. But we have a literature to create, tastes to form. In this growing state we receive impressions readily. This is the time, if ever, to accomplish so great, so noble a purpose. The occasion is urgent. We cannot remain as we are; we must choose; we must take a new name for the United States, or a new name for the continents of North and South America. Which is easier? Which is better? We have tried to answer. The work is already half done. It requires but little effort to perfect it.

In connection with this subject, we have something to say of proper names generally in this country. If one were to judge us by the names he sees upon our maps, he would be apt to think that the Americans had no originality, and no taste. Instead of the old Indian names, which had a signification relat-

ing to the places,—instead of new names, appropriate to the places they are given to, we have the names of the towns of the old world, thrown at random, without the least regard to their real signification, or their appropriateness to the new places,—and what is worse, the names of classical heroes sprinkled, as if by chance, upon the maps. The process of settlement is going on so fast in this country that it is very natural the settlers should be sometimes puzzled to get names for their new townships; and when the matter happens to fall into the hands of incompetent persons, it need not surprise us that they should make mistakes of taste. But there is something so barbarous and ridiculous in giving the name of some old capital or hero to a certain number of square miles in the wilderness, that no person, however ignorant, is excusable for it.

Somebody has said that the military tract, in New York, must have been named by a drunken pedagogue. Certainly no person of taste could have had anything to do with it. These names mar one of the richest portions of the State. Beautiful scenery gladdens the valleys, and is reflected from the lakes of the district. But the name frightens away, by its striking unfitness, all poetical ideas. Who can have agreeable associations with townships that have stolen such names as Pompey, Lysander, Manlius, and Cicero?

Not so ridiculous and uncouth, but still most inappropriate are the names of places in the old world. In the place of their origin they have a meaning. Take, for instance, Falmouth—that is, the mouth of the river Fal. A town is settled in America, not at the mouth of a river Fal, nor of any river, but in the interior, perhaps, beyond the mountains, and it is called Falmouth. Here the name has no signification. It betrays poverty of invention and want of taste, and it leads to confusion. If the new Falmouth should by any chance become a place of consequence, the two towns might often be confounded. Boston in America is a place of greater importance, and, therefore, more known in the world than Boston in England. What a pity that our beautiful Massachusetts capital had not retained its

original name of Tremont, or taken some other appropriate name.

What makes the matter still worse is the prefix *New*, before so many of the old names. This always makes a name harsh, which before might have been only inappropriate. New York—what a name for the mart of the New World, the Queen of American cities, the maritime capital of both the continents! Compare it with the name of the Indian,—*barbarian*, as we call him,—Manhattan, or Manahatta. Is there a resident of this city who would not wish to restore this euphonious name of the original inhabitants!

There is not a country on the face of the earth disfigured by so many harsh and inappropriate names as this. England, France, Holland, have names peculiar to their own soil, engrafted on their language, and bearing analogous terminations. In Italy and Spain the names, call up associations of immortal renown or old romance. Germany and Switzerland have names which seem to have been made for their green valleys and their wild mountain passes. Denmark and Sweden owe theirs—soft and musical they are—to the Goths and Vandals. And Russia, Poland, Bohemia, harsh as many of their names appear to us, have at least such as are significant to the Slavonic races. But here, what an admixture of English, French, Italian, Slavonic, and Gothic—a piebald map—a confused jumble of old and new, Saxon and Frank, Arab and Mongol; as if there were nothing native, nothing that became the soil, nothing that distinguished the mass of human beings who are spreading themselves, with the rapidity of the prairie fires, from sea to sea. The vast, tempestuous lakes, the almost interminable rivers, the wild mountain scenery, the dim, lonely forests, the beautiful, most beautiful alternation of hill and valley, the pure, elastic atmosphere, fit this land of ours for the home of poetry and romance, not less than of wealth and power,—a dream-land, and a land of song. But what can we do with the strange name, with which carelessness or a depraved taste is marring this beauty, and poisoning the fountains of romance and song? What can we make of the Syracuses, the Pompeys, the Memphises, New Hampshire, New York, New Orleans? We

can do nothing with them, but thrust them forthwith out of the country. We can do it, and we must do it. In this our season of rejoicing youth, of unhesitating spirit, accustomed to effort and to change, we can do it, with a single effort.

It will be our own fault if our associations with any part of this most beautiful of lands should be made disagreeable from any such cause. We have committed two faults which it is not too late to repair. We have too often dropped the Indian names, and we have substituted for them the names of places in the old countries. We must repair the evil by undoing what we have done.

We must restore the Indian names whenever we can. They must not be lost. They are both euphonious and appropriate. It would be a most beautiful memento of the Indian races, who are soon about to perish from our sight, if their names were left on our hills and rivers,

“Their baptism on our shore.”

Who can think of these red men of the forest, melting away like dew before the heat of advancing civilisation, without wishing that their musical languages had left more traces upon the land over which they roamed?

It will not be difficult to find the Indian name for almost every town. But as the Aborigines lived in small communities, and gave no names to large territorial divisions, we shall have to take the names of some of the most prominent natural objects, such as mountains, rivers, or lakes. We would change the name of the city of New York to MANHATTAN, and of the State to ONTARIO. We would banish every classical name from the military district, and search out the names of the Oneidas, one of the most poetical and eloquent of the Indian tribes.

When no Indian name can be found, belonging to the place, or to some natural object in the neighborhood, we would invent one rather than borrow from Europe. Compound words might be found significant of places. If we found any difficulty in inventing a name appropriate to the place, we would take some other Indian word, or invent a word without meaning. This, if it should become necessary, might easily

be done. Lists of Indian names might be made out from old maps, from the early colonial annals, the histories of the southern and western tribes, and from the treaties which are yearly made with the Indians. If nothing else would do, unmeaning compounds might be formed a thousand times better than any imported name. From a few euphonious syllables an endless combination of words might be made, as any one will see who will take the trouble to try. Take any known names, and vary their terminations; or any three or four syllables and combine them indefinitely. For example, from Oneida might be formed Oneidan, Oneidana, Oneidanland; and the three syllables, Wan, Ran, Ga, would make in combination, Warranea, Warracan, Ranwanea, Rancawar, Cawarran; or Lin, Ga, Den, would make Linalgan, Luidenga, Gaunden, Gadenan, Denlinga, Dengalin. It might never be necessary to make any such words. In most cases a name could be obtained

from the Indian languages, or some natural object would suggest one; but if neither, then it would be better to make one, without a signification, than one whose signification would mislead, and suggest comparisons with very different places, or without good taste. Better to coin any words for the occasion than to plant such words as Cairo, Memphis, Sempranus, or any of the like, in the American forests.

American literature is at some future and not very distant day, we trust, to break forth, like the earth in spring, teeming with life, with fragrance, and beauty. Let us hope that sweet words may be scattered on all her hills and valleys; that as our associations with Italy are more interesting and poetical, because of the beautiful names with which that fair land is studded, so our own America may bind our hearts to her, not only by the love of home and the love of country, but the association of pleasant names with pleasant scenes.

BROOK FARM.

BY G. A. BROWNSON.

THE subjoined Letter from a highly esteemed friend and distinguished literary lady, giving some notice of Brook Farm, or the Community at West Roxbury, Mass., was addressed to me while Editor of the Boston Quarterly Review, and would have appeared in the last number of that journal, but for the want of room. This will explain its personal address and allusions. It is laid before the readers of the Democratic Review, because its details can hardly fail to interest them, and because it gives me an opportunity to offer some additional remarks on the importance of establishments like that of Brook Farm, in working out the moral, intellectual, and physical amelioration of mankind, especially of the poorest and most numerous class.

That there is something defective in our social organisms, that mankind are susceptible of a far higher degree of moral and physical well-being, than

they have ever yet attained to, has become a very general conviction, and is every day becoming wider and deeper. The spread of Christian principles, the great doctrines of the unity of the race, human brotherhood, and democratic equality, has enlarged men's hopes, and made quite apparent the glaring disproportion there is everywhere between the actual and the possible condition of mankind. Everywhere do men feel that they have not reached that social state, which they are bound in religion and in morals to labor to realize. Everywhere is the question raised, How shall the actual condition of mankind be made to correspond to the Christian Ideal? How shall be introduced that equality of moral and physical well-being which is the expression of the equality of all men before God and the State?

This has become, in fact, the one great, all-absorbing question of the

age. Every man who has the least moral life, in some form or other asks it in deep earnest, and with an anxious heart; and whenever it is once raised by an individual or a community, it will not down at the bidding. We may seek to hush the matter up; we may denounce those who boldly challenge its discussion; but it has taken so strong a hold on the more advanced nations of Christendom, that it is useless for us to attempt to blink the question; nothing remains for us but to meet it, seriously, solemnly, in a spirit corresponding to its importance, and to give it such answer as best we may. The present social condition of mankind cannot last for ever; something better is reserved for man on earth, than he ever yet has found. How shall he obtain it? Various answers have been given, from time to time, which it may be well in passing briefly to notice.

1. The first of these answers worthy of our attention is the CLERICAL answer, usually given in the words of Jesus, "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This answer is true from the point of view from which it was originally given; but as commonly interpreted in these days, it is not sufficiently practical. What is the "kingdom of heaven?" What is it to "seek" it? Where and how is it to be sought? In what consists its righteousness? How is that righteousness to be obtained? Unquestionably we are to seek the kingdom of heaven, and its righteousness; but is there any difference between doing this, and seeking the moral and physical well-being of mankind on earth? That we are also to seek the kingdom of heaven by seeking to make all men obey the new commandment which Jesus gave us, namely, that we love one another as he loved us, is unquestionably true; but how are we to make all men love one another, and be willing to die for one another, as Jesus did for us? The Clerical answer is rather an exhortation to seek an answer to the question raised, than the answer itself.

2. A second answer may be termed the ETHICAL, insisted upon mainly by moralists, philanthropists, and especially by those who follow theories rather than experience. It is variously

given, but in our times most frequently in the words *self-trust, self-reliance, self-control, SELF-CULTURE*. Its essential feature is man's sufficiency for himself, and, therefore, that he must work out, by his own isolated, unaided efforts, his own salvation, whether temporal or eternal. It implies Idealism in philosophy; Egoism in morals, Individualism in politics, and Naturalism in religion; and is, therefore, necessarily atheistical in its spirit and tendency. But man is not sufficient for himself. He cannot perform any act, even the slightest, external or internal, save in conjunction with what is not himself. He is the subject that acts, and, therefore, cannot be the object on which he acts. He that cultivates must be other than he who is cultivated. We never cultivate ourselves by direct efforts at self-culture; we cultivate one another,—ourselves only in seeking to cultivate others. This is what is implied in the fact that we are social beings; that we can live and grow only in the bosom of society.

The whole of this answer proceeds on a false assumption. We form only to a limited extent our own characters. They are in a great measure the result of circumstances over which, as isolated individuals, we have and can have no control. Much depends on who were our parents and ancestors; on the community in which we are born and brought up; on the early training we receive; the early bias given to our minds and affections; and the habits we are suffered to contract before we are old enough to reflect and judge for ourselves. Evil communications corrupt good manners; and good communications purify corrupt manners. When so much depends on that over which we can exercise at best only a feeble control, and in general no control at all, what is the use of talking about self-culture? We are all members of one body; the whole body must suffer with each of its members, and each member with the body. In this isolation, presupposed by the doctrine of self-culture, no man lives or can live. The lot of each man is, for time and eternity, bound up with that of all men.

The advocates of *self-culture*, as the medium of social regeneration, proceed on the hypothesis that the evils mankind endure are merely an aggregate

of individual evils, the result, in all cases, of individual ignorance and vice. But this hypothesis, in the sense they affirm it, is without any foundation. Mankind is not a mere aggregation of individuals. The race is older than individuals, and is the parent of individuals: for individuals are nothing but the various phenomena through which, or by means of which, the race manifests itself. Society also is older than individuals, and by virtue of the one life which runs through all men, making them all one in the unity of the race, has its unity, and a sort of entity of its own, by which it is superior to individuals, and does and can survive them. There are very few evils that spring from the depravity of isolated wits, or that mere private morality, stopping with the isolated individual, can cure. What we complain of in the actual condition of mankind is the result of no one cause; has been produced by nobody in particular; but is the growth of ages, the product of causes as old and as wide as the race, and as diversified as its members. It is idle, then, to suppose that any one individual can, even in his own individual case, throw off the burthen which all humanity has been through all its existence engaged in placing upon his shoulders. Individuals, be they never so enlightened and virtuous, must suffer, the world being as it is. The wickedness of one man carries mourning and desolation to hundreds, nay, thousands of hearts. A single bad law, touching social and political economies, enforced by the supreme authority of the state, makes the great mass of the people poor and wretched for hundreds of generations. Who can estimate the amount of public and private wrong, individual vice, crime, poverty, and suffering, occasioned by the combined influence of our banking and so-called protective systems? Ages will not undo the mischief they have done. Their deteriorating effects will be felt on this country, and, therefore, on the whole human race, in a degree, as long as we are a people. Private virtues are no doubt the great matter, the one thing needful; but it is only when they are directed to the removal of the depravities of the social state that they become efficient agents in the amelioration of mankind.

Another mistake is involved in this theory of semi-culture. Its advocates allege that knowledge is power, and infer that a man can always take care of himself if he only be enlightened. This is only another phase of the same notion, that all the causes of evil are purely individual, and may be easily removed by each individual, so far as himself is concerned. Knowledge is no doubt power; and I, if I am the only enlightened man in the community, can make all the rest labor for me; it is power also, if all the community are enlightened and direct their efforts to organic amelioration. But knowledge cannot prevent a man from being hungry, from having the heart-ache, nor his coat from becoming rusty or threadbare. Suppose all your operatives in Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, and Lowell, should become as knowing as Locke or Newton, the factory system remaining all the time unchanged, and they continuing to be operatives still, how much would their material condition be improved? Their sufferings would be increased a hundred-fold. The nearer the condition of brutes you can keep men and women, if they are to be treated as brutes, the greater the service you do them. Individuals undoubtedly rise by means of knowledge from a very low estate; but it is usually only by making their knowledge the means of laying under contribution the labors of others.

Nor is this all. It is impossible to practise, however enlightened or well disposed we may be, all the Christian virtues in society as it is now organized. Consider two men about to make a bargain, endeavoring to do by each as each would be done by, while each is doing his best to observe the maxim, buy cheap and sell dear, without which trade on which so much now depends could not prosper at all! Do I observe the Christian law of love, and treat a man as I would be treated, treat him as my brother, when I make him my servant,—my hired servant if you will,—my drudge, whom I must needs consider unfit to sit with me at my table, or mingle with my friends in the drawing-room? Yet I can live in society as it is, only on condition that I so treat him. There is not a luxury I enjoy, scarcely a necessary of life I obtain, but has cost the tears, the groans, the agony, the

blood, or—which is worse—the brutalization, of some brother for whom Christ died, who was made with a rich undying nature. Think of this, ye who recline on your soft couches, tread the rich carpets of Turkey, and receive the light through purple silks of India!

After all, our main inquiry is as to the means of ameliorating the condition of the poorest and most numerous class. These have no time nor opportunity for self-culture, even admitting self-culture to be all its advocates assume. I know what they who have always had leisure, and have always been in easy circumstances, may allege; but I know also, how extremely difficult it is for a man to work twelve or fourteen hours out of twenty-four, or even ten, and have any power for intellectual pursuits. Here and there one may do the labor and study too; but in most cases, only by the loss of health and almost of reason itself. Tired nature demands rest, and the working-man, when his work for the day is over, especially when he works with as much intensity as he does in most Protestant countries, must lie down and sleep, or keep himself awake by artificial stimulants. The history of the laboring classes in all ages and all countries, proves this beyond all question. Cultivation to any considerable extent is compatible only with leisure and easy circumstances. Instead, then, of enjoining culture as the means of social amelioration, we should effect the amelioration as the condition of the culture.

3. The third answer worth considering, is that of the POLITICIANS. This implies in this country the complete establishment of what may be termed democracy, or more definitely, *political* democracy. This consists in making every man, who has not by crime or misdemeanor forfeited his manhood, an equal member of the state or body politic;—that is to say, in the establishment of universal *suffrage* and *eligibility*. But these we already have established so far as they can practically affect the question under consideration; yet they do not prove to be the sovereign remedy it was hoped they would. The evils complained of exist here as well as in Europe, and every day become more wide-spread and intense. New England and the northern Middle States, in their factory

system, are rapidly reproducing Old England; and thus far experience proves that the more extended the suffrage, the greater will be the influence and the more certain the triumph of wealth, or rather of the business classes. The great mass of our operatives are every day losing somewhat of their independence, and sinking into the servile condition of the operatives of the old world. Every day does something to prepare them to be the mere tools of those who have the disposition and the skill to use them. We may deny this; we may flatter the people; talk of their intelligence, virtue, firmness, and incorruptibility; but we shall do well to remember the election of 1840,—an election which is a lucid commentary on many popular theories, full of instruction to those who are not past learning. That election demonstrates this much, that when the leading business interests of the country unite, though for purposes glaringly selfish and base, the result at the polls is never problematical.

Some have seen this; nay, the friends of the people very generally see this, and deplore it. They seek to remedy it by UNIVERSAL EDUCATION. The people, say they, are honest, but they are deceived; they mean right, but they are misled by ambitious and designing politicians, by corrupt and selfish men of business. We must enlighten them. We must educate them, so that they shall know what are their rights and their interests. Well, and what then? Do you suppose that the evil lies no deeper than the people's ignorance of their rights and interests? The people are as a mass no doubt tolerably honest and well-meaning; but they are not free to act according to their own convictions. The result of an election is rarely determined by the wisdom, the virtue, or the intelligence of the great mass of the electors. It is time for us to cease this mischievous nonsense we have been for so long a time in the habit of uttering about the wisdom, virtue, and intelligence, of the people. Were we in Europe, and did we understand by the *people*, the unprivileged many, in distinction from the privileged few, there would be some meaning in what we say; for it would imply that these unprivileged many are as competent to the management of their own affairs, as the few

are to manage their affairs for them, and better too; which is unquestionably a truth. But here, where there are no privileged orders, where the term *people* means, not as in Europe, the plebeians, but the whole mass of the population, whether rich or poor, learned or unlearned, refined or unrefined, these praises of the people are wise than idle. The result of an election here, I think I may say, is invariably determined by the necessities which grow out of the condition and relations of the mass of the electors, and would be the same, the political and domestic economies remaining unchanged, whatever the extent to which you should carry the education of the people.

Formerly, before the banking and protective systems had destroyed our old system of Home Industry, the mass of our people were independent; because there rarely intervened any interest between the interest of the consumer and that of the producer; the consumer was the employer, and consumption and production regulated each other, in each immediate neighborhood, without being dependent on the general state of trade throughout the world. Now, the consumer ceases in a great measure to be the direct employer. The employer is now a middle man, capitalist, speculator, factor, or, as the French call him, *l'entrepreneur*, who comes between the producer and the consumer. I will not say that this change is unfavorable to the actual increase of wealth in a nation. In the light of what is called political economy, which interests itself in the question of the production of wealth, rather than in the happiness of the people, I will not say but this should be regarded as a progress; yet touching the independence of the people, it makes all the difference in the world. Say, I am a shoemaker. Under the old system I made shoes for the consumer, and received in exchange such articles as he produced, which I needed for the support of myself and family; I was as independent as he, because if he did not employ me he must go without shoes; and he as independent as I, because if I would not make his shoes I must want the means of subsistence. Now I am employed to make shoes, not because my employer must have them or go barefoot, but because he would derive a profit from

my labor. Consequently, whenever he can derive no profit from my labor, he will cease to employ me. Consumers buy shoes because they need them, and must buy them whether they buy them cheap or dear; but the shoemaker will contract for the making of shoes only when he can sell, or has a reasonable prospect of selling them, at an advance. He believes that to enable him to do this, the Government must adopt what is called the protective policy. I must support this policy, or the policy that enables him to derive a profit from my labors as a shoemaker, or else he must cease to employ me, and then how am I to find the means of subsistence for myself, my wife, and children? Here is the difficulty. The employer of the operative, and the purchaser of the surplus produce of the farmer, what I call the *business men*, may be an enlightened, honest and benevolent individual, but he cannot do business unless he can derive a profit from it. The new relations created by the banking and protective systems have however rendered him absolutely indispensable both to the producers and the operatives. Hence the necessity imposed upon both producers and operatives to support that policy which will enable him to derive a profit from employing the labor of the one, and from buying the produce of the other. Both of these classes to a very considerable extent become dependent on the business class. Now, you may educate as much as you please, but so long as this dependence remains, your elections will have virtually but one termination. The business men, not through their wickedness, not through their inordinate selfishness, for the business class is as enlightened, as liberal, and as high-minded as any class of the people,—but through laws which even they cannot control, become the actual rulers of the community. It is useless to contend against them. True wisdom consists, not in endeavoring pointlessly to wrest the power from their grasp, but in so constituting the state, that one branch of business is always able to interpose an effectual veto on the efforts of another to obtain any exclusive privilege or undue advantage.

I am far from intending in these remarks to undervalue the importance of a well-ordered commonwealth, or to speak lightly of universal suffrage or

universal education, for both of which I have contended when to do so was less popular than it is now. Every man, who can substantiate his claim to be a man, should be admitted an equal member of the body-politic under the dominion of which he was born; and that community which neglects to bestow the best education in its power on all its children, of whatever condition, and of both sexes, forfeits its right to punish the offender. What I mean is simply that universal suffrage, and universal education, do not give us the power we need to introduce the moral and physical equality demanded. We must change our political and domestic economies before they can effect anything; and they who suppose universal suffrage and education able to effect the change needed in these economies, overlook the laws which grow out of them, and which override all the other laws of the commonwealth, and in a majority of cases of individual action. These economies must be changed by other agents than suffrage and education.

4. The fourth answer is that of the **POLITICAL ECONOMISTS**, and is sometimes expressed by the term **FREE TRADE**. So far as it concerns trade in its strict technical sense, I certainly am an advocate for its entire freedom. Nothing can exceed the absurdity, unless it be the wickedness, of the so called protective or *American* system. But the principle of free trade is sometimes extended beyond the province of trade proper, to man's whole intercourse with man. Its advocates contend that government is a necessary evil, and therefore the less of it the better. Its sole province is to maintain an open field and fair play to individual enterprise. This is the *laissez-faire* doctrine, and was maintained with great force and consistency by the lamented William Leggett. It presupposes that in all the concerns of life **FREE COMPETITION** between individuals will regulate everything, produce justice, harmony, universal well-being. To the Gospel principle of **LOVE**, it opposes the principle of **COMPETITION**, and bids each look out for himself. If all men were born with equal powers and capacities, moral, intellectual, and physical, and could all, from the first moment of existence, be placed in circumstances precisely equal, so that no one

should have any natural or artificial advantage over another, this doctrine would have some degree of plausibility, although even then it would be fatal to all social as to all political order; but diverse and unequal as men are by nature and condition, no greater calamity could befall a people than the serious attempt to carry it out in practice. It is nothing but the doctrine of pure Individualism, which is the principle of anarchy, confusion, war. Government is not a necessary evil, finding its excuse only in man's depravity; but is a great good, and a necessary organ of society for the maintenance of its own rights, and the performance of its own duties. It has more to do than merely to protect individuals; it has a positive work to perform for the common weal. The saying that "the world has been governed too much," I am far from accepting. There has not been too much government, but wrong government, government falsely instituted, and mal-administered. Freedom does not consist in the absence of government, but in the presence of a government that ordains and secures it. Liberty is always the result of authority, the creature of civil society, and impossible without it. No doubt much should be left to the individual; but all true government consists in such a constitution of society as leaves each individual to move on freely without obstruction so long as he keeps in the right line of duty, but compels him to feel, the moment he attempts to depart from that line, that the way is hedged up, and that he cannot proceed a single step. But without insisting on these views of government, which are not precisely those of any party in this country, the doctrine of free trade, meaning thereby anything beyond the opposite of the restrictive and monopoly system,—the doctrine, as it is sometimes called, of free competition,—we must all admit cannot introduce or preserve the equality we are in pursuit of, unless we can secure to all equal chances. Equal chances imply equal starting points. Do we all start equal? Has he who is born to no inheritance but the gutter, an equal chance with him who is born to a good education, an honorable name, and a competent estate?

5. The fifth answer is that of the **SOCIALISTS**. This is subdivided into the *agrarian*, the *no-property*, and

the *community* doctrines. Of the agrarians we have in this country very few, if any. The project of introducing a better state of society by an equal division of property, finds with us no advocates. Thomas Skidmore, since deceased, some years ago, in his "Rights of Man to Property," a work of very considerable ability, makes something of an approach to it; but my own scheme, which made so much noise in 1840, and which was called agrarianism, was nothing like it; for it concerned merely the reappropriation to individuals of that which had ceased to be property, through default of ownership, and was merely a project to modify or change our probate laws. The agrarian scheme would accomplish nothing, even were it just; because were property made equal to-day, with the existing inequality in men's powers and capacities, it would soon become as unequal again as ever. Moreover the right to property is sacred, and the Legislature has no right to disturb it. The Legislature has discretionary power only over that portion of property which becomes vacant through default of ownership, whether by the death or abandonment of the proprietor. It may say how that shall be reappropriated. But this at any one time is but a very small portion of the whole property of any community.

The *no-property* doctrine has but few advocates. It is sometimes set forth by philanthropists who are deeply impressed with the doctrine of Christian beneficence. From the fact that my neighbor, who has the ability, is bound in Christian love to administer to my necessities, it has been inferred that therefore I have a right to that portion of his property which I need more than he. Justice, says Godwin, is reciprocal. What it is just for my neighbor to give me, it is unjust for him to withhold; and what it is unjust for him to withhold from me, I have a right to claim as my due. But this would banish from the world all such virtues as generosity, charity, and gratitude. I have the right, if I have the means, to be generous, and I am no doubt guilty if I do not relieve the wants of my brother, as far as I have the ability; but I am not accountable to him. If I do not, I am not to be condemned as unjust; but as ungenerous,

unfeeling, inhuman. Moreover, admit that he who has the greatest need has the best right of property in what I possess, who shall be the judge of this greater need? If he, then no security for property; then no industry; then no production; and then all must starve together. If I am the judge, it amounts to acknowledging in me the right of property.

The *community* doctrine is also subdivided. We have, first, the answer as given by Owen and his followers, secondly, as given by Fourier and his disciples; and thirdly, as given in the experiment at Brook Farm. Owen's system was discordant. In all matters except property, it was a system of pure individualism; in property it was the denial of all individualism. Individualism cannot coexist with a community of property. Either individualism will triumph and dissolve the community, or the community will triumph and absorb the individual. The first was the actual result of Mr. Owen's experiment at New Harmony; the last would have been the result had he succeeded in fairly introducing his system. Mr. Owen also overlooked the necessity of marriage laws to restrain the passions and preserve the family; and of religion to kindle holy aspirations, to exalt the sentiments, and produce a community of feeling. The experience of the race may be said to have demonstrated, that no scheme of social organization will succeed which does not recognize as its basis, individual property; civil law, or the State; and religion, or the Church.

Of Fourier I must speak with some diligence, not having as yet been able to submit to the drudgery of fully mastering his system. He seems, however, to have taken juster views of man and society than Mr. Owen; but his metaphysics, though broad and comprehensive, are often unsound; and his theodicea, or theodicy, is, if we understand it, nothing but material pantheism, a polite name for atheism. He denies, at least according to his able and indefatigable American interpreter, Mr. Brisbane, the progress of humanity, and proceeds on the assumption of that greatest of all absurdities, the perfection of nature. The only progress he admits for man, is simply a progress in his power over external nature. This progress may be completed in

time; the race then will be thrown out of work, come to a stand-still, which is only another name for its death. Moreover, his scheme is too mechanical, making of the phalanx not a living organism, but a huge machine. It is withal too complicated, and too difficult to be introduced, to meet the wants of our people. Its details are not always satisfactory. Its operations will fail to diminish inequality in wealth or condition. Too much goes to capital, not enough to labor. How obtain equality or anything approaching it, when capital draws four twelfths, skill three twelfths, and labor only five twelfths? Then again how measure skill? Skill has various degrees. How determine these several degrees? And shall every degree of skill be rewarded alike? If we make skill one of the bases of the distribution of the fruits of industry, what shall prevent the perpetuation of the very evils we are seeking to redress? Skill, which comes under the head of spiritual superiority, belongs to the community. If God has made me with talent and capacity superior to my brother, it is not that he would confer on me a personal advantage, and enable me to lay his labor under contribution; but that he would impose upon me the duty of performing more valuable services to the community of which we are both members. Nor am I quite satisfied with the rank assigned to woman in the Phalanx. In every reorganization of society, which shall be an advance on society as it now is, the equality of the sexes must be recognized, and male and female labor receive the same compensation. I say *equality* of the sexes, without intending to deny that the talents of the sexes as well as their appropriate spheres in life are different. Equality does not exclude diversity. Woman should not handle the spade and mattock, nor man the distaff; nor would there be wisdom in shutting up man in the nursery and sending woman to the legislature. Each sex has its peculiar talents and virtues, and its appropriate sphere of duty; but yet there is no reason why one should be placed *above* or *below* the other, or receive a higher or a lower rate of compensation for its labors.

For my part, I am disposed to regard with altogether more favor the estab-

lishment at Brook Farm, which seems to me to escape all the objections we have raised against Owen and Fourier. It is simple, unpretending, and presents itself by no means as a grand scheme of world reform, or of social organization. Its founder,—and I speak from personal knowledge, for it has been my happiness to enjoy for years his friendship and instruction,—is a man of rare attainments, one of our best scholars, and as a metaphysician second to no one in the country. No man amongst us is better acquainted with the various plans of world-reform which have been projected, from Plato's Republic to Fourier's Phalanx; but this establishment seems to be the result, not of his theorizing, but of the simple wants of his soul as a man and a Christian. He felt himself unable, in the existing social organization, to practise always according to his conceptions of Christianity. He could not maintain with his brethren those relations of love and equality which he felt were also needful to him for his own intellectual and moral growth and well-being. Moved by this feeling, he sought to create around him the circumstances which would respond to it, enable him to worship God and love his brother, and to live with his brother in a truly Christian manner. A few men and women, of like views and feelings, grouped themselves around him, not as their master, but as their friend and brother, and the community at Brook Farm was instituted.

The views, feelings, and wants of these men and women are those of the great mass of all Christian communities; and the manner in which this establishment at Brook Farm responds to them, suggests and points out the method in which they may be responded to everywhere. The mode of introducing such an establishment is exceedingly natural and simple. The theory to be comprehended is the Gospel LAW OF LOVE, and the rule to be observed is HONOR ALL MEN, and treat each man as a brother, whatever his occupation. In other words, the community is an attempt to realize the Christian Ideal, and to do this by establishing truly Christian relations between the members and the community and between member and member.

To make this experiment requires no rupture with society as it is; imposes no necessity of protesting against any existing organism. Men and women may engage in it without foregoing any of the relations they already hold with society. This is a great recommendation. Owen and Fourier are too radical. They propose, with "malice aforethought," the reorganization of society. This community propose no such thing. They do not break the law of continuity. The transition from what is to what they are attempting is easy and natural.

A community on the plan of Fourier or of Owen aims to be a little world in itself, and to be a complete substitute for the larger associations of the State and the Church. Communities like this at West Roxbury leave the State and Church standing in all their necessity and force. They are mere aggregations of families, as a family is an aggregation of individuals; as the family is more than an aggregation, as it is in some degree an organism, having its own life and unity, so, also, is the community more than an aggregation of families, it is a one body, has life and unity of its own; but is, after all, like the family, a member of a larger whole. It enlarges the sphere of the family, or rather seeks not to supersede the ties of blood, but to extend the family feeling and relations, if I may so speak, beyond these ties. It essentially breaks the family caste, while it preserves the family inviolate. This is a consummation much to be wished. The family is and should be sacred; but the family caste, to borrow the expression of M. Leroux, is one of the scourges of humanity.

The community feeling is introduced, but without destroying the individual. Individual property is recognized and secured. But by making time, not skill nor intensity, the basis according to which the compensation of labor is determined, and by eating at a common table, and laboring in common and sharing in common the advantages of the individual excellence there may be in the community, the individual feeling is subdued, and while suffered to remain as a spring to industry, it is shorn of its power to encroach on the social body. So far as I can judge there will be in this establishment rarely any clashing be-

tween individuals and the community.

Establishments like this are easily introduced. Owen and Fourier require immense outlays for the commencement of their schemes. A Phalanx cannot well go into operation without a capital of half a million. A simple establishment like the one at Brook Farm has gone into operation with less than five thousand dollars, and would be able to do well with ten or twenty thousand. This is a very great consideration. Fourierism is obliged to enlist in its scheme heavy capitalists, and in order to enlist them, is obliged to make the investment of capital in the Phalanx desirable as a business operation; which can be done only at the expense of labor. But the most desirable thing is not to find out a profitable investment for capital, but a ready means by which they who have no capital can place themselves in such relations that by their mutual labor and support, they can secure all the real conveniences and advantages of the highest civilisation. This may be done on the plan of Brook Farm. An outlay of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars will enable some twenty or thirty families to associate, and by their industry to sustain themselves in competence and independence, and to secure to their children the advantages of the choicest education, and themselves all the pleasures and enjoyments of the most refined society.

It is proper, however, to remark, that Brook Farm is not an establishment for the indolent, nor for those who are in need of charity. It is an INDUSTRIAL ESTABLISHMENT. Industry is its basis and its object. It is established on the principle that man must obtain his bread by the sweat of his face. This must be borne in mind in attempting like establishments. The founder of this establishment very justly remarks: "Every community should have its leading purpose, some one main object to which it directs its energies. We are a company of teachers. The branch of industry which we pursue as our primary object, and chief means of support, is teaching. Others may be companies of manufacturers or of agriculturists; or may engage in some particular branch of manufacture or of agriculture. Whatever the branch of industry agreed upon, it will be neces-

sary to make that the principal object of pursuit, as the only way in which unity and efficiency can be secured to the labors of the community."

Of the advantages of associated and attractive industry there is no occasion to speak. They are well known, and have been ably presented by Mr. Brisbane, in the pages of this Journal and elsewhere. The common merit, and the chief merit of the schemes of Owen and Fourier, is in their proposing associated and attractive industry. These Mr. Ripley secures at Brook Farm, without their complicated machinery, and multiplicity of details,—of details often frivolous; at any rate foreign to the habits, tastes, and convictions of the American people. Families of moderate means associating in this way, by their union and coöperation may obtain an industrial and pecuniary independence to which they cannot aspire under existing social relations. What we most want, is such an arrangement as shall secure to every man a competence as the reward of his industry, and which shall render industry in any or all of its branches compatible with the highest moral and intellectual culture, and the greatest delicacy and refinement of manners. This we cannot have as things are; but this by means of association on the principles of the Brook Farm establishment we may have. And when once this is obtained, when I am once sure that by the labor of my hands I can earn an honest and an *honorable* livelihood, and without being obliged to forego any of the real advantages, pleasures, and refinements of society and social intercourse, I shall no longer feel that I was cursed by my Maker, when he commanded me to "eat my bread in the sweat of my face."

There is another point of view in which I should like to consider communities of this kind, had I the time and the room at my command. I mean in their relation not only to industry, and to domestic and social economies, but to the CHURCH. The day is coming when we shall learn that we worship God only by serving man, and that the Church, instead of being a company of teachers and exhorters, organized merely to teach men their duty and to exhort them to do it, will be a company of men and women associating

for the express purpose of *doing* their duty; of worshipping God not in types and shadows, through symbols, but in spirit and in truth, by organizing all the relations of life in harmony with his will. These communities are models of what must hereafter be the social elements of the Christian Church. It is only by adopting, as was in some degree attempted originally by the monastic orders, the democracy of the Church, industry as a branch, if I may so speak, of the temple service, and thus writing "holiness to Lord" on all things, as the prophet says, even on "the bells of the horses," that a truly Christian state of society will be realized. In this way we may have a true Catholic Church; a really republican state; a wise political economy; an intelligent, virtuous, refined, and happy people.

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"August, 1842.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have made my visit to the Community, as it is called, at West Roxbury, and find that it more than answers the expectation held out in that account of it, which appeared in the Dial last January. I mean that the degree of success already attained, is greater than it was there intimated it could be, for many years to come. In a pecuniary point of view it is not failing, and that is success, considering the great embarrassments under which they began. There are seventeen associates. Had each of these been able to contribute one thousand dollars a-piece, they would be at this moment under no embarrassment at all, but instead of that, not one third of the sum was contributed. For the cost of their farm, as I understood it, they are paying interest; but by means of the farm and the school, they are able to pay this interest and to *feed* themselves; although there are seventy people already there, and the number will be one hundred in the course of the winter. The joining of a few associates or even one with some money, would render them quite independent. But they feel they have gained so much morally and intellectually, by having been so poor, as to have had none join but those to whom the accomplishment of the *Idea* appears worth working and suffering for, that it is no

longer to be feared, that they will be tempted to receive among them any, of whom money is the chief recommendation. They prefer to sacrifice many conveniences, to endangering the social and ideal character of their company. Several mechanics who have been hired to do jobs upon the place, I mean carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, have at first expressed themselves amazed, that people should go together, of such apparent inequality, and make a common cause, and share the fruits of their labors equally among themselves; but after seeing the operation for weeks, they have desired to join, and to forego some of the income they were already receiving from their trades, in order to have the enjoyment, the moral advantage, and the intellectual improvement, of a social life on principles so consistently democratic and Christian; and more especially, in order to have all their children have every advantage of education to which their abilities can do justice. I speak of facts. The association has actually under consideration such propositions. Also, one of the farmers, the most thriving one, whose farm joins theirs, has for the sake of his children made them the offer, if they can meet him half way, of throwing in his farm and becoming one. He would be richer in dollars and cents to remain as he is, but this additional money could not buy for him that education of all his children, which he must receive in this community, if he is one of them; to say nothing of his own enjoyment and improvement. To me, it is an inspiring thought, that they have already showed to the agricultural population around them, that with the cultivation of the earth may be combined an intellectual and tasteful life, and that the true democratic equality may be obtained by *levelling up*, instead of *levelling down*.

But let me speak of the education in detail, and show that the children of the actual associates have even greater advantages than those sent there, though for the latter, it is, I think, the best school I ever saw. I will begin with the a-b-c-d-arians. There is one lady among the associates, who loves to keep a regular school on the old-fashioned plan, with a kind but efficient discipline of rules and lessons. She has as many of the younger

scholars as the parents wish. But some parents prefer a different system, — in which their children are only confined a very short time, while they can be individually attended to by the teacher. And there are among the young women, several who take two or three at once — making one little class, and enlist their undivided, unwavering attention for an hour, or an hour and a half, and then let them play all the rest of the day. These children, in this way, get more instruction and do more intellectual work, than in ordinary schools, and yet have none of the weariness and bad physical and moral effect of confinement. They are never obliged to sit still and do nothing; nor do they in this plan become troublesome to others. There is so much room, they can spread round, and had infinite amusement on the place. I never saw children at once so happy and so idle in the way of other people. There seemed to be great love for the little things, in all the men and boys, as well as the women; and I observed that when the young men went to work in the woods, or about any out-door occupation, they would let two or three children go too, and keep their eyes upon them, and so relieve the matters and make the children happy, and this without troubling themselves either. Children from the ages of nine or ten up to thirteen and fourteen, go to the school of a gentleman who has been a very successful teacher for many years, and understands the drilling processes. But of this class also, if there are any, whose parents, on account of their health, or peculiar genius, or sex, wish to receive separate attention, there are found those who will attend to them in the desirable way. Then there is a very fine teacher of Greek, and another of Latin, and another of Mathematics, among the gentlemen associates. Several teach German, French, Italian and Spanish, and I do not know how many other things. One lady has classes in History, Moral Philosophy, various branches of elegant literature, and with all her cares, (one of which is the care of a house of fourteen rooms), she told me she had not for more than a year set aside two recitations! This will show what real method lies under the graceful exterior, where not mathematical lines, but only the curves of beauty appear.

This lady told me, too, that never in her life had she had so much leisure and enjoyment of herself, for hours together, and never had the occupations of life been so little fatiguing to her.

I would have you observe that grown up persons, as well as children, are members of these various classes. The workmen in the field partake just as much as they please, of these means of education. One man, who does as much hard work, if not more than any one on the place, and who never learnt any language, and is forty years old, a husband and father, having been engaged in a mechanical trade all his life, studied German last winter, on Ollendorf's method, with the greatest perseverance. They had eighty recitations a week, last winter. All have access also to all the books owned by any of the members, the most of them being collected in a charming room, designated as the "Library," of which all are free, young and old.

In another common parlor there is a piano-forte, and there, in the evening, the lovers of music congregate, and hear fine music from some of their number, sometimes songs, and sometimes psalms, and sometimes the deep music of Beethoven. Mr. J. S. D. superintends the musical department of the teaching. The very little children have to sing by rote; those who are old enough, are taught by the *Manual of the Academy of Music*. Instrumental music is also taught to all who have the ability and desire to learn. It struck me how beautiful it would be, if some of those noble Italian exiles should go and join their number, who could throw in their music and their beautiful language, and receive in return the realization of the dreams of their youth; but all this will come in good time.

To go back to the children. The greatest advantage is, that the life is so natural, it makes a discipline without the ugly forms. Every body works and studies, and so the children work and study from imitation and in spirit. I never saw such habits of disinterestedness—so little personal selfishness. Children were requested by all parties to do all sorts of things; and if one had refused, another would have been called upon, as the only rebuke. The punishment of appearing selfish, and

not being in the general spirit, precludes all others. Of course, I do not mean to imply that any circumstances of social arrangement will destroy all moral evil. I know there are those which originate in the constitution of every finite creature, and which are only to be set aside in their principles and consequences, by a deep internal struggle, where there is no witness but God, by whose sovereign mercy alone is the great victory accomplished, and each individual introduced into "the company of the first born." But there are innumerable social vices, and deformities of character, which are exasperated, if not produced, by the unsanctified conventions of our common life, and which here do not appear; and there is no telling how much more those who are good have the advantage of their goodness, and those who are morally inferior are assisted, by living where there is such a general spirit and such habits among the adults. Country employments and country scenery, too, has an immeasurable effect upon children's tempers. I would repeat, that I am not one of those who believe that the issues of the human constitution, under any earthly circumstances, can be perfect goodness;—that finite creatures can ever be other than *pensioners* of the Love revealed in Jesus Christ; but I do believe that infancy and youth would shine with moral beauty, as a general rule, if society and education did their part. Some people seem to be dreadfully afraid that God will not have anything to forgive, and so the doctrine of forgiveness be proved unnecessary, if we admit that children can grow up, unselfish in their habits and lovely in their general characters. Such persons have, it seems to me, very little appreciation of the depth, and extent, and excellence of that Law, the violation of which is sin; for it seems to me that we may be very high in the scale of excellence, in the eyes of our fellow creatures; our faults may be not even perceptible to them; and yet we may be so far below that Ideal, which shines into us from God, that we shall yet require all the comfort of St. Paul's doctrine of justification by faith. I see less self-righteousness likely to be generated, under the views and habits of this community, than ordinarily; and to stand a better chance of being corrected.

Should man, in the progress of wisdom and love, be elevated above all social crime and wrong, there will yet, as I think, be sin possible to him, great enough to have him feel the whole opposition between the law of finite natures, and that Law of the Infinite God, which Christ mysteriously reveals to him, as a glory to be had.

This is rather an episode in my letter, dear sir, but I must needs dwell a little upon the subject, because the majority of people I hear talk, seem to be in one of two extremes, equally erroneous. One set of people make no evil but social evil, and seem to think that if wars and fightings, murders and drunkenness, theft and deception, are driven from the earth, the whole holiness and glory of humanity is attained, even up to the measure of Christ Jesus; while others think, that because the Bible and the Spirit of God within us teach that man, even when pure as the heaven of heavens, is not clean in one God, he must necessarily unfold, in the process of his development, all the crimes to which he can be degraded; and that a systematical effort to prevent this, by removing occasions and exasperating causes of crime, is opposing the system of Providence, and practically denying the philosophy of Christianity. I have heard it gravely urged against this little community, that it aimed at a state of enjoyment and general excellence, which would result, if it succeeded, in a state contrary to what the Bible declares to be the general character of human nature. I dispute the fact. I believe human nature may attain to a state of excellence that shall seem to realize Isaiah's visions of the millenium, and still the inhabitants of the earth will be even more disposed to use, with respect to themselves, the deepest language of contrition and humility which the Bible contains; for then they shall *see God*, by reason of their purity, so much more, that they shall still more earnestly feel the prayer,

"Forgive our virtues too—

Those lesser faults—half converts to the right."

It is because I think thus, that I do not condemn utterly that other class of errorists, who suppose evil so very superficial; and that if we could eschew

bad organizations of society, and act out our instincts, we should be as perfect, as human beings, as the animal creation is perfect in *its* way, and the vegetable creation in *its* way. In their faith in the better issues of human instincts under favorable circumstances, they go upon a fact. Human nature is capable of great excellence, beauty, and purity, when it draws only upon the original gifts of the good God of nature, common to all men; and there is a sort of blasphemy to me, in speaking irreverently of the virtues of Solon and Aristides, Anaxagoras, and Plato, and Socrates; of Regulus, and Brutus, and the Antonines; and even of many a beautiful child and adult of the present day, although he has not yet entered into all the depths of the unsearchable riches of Christ. To be arrested at the point of attainment of any of these persons, would indeed be *to be damned*, (if I may use old-fashioned phraseology.) Such minds we may call *a sort of heaven*, but I think these persons would say, that to be condemned to an everlasting self-development in that same heaven, and receive nothing from without, or from the deeper *within* which is *a without* to the individual; in short, to have no more grace of God, would make it to them a hell. Indeed, the Swedenborgian hells are neither more nor less than for the individual to be given up to his individuality; and so Swedenborg says the damned are often not without their enjoyments; which whole system shows how deeply he looked into things. But what is such enjoyment to the action upon an infinite good? The joy of immortality, and the only doctrine of immortality which is not a misnomer, consists in believing that man never is absorbed in the Infinite, but is CONSCIOUSLY RELATIVE for ever and ever. This is, if I read it aright, your own doctrine of life, as you have stated it in your letter to Dr. Channing, which I believe people do not understand, because you have couched it so much in theological formulas, that they do not see it to be something they have not thought.

At Brook Farm there may be more inclination to the error of believing that self-development, on the original stock of human nature, is the true way, than to the equal error of supposing it necessary to undervalue and be unfaith-

ful to this original stock, which prevails in the world. But there are those there, who are the predominating life and strength of the place, who transcend both errors; and there is nothing in the plan of their life which favors either.

But I will leave moralising and theologising, and return to an account of what I saw in my visit.

With respect to the labor, which is the material wealth of the establishment, and the body of its life, they intend to have all trades and occupations which contribute to necessities and healthy elegancies, within their own borders, so as not to buy them from without, which is too expensive; but at present their labor is agriculture, and the simplest housekeeping. They have above a dozen cows that they take care of, and sell all their milk at the door; they cultivate vegetables extensively, and sell them in the markets of Roxbury and Boston, and this branch of their industry may be almost indefinitely extended. They cultivate grass also, and sell hay very profitably. I do not know about their grain, not being wise enough in those matters to understand what I saw. The farm is not wholly under cultivation, because they have not yet force enough to do all they wish. Fifty more men might be profitably employed on it. Teachers, scholars, and all, work. Their Greek teacher spends several hours a day in taking care of the fruit, which hereafter, they think, will constitute a great part of their wealth. Every one prescribes his own hours of labor, controlled only by his conscience, and the spirit of the place, which tends to great industry, and almost to too much exertion. A drone would soon find himself isolated and neglected, and could not live there. The new comers, especially if they come from the city, have to begin gradually, but soon learn to increase the labor of one hour a day in the field, to six or seven hours, and some work all day long; but there can be no drudgery where there is no constraint. As all eat together, they change their dress for their meals; and so after tea they are all ready for grouping, in the parlors of the ladies, or in the library, or in the music-room, or they can go to their private rooms, or into the woods, or anywhere. They visit a good deal; and when they have busi-

ness out of the community, nothing seems more easy than for them to arrange with others of their own number, to take their work or teaching for the time being; so that while they may work more than people out of the community, none seem such prisoners of their duties. The association of labor makes distribution according to taste and ability easy, and this takes the sting out of fatigue. Then I believe bodily labor does not fatigue so much, when the mind is active and elevated by noble sentiments; and certainly, intelligence and the spirit of improvement, give the advantage of saving themselves drudgery, by all the devices of our mechanical age. Perhaps they might go into vagaries in labor-saving expedients, but that their narrow pecuniary means checks all freakishness of mind in this respect. They put their hands to the plough in good earnest, and do their work by main strength, and not by stratagem. As the pupils work more or less, it makes the school a most desirable one for farmers' children; and I hope many a young man will be saved to the healthy pursuits of agricultural life, by this establishment, whose laudable desire for intellectual improvement and for bettering his condition in life, would drive him into our crowded professions and city warehouses.

For the women, there is, besides many branches of teaching, washing and ironing, housekeeping, sewing for the other sex, and for the children, and conducting all the social life. They have to hire one washerwoman now, but hope, bye and bye, to do all the washing within themselves. By the wide distribution of these labors, no one has any great weight of any one thing. They iron every forenoon but one; but they take turns, and each irons as long as she thinks right. The care of the houses is also distributed among those who are most active, in a way mutually satisfactory. And so of the cooking. In nothing did they seem to feel so immediate a desirableness of improvement, as in the kitchen department, and the eating rooms. These are all in the old house, and not at all convenient. Their next building is to be a kitchen establishment, and convenient dining hall, which will enable them to appear much more to advantage; besides leaving the old house,

which they call "*the Hive*," to be entirely used for sleeping rooms and parlors. A more spacious and convenient dining-hall will enable them to be less confused and more elegant at table, than which nothing is more important for the general tone of manners. There is no vulgarity now, because all the people have the sentiment and desire of improvement; but many have not been in society, and these need to have things so arranged that the table manners of the more educated and best bred should have a chance to be observed, and do their work of refinement. The manners of the children also can then be more easily attended to; and when this is brought about it seems to me that in the article of elegance they will not fall behind the rest of the world. Without any wearisome etiquette there would be the beauty that naturally hovers round "plain living and high thinking;" and of which nothing now hinders the full development, but their crowded and inconvenient eating apartments. I ought to say that though a common table is preferable to most, yet any individual family, by taking the trouble on themselves, can have some or all of their meals at their own rooms; and now any individual who wish, on account of ill health or for any other reason, to take a meal alone, can easily do so; and constantly there are those who are thus favored. You would hardly imagine that so many individuals should have their own way so constantly without clashing. For a time they did not have any regular housekeeper, but this office passed from one to the other; for they were afraid that the pride and tyranny of office might interfere with the freedom of individuals, and they preferred the inconveniences of frequent change, to the evil of that fixed vexation. But at last a housekeeper appeared, so *fit*, that they created for her the office! This woman went out to sew for them a week as a sempstress, during which time she used her eyes and ears and mind to such purpose that at the end of the week she wanted to join. The associates proposed that she should remain two months, without committing herself; and then, if she continued in the same mind, she should be considered to have joined from the first. During these two months she employed herself variously, and showed so much

delicacy and tact, as well as ability and house-keeping talent, that they all agreed she should be queen in that department, and they would obey. I do not know what measures they would take to dethrone her if she should grow naughty, but at present she reigns by the greatest of King Alfred's titles, the divine right of might and virtue.

I do not seem to myself to have told you a moiety of the good which I saw; I have only indicated some of it. But is it not enough to justify me in saying they have succeeded? It seems to me, if their highest objects were appreciated, they would challenge some of that devotedness which makes the Sisters of Charity throw large fortunes into their institution, and give themselves, body and soul, to its duties. It is truly a most religious life, and does it not realize in miniature that identity of church and state which you think is the deepest idea of our American government? It seems to me that this community, point by point, corresponds with the great community of the Republic, whose divine lineaments are so much obscured by the rubbish of unported abuses (that, however, only lie on the surface, and may be shaken off, "like dewdrops from the lion's mane;") and whose divine proportions are now lost to our sight by the majestic grandeur with which they tower beyond the apprehension of our time-bound senses. For the theory of our government also proposes education (the freest development of the individual, according to the law of God) as its main end; an equal distribution of the results of labor among the laborers, as its means; and a mutual respect of each man by his neighbor as the basis. Only in America, I think, could such a community have so succeeded as I have described, composed of persons coming by chance, as it were, from all circumstances of life, and united only by a common idea and plan of life. They have succeeded, because they are the children of a government the ideal of which is the same as their own, although, as a mass, we are unconscious of it; so little do we understand our high vocation, and act up to it. But these miniatures of the great original shall educate us to the apprehension and realization of it, as a nation.

Some people make objection to this

community, because it has no chapel in it. But I think this is an excellent feature of it. There are churches all round it, to which any can go as they please; and there has been a service within it, which such might attend as were not pleased with any neighboring church; and this might be resumed if there were not seen to be a general preference in the churchgoers to go out. The children are gathered on Sundays spontaneously, to sing hymns, the natural devotion of children, and to be read to by those who wish to do so; and there is perfect freedom to do anything for social religious worship, that is felt desirable

by any, provided only nothing is prescribed to one another authoritatively.

I meant to have asked you in some detail whether it would not be possible for this community system to be introduced into our cities by persons of different employments who were willing to associate, and throw in their small capitals, combining and living together in some large hotel, or block of houses, agreeably situated, and perhaps having a country house attached? I have no head to make arrangements, but I should like much to have such a thing planned out. What do you think?

I am truly your friend,
&c., &c.

THE FORSAKEN.

*BY THE AUTHOR OF "TECUMSEH."

To argue of affections crushed, of hearts
Made utterly a wreck, of blighted hopes
Wherewith the spirit pines, in cureless grief
And voiceless melancholy, is with all
A task most idle. Some seem coldly born,
And live insensate, like the torpid toad
That dwells for ages in the hollow rock,
Scarce animate; and such in wounded souls
Can nourish no belief; while, callous grown
By the dull usages of daily life,
And long observance of unmeaning mirth,
And tears where no grief is, there are who deem
The annals of deep love a muse-rid fable,
And laugh at mention of a broken heart.
For such my words are not. And if there be
That better know the mystery of our being,
And read in their own breasts how nearly love
May be akin to madness, *they* can need
No voice of argument, but in their souls,
So listening to a sad and simple tale,
Shall hear their own thoughts' utterance respond
To the soft touch of sorrow. Not in vain!
For wisdom dwells in human sympathy.

From the grey Kaaterskills, and smooth Champlain,
To loud Niagara, and those northern seas
That bound our empire with their watery reign,
It was the WILDERNESS. Dark forests clothed
The solemn mountains; hushed in stirless shade,

High ridge, and hollow vale, and plains, were dim
With Nature's awful presence; streams were lost
In unknown depth of woods; and still, blue lakes
Slept in a solitude so deep and lone,
That if a sound awoke, scarce Echo dared
Repeat th' obtrusive voice. Yet in the midst
Of this green world was seen a space or two,
New broken, where the woodman's busy axe
Had made a humble clearing; and afar,
From distant hill, the wondering savage saw,
With jealous gaze, prophetic of his fate,
At morn or tranquil eve, the wreathing smoke
Ascending slow above the forest tops,
And there was Helen's home. Her sire had been
A dweller once beside th' Atlantic wave;
But, by the ebb of most unstable fortune
His living swept away, he did go forth
In the full confidence of steadfast faith,
An early pioneer, with those he loved,
Into the western wild, and hewed a home,
And reared his cabin on the marly shore
Of silver Seneca. Few years had passed
Upon the gentle girl, when thus she left
Her sweet delights of early habitude,
To tread the unpathe'd wilderness, and be
Constrained to want and hardship. But she held
A sunny heart, which could all things invest
With its own light, and gave their rude life charms
To steal away the thoughts of childhood hours.
Now, though afar from school-day intimates,
And seldom looking on a friendly face—
(So wide apart were those small settlements,
Though deemed, in boundless woods, near neighborhood)—
Found she no objects where to rest her love
And hold sweet converse? On the silent hills,
In moss-green dells oft wandering, or alone
Her light bark wafting by the lake's still side,
She grew familiar with all natural forms,
Became a sister to the wild-blown rose,
And spake the accents of her tenderness
To the frail wood-vine, and the running brooks,
That murmured of her presence. Naught was there
So clothed in strange and most unmeet disguise,
Rude rock, or shapeless tree, or ragged burr,
But it had power to touch her untaught soul;
And by almighty love her life became
Continuous worship. Thus she did grow up
The child of Nature; and what wonder, then,
If bright with unimagined loveliness,
Like her own dear companions of the wild,
That had no more than sunlight and the dew
To make them lovely! Yet she knew it not,
Though oft she saw her beaming countenance,
In fount, or liquid lake, or shadowy stream,
Even as the flowers beside her feet the while
Bent their fair faces to the crystal wave
Unconscious of their beauty. None could meet
The glad young creature springing in their path,
A wood-nymph in the silent loneliness,
Nor feel delight gush through their startled hearts.
Pensive she was at times, but not with sadness,

And silent oft, but in that reverie
 Of pleased new thought, when now the girl puts on
 Sweet womanhood, though yet no form has grown
 Dear to her soul; and still in cheerfulness
 She bore their life,—which little promise gave
 For youthful sports, or maiden's budding hopes,—
 And in her weakness she became a strength
 To her worn parents, as the evening star
 To weary husbandmen that pause and hail
 The solitary brightness.

Ah! that Love
 Should triumph most such unschooled hearts to win,
 Nor always schemeth in the throngs of life,
 Wandering from populous cities to the depths
 Of Nature's most removed and wild domains!

A youthful hunter in the woodland paths
 Met her at morning hour. And what was there
 In form or feature that she started so?
 Or, being startled, wherefore stood she still,
 And gazed upon him? On his broad fair brow
 The clustering curls were glorious; in his eye
 There lived attractive light; and all his frame
 Seemed wrought in complement of manliest mould.
 The wondering girl had never yet beheld
 Such shape of beauty: with her lips she spake not,
 But her admiring face was eloquent;—
 And who could read it with so quick a ken
 As the keen hunter?—"Art thou," said the youth,
 Resting his rifle on the leafy ground,
 "A dweller in yon cabin by the lake,
 That glimmers through the branches?"—"Tis the house
 My father built," replied the artless maid,
 Changing her hue with every syllable.
 —"Tis joy that I have seen thee, gentle one!
 And wilt thou keep," he added, bending low,
 And plucking a pale violet at her feet,
 "This humble token till I come again?"
 He placed the meek flower in her flowing hair,
 Pressed his warm lips upon her crimsoned cheek,
 Then sought the hill-side shadows. Tremblingly
 Returned the girl, and in her Bible laid
 The stainless gift, so given; and if that night,
 As rose her thoughts to Heaven, another form
 Seemed standing with the angels by the throne,
 Ye will not chide, fair maids, such erring heart.

The hunter came again: he could not choose
 But wish again to see the lovely vision.
 They met as two that, once acquainted long,
 Had long been parted,—ev'n with trembling words,
 And smiles unconscious, and the gathering tear
 That only falls not; and ere many days
 They were so wrapt and confident in joy,
 As who had met at last to part no more.
 Yet in the hunter's breast there seemed at times
 A struggling with remembrance, and arose
 Strange shadows o'er his face; but he would turn,
 And in the heaven of her fair countenance,
 Drown the unwelcome thought that spake within,
 While tenderer grew the gaze of his dark eyes,

And sweeter yet the music of his voice,
 The dewy moments stole on wings of light,
 Nor aught to her was all the world beside;
 They wandered forth along the forest walks;
 They trod the winding shore; they sat them down
 Where rills ran brawling through the gnarled roots
 Of huge, old trees, or with a quiet joy
 Sweet fountains murmured in the mossy shade;
 And all the while by lake, or shady spring,
 Or brawling brook, into her charmed ear,
 By many a soft low tone and earnest word,
 Was breathed love's language. Fears she knew not of;
 She asked no vows; but all her innocent soul,
 With every thought, and hope, and young desire,
 Was yielded up, undubting, undisguised.

The long bright days of sunny June flew by,
 And still he lingered—while more frequent still
 Some image from the past appeared to him,
 Wherewith his spirit was disquieted.
 The days flew by, his dog basked in the sun,
 And idly hung his rifle on the wall,—
 When suddenly one morn, from sleepless rest,
 He started up, and spake of promised toil,
 And journeying, with a comrade of the hills,
 "I will not long be gone," he said, and kissed
 The tears from her pale cheek; "nay, Helen, cease!
 I will persuade him to release my faith
 Ere many weeks; so when returns again
 The golden autumn, and the red leaves fall,
 I too return."—And Helen watched him go,
 Till closed the dense green forest: tranquilly
 She turned her then to hope, and household cares,
 And long expectance.

Summer wore away
 'Mid manifold regard of plants and flowers—
 Though less her worship now; and o'er the face
 Of Nature near and far began to steal
 The noiseless change. Then looked the maiden forth
 Each day while first the rank, dark verdure grew
 Rusted and stained, if yet her lover thence
 Appeared to greet her: but she looked in vain.
 "It is not time," she murmured to her heart;
 "The red leaves are not falling. Would they were!"

And now the Spirit of the Frost came down,
 And the wide forest, like an orient scarf,
 Put on a thousand colors. All throughout
 There lived a slumbrous light; the birds grew hush;
 By hill, and lake, and plain, the woodland boughs
 Cast off their ripened fruits, and every where
 Fountain and rill and lazy-wandering stream,
 Where they had sat and talked of love, were strewn
 With the pale foliage. "Wherefore comes he not?"
 Sighed the fair girl, as 'mid their gathered stoups
 She helped her father husk the yellow corn:
 "Why comes he not? But well I know he will,
 Ere all the leaves be fallen!"

Silently
 The melancholy Indian summer passed,
 And all the smoky sky grew thin and clear
 With cold November, as the northern wind

Shook the last trembler on the topmost spray—
 And still he came not. Wintry skies grew dark,
 Deep fell the snows o'er all the wilderness,
 And rocked the bare trees, creaking to the blast—
 But still he came not. Then the anxious maid
 Waxed wan and pensive: few the words she spake,
 But those were sorrow's utterance, and their tone
 More mournful than her silence. Yet her heart
 Feared only that some ill had fallen to him:
 She would not wrong him with a doubting thought.

Now lay midwinter heavy on the earth.
 A traveller, worn with journeying, chanced to reach
 Their humble dwelling. Hospitably there,
 His weariness was welcomed; and he told
 Beside their evening fire, how he had been
 In that proud city throned on triple waves,
 Where the strong Hudson wrestles with the sea;
 Then gave from thence a herald of the news,—
 Grown old, yet news to them so far removed
 From the great world.—And what, as if her eyes
 Some Gorgon power therewith had turned to stone,
 Fixed Helen's gaze?—She read and read again,
 Yet there it was, that in the autumn time
 Had Henry Erlston to the altar led
 A young and beauteous bride,—that as he stood
 Even before the solemn priest, his frame
 Was strangely shook; and, when the oath was given,
 His words were wild, as if his wandering thoughts
 Were far away.—No sigh the maiden breathed,
 But in her sinking soul died all but love;
 And, slowly drooping, pale and still she lay,
 Like the cold snow-wreath wrought beside their door,
 So dear—and faithless! This it was that struck
 The arrow to her heart!

That faintness passed,
 But not to ease her aching bosom came
 Or tears or language; and, in rapid change,
 Her pallid form was flushed, her torpid brain
 Grew crazed and fiery. Then the passion-depths
 Were broken up; yet no reproach was there,
 Nor changed regard, nor voice of injured love,
 But, in wild utterance, accents of young hope,
 And soft-entwining trust, and sweet, low tones
 Of undisguised affection—for her thoughts
 Were not amid the present;—then, anon,
 Heart-piercing notes of wo, as gleamed, perchance,
 Into her soul a ray of consciousness,
 Ev'n as a sunbeam to the prisoned wretch,
 That only shows his house of dark despair.

From chambers of the South stole forth fair Spring,
 Sowing the earth with violets. In the air
 All influences of new life were born,
 And the vast wilderness, with smiles of Heaven,
 Vocal with birds and desert-bees, resumed
 Its glorious beauty. But to her returned
 No glow of health, nor smiles, nor cheerful voice,
 Nor light of reason. Won from death at last,
 She glided round their dwelling like a spirit,
 Listless, or sadly muttering to herself;
 Or bending o'er that faded violet,
 Long cherished in her Bible, where was told

The mournful story of the Crucifixion,
 She gazed on it with tears, and spake to it,
 And kissed with clinging lips the hueless leaves ;
 Or, sitting, childlike, at her mother's feet,
 She talked of childhood hours, and early scenes,
 And asked, bewildered, when they would go back
 To the blue ocean. Oft, again, she bore—
 For none her wayward fancies would restrain—
 Uncertain footsteps through familiar walks,
 Pausing at times, the while, by many a fount
 And stream—so well remembered!—then anon
 Plucking wild flowers, to which she would address
 The sorrowing language of a broken heart.

At last again advanced with visible steps
 September through the woods, and winds began
 To cast their changing honors to the earth.
 "See! see!" the maiden cried, "the red leaves fall,
 And he will now return! I will go forth
 And meet his coming!"—Strange it was to see
 Crazy Helen start so joyfully, and trip
 Into the sounding forest!

Twilight closed

With stars and shadows—but the mother's eye
 Looked vainly for her unreturning child.
 All night the anxious father roamed the hills
 And shouted for his daughter; but the morn
 Shone on him desolate. Three days and nights
 Was urged the fruitless search; then suddenly
 They found her fallen within a little dell,
 Where a small spring, from out the mossy bank,
 Ran wimpling to the lake-side. She had gone
 Some miles with wandering steps to meet her love,
 Till, overcome with weariness, she sank
 In solitude and stillness. Round her rose
 Tall trees of noble kind and varied change,
 Purple-red maple and the yellow ash,
 That, shaken with the breath of morning air,
 Had almost covered her with their bright leaves.
 The early sun looked through the mourning boughs;
 The dews were on her cheek; upon her breast
 The long, dark hair was wreathed; and in her hand
 She held some withered plants, that still revealed
 Their circlets of red berries,—and with these
 A flower or two, of such as latest bloom
 And longest linger in the waning year.
 So pale, so sorrowful, unmoved and cold
 In death she lay, but passing beautiful,
 As if the hand of Nature formed her there
 Embodied loveliness inanimate.

O traveller! if thy steps shall ever stray
 To a low mound, within a narrow dell,
 By Seneca's blue wave, remember the u,
 That strange and fearful is the human heart,
 Nor ever guiltless can he be that wins,
 In sweet, sweet trifling with its secret strings,
 To unrequited, hopeless constancy,
 The music of its love.

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

No. XXXIV.

JOHN TYLER.

(With a fine Engraving on Steel.)

THE invaluable practical services recently rendered by Mr. Tyler to the cause of those principles which have always been advocated by this Review, and sustained by its political friends, have attached to his position an interest which necessarily extends in no slight degree to his person also. There are probably very few among our readers, who have any idea of the countenance and appearance of a man, who not only fills the most exalted official station in their country, but whose name, for the past year and a half, from the direction of events, has been doubtless more frequently on their lips than that of any other individual. The portraits of Mr. Tyler which have gone abroad into a very limited circulation, are in general the veriest daubs of caricature. A remarkably fine daguerreotype likeness having fallen in our way, we have therefore deemed that an acceptable service would be rendered to our subscribers and the public, by causing it to be engraved for insertion in the series of portraits of which it now constitutes the thirty-fourth Number. A 'counterfeit presentment' of any human countenance, prince or peasant, executed by the unflattering fidelity of this process—a process of art which 'nothing extenuates nor sets down aught in malice,'—needs no endorsement to its accuracy of resemblance. We trust that our Whig friends will be duly grateful for the introduction in the Democratic Review, of a portrait of the Chief Magistrate of their own choice and election; and spare in future the reproaches that have heretofore been sometimes made, against the exclusiveness with which the selection of the subjects of this series has been confined to the prominent men of our own party. We hope that they will appreciate the delicacy of the intended com-

pliment paid to them, in the fact, that, in taking one of their great men for this purpose, we have selected the particular one whom they themselves took such very extraordinary pains to place in the position from which we did our best to keep him out. And when we add, that this kind and liberal desire to gratify our political opponents, by presenting them the first accurate likeness of their own chosen President, received no inconsiderable stimulus from the circumstance of the patriotic enthusiasm for him and his office, manifested at a recent celebrated dinner to an English lord, we are sure we shall have completed our title to their most grateful acknowledgments.

The following sketch of Mr. Tyler, we feel bound to say, was written by a warm friend of that gentleman, to accompany the portrait, at his own earnest desire to be permitted to do so. We have preferred, on the whole, to let it pass unmodified by any of those alterations of the editorial pen, which, if begun, might perhaps run somewhat further than might be agreeable to the author. We have heretofore expressed so distinctly our own impressions in relation to him, his position and course, that we deem it unnecessary to state here more particularly how far we may agree to, and how far dissent from the views urged by the writer, with the zeal of political and personal attachment. For Mr. Tyler's recent important vetoes we sincerely thank and honor him—at the same time that we feel bound to say, that the general course of his administration in other respects has by no means been what we hoped at the outset it might possibly be. He leaves us yet in no slight degree of doubt, as to the spirit in which his course has had its origin and stimulus. Confidence is a plant of slow growth sometimes in other, also,

than aged bosoms. If Mr. Tyler has now done well for one year, he had before done very ill for ten. If his recent deserts have been great, great also was all he had to atone for. An ancient sage would pronounce no man happy in his life, till death had set his seal upon his mortal fate and career. So too do we await a further development of Mr. Tyler's administration, before deciding on the judgment which should be recorded opposite to his name in the annals of the great office imposed upon him, by that same fatality of accident which seems to have attended his whole political career.—*En. D. R.*

It has fallen to the lot of but few individuals to exercise so potent an influence on the destinies of their country, as the subject of this sketch. But recently elevated to the office of Vice President of the nation, a post which has heretofore been considered far less than secondary importance to that of the Chief Magistrate, Mr. Tyler by a solemn dispensation of Providence became invested with the attributes of Executive power on the very threshold of his official career. The death of President Harrison, and his accession thereby to the station of Chief Magistrate, are events of too recent occurrence to require more than a passing notice. The limits assigned to this sketch will not permit an elaborate review of the earlier incidents of his life, and we shall therefore but briefly glance over the more prominent features of his history, and proceed to the discussion of those great measures of public policy which have been agitated since his elevation to the Presidency, and over many of which he has exercised so salutary a control.

John Tyler was born in Charles City County, Virginia, on the 29th of April, 1790, and is now in the fifty-third year of his age. His father for a considerable period held the office of Governor of that ancient Commonwealth, and enjoyed the friendship and esteem of the distinguished statesmen of his day. A neighbor and intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson, he possessed the unreserved confidence of that eminent apostle of Democracy, which continued uninterrupted to the close of his existence. The friendship of the father

was continued to the son, and accordingly, at Mr. Jefferson's demise, the subject of our sketch was called on to deliver a eulogy on the departed patriot; a task to the performance of which he brought the whole energies of a cultivated mind, and an ardent admiration of the character of the deceased statesman. This eulogy was delivered at Richmond, and evinces a deep-seated conviction of the importance of Mr. Jefferson's political principles, and an enthusiastic appreciation of the eminent services he rendered to his country. At the early age of twenty-one years, Mr. Tyler was elected to the Legislature of Virginia, and five years thereafter was placed in Congress. In 1826, he was elevated to the distinguished station of Governor of the State of Virginia, the duties of which he discharged for about one year and a half, when the Legislature selected him to fill a vacancy in the Senate of the United States. Having served in that capacity during one term, he was re-elected, and continued in that office until a difference of opinion arose between General Jackson and himself, on some measures of public policy, when, being instructed by the Legislature of Virginia to vote in their favor, he resigned his seat and went into voluntary retirement. In the various stations thus briefly alluded to, Mr. Tyler's talents and judgment were called into frequent exercise, and his speeches and written addresses are marked by forcible and brilliant conceptions clothed in language of great beauty and purity.

The Whig Convention which assembled at Harrisburg, in the State of Pennsylvania, selected him as their candidate for Vice President, to which office he was elected in the autumn of 1840. Up to this period the influence of Mr. Tyler's views was necessarily limited to a comparatively circumscribed sphere of action, but the demise of General Harrison at once placed him on an eminence where the exercise of the legitimate functions of his station involved the most momentous consequences to the well-being of the whole nation.

Flushed with success, the Whig party anticipated no obstacle to the complete triumph of those favorite schemes, which, however veiled from the public eye during the presidential

canvass, were not the less cherished by the Federal phalanx throughout all the phases of their ever-shifting career. Rushing to the possession of place and power with an appetite whetted by the protracted struggle which had preceded victory, the wire-pullers found themselves unexpectedly checked by the decision and firmness of an individual elevated by themselves. And here it becomes us to pause and review the position of the Executive at this important crisis.

Having for a long period occupied stations of public trust, which rendered necessary the promulgation of his sentiments on the most grave and weighty subjects connected with our political institutions, he found himself surrounded by influences the most hostile to his pre-conceived and frequently declared principles, and was left the alternative of abandoning the convictions of a long life and falsifying his character for consistency, or of firmly maintaining his fidelity at the cost of encountering the embittered assaults of those who were instrumental in his elevation. Foremost among those important measures of national policy, the question of establishing a moneyed corporation by the General Government stood forth, broad, massive, and overshadowing.

On numerous occasions—in the Senate of the United States—in the hustings in Virginia—in communications to individuals and public bodies, and in casual and private conversations, Mr. Tyler had steadily denied the constitutional right of Congress to charter such an institution.

To fortify this settled conviction, the President found that the evils which the framers of the Constitution had, with far-seeing eye, anticipated from the existence of such a monopoly, were more than verified by the blistering developments that were unfolded in the management of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania, with its admitted "odor of nationality;" and he wisely determined to stand by his principles without calculating the cost or inconvenience to himself personally. The result is before the country, and we intend briefly to glance at the effects, past, present, and prospective, which have followed and may be expected to follow from his official acts. We are aware, indeed, that Mr. Tyler

has been accused of treachery by a large portion of his Whig allies, but we find the burden of testimony decidedly opposed to such a conclusion. Certain it is, that the settled policy of that party at the late presidential campaign caused them to openly disavow the imputation attempted to be fastened on them by their opponents, that they were the advocates of a National Bank; and accordingly we find even Henry Clay declaring at a public meeting at Taylorville, Hanover county, Virginia, on the 27th June, 1840, that the question of chartering a National Institution "should be left to the arbitrament of an enlightened public opinion."

From a published communication of Mr. Henry A. Wise, recently addressed to his constituents in Virginia, the fact is directly asserted, that during the time which elapsed between the nominations at Harrisburg and the election, and while Congress was in session, it was considered necessary that the views of Mr. Tyler upon a National Bank should be obtained. For this purpose Mr. Wise was selected to address Mr. Tyler on that subject, who, in his reply, stated *distinctly* that his views in relation to such an institution remained unchanged, *and that were he the President he could never sign a charter for any such incorporation while the Constitution remained in its present form.*

This he plainly and unequivocally stated, that his views might be submitted to the Whigs in Congress, and, through them, to the nation.

This letter was shown by Mr. Wise to Mr. Biddle, of Pittsburgh, and other leading Whig members of Congress at that time, and it was left for them to say whether the letter should be published or not. *They decided that Mr. Tyler's letter should not go before the public!* The above explicit declaration of the honorable member of Congress appears abundantly conclusive, and we are therefore justified in the conclusion that he was selected as the candidate of the Whigs in 1840 for his *availability*, without regarding the cohesion of his views with their own, or demanding the abandonment or modification of his cherished convictions. Thus, by a Providential dispensation, neither usual nor un instructive, the temporary ascendancy of a deceptive course of policy was overthrown, and the high-

priests of Error were stricken with a singular but merited retribution while administering the sacrificial rites at the very altar of their triumph.

On the threshold of his administration the President was brought into official communication with advisers selected by his predecessor, and, nervously himself for the mighty struggle which he foresaw was approaching, he permitted some minor measures to pass without opposition, which under other circumstances he might have opposed.

The passage of the bill to incorporate a Bank of the United States signaled the great crisis, and demanded the exercise of his utmost firmness.

We learn from an eye-witness the extraordinary measures which were adopted at this period to overthrow the President's settled purpose.

Committees of Congress were in constant attendance at his rooms, assailing him with earnest appeals to his feelings and his interests on the one hand, while on the other the plauds of federal wrath were denounced if he continued obdurate. Even the privacy of his bed-chamber was invaded at unreasonable hours by individuals in high station, and the extraordinary expedient was resorted to, of summoning his intimate personal friends from his native State to beseech him to give his sanction to the bill of abominations. To crown the machinations of the federal politicians in and out of Congress, the members of the President's Cabinet, with an indehency and violation of duty unparalleled in the history of our Government, held a secret meeting at the Treasury Department, apart from the President, and without his knowledge, to devise plans to coerce him into submission. While these extraordinary and persevering efforts were in progress, the Democratic members of Congress were naturally suspicious of the fidelity to principle of one who had been elevated to office by the Federal forces, and they consequently declined any interference in the matter. The result was, that Mr. Tyler was left single-handed and alone to combat the powerful influences which were assailing his integrity, and was compelled to rely on the sustaining power of his Maker, and the approving voice of his own conscience.

Fortunately for the country, he planted his foot on the rock of principle,

and on the 16th September, 1841, placed his official veto on the odious law. To properly estimate the value of Mr. Tyler's firmness, we must review the position of the Democratic party at this eventful crisis. Defeated at all points, and overwhelmed by the force of the political tornado which had swept over the land, they saw before them but a succession of aristocratic usurpations, whose effects would shake the very foundations of our valued institutions. The firmness of Mr. Tyler dispelled the gathering gloom, and the mood of approval awarded him by the patriot at the Hermitage met with a willing response from the Democracy of the whole Union, until its echoes were lost in the caverns of the Rocky Mountains.

The defeat of their darling object induced the Whig party in Congress, and their allies in the Cabinet, to attempt to destroy Mr. Tyler's influence if they could not bend him to their purpose.

To accomplish this they plied him with artful queries as to the kind of Government Bank or agency he would sanction, noted all his remarks, and husbanded every isolated expression with the intention of instituting a question of veracity between themselves and him. His veto of the second Bank Bill was followed by the resignation of all his Cabinet ministers except the Secretary of State, who, with a lack of delicacy which cannot be too highly censured, issued addresses to the public criminating the President, and accusing him of deception and insincerity. Their statements, however, being inconsistent with each other, failed to effect the object intended, and their manifestoes and themselves are consigned to merited obscurity; or if remembered, live alone in the contempt of the community.

During the recess between the adjournment of Congress, at its special session, and the commencement of its regular meeting in December last, the impoverished state of the National Treasury induced the President to recommend the repeal of that section of the act to distribute the proceeds of the public lands among the States which authorizes such distribution whenever the duties on imports did not exceed twenty per centum on their value.

This recommendation, although evidently justified by the exigencies of the Government, was assailed with great bitterness by the Whig leaders in Congress, and met with prompt rejection by the federal majority of that body.

The breach between the President and his quondam allies had now evidently become irreparable, and we find the remainder of the session of Congress wasted in fruitless endeavors to place the Executive in a false position. The first movement to effect this object was made by that arch-leader of the Federal forces, Henry Clay, who signalized his withdrawal from the Senate of the United States by an assault on the veto power, in which he advocated such a change in the Constitution as would annul or materially weaken this salutary check on congressional usurpation. His followers in Congress were not, however, exactly prepared to adopt so revolutionary a suggestion, and the resolutions of Mr. Clay quietly repose on the table of the United States Senate, an enduring monument of the folly of which their distinguished author could be capable.

The next scheme to coerce the President, was an attempt to reduce him to a compliance with the wishes of the Whig party, by virtually threatening to cut off the supplies. On the last day of July, the duties on all imported goods were reduced, by the terms of the compromise act, to twenty per cent., but the provisions of the law were couched in language so ambiguous, that doubts were entertained of the power to enforce the collection of the revenue. The passage of "the little Tariff Bill" legalized the provisions of the compromise act, but provided at the same time for the suspension, for thirty days, of that portion of the distribution law which prevented the division of the proceeds of the public lands when the duties on imports exceeded twenty per cent. To sanction this law would have convicted Mr. Tyler of gross inconsistency, while its rejection involved embarrassment to the national finances, and endangered the public credit.

The President promptly vetoed the bill (the veto message was sent to Congress on the 29th of June) having wisely decided that the invasion of a high moral principle is irreparable, while the inconvenience created by a

rigid adherence to right is susceptible of removal or modification. The passage of the second tariff bill, embodying the same unacceptable features as its predecessors, again elicited a presidential veto, and the Federal majority were left the unpleasant alternative of abandoning the ground they had so vauntingly occupied, or of encountering the opposition of the manufacturers, who were clamoring at the doors of the capitol, demanding *legislative protection*. The indignant rebukes of the people at the reckless conduct of the congressional majority during a session of nearly nine months' duration, at length forced an unwilling action on the tariff question, which resulted in the passage of the present law. The bill thus enacted in hot haste at the close of the session, although odious in many of its leading provisions, was necessarily approved by the Executive, and became a law. The views of Mr. Tyler, on the subject of revenue, appear, from his published declarations, to be consonant with sound policy, while the principle of indirect taxation continues to be adhered to by our Government. The recent indications of returning sanity on the part of the British Government, in relation to the inexpediency of levying prohibitory duties, warrants the hope, that the day is not far distant when the principles of free-trade will be more generally understood and recognised, and governments will learn that unloosing the shackles of commerce is the most certain method of attaining the highest state of national prosperity. The odious appendage to the apportionment law, which was adopted at the close of the session, and the repeal of the salutary provision of the distribution law before alluded to—followed by the immediate adjournment of Congress,—gave the President an opportunity of withholding his sanction to those bills, and thus defeating them without the necessity of formal vetoes. A brief glance at the tendency of the more important measures adopted by the Whig majority of Congress, and which were disapproved by Mr. Tyler, will not be here out of place.

The country was passing through a financial crisis of unparalleled severity; and to the social and political evils connected with the establishment of a Bank of the United States, would have

been added a return of that undue expansion of the currency, which, in its inevitable reaction, has carried general prostration and ruin to the trading portion of the community. But springing far above all other considerations in its influence on the welfare of the people, is the moral pestilence which pervades the atmosphere of a gigantic moneyed institution, undermining, as it does, the very foundation of public and private confidence and integrity, and engendering evils which are entailed on succeeding generations. With a steady currency based on the precious metals, of uniform value, and not subject to sudden expansions and contractions, we may confidently anticipate a slow but certain return to a state of permanent prosperity.

Like the law to establish a Government Bank, that which authorizes the distribution of the proceeds of the public domain is fraught with evils of no common magnitude. It is, indeed, an embodiment of that vicious principle in legislation—the distorted child of Federal parentage—which creates gigantic schemes of national extravagance with the view of dazzling the people with the semblance of prosperity, the better to fleece them of their honest earnings.

Thus, the exploded schemes of internal improvement to be carried on by the General Government were attempted to be revived through the agency of the States, and the money of the people was to be squandered *indirectly* on those objects against which the Democracy of the country have declared an eternal hostility. The demoralization and debasement which have ever followed in the track of similar expedients in all ages and countries should warn the American people of their danger. That system of duties on imports which operates as a bounty to one class of individuals at the cost of the remainder, is equally exceptionable in principle, and scarcely less injurious in practice. Having for its basis the false theory of coercing foreign nations into becoming the tributaries of our own, through a system of prohibitory duties levied on the products and manufactures of those States, it results in chaining down the energies of indivi-

dual enterprise, according a premium to the illicit trader at the expense of the honest merchant, and compelling the consumer to pay an unequal tax to benefit a few wealthy manufacturers.

This state of things creates the necessity for an army of official spies to neutralize the efforts of the ingenious evaders of governmental restrictions, thereby increasing the burthens of the producing classes, and withdrawing from the vitals of the community, in a covert manner, the aliment which feeds and pampers a host of greedy stipendiaries.

Thus, step by step, the Federal party were marching onward in their path of encroachment on the liberties of the people, when the unsustained firmness of John Tyler planted an insurmountable barrier to their progress. In the prompt appreciation of purity of purpose and patriotic adherence to right, the Democracy of the country are ever true to their generous impulses. To errors of mere policy they are lenient, while the ground of principle is firmly maintained. They justly appreciate the value of integrity in high station, and are mindful that the day may not be far distant when a new combination of untoward events may again require the exercise of similar firmness to avert the like calamities. Mr. Tyler is now separated from the Federal party by an impassable gulf. To secure the continued approbation of the Republican party his measures must be essentially Democratic, holding no compromise with the enemies of popular rights. The talents and education of Mr. Tyler have qualified him for the proper discharge of the duties of the high trust he has assumed, and his annual and special messages are marked by vigor of thought and felicity of expression. As a debater he possesses easy fluency and a graceful delivery, and his conversational powers are of a high order. To a pleasing but dignified demeanor he unites the frankness and gallant bearing of a Virginia gentleman, and his opinions on all subjects are given with freedom and candor. In person he is tall and rather slightly formed, with prominent features, whose expression is decidedly intellectual.

HARRY BLAKE,

A STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY JOHN QUOD, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

SOMEWHERE about the time when the ill feeling, which had long been gathering strength and venom, between England and her American colonies, was ripening into a rebellion, there stood on the road between Albany and Schenectady a fantastic old building, whose style had been hatched in the foggy brain, and whose walls had been reared by the sturdy hand, of some Dutch architect. It was a substantial, antiquated house, time-worn, grey, but not dilapidated; half smothered in trees, with odd-looking wings stretching out in every imaginable direction, with little reference to uniformity or regularity. Sharp gables, with steps to the tops of them, jutted up among the green branches of the trees; crooked chimneys, forked for the benefit of storks, which never came there, and of all possible forms, were perched on the roof; some of them stiff and upright, like stark warriors on guard, and others twisting and bending, like so many inquisitive old fellows, endeavoring to peep into the narrow little windows which garnished the second story. But everything about it was solid, strong, and old. The very barns had a generous look. They were low, roomy, and extensive, with broad, wide doors and windows, and had a comfortable, liberal air, not unlike some sturdy, short-legged fellow, with a large stomach and ample breeches pockets.

From the lowest branch of a large sycamore, in front of this house, hung a sign-board, ornamented with the figure of a horse, of a deep blue color—a variety of that animal possibly common in those days, but at present extinct—indicating that it was a place of public entertainment. Such an intimation, however, was little needed in its own immediate neighborhood, for the Blue Horse was a place noted throughout the whole country round for its good ale, its warm fireside, and its jolly, jovial old landlord, who told a

story, drank his ale, and smoked his pipe, with any man in the country; and so he could but get a crony at his bar-room fire, he cared little whether the fellow had an empty pocket or not, or whether the ale which was making him mellow was ever to be paid for. It is no wonder, then, that the Blue Horse became the delight of the men, and the horror of their wives, who wondered that their husbands would wander off of nights to old Garret Quackenboss's house, and listen to his roystering stories, when they could be so much more usefully employed in splitting wood or rocking the babies to sleep at home. Rumors of their venom reached the ears of old Garret; but he smoked his pipe, closed his eyes, and forgot them. His customers did the same, and, in spite of conjugal opposition, the bar-room of the Blue Horse was rarely empty.

This bar-room was a large barn-like chamber, with a wide, gaping fireplace, and great sturdy fire-dogs squatting in front of it, with huge logs of wood resting on and warming their hinder parts,—by the way, an application to warmth in a direction which has latterly become quite common, not only to fire-dogs, but to all frequenters of bar-rooms. Heavy rafters, blackened by time and smoke, crossed the top of the room, and from them projected hooks on which hung hams, hind quarters of smoked beef, baskets, kettles, and various articles of culinary use. Over the chimney were several guns, covered with dust and cobwebs, and which probably had never been used since the landlord was a boy; but on which he now occasionally cast an anxious eye, as rumors of war and strife reached him from the more eastern colonies. Wooden chairs, wooden tables, a wooden dresser, garnished with pewter plates, shining like so many mirrors, and a huge arm-chair in the chimney corner, with Garret

Quackenboss's fat body and jolly face in the midst of it, completed the furniture of the room.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of a fine bright day in autumn, and in this very room, and in the midst of a group of half-a-dozen men, with the face of the landlord of the Blue Horse shining out, like a red sun, from among them, that we open our narrative. They were all men of the same class as Garret—plain, sturdy, substantial—mostly farmers of the neighborhood, who had loitered in to pick up the gossip of the day; or those who, on their way from Albany or Schenectady, had dropped in to have a talk with old Garret, before indulging in that same pleasure with their better halves at home.

The subject, however, which now engrossed them was far from a pleasant one. It seemed so even to the landlord, for he was silent, and turned a deaf ear to all that was going on; it being a fixed rule of his, to interfere in no man's difficulties but his own. And as this, which was a hot dialogue between two of the party, was evidently fast verging into a quarrel, after eyeing the parties steadily for some time, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and quietly left the room. Before closing the door, he turned and looked solemnly at the disputants, to let them see that, owing to their misconduct, they were about being deprived of the light of his countenance, and then shaking his head, and emitting from his throat a grumbling indication of supreme discontent, he shut the door and went out.

"Come, come—stop this, Wickliffe," said an old man, one of the party, on whom at least Garret's look had produced an effect. "Don't you see you've driven Garret off? This dispute is mere nonsense."

The person whom he addressed was a short, square-built man, with a dark sallow face, with a scar on the nose, and one crossing both his lips, as if he had been slashed there with a knife; a dark black eye, that at times kindled and glowed, until it seemed a red hot ball set in its socket; a low wrinkled forehead, and lips that worked and twitched, baring and showing his teeth like a mastiff preparing to bite. And as he sat there, with his fingers working with anger, and his lips writhing,

he was about as ugly a looking fellow as one would wish to see.

He turned slowly to the old man who spoke to him, and snapping his fingers in his face, said, "D—n old Garret! Let him go, let him; and as for this dispute with that boy, it's my affair, not yours; so don't meddle with what don't concern you."

The old man drew back abashed. But the opponent of Wickliffe, a young fellow of three or four and twenty, whose frank, handsome countenance, and glad eye, seemed a warrant of an open, generous disposition, now put in.

"Well, Wickliffe," said he, "if you will quarrel, I won't. I didn't want to drive Garret out of his own bar-room, and you know he never *will* stay where there's quarrelling. So drink your ale, and we'll say no more about this matter."

"But I *will* say more about it," retorted the man, half rising from his seat, and at the same time shaking his fist at him, "I *will* say more; and who'll hinder me, I'd like to know that? And as for you, Mr. Harry Blake, I *will* say too, that in spite of your big carcass, you have no more spirit than a woman. That is what I'll say."

"Well, well, say it, if you please," replied Blake, going to the fire and seating himself on a bench, in front of it, "I'm sure I don't care."

As he spoke, he laughed; and leaning forward, picked up a chip which lay on the hearth, and commenced stirring the fire with it, at the same time whistling, and paying no attention to what his opponent said, other than by an occasional laugh at his evident anger at being thus foiled. At last, however, Wickliffe, turning to a man who sat next to him, muttered something between his teeth, which drew the cry of "Shame! shame!" from those around him, and of which Blake caught but the words, "Mary Lincoln."—But they brought him to his feet.

"What's that you say about Mary Lincoln?" said he, advancing towards the man who was looking at him with a grin of satisfaction at having at last aroused him.

"Nothing, nothing," replied several, at the same time rising and placing themselves between him and Wickliffe. "Don't mind him Harry;" don't

mind him. He's in a passion, and doesn't mean what he says."

"But I *do* mean it," shouted Wickliffe. "I *do* mean it; and I repeat it, Mary Lincoln is—"

"What?" demanded Blake quickly, his eyes glowing with anger.

Wickliffe eyed him for a moment with a fixed dogged stare; and it might have been shame, or it might have been a feeling of trepidation, at having at length aroused him, and at seeing the powerful frame of Blake, with every muscle strung, ready to leap upon him, that deterred him; for he turned away his head and said—

"No matter what. I've said it once, and that's enough. They all heard it."

Harry Blake's face, from a deep scarlet, became deadly pale, as he answered: "Wickliffe, I did not hear what you said, but I dare you to repeat it. If you *do*, and there is one word in it that should not be, this hour will be the bitterest of your whole life. I'm not the man to make a threat and not act up to it."

He stood for a moment, waiting for him to repeat his remark, and then turned on his heel and walked to the furthest end of the room; and as he did so, it was remarked by several who thought nothing of it at the time, but who remembered it long after, when every word then uttered, and every action done, became important, that he ground his teeth together, and seizing a large knife which lay on the table, with his teeth still set, drove it into the table, and left it sticking there.

Still his adversary did not seem disposed to give up a dispute which, it was evident, had already been carried too far; for he demanded in an impatient tone—

"What's Mary Lincoln to you, my young fellow, that you bristle up so at the very mention of her name? What is she to you," continued he, becoming still more excited, "be she pure as snow—or-or-or what I will not name! G—d! One would think you were a sweetheart. A glorious pair you'd make! Your red hot temper would be finely balanced against her sweet face and disposition. Sweet—very sweet—and so d—d yielding—and dovelike—that she cannot resist impatience, however improper—ha! ha! It makes me laugh."

His laugh, however, was a short one; for before the words were fairly out of his mouth, Blake was upon him. Exerting his great strength, now doubly increased by fury, he fairly swung the speaker from his feet, and flung him across the room, and against the opposite wall; striking which, he fell at full length on the floor. For a moment, Wickliffe lay stunned; but recovering himself, he sprang up, and shaking his hand at Blake, and saying "My boy, you may take your measure for a coffin after this; for you'll need one," darted from the room. A speedy opportunity might have been afforded to him to have put his threat into execution, had not several persons sprang forward and seized Blake, as he was following, and held him back by main force.

"Don't stop me," exclaimed he, struggling to get loose, and dragging the strong men who held him, across the room. "Let loose your hold, Dick Wells, let loose your grip, I say," exclaimed he to one who held him by the shoulders with a strength nearly equal to his own. "Let me go, or I'll strike you."

"No, you won't, Harry," replied the other. "But even if you do, I'll not let you go on a fool's errand. So there's no use scuffling in that way."

Blake saw that nothing was to be gained by a struggle with so many, and so he said, "Let me go. I'll promise not to follow him. But mark me," said he, as they relinquished their hold, "you have this night heard this scoundrel defame one of the purest girls that ever lived, because he had a grudge against me, and knew that she was to be my wife. He shall pay for it, if it cost me my life."

"Come, come, Harry; don't be a boy," said the old man, who had before interfered with Wickliffe. "The man was half drunk and quarrelsome, and saw that you couldn't stomach what he was saying, and so he said it. No one cares for him or his words. We all know that Mary Lincoln hasn't her equal in these parts. God bless her! I only wish she was my own child. Not but what my poor little Kate is a good girl; and kind and affectionate too, poor little Kate is; but yet she's not Mary Lincoln; but Kate is a good girl, though; a very good girl." And the old man shook his head, reproach-

fully, as if there were a small voice whispering at his heart, that he should not have placed his own poor little Kate next with Mary Lincoln.

Harry Blake's fine face brightened, as he looked at the old man; and he took his hand and shook it warmly. "You're right, Adams—you're right. Mary needs no one to speak up for her. I see it. God bless you all for your kind feelings towards her. And now I think of it, Adams, tell Kate that Mary may not be Mary Lincoln long, and may soon want her to stand up with her."

"I will do that, Harry, I will," said the old farmer, rubbing his hands together, "and right glad I am to hear it; but, Harry, you'll not carry this quarrel further—promise me—I can trust you, I know."

Blake, however, laughed, and shook his head. "I'll think of it," said he. "Beware of rash promises," was what I learnt from my copy-book. But now I must go. Five miles are between me and my home." As he spoke, he turned from them and left the room, and in a short time was heard galloping down the road.

Harry Blake had not been gone many minutes, when one of the company, an old man, dressed in a suit of grey homespun, who had been sitting at the fire, an inactive spectator of the altercation, got up, and, turning to a man who was leaning carelessly against the opposite side of the fireplace, said, "Come, Walton, let's follow Harry's example. Our paths are the same, and we'll go in company; and as you are the youngest you can get the horses."

The person thus addressed seemed to agree to the proposal, for, after yawning and stretching himself, he went out, and in a few minutes was heard calling from without that the horses were ready.

The road which they pursued was the same already taken by Wickhiffe and Blake; and as they had far to go, and it was late, they struck into a brisk trot, so as to pass a dreary portion of it, which ran through waste and forest, before the night set in. Part of it was sad and solitary enough, shrouded with tall trees, covered with long weeping moss, trailing from the branches to the earth, and resembling locks blanched by age. Dense and tangled bushes

with giant dead trees, stretching out their leafless branches over them, with here and there a solitary crow, pluming its feathers on them, crowded up to the very path; and in other parts there were mires of pines and cedars, shooting up amid sumachs and dwarf bushes.

They had passed that portion of the road, which had been here and there enlivened by farms and orchards, and were trotting briskly between two green walls of swamp and forest—a dreary spot—when suddenly, a sharp, shrill cry rose in the air. It seemed to proceed from the wood, a short distance in front of them.

They were both bold men; but their cheeks grew white, and they instinctively drew in their horses.

"Was that a shout or a scream?" said Grayson, instinctively turning his heavy whip in his hand, so as to have its loaded handle ready for a blow.

"It smacked of both," replied Walton. "Hark," said old Caleb Grayson, "there it is again."

Again the same piercing cry shot through the air, and went echoing through the woods, until it seemed to die away in a low wail.

"There's foul play there," shouted Walton, and striking his horse a heavy blow with his whip, the animal sprang forward at a full gallop. "There it is again. By God! it's some one begging for mercy."

"Stop, Walton," said old Caleb Grayson, suddenly reining in his horse. "Did you hear the name?"

"No."

"I did, and it was Harry. Can Harry Blake be settling scores with that braggart Wickhiffe?"

"God of Heaven! I hope not!" exclaimed Walton. "There was bad blood enough between them to lead to a dozen murders. Go it, Jack," said he, again striking his horse, "we'll be on them at the next turn of the road—the bushes hide them now."

A dozen leaps of their horses brought them round the cope of trees, which had shut out a sight that made them shudder. Within twenty yards of them, extended on his back on the ground, lay Wickhiffe, stone dead. Bending over him was Blake, grasping a knife, which was driven to the haft in his bosom.

"Good God! Harry Blake taken

red-handed in a murder!" exclaimed Grayson, seeing Blake endeavoring to pull the knife from the wound. "Don't stab him again. Oh! Harry, Harry, what have you done!"

Blake let loose his hold on the knife, and started up as they advanced. He looked hastily about him; made one or two irresolute steps; but before he could make up his mind whether to fly or not, Walton sprang from his horse, and flung himself upon him. "Harry Blake, I charge you with murder!"

Blake stared at him. "Me with murder? Are you mad? Why, I didn't kill him."

"It won't do, Harry; it won't do," said Walton bitterly, "I saw you with the knife in your grasp—in his bosom—and him dead. Oh! Harry! This is a sad ending of this afternoon's quarrel."

"Will you hear me?" said Blake earnestly, "and you, Caleb—you are older than Walton, and less impetuous, listen to me. I came here but a moment before yourself. I heard a person calling for help; and galloping up, found Wickliffe dead, with this knife driven in his heart; and was endeavoring to pull it out when you came up. This is truth, so help me God! Don't you believe me, Caleb?"

Grayson shook his head, as he replied: "Would that I could, Harry; but as I hope to be saved, I saw you stab him, I did."

Harry clasped his hands together, as he asked, "And do you intend to swear to that? and to charge me with this deed?"

"There is no help for it as I see," said Grayson. "The man is murdered. If you didn't murder him, who did? Answer me that."

As he spoke, he proceeded to examine the body, to see if it retained any signs of life; but it was rigid and motionless, with its open eyes staring at the sky, and the teeth hard set, as if the spirit had gone, in agony. "The knife had been driven so truly, that it must have passed directly through the heart, and the blood which had gushed from the wound, had already saturated the clothes through and through, and formed a small pool in the road."

"Harry Blake," said the old man, as he drew the knife from the wound,

"this is a fearful deed, and the punishment is equally dreadful. You know that I am a magistrate, and must discharge my duty."

"And will you send me to prison on such a charge as this?" repeated Blake bitterly.

The old man was silent.

"Did you ever know me to lie, Caleb?" said he.

"Never, Harry, never!"

"And do you think I'd lie now?"

"I don't know," replied Grayson, "I never before saw you when there was so great a risk hanging over you. Oh! Harry, Harry!" continued he, clasping his hands together and looking at the young man, with an expression in which terror and sorrow were strongly blended,—“I had rather met any man than you, here. It will make many a sad heart in this neighborhood. Why did you not promise what Adams asked! or, rather, why did you leave us then!"

Blake shook his head, as he answered: "Caleb, what can I say more than I have! If I repeat what I have just told you, you will not believe me. I was coming along this road; heard the screams of this man; galloped to the spot, and found him dead with a knife in his breast. I got off my horse to see what could be done for him, and was drawing out the knife when you came up. Had you been two minutes sooner, and I one minute later, I should have made the same charge against you, which you now make against me."

"But the cry—the words: 'Mercy, mercy, Harry!' He uttered your name."

"He did indeed," replied Blake, "he did, indeed; I heard it myself. But he did not say *Harry Blake*. Harry, you know, is not an unusual name."

"It may be—it may be," said Grayson, "but still we must deliver you up; and if you are innocent, God grant that you may prove yourself so; but unless my eyes deceive me, I saw you stab that man."

"If that is your belief, God help me!" said Blake solemnly, "for you must be a witness against me. If I am charged with murder, such a fact sworn to would hang me. But you have not even looked for another murderer than me. He may be hid some-

where about here. Search in the bushes, and you may find him yet.—I'll not sur."

With a strange reliance on the word of the man, whom they would not believe, when he asserted his innocence, they left him, and commenced a search along the road. And there stood the culprit motionless—making no attempt at escape, and watching them with an earnestness, only accounted for by the fact that on their success his life depended. At a short distance from the spot, and in a part of the bank, on the roadside, where Blake said that he had not been, there was a foot-print. It was indistinct, but as far as could be judged, when compared with Blake's foot, it conceded in size and form. A little further on, was another, and also the marks of a struggle in the road. Here, too, were the same foot-prints; and these, too, in dimensions, corresponded with the foot of Blake.

"It's singularly like mine," said Blake, placing his foot on the track.

"It had ought to be," said Walton gravely; "unless your foot has altered its shape, within the last five minutes."

Blake made no reply to this insinuation, but stood looking with an expression of deep trouble at the foot-print. In the meantime, the others continued their search up and down the road, and in the bushes. The marks of the struggle were numerous; but there

no was trace of a murderer, other than Harry Blake. At last they both came out and stood in the road.

"Do you find nothing?" inquired Blake earnestly.

Grayson shook his head, as he said:

"I didn't expect to; but you wished me to look, Harry, and I had a hard duty to perform; and so I thought I'd humer you first. I knew it was useless."

"Well, well," said Blake; "everything goes sadly against me. You must do your duty. I am your prisoner."

"But," said he, seeing them moving to where the horses were, "what do you intend to do with *that*?" And he pointed to the dead body.

"Catch me at-touching it!" said Walton. "Caleb choose to pull the knife out of him. I wouldn't ha' done it. It's the crowner's business, that is. We'll send him here. Come, Harry. It isn't our fault—but you must come, you know."

Blake, without further remark, mounted his horse; and waiting until they were also on theirs, they rode off in company, taking the direction to the residence of the nearest magistrate, where, in due form, Harry Blake was delivered over to the mercy of the law, and arrangements were made for the removal of the body of Wickliffe.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT five miles from the tavern mentioned in the last chapter, stood a spacious brick house, one story high, with low eaves extending within reach of the ground, and tall pointed windows, perched along its roof, as a substitute for second story lights. It was a venerable, grey, old house, which seemed to have dozed away, amid the great shadowy trees which crowded about it, becoming hoary and antiquated, yet retaining an air of substantial comfort. Creeping vines, of various kinds, clambered about the windows, and in fissures of the walls, forming a green mat over much of the roof, and stealing up the trunks of the old trees; which formed the home of many a bird, who peeped into the narrow windows, or mounted on one of the top-

most branches, which towered so high aloft, that its voice, as it poured forth its song, seemed carolling midway between earth and sky. A sequestered lane, crowded with trees, that drooped almost to a mounted horse-man's head, led from the house to the highway, which was at least half a mile distant. Altogether, it was a rural, snug, dreamy old house; and in it was one of the snuggest rooms, fitted up with little knick-knacks rare in those days—with snowy windows and bed curtains, and a bed as white and snowy as the curtains, fit only to be occupied, as it was, by the most beautiful little fairy of a girl that one's eyes had ever rested on,—and that was Mary Lincoln.

At about eight o'clock, on the morn-

ing of the day succeeding that in which occurred the incidents narrated in the last chapter, and in the small room just mentioned, sat a very beautiful girl, with glossy golden hair, engaged in sewing; though it must be confessed that her eye was more often wandering through the window, and along that deep vista-like lane, down which her window looked, than fixed upon her work; for it was nearly the hour at which Harry Blake usually contrived, on some pretext or other, to find his way to the house, to see how she was, and ask a few questions, and make a few remarks, the nature of which was best known to herself. That day, however, he was behind his time; but still she felt sure he would come. He had said nothing about it; but she expected him as much as if he had; and was endeavoring to select one out of half-a-dozen slightly coquettish ways of receiving him, which just then presented themselves to her mind. At first she thought that she would keep him waiting for her—a very little time—just enough to make him more glad to see her, when she came; but then, she should be as much a sufferer as he; for, impatient as he might be below, she would be equally so above; so she abandoned that. Then she thought of taking her sewing in the wide hall, and of stationing herself on one of the old settees which garnished its sides, and that she would be there very leisurely at work, and, of course, would not see him until he came up and spoke to her; or, perhaps, might accidentally go out just as he was coming in. That, too, she abandoned; and then she fancied that she would stroll out and meet him in the lane; and, it must be confessed, that she inclined more towards this plan than either of the others; for she had accidentally met him in this way before; and on these occasions Harry always tied his horse to a tree, and walked with her to the house; and although the distance was short, they sometimes consumed a great deal of time in going it, and he had an opportunity of saying much which not unfrequently he was unable to say at the house; for her father was almost as fond of Harry as his daughter, and had so much to tell him about his crops, and about this thing and that, and so much to ask him, that he sometimes infringed upon time which Mary

thought belonged exclusively to her; and although she endeavored to bear it cheerfully, yet at times she could not help thinking how snug and happy and comfortable the old gentleman would look if he were only snoring away in the easy arm-chair which stood in the chimney corner, although it was but eight o'clock in the morning.

She threw aside her work, and was rising for the purpose of adopting this last plan, when she heard the dashing of hoofs in the lane. "It's too late," thought she, "but I'll keep him waiting," and down she sat, out of sight of the window, so that she could not see the new comer, for she did not wish Harry should know that she had been watching for him. The noise of the hoofs increased; and the horseman dashed at full gallop to the door. This was not like Harry. He generally came fast enough along the road, but he did not gallop to the door like a madman. It was not respectful, and she would tell him so; still, he might be in a hurry. It argued a strong desire to see her, and that was some palliation. There was evidently a stir below, in front of the house, and she even heard his name mentioned. What could be going on there? She was dying to know. There was no way of learning, unless she went to the window, so as to look over the projecting eaves of the house; and then she could be seen. No, no; she would not do that. Still the stir increased, and she caught the sound of voices in earnest conversation; but Harry's voice was not among them. She could hold out no longer. She drew a chair near the window, and stood on it, at some distance from the glass; but still the envious eaves projected so as to shut out all view of what was going on below. It was too bad!—but see she must. She then went close to the window. But even there, nothing was visible; for the speakers were close under the house, and not even the smallest tip-end of the coat skirt of one of them was visible. Poor Mary! she stood on tiptoe, and even on the chair, but still those unlucky eaves thrust themselves between her and the object of her wishes. She went back to her chair, and sat herself down, wondering why they built such ungainly old eaves and

cornices, which were fit only to annoy people, and wondering why no one came to tell her that Harry was there and wanted her. He was uncommonly patient that day—provokingly so. Five—ten—fifteen minutes elapsed. There was something like a tear in her eye; for she certainly was very ill used. She threw her work from her, and determined to go down to him, but to make him pay up for his backwardness. Opening the door, she went to the head of the stairs, and assuming as careless an air as if there were no Harry Blake in the world, was going down them, when the voice of her father, who was standing below, arrested her. "Don't come down here, Mary," said he.

There was something in the tone of his voice, and in his manner, and even in this injunction, that caused Mary to stop, as if she did not understand him.

"Go to your own room, my child; we are very busy here."

Mary half turned to go, for she saw that he was much agitated; but as she did so, the name of Harry escaped her lips.

"He is not here," said her father.

"Has anything happened to him?" asked she, in a faint voice.

"Yes, yes," replied the old man. "He's in trouble; but he is well. Go to your room, and I will be with you in a few moments."

Mary got to her room, she scarcely knew how, and threw herself on her bed, drowned in tears. "He's well—thank God for that," sobbed she. "I am sure I'm very grateful that he's not ill—very grateful—poor Harry—in trouble, too, and I, like a good-for-nothing mix as I was, have been thinking all the morning of nothing but teasing him. He was too good for me. They all told me so—so patient, so kind, so good-humored—and I—I'll never forgive myself—I never will—never!" She buried her face in her pillow, and sobbed there, until the door opened, and she felt her father's arm around her.

He raised her, folded her tenderly to his bosom, and placed her in a chair.

"Courage, Mary, courage, my little girl," said he, in a tone which certainly was not a model of what he recommended. "Show yourself to be a woman."

"Yes, yes, father, I will, I will,"

said she, and by way of verifying her words, she threw her arms about his neck, and wept more bitterly than before.

"Come, come, my dear little girl," said he, in a tremulous voice; "sit down, and hear what I have to tell you."

As he spoke, he again placed her in the chair, and took her hand.

"If you are not able to listen to me now, I will defer what I have to say to another time," said he.

He probably could not have hit upon a better method of recalling his daughter, who had no small spice of curiosity in her nature, and who just then recollected that she knew nothing definite of the evil which threatened Harry Blake.

"I can hear it now, father," said she eagerly. "Tell me at once, what has happened to him, and where he is."

"He has been arrested, and is in prison," said the old man, watching her pale face, as she sat with her eyes fastened on his, and the tears still on her cheeks.

"Is that all?" said she in a half whisper. "Tell me all—why is he there?"

"He has been arrested on a very serious charge," said the old man slowly, and by his manner endeavoring to prepare her for the communication he had to make.

"Will it affect his life?" demanded she, at once catching at the heaviest punishment of the law. "Will it affect his life? Tell me that."

"If it is proved, it will," replied the old man.

"What is it? what is it?" said the girl, rising and grasping his arm. "Father, tell me, I charge you, and on your word, tell me truly."

Her father put his arms around her, and strained her to his bosom, and looked in her face without speaking, until she repeated her question. Then he said, in a scarcely audible voice,

"He stands accused of murder."

"Murder!" ejaculated she faintly, whilst her hands fell to her side. "Charged with murder! Why, Harry Blake would not harm a worm."

She extricated herself from him, made something like a step, and had not her father caught her, would have fallen. She had fainted.

The old man hugged her to his bo-

som again and again, kissed her lips and cheeks, and called her by name.

"I knew it would kill her! I said it would kill her! My own dear, darling little girl. Mary, Mary, speak to your old father! She's dead! She's dead!"

Fortunately the noise made by Mr. Lincoln reached some of the females of the house, who better understood the mode of administering to her illness. But it was not until he saw her eyes open, and the faint color once more in her cheek, that Mr. Lincoln could be induced to quit the room.

When she recovered, Mary was wilful, for once in her life. In spite of all that they could say, she insisted that her father should have the horses harnessed to the waggon, and drive her to the prison where Harry was. They argued and entreated; they spoke of her ill health, of the danger to herself; but it was idle. She said that they were all against Harry; that he was innocent; that he declared himself so; that she believed him, and that go she *would*, if she went on her bare feet, that he might see that she at least was still true to him.

At last they yielded to her importunity, and she took her seat at her father's side. How unlike the light-hearted girl she had been but a few hours before. During the whole drive she spoke not a word, but appeared so calm, and comparatively so cheerful, that her father kept equally silent, until they stopped in front of the gloomy old building in which the prisoner was confined.

As she entered his room, and caught sight of him, she sprang forward, and clasping her arms about his neck, wept like a child; and he, throwing his powerful arms about her, and clasping her to his bosom, kissed her cheeks and lips in a strange passion of joy and grief.

"I am come, Harry, I am come," said she at last. "I have not deserted you."

"Dearest Mary, you, at least, believe me innocent?" said he, in a low earnest voice, holding her off from him, so that he could look in her face; but without relaxing his hold on her waist.

"Yes, yes, I do, I do! I never doubted it for a moment. But O! Harry, this is very dreadful—very dreadful. What

will become of your poor little Mary, if any harm should befall you? But we won't talk of that," said she quickly, for she observed that her words sent a sort of spasmodic shivering over him. "We won't talk of it, nor think of it. I'll come to see you every day, Harry, and will spend all the time I can with you, and we'll be quite merry and cheerful here; and I can fix up your room, and do many little things to make everything neat and comfortable here; and I'll tell you the news, and will read and sing to you—Harry," said she, placing her hands on his shoulders, and looking up in his face, "I'll sing the song you asked for yesterday, when I was vexed, and refused. I'll sing it for you now, dear Harry—I will—I'll never refuse it again. Shall I sing it, Harry? Shall I, dear Harry?" A painful sickly smile flickered across her face; a single feeble word, the first of the song, like the faint warbling of a dying bird, escaped her lips, and she sank senseless on his breast.

"Take her away! Take her away!" exclaimed Blake frantically, holding her out in his arms towards her father. "Unless you would drive me mad, take her away!"

The old man seemed stupefied, but he mechanically reached out his arms toward her; but Blake again caught her to his bosom, and kissed her neck, face, hands, and even the long tresses that fell across his face; and then reaching to her father, said, "There, go, go; don't stop another instant."

Mr. Lincoln took the frail form of his child in his arms, and moved to the door.

"One word, Mr. Lincoln," said Harry; "one word before we part. Whatever the result of this accusation may be, even though it end in my death—I am innocent. The time will come when I am proved so: and O! I beseech, if I lose my life, that you will protect my memory with Mary."

The next instant he was alone; and throwing himself upon a chair, he sat, with his face buried between his hands, until aroused by the entrance of the lawyer who had been retained by his friends; and who now came to consult with him as to the steps requisite for the management of his defence.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Harry Blake was first imprisoned, he bore stoutly up against his fate. But stone walls, and close, pent-up chambers, with their stifling stagnant air, and their murky twilight, are glorious inventions for milderwing the heart, and breaking down strength and hope; and they soon began to tell upon him. It might have been the loss of his accustomed exercise in the open air, or the want of the sight of the blue sky, and of his old home, or a dread of the fate which might become his, or,—and there were many who believed this,—it might have been the workings of his own evil conscience, that were making such wild work with him. But certain it is, that although when he was first confined he seemed right glad as the day approached, in which he would have the chance of meeting the charges against him in open court; yet as the time drew near, his spirits drooped; and it was observed, that the more often he conversed with his lawyer, the more gloomy he became; and that the very mention of the trial drove the blood from his cheek. It was observed, too, that after these interviews he walked moodily up and down the room, with his arms folded, and muttering to himself, as those do who have heavy burdens on their hearts, and that his face was pale and wasted, and his look troubled. At other times he remained for hours with his arms crossed on the table, and his forehead resting upon them, in such deep thought that he did not move when persons came in. There were many among his friends who attributed his changed appearance to his confinement, and mental anxiety as to the result of his trial, and still persisted in their belief of his innocence; but then there were those who thought otherwise, and who fancied that remorse had begun its work, and that as the day of retribution approached, Harry's bold heart, which had hitherto borne him up, was failing him. They said it was an evil omen to see him sinking thus, and giving up as if he were already a doomed man; they did not like it—it seemed a harbinger of a darker fate.

Neither hope nor dread can hasten

or protract the steady march of time; and in due time the day of trial arrived. It was a bright day in the autumn when skies are cloudless, and the fields and trees were clad in rainbow-liveries. It was an idle time, too, in the country, and from far and near the inhabitants of town and hamlet gathered in to see the sight. A man with his life at stake, and struggling and battling for it, with so mighty and shrewd an adversary as *Law*. It was indeed a great sight. It was worth going miles to witness. Nor was it the less exciting that they knew the victim, and that many of them had hitherto admired his noble and upright character, and loved the man. But he had shed blood, and must pay the forfeit.

The court-house was a venerable, old stone building, standing by itself, in the midst of a green lawn; and at some distance from any house. But its solitude was now broken by the hum of voices; for from every quarter people were pouring in; old and young, females, and even children were there. Some were speaking on indifferent subjects; of the times; of the difficulties with England; of the state of the crops; and one old man, broken-down and tottering, of his fields—of what he intended to plant in them on the following year; and of young trees which he had set out; of the pleasure he anticipated, in sitting under their shade when they should become great, and tall, and overshadowed his house. "They were saplings now; but they would grow fast; and in a few years, would be quite shady;" and the old fellow laughed, and shook his head, and rubbed his hands, as he thought of it. In three weeks the soil was on his coffin; and when those trees were grown, they had passed into the possession of strangers; and the hands that planted them were dust.

Some were talking of the murder; and of Wickliffe; and of what a pest he had been to the country round, so quarrelsome; and what a pity it was that a fine young fellow like Harry Blake should have to die for having slain a man like him. Then they spoke of Mary Lincoln; and one of them lowered his voice, and said, that he heard

that this was killing her. He had seen the doctor, who had been at Mr. Lincoln's twice a day, since Harry Blake's imprisonment, and he had said, that he was afraid it would go hard with her; she was very ill. Then the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of more new comers. In another part of the lawn, an old man was leaning on a cane, addressing a crony, who seemed as old and time-worn as himself.

"Ah! neighbor Williams," said he, "this is a very sad business—a very sad business. I knew his father before him; and I have known Harry since he was a mere baby—who'd 'a thought it of him?—who'd 'a thought it?"

Neighbor Williams shook his head; as much as to say, that nobody would have thought it; but seemed to think further expression of opinion unnecessary, for he said nothing.

"He was a warm-hearted little boy; and a very likely man—a very likely man," continued the first speaker. "It grieves me to see him here. It does, indeed, neighbor Williams."

Again neighbor Williams shook his head; probably to intimate, that it grieved him too; but as before he remained silent.

It is a matter of some uncertainty, how long neighbor Williams might have been thus entertained by his companion, had not their conversation been interrupted by a general buzz of "Here he comes!" The next moment, Harry Blake walked through the crowd, with an officer on each side of him. He was exceedingly pale; but his face was full of calm determination, and his step firm and strong. He looked neither to the right nor left; and, apparently without noticing a soul, entered the court-house. The crowd gathered closely at his heels; and the next instant were striving and struggling and fighting, to obtain a good position in the court-room.

Harry Blake seemed quite collected; and the crowd felt somewhat disappointed, that a man who had committed a murder should look like other men. Some whispered that he was a hardened reprobate, not to show some remorse; and others said, that none but an innocent man could appear so calm and composed. There was a great deal of whispering and talking among them, whilst the jury were getting empannelled; but when the coun-

sel for the prosecution rose to open his cause, they were so silent, that they seemed not even to breathe.

He dwelt briefly, but clearly, on the facts which are already known. He stated that he should prove that, on the day of the murder, the prisoner and Wickliffe had been together at a tavern, not far from Schenectady; that a quarrel had arisen between them, and blows had passed; that the prisoner had knocked Wickliffe to the floor; that Wickliffe had fled, and that the prisoner had only been detained from following him by force, and had then called all there present to witness that he would be revenged on that man for the wrong done him, if it cost him his life; that he had finally been released by those who held him, on promising not to follow Wickliffe, but that he had positively refused to promise that the quarrel should drop there. That shortly afterwards he left the house alone, taking the path which Wickliffe had already taken; that two of the persons who had been at the tavern with him shortly afterwards left the inn and took the same road which he had taken; that on arriving at a very lonely part of it they were alarmed by the cries of a person in distress, and uttering the words, "Mercy, mercy, Harry!" That these persons galloped to the spot from which the sound seemed to proceed, and found a man kneeling at the side of another just murdered, and grasping in his hand a knife which was driven to the haft in the breast of his victim; that the murdered man was Hiram Wickliffe, the person with whom the prisoner had just quarrelled, and on whom he had sworn to be avenged, and that the person kneeling at his side was Harry Blake, the prisoner. There were footprints about the road, where there had evidently been a struggle, and these footprints had been examined and compared with the foot of the prisoner, and were found to coincide in size.

He stated his case concisely, yet clearly, and seemed to think the facts sufficiently strong, to require but little exertion of eloquence or ingenuity on his part. It is needless to linger on the detail of the testimony confirming the case, which the lawyer had stated in opening. It was most clearly proved, although every effort was made, by a severe and strict cross-examination, to

embarrass and confuse the witnesses. It had been observed, when Walton and Grayson were called, that the prisoner became exceedingly pale; and when Grayson swore that he saw him stab Wickiule, he compressed his lips, as if a sudden pain had shot through him, and clenched his fingers together, and bent his head down; nor did he look up until Grayson had left the stand. The old man was terribly agitated, and his testimony was drawn from him by piecemeal. He tottered as he left the stand; and as he passed where Blake sat, he muttered in a low tone:

"I couldn't help it, Harry—indeed I couldn't; for it was the truth."

Blake looked painfully at him, but made no reply.

He had little or no defence to make. He could not contradict the facts. An

effort was made by his lawyer to prove his general good character, his amiable disposition, and the little probability of his being guilty of a crime like this. He felt a strong inclination to admit the murder, and to attribute it to a blow struck in the heat of anger in a renewal of the quarrel which had been interrupted at the tavern; but Blake had positively forbidden a defence of that nature, declaring that it was false; and that if he attempted to assert what was untrue, he would contradict him in the open court. And after a long and labored and hopeless speech, the lawyer sat down.

The reply of the counsel for the prosecution, and the charge of the judge, were both conclusive against him; and without leaving their seats the jury returned a verdict of—"Guilty" of Murder.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Mary Lincoln came to herself, she would have gone back to Harry Blake's cell; but her father was afraid that it would prove too much for her strength, and he persuaded her to defer it until the morrow, promising that if she were then well he would accompany her. She made but feeble objection, for she felt heavy-hearted and almost reckless. Her father led her down the steps, and placed her in his wagon, and they drove off. It was a gay sunshiny day; and parts of the road which they had to pass were thickly settled, and there were people scattered along it, and in the fields. The news of the murder, and of Harry Blake's arrest, had already got wind, and as they passed, those who knew them stopped to look at them, and shook their heads, and said, "that this day would be a sad one to some of old George Lincoln's folk; that it was a pity so heavy a blow should fall on one so young as *she* was—she was a mere child—God bless her!"

Mary Lincoln sat quietly by her father's side, not noticing those whom they met, nor speaking until she reached her home. Her father lifted her out of the wagon in his arms, and accompanying her up stairs, told her to be of good heart, and left her to herself. What a chaos of bewildering thoughts was in that young girl's brain as she

threw herself upon her bed! how busy that little head was! how it teemed with hopes, and fears, and plans, and schemes to aid Blake! how confident she was of his innocence, and that he would be acquitted, without a shadow upon his name! Hour after hour passed while she lay there. Once or twice the door opened, and her father, or one of the females of the family, looked in, and seeing her so quiet, supposed that she slept, and closing the door gently, went out.

Sleep came at last; but it was troubled and broken; and when morning dawned, she found a woman watching at her bedside, and learned that she was in a high fever. Still she made light of it, and got up; and although she felt sharp pains shooting through her limbs, and her head swimming, she contrived to dress herself, and to go down stairs. In vain the nurse remonstrated. She replied that she had promised to go to Harry Blake that day, and that she would keep her promise; but when she reached the hall, she tottered so, that she was compelled to abandon her intention, for the prison was a long way off, and to admit that her strength was gone. Well, if she could not see him, she could write; and going to her own room and locking the door, she wrote a long letter. It was a very cheerful one, full of hope

and gay anticipations, and of plans and projects to be carried into effect when he should be once more free. And she had so much to show him, and so much for him to do then. She begged him to keep up his spirits, for he was sure to be acquitted. She felt very sanguine of that; and excepting that she could not see him every day, she felt no uneasiness as to the result, and was happy—quite happy. She folded the letter, sealed and directed it; and with her own hands gave it to the person who was waiting for it. She bade him, in a cheerful tone and with a bright smile, give it to Harry himself—to say that she was well—quite well, and in good spirits; that she had been unable to go to the prison that day, but would come to him to-morrow. She waved her hand gaily to the man as he galloped off. Who would have thought that the poor little heart of her who was keeping up so brave a face was breaking, and that in a minute from that time, she was locked in her own room, with her face buried in her hands, shedding the bitterest tears she had ever wept in her life? What sad and dreary thoughts came over her then—fears like shadows, which she could not define nor grasp, seemed flitting around her, hemming her in on every side, until she felt that there was no hope left; and that he and she were parted for ever. Oh! how forlorn and helpless she would be if he were gone! How lonely the world would be, to live on, day after day, week after week, and months and years, and never see him again, nor hear his voice; and to know that he was in his grave; that as long as she lived, though hundreds might be about her, and love her, and do all that they could to make her happy, still that he would never be among them again. No, no! it could not be—it could not be. She felt that it would kill her.

The day passed heavily, and as night was closing in, an answer came from Blake; but it came to one whom it could not comfort, for Mary Lincoln was delirious.

Several weeks passed, and still she balanced between life and death; but one morning, the physician came down stairs from her, with a smile on his

face. He said that his patient was decidedly better; she had little fever and was rational; only keep her quiet and calm, and she would do well.

It was a morning of great excitement to Mr. Lincoln, however, for it was that of Blake's trial. He had concealed this from his daughter, and had endeavored to encourage her hopes, but there was something in his subdued manner and his attempts at cheerfulness, as he spoke that morning of herself and Harry, and put aside the curtain of her bed and pressed his lips to her sunken forehead, and whispered her to keep up her spirits and all would be well, which made her feel more dispirited than ever.

It was late in the afternoon, that George Lincoln was sitting in the hall, when he heard a horseman galloping in hot haste up the lane. He had not dared to leave his daughter that day; but a friend who attended the trial had promised to send him immediate word of the verdict, so that, whatever it was, he might divulge it carefully to his daughter. He started up and hurried to the door; as he did so, the horseman dashed into the yard, and at the top of his voice bawled out:—

“They've found Harry Blake guilty of murder, by God!”

The old man shook his hand at him, and made signs for him to be quiet; and fearful that his words might have reached his daughter, without waiting to hear the particulars, hurried up to her room; and there he saw what made him through life a sadder man than he had ever been before; for, stretched on the floor, directly under the window, to which she had evidently been attracted by the arrival of the horseman, his daughter lay. A thin stream of blood was trickling from her mouth, and her eyes were closed. He caught her in his arms—a faint struggling breath escaped her lips. He thought, too, that she murmured the name of Harry Blake; but it might have been fancy, for her breath ceased, and when the loud cries of her father had brought to his assistance other members of the household, there was nothing to be done, but to lay on the bed the lifeless body of her who had been the pride of that old man's heart!

CHAPTER V.

On the night preceding the execution, in the bar-room of the Blue Horse, were assembled half-a-dozen men, most of whom had been there at the time of Blake's quarrel with Wickhite. A dull and melancholy group they were. It might have been the absence of the jolly face and merry voice of old Garret Quackenbuss, who was gone to Albany, to lay in a stock of substantials, to keep up the well-known gastronomic character of the Blue Horse; or it might have been the great size of the bar-room, with its murky corners, whose darkness was scarcely relieved by the dim light which flickered up from a dying fire, aided only by the sickly flame of a single candle; or it might have been the approaching end of one who had so lately been among them, that had this chilling effect on their spirits. But certain it is, that rarely had the bar-room of the Blue Horse contained so dull a party.

Somehow or other, they had gradually drawn close to the fire, and as the night had closed in, and the wind railed about the old house, their conversation had assumed a sombre character, and they whispered in each others' ears, strange stories of robberies, murders, midnight assassinations, and even of ghosts; and on this subject one of them was positive, having had a private ghost in his own family for years—an aunt in the fourth degree, by the mother's side, who haunted a hen-house on his father's place; and what was remarkable, after her last visitation, ten eggs, and the old game-cock, the patriarch of the barn-yard, were missing; showing that ghosts were partial to eggs, and not particular as to the age of poultry. Another of them mentioned in a confidential way to the whole company, that his grandfather had walked a mile, in a dark wood, one very stormy night, in company with a ghost, which behaved in a very civil and gentlemanlike manner; so much so, that the old gentleman up to the day of his death asserted, that ghosts were a very ill-used class of beings, and that, for his part, he wished that many people who pretended to be their betters only were as good as they were. From this topic the con-

versation gradually wandered off to Harry Blake and his trial, and his appalling death.

"Don't you think they might pardon him?" inquired Caleb Grayson, who was one of the party, and who had been sitting among them, without taking any part or showing any interest in their conversation, until it touched upon the subject of Blake's execution; but then he seemed keenly alive to it, and with his features working with intense anxiety, he repeated his question: "Don't you think they *might*? I wish they would. Do tell me, some one. What do you think?"

"I heard that Mary Lincoln's father did his best for him, but it was of no use," replied one of those addressed. "But you must not grieve about it so, against him. Even Harry said so himself."

You couldn't help being a witness

The old man's face brightened, and something like a smile passed over it, as he said: "Did Harry say so? Well, I'm glad of that, I'm glad of that; for it makes me very sad when I think that it was I and Walton who put him where he is—indeed it does."

"It was no fault of yours," said the man, "and you mustn't let it trouble you. I'm sure I should have done as you did. Ah! here comes some one."

The last words were called forth by the sound of a horse clattering up to the house. Then the loud voice of a man was heard bawling out for some one to take his horse; and in a few minutes a tall man, unknown to them all, entered the room, with a short whip in his hand. There was little in his features, or the appearance of his person, to encourage familiarity; for his complexion was swarthy and sallow, and his expression anything but prepossessing; and his dress was coarse and soiled, as if from hard travel.

He paused a moment, and looked about him as he entered the room; and then striding across it, drew a chair directly in front of the fire, in the midst of the astonished group, and held his feet to the blaze.

"A threatening night, friends," said he at length, addressing them.

There was something in the stern

sinister eye of the man, and his haggard, repulsive face, which gave a momentary check to the conversation, and no one answered him, but he went on,

"Go on, don't let me stop talk. On with you. I want to break in on no man's humor. I've an odd humor of my own; for I've heard that there's a man to be hanged to-morrow, and I've come fifty miles to see it. I was at the trial, and now I'm come to see if he'll wear the same bold face when he dies that he did then."

"So you were at the trial?" said Caleb Grayson, who was leaning with his elbow on the table, and his cheek resting on the palm of his hand, and looking gloomily in the fire.

"Ay, I was, my man," said the stranger bluntly; "and I saw you there. You were the witness who swore that you saw him stab Wickliffe. I was at your elbow at the time. Your testimony did for him."

The old man half started from his seat, and turned exceedingly pale, at the same time pressing his hand across his eyes. At last he said, in a low agitated voice:

"What could a man do? I was forced to go, and my answer was on oath. I *did* see him stab him—I'm sure I did."

"Then, of course, it was all right. For my part, I'm glad he's to hang. I shall be glad when he is out of the way. Had I been on the jury, and known only what you stated, I would have brought in the same verdict."

The old man looked at him sharply, as he asked: "What do you mean? What else do you know?"

"Know!" repeated the stranger, looking carelessly up, and drumming with his whip upon his boot. "Nothing. What could I know? You saw him murder the man, didn't you? You swore to that. I should think there was little more to be discovered."

"True, true," replied the other. "Yet this is a strange story of Harry's, and even now he persists in it, and in asserting his innocence. Poor fellow! I always loved that boy as my own child.—I, I who have brought him to this end. Poor little Mary Lincoln, too! it has killed her. Thank God, she is in her grave. It's better for her."

"Of course he'll insist to the last that he is not guilty," said the stranger. "There's always two ways of dy-

ing. Some confess, and throw themselves on the mercy of the law. Others keep their mouths tight, and accuse it of injustice to the last. The first hope for pardon, through its clemency. The last hope it, through the fear which every man has of shedding innocent blood. He's one of the last. He bears it boldly, I'm told."

"Harry Blake is no coward," replied Grayson. "He says he's ready to die; but that he is innocent. The love of life must be strong in him, for until now I never thought that he would lie, even to save his life. But he is not innocent—no—no, he is not; for I saw him do it—I saw him. The love of life is very strong. It must be, or Harry Blake would not lie."

A slight, sneering smile fitted across the face of the stranger, as he turned from the speaker, and looked among the dull embers of the fire, without speaking. It was a dim, dreary room, and its distant corners were lost in darkness; and the frame of the stranger, as he sat between the andirons, threw a gigantic, spectral shadow on the wall, that seemed to have something ominous about it, and taken in connection with the gloomy nature of the conversation, and the cold indifference of the stranger, and his wild, forbidding air, seemed to have thrown a chill on all about him. For as he sat there, buried in deep thought, with his eyebrows knit, and his lips working, as with suppressed emotion, those who had hitherto hugged the fire began slowly to widen the distance between themselves and their ill-omened visitor; to scan his person, as if there were more in it than met the eye, and to watch his tall shadow on the wall, as if there were something about it more than appertained to shadows in general. Still they spoke not, until the object of their solicitude, as if concluding a long mental discussion, drew a heavy breath, and rising, said:

"Well, let him die. It's as well. Others have died in the same way."

Turning to a sort of under-barkeeper, who officiated in the absence of Garrett, he said: "See to my horse, will you? And now show me to my room, and wake me at sunrise. I shall not breakfast here."

Those collected about the fire watched him as he followed the attendant out of the room, and shut the door after them.

"What do you think of that man, Mr. Tompkins?" said one of them to a small man in an ample vest and contracted small-clothes.

"Come, come, none of that," said the small man, with an air of suspicious stubbornness. "Don't be trying to make me commit myself by asking questions." As he spoke he fixed his eyes obstinately on his own finger nails—not that they were particularly clean or ornamental.

"Can't you speak your own mind, man!" said the other pettishly.

Still the small man ogled his nails.

"Well then," said his companion, "I'll tell you what I think. I think," said he, sinking his voice, and placing the back of his hand to the corner of his mouth, by way of indicating the extreme of confidence, "I think he won't be drowned."

"Ah!" said the small man, "if that's all, I think so myself."

And having settled this matter to their mutual satisfaction, they rose to go, a motion in which they were followed by all except Caleb Grayson, who, long after they were gone, and the room was silent and deserted, sat there, with a heavy heart, at the part which the law had forced him to take in the legal murder which was to take place on the morrow. At last he started up as if a sudden thought had struck him, and finding his way to the stable, saddled his horse and rode off.

It was a dark night. Black clouds were drifting across the sky, obscuring it, and together with the tall trees and forests which in places overhung the road, rendering it pitchy dark. In defiance of the threatening look of the sky and the obscurity of the road, the old man kept steadily on for several hours, neither pausing to rest his beast nor to refresh himself, until it was broad daylight, when he arrived at a large wooden building. Stopping for the first time, he fastened his horse to the gate, and crossing a small yard, ascended a flight of steps and entered the hall.

A guard was pacing up and down there; and near him, on a wooden bench, sat an old man reading a worn-out Bible.

"Can I see Blake?" demanded Grayson of the old man.

"Yes, yes, I suppose you can," replied he, putting aside his book; "I've orders to admit his friends—a sad busi-

ness—a sad business—and he the flower of the country round. Ah, neighbor Grayson, who would have thought it!"

Caleb Grayson made no reply to the remarks in which the old man indulged, until he opened the door of the room or cell, and pointed to Blake, seated at a small wooden table within.

Blake rose as the old man entered, and extended his hand to him.

"This is kind, Caleb," said he, "I was afraid that you alone, of all my friends, would not call to see me; for I know what you think of me."

"Ah! that's the reason, Harry, that I could not come," replied the other sadly. "I knew that I had brought you to this, and I could not bear to come and look at my work."

"Well, well, it's all past, and God knows I've little to live for now—poor Mary—she's gone—no matter, no matter; the worst is over—and you mustn't lay it to heart, Caleb—you acted for the best, and we'll not talk of it."

"But we *must* talk of it, we must," exclaimed the old man. "In spite of all that I felt, it's what I came for. If I would die easy, I must know the truth; and I have come here, Harry, to beg, to conjure you to tell it."

"You have heard it already," said Harry, sadly.

"No, no, Harry, I have not; I know I have not," said he, "but you will tell it to me now."

Harry Blake turned his head away, and was silent.

"Harry, my dear boy," said the old man, creeping at his feet, and pressing his forehead against his knees, "my own dear boy, do confess to me. It will render more happy a life that is nearly spent to have my statement confirmed from your own lips. Don't be afraid of me, Harry; for here I swear, in the presence of the God who made us both, that I will not reveal what you tell me. Indeed I will not. Come, Harry, come."

"Caleb," said Blake, passing his hand kindly over the old man's head, "from my soul I pity you; but I cannot lie."

"You pity me!" said the old man, rising. "Am I the one to be pitted? No, no, not quite so bad as that; not quite so bad as that. I'll not believe it, say what you will. With my own eyes, Harry, I saw you commit that

murder. Indeed I did—indeed I did!”

Blake shook his head; “You think so, I know you think so; I’ll do you that justice. But your eyes deceived you. It’s useless to dwell on this now. You have done what the law made your duty, in telling what you believed to be truth. I should have had to do the same myself; and I freely forgive you.”

“No, no, Harry,” said Grayson, with childish querulousness, “this will not do. Why will you not tell the truth? You cannot be saved now. All hope is past. Come, there’s a good fellow. You met—you quarrelled—words grew high—he attacked you,—and finally you—you—stabbed him. Ha! ha! that was the way of it, wasn’t it? A man will do many things when his blood’s up, which he wouldn’t at another time. Your hot blood couldn’t bear all that he said. It was natural, and I think pardonable; indeed I do.” He placed his hands on Blake’s shoulders, and looking imploringly in his face, whilst his voice changed from its assumed tone of vivacity to one of the deepest sadness. “Harry, wasn’t it so? Tell me, my own dear boy,

wasn’t it so? You know you quarrelled with him at the tavern.”

“I did, indeed,” said Harry, gloomily, “God forgive me for it.”

“And you swore that you would have revenge if it cost you your life.”

“It was an impious speech!” replied Blake in a grave tone, “and fearfully has it been visited upon me.”

“You left the tavern,” continued Grayson eagerly, “took the same road which he had taken; came up with him——”

“And found him dead!” said Blake.

“I’ll not believe it! It’s not true,” exclaimed the old man, striding up and down the room with his hands clasped together. “It’s not true. Oh! Harry, it’s horrible to go to the grave persisting in a lie.”

“Hark!” said Blake, as the voices of persons approaching the door, were heard. “It’s the hour, and they are coming for me! Good bye!”

“One word, Harry!” exclaimed the old man, “are you guilty?”

“No!” replied Blake, with an earnest emphasis.

The next moment the door was opened, and Blake was summoned to go forth.

CHAPTER VI.

By day-break the country around was astir; men singly, and squads of three or four—women and children, old and young, the hale, the sick, the decrepit, were all in motion, and drifting, like a sluggish current, towards the scene of execution.

It was a large field, in a retired, out-of-the-way spot, hemmed in by trees; a place whose silence and solitude were rarely disturbed; yet now it hummed with life. Fences, rocks, and every little eminence of ground, were packed with people. The trees were crowded with masses of human beings, who hung like bees from their branches, and near the foot of the galleys, the earth was black with them, crammed and wedged together,—not a foot—not an inch to spare. There was a great sea of faces, turned up at one time to the tall frame-work above them; at another, towards where the far distant road wound among the hills. Occasionally there was a scuffle, and the mass rocked to and fro, like a forest waving before the wind; and then came curses and execrations from the writhing multitude; but by

degrees, the tumult subsided, and they were quiet again. Then they looked at the sun, and wondered how soon Harry would come—they were weary with waiting. Some spoke of him as of an old friend. He was a fine fellow—they had known him from childhood. “Has he confessed yet?” inquired one, “No, no, not he,” was the reply, “He’ll not give up till the last; it’s thought he’ll do it then. I heard some one say, that old Caleb Grayson was all last night in his cell, trying to pump it out of him; but he was game. Caleb could get nothing from him.” “Come, I like that,” said the other, rubbing his hands together. “That’s so like Harry; I’ll bet ten to one, he’ll not show the white feather at the last. Ha! who’s that?”

As he spoke, he pointed to a tall, swarthy man, who came forcing his way through the crowd, jostling them hither and thither, heeding not the grumbings and cursings which followed him, as he dragged himself on; once or twice, as some fellow more sturdy than the rest withstood him, he turned and glanced at him, with a look

of such savage and bitter anger, that the man was glad to let him pass. Thus on he went, until he reached the very foot of the gallows; and there he fixed himself, taking notice of no one, and regardless that even in that dense crowd a small circle was formed around him, as if there were contamination in his touch. Above him, from the cross-piece of the gallows, the cord swung to and from the wind; and at times, as he raised his eye to it, a smile crossed his face, giving to it a strangely wild expression, that was long remembered by those who saw him there.

"There'll soon be something to tighten that string," said he, to a tall, burly man who stood nearest to him, with his good-natured eye running from the speaker to the cord, as if it struck him, that the weight most fitting for that purpose were nearer than he imagined.

"Yes, there will, more's the pity," said the man, in reply to the remark, after pausing for some time, as if in doubt whether it merited one, "I for one am sorry for it."

"Would you have the murderer escape?" demanded the stranger.

"Let him hang when he's found, say I," replied the man, "but Harry Blake denies that he did it, and I believe him."

Again that strange smile passed across the stranger's face, as he said, "Twelve sworn men, all of whom knew and liked Blake, heard the testimony, and said he did it. What more would you want?"

"I want Harry Blake's own confession, and we would have it, if he was guilty. That's what I want. I wish to Heaven, I had found him with the murdered man, I would have soon known the truth. I went to the spot the next day, but it was too late."

"What do you mean?" inquired the stranger with some interest.

The man moved a little aside, and showed the head of a large dog, who was seated near him, with his nose thrust forward, almost touching the stranger. "I went with that dog to the spot, and I put his nose to the track. He went round and round, and over the ground for more than a quarter of a mile. In the woods he found an old hat, which he tore to rags. I believe it belonged to the true murderer,—(he was smelling that hat this very morning, for I took it with me,)—

but he lost the scent. Then I carried him to Harry Blake; but he would not touch him."

"A strange dog."

"Dammie, sir!" said the man earnestly. "Do you know that he's been snuffing about you for the last ten minutes. Curse me if I haven't my suspicions of you: d—d if I haven't."

The stranger's eyes fairly glowed as he returned his look; and then he burst into a loud laugh, and turned to these around:

"Hear him! He says I murdered Wickliffe, because his dog smells at my knee. Ha! ha! ha! Why don't you arrest me?" demanded he, turning to the man.

The man, evidently abashed at this abrupt question, shook his head, muttered something between his teeth, and remained silent; and the stranger, after eyeing him for several moments, seeing that he was not disposed for further conversation, and apparently not caring to be the object of attention to all eyes, as he evidently then was, moved off among the crowd, and stationed himself on the opposite side of the gallows.

The time lagged heavily. The crowd grew restless and uneasy; and here and there, one or two, irritated beyond their patience, commenced a quarrel, which came to blows. This created a temporary excitement, but it was soon over, and by degrees they grew wearied again. They stamped their feet on the ground, to keep them warm. The farmers talked of their harvest and of their stock. Some of them gaped and yawned, and fell sound asleep as they stood there. Young girls flirted with and ogled their sweethearts, and there was many a pretty face in that crowd, whose owner had been induced to come only for the sake of him who was to escort her there, and who was thinking more of the young fellow who stood at her side, in his best apparel, than of poor Harry Blake. These, and the troops of liberated schoolboys, to whom a holiday was a great thing, even though bought by the life of a fellow-being, were the only persons unwearied.

But the time came at last, and a loud cry arose in the distance, and swept along through that multitude, becoming louder and louder, until it reached the foot of the gallows; and the whole mass swayed backward and forward,

and rushed and crowded together, as in the distance the prisoner was seen approaching. With a slow, steady pace the soldiers which escorted him came, forcing open the throng, and keeping an open space around the cart which conveyed him. Harry Blake was exceedingly pale, but his manner was composed, and his eye calm and bright as in his best days; and many a lip as he passed, muttered a God bless him.

He spoke to no one; although his face once or twice faintly lighted with a look of recognition as he saw a familiar face. When he reached the foot of the scaffold his eye for a moment rested on Caleb Grayson, looking imploringly toward him. The old man caught his glance, and exclaimed, as he ascended the steps:

"Now, Harry, now confess: *do*, Harry—for God's sake!"

Blake shook his head. "No, Caleb, I cannot, for I am innocent."

These were his last words; for in a few minutes the drop fell, and poor Blake's earthly career was ended.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the same swarthy man who had stood during the whole time at the foot of the gallows, and whom Grayson recognized as the person that he had met at the inn the night previous. "That business is over. That's law!" And, without noticing the startled looks of those about him, with the same recklessness which he had displayed in coming, he forced his way through the crowd, and disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT three months after the execution of Blake, the judge who presided at the trial received a note from a prisoner under sentence of death, requesting to see him without delay, as his sentence was to be carried into effect on the day following. On his way thither, he overtook an old man, walking slowly along the road, on accosting whom he recognized him to be Caleb Grayson, who had been a witness at Blake's trial. The old man had received a note similar to his own; and was going to the same place, though he was equally at a loss to know the meaning of the summons. They both entered the cell together.

The prisoner was seated at a wooden table, with a small lamp in front of him, his forehead leaning on his hand, which shaded his eyes from the light. He was a tall, gaunt man, with dark sunken eyes, and unshorn beard, and hollow cheeks. He looked like one worn down by suffering and disease; yet one whom neither disease nor suffering could conquer, and to whom remorse was unknown. He did not move when his visitors entered, otherwise than to raise his head. As he did so Grayson recognized at a glance the stranger whom he had seen at the tavern the night before Blake's execution, and at the gallows.

"Well, judge," said he, as soon as he saw who they were, "I sent for you, to see if you can't get me out of this scrape. *Must* I hang to-morrow?"

The judge shook his head. "It's

idle to hope," said he; "nothing can prevent your execution."

"An application might be made to the higher authorities," said the prisoner. "Pardons have come, you know, even on the scaffold."

"None will come in your case," replied the magistrate. "It is needless for me to dwell on your offence now; but it was one that had no palliation, and you may rest assured that whatever may have occurred in other cases, no pardon will come in yours. In fact, I understand that an application has been made for one, by your counsel, and has been refused."

The features of the prisoner underwent no change; nor did the expression of his face alter in the least. But after a moment's pause, he said: "Is this true, judge—upon your honor?"

"It is," replied the judge.

"Then I know the worst," replied the criminal coldly, "and will now tell, what I have to communicate, which I would not have done, while there was a hope of escape. You," said he, turning to the judge, "presided at the trial of young Henry Blake, who was accused of murder, and sentenced him to death."

"I did."

"And *you*," said he, turning to Grayson, "were one of the witnesses against him. You swore that you saw him stab Wickliffe. On your testimony, principally, he was hung."

"I was," replied the old man; "I saw him with my own eyes."

The prisoner uttered a low sneering laugh, as he said, turning to the judge: "You, sir, sentenced an innocent man."

"And you," said he, turning to the other, "swore to a falsehood. Harry Blake did not kill Wickhite. He was as innocent of the sin of murder as you were—more innocent than you are now."

The old man staggered as if he had been struck, and leaned against the table to support himself, whilst the condemned man stood opposite him, looking at him with a cold indifferent air.

"Yes, old man," said he sternly, "you have blood and perjury on your soul, for I, I," said he, stepping forward, so that the light of the lamp fell strongly upon his savage features, "I murdered William Wickhite! I did it! Thank God, I did it, for I had a long score to settle with him. But Blake had no hand in it. I met Wickhite on that afternoon, alone—with none to interfere between us. I told him of the injuries he had done me, and I told him that the time was come for redress. He endeavored to escape; but I followed him up; I grappled with him, and stabbed him. As I did so, I heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and I leaped into a clump of bushes which grew at the road-side. At that moment Blake came up, and found Wickhite lying dead in the road. You know the rest. The tale he told was as true as the Gospel. He was only attempting to draw the knife from the man's breast when you came up and charged him with the murder!"

"Good God! Can this be possible!" ejaculated the old man. "It cannot! Villain, you are a liar!"

"Pshaw!" muttered the man. "What could I gain by a lie? To-morrow I die."

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" exclaimed Grayson, pacing the cell, and wringing his hands. "God in mercy grant that it may be false!—that this dreadful sin may not be upon me!"

The prisoner sat down, and looked at the judge and the witness with a calmness which had something almost fiendish in it, when contrasted with the extreme agitation of the one, and the mental agony of the other.

At last the old man stopped in front of him; and with a calmness so sud-

denly assumed in the midst of his paroxysm of remorse, that it even overawed the criminal, said: "You are one whose life has been a tissue of falsehood and crime. You must prove what you have said, or I'll not believe it."

"Be it so," replied the prisoner. "I saw the whole transaction, and heard all your testimony at the trial; for I was there too. I'll now tell you what occurred at the spot of the murder, which you did not mention, but which I saw. When you rode up, the man with you jumped off his horse and seized Blake by the collar; your hat fell off on the pommel of your saddle, but you caught it before it reached the ground. You then sprang off your horse, and whilst Walton held Blake, you examined the body. You attempted to pull the knife from his breast, but it was covered with blood, and slipped from your fingers. You rubbed your hand on the ground, and, going to a bush on the road-side, broke off some leaves and wiped your hands upon them, and afterwards the handle of the knife. You then drew it out, and washed it in a small puddle of water at the foot of a sumach bush. As you did so, you looked round at Blake, who was standing with his arms folded, and who said, 'Don't be uneasy about me, Caleb; I didn't kill Wickhite and don't intend to escape.' At one time you were within six feet of where I was. It's lucky you did not find me, for I was ready at that moment to send you to keep company with Wickhite; but I saw all, even when you stumbled and dropped your gloves as you mounted your horse."

"God have mercy on me!" ejaculated Grayson. "This is all true! But one word more. I heard Wickhite, as we rode up, shriek out, 'Mercy, mercy, Harry!'"

"He was begging for his life—My first name is Harry!"

The old man clasped his hands across his face, and fell senseless on the floor.

It is needless to go into the details of the prisoner's confession, which was so full and clear, that it left no doubt on the mind of the judge that he was guilty of Wickhite's murder, and that Harry Blake was another of those who had gone to swell the list of victims to Circumstantial Evidence.

ENDYMION'S PRAYER.

I.

"Oh! give me youth and sleep!
 Youth, with the zest of its delicious dreaming—
 Sleep, with the sense of Cynthia's soft beaming—
 I only wake to weep.

II.

"I have cast off the crown,—
 Why should its grosser grandeur vex me now?
 A heavenly halo has embraced my brow,
 More soft than down.

III.

"Oh! suffer me to sleep!
 All beauty dies in Day's destructive light;
 The sweet and solemn stillness of the Night
 Makes my heart leap,

IV.

"And then till dawn I wake,
 Wake when on Latmos lights the first pale beam
 That makes my glory. Oh! delicious dream!
 Why should it ever break!

V.

"Life's throbbings pain my soul:
 It has no sympathy with common things,
 And only lives when its imaginings
 Cast off their brute control.

VI.

"The world is full of hate,
 And dark distrust of those who understand
 A nearer portal to the Spirit Land
 Than Death's relentless gate.

VII.

"Grant, Jove, that I may sleep,
 Forgetting that I am not still above,
 And floating in that silvery light I love
 To close my eyes and keep."

* * * * *

O Earth! thou still hast those
 Whose life to men a useless riddle seems,
 But who aspire and reach to more in dreams
 Than soaring Science knows!

F. W. C.

RAMBLES IN YUCATAN.*

ACCORDING to the cyclical theory of historical interpretation, which was formerly very fashionable, and which prevails extensively even in our day, the history of nations is nothing but a record of successive revolutions. They move in their appointed courses like the heavenly bodies, through the several phases of rise, progress, and decline,—their morning, noon, and night;—with this difference, however, from their type, that the nation is supposed to disappear at night, and its place to be supplied in the horizon by a new people and a new civilisation. The friends of this doctrine of course reject the theory of progress entirely. They see in the increased experience of nations, in the multiplied experiments in government and in life, which are treasured up in history and in the memories of men, no enlarged capabilities for happiness, nor any new sources of enjoyment which are not counterbalanced by a corresponding increase of susceptibility to the “slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.” To such this life offers no future. They anticipate for their form of civilisation no immunity from the disastrous fate with which elder nations have been visited.

We need not say that we entertain no sympathy with this mode of interpreting the history of the past. We are willing to admit that the progress of civilisation has been revolutionary; but not that its advance, like the moon's, has been “but its progress to decay.” We venture to believe that the forms of organized society may have died out,—their constitutions, their laws, their social and political customs may have perished, or have undergone complete transmutation—but the important principle which it had been the mission of each nation to evolve, has been preserved and bequeathed to the world. Nay, we believe, farther, that a careful student of history may measure and prove the value of the bequests by comparing

the colonial civilisations with the parent, throughout the ancient world. It is our firm persuasion that the history of no nation or people that has been preserved conflicts with the correctness of the progressive theory of man, to which we have so frequently avowed our allegiance.

Having thus renewed our profession of faith, we wish to add that in our opinion by far the most serious and formidable difficulty that the ingenuity of man has yet been able to array against our favorite view of this subject is to be found, not in the decayed and ruined institutions of what writers have been pleased to call the Old World,—not that Thebes and Palmyra, and Antioch and Petra should be in ruins, and that wild Arabs should lie down at night with their camels in the deserted halls which once blazed with the magnificence of mighty kings. We know for what those cities have been exchanged. They have left their sign upon the institutions of posterity. We can now look over the earth and behold the heirs of all that ancient glory, might, majesty, and dominion. History shows us the processes, too, of its transmission, and assures us that nothing material was lost in the descent. But what has become of the multitudinous races of men who once inhabited the American continent, the only memorials of whose existence now remaining were written upon the surface of the earth probably more than three thousand years ago? What has become of the builders and inhabitants of those stupendous ruins which perchance were antiquities when the shepherd's hut of Faustulus was the only habitation of man to be seen over all those seven hills which were one day to sustain upon their ample shoulders the great city of the Cæsars? Ruins of temples which may have been historical when Solomon was laying the foundations of the first

* *Rambles in Yucatan*; including a Visit to the Remarkable Ruins of Chi-Chen, Kabah, Zayi, and Uxmal. By a Modern Antiquary. New York: J. and H. G. Langley. 1842.

temple ever raised by the hand of man to the honor and glory of the true God. Ruins of palaces in which Phidias and Praxiteles might have gone to study ancient masters; solemn sepulchres of the dead, now made more solemn by their desolation, which were reared to receive the remains of those who perhaps could have told us

“How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green.”

What, we ask again, has become of all that life, that power, that skill, that genius, which must have presided over the civilisation of ANCIENT AMERICA, and which the earth alone has been able to remember? We look in vain among the present aborigines of this continent for any trace of a forming and progressive civilisation. On the contrary, centuries of spontaneous growth and development, if unassisted by the instruction of foreign nations, must elapse before the Indian of North or South America can approach in cultivation and refinement those whom we are compelled to consider his progenitors on this continent. Where, we ask, or to whom has their wisdom been bequeathed? If their national life and decease was but preparatory to a new and more extended civilisation, where is the final result? We confess that these questions are not free from embarrassment to the doctrine of progress. We can only answer that it is more probable that the theory should be correct with all the facts in its favor but one, and that the exception should be apparent only, than that its inconsistency with all the facts but one should be only apparent, and that it should ultimately prove to be altogether erroneous.

We have been led into this train of thought by the perusal of a work, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. The author, with a very becoming though quite unnecessary modesty, has concealed his name under the *nom-de-guerre* of “A Modern Antiquary.” The merit of his work is such, that we should not probably have hesitated to invade the sanctity of the author’s baptismal privileges, so far as to announce his name to the world, had we no other justifi-

cation; but the public having been already made acquainted with Mr. Norman through other channels, we feel no hesitation now in speaking of himself and his valuable book with as much freedom, as if his name appeared in the title page.

Mr. Norman tells us, that he sailed from New Orleans in the month of November, 1841, with the intention of passing the winter in the warm climate of some of the Central American Islands. In the progress of his travels, he is induced to change his destination for Yucatan. He arrives at Sisal, a seaport town, on the western coast of that province, on the twentieth of December. He passes four months travelling about in the interior of the country, and the sights which his eyes there saw, and the wonders of which his ears there heard, are the burden of the book before us. We feel that we can do no more acceptable service to our readers, few of whom can yet have had access to this very interesting book, than to give a digest of its contents, among which will be found details scarcely less extraordinary than the startling revelations of Belzoni himself.

To gather some idea of the spirit with which Mr. Norman started upon his excursion, we extract the following paragraph from his opening chapter:

“The prospect of leaving one’s country for a season, affects different people in very different ways. To some, it suggests only the loss of friends, and the want of the conveniences which habit may have made to them the necessaries of life. By their formidable equipments, their groaning trunks, and systematic leave-takings, they intimate a foregone conclusion, that every nation except their own is peopled with Ishmaelites, whose hands are ever raised against the rest of mankind. There is another class, who have faith in man wherever he exists, and who rely upon the permanence of the laws of Nature; who do not imagine that a man is necessarily a cannibal or a troglodyte because born in a different degree of latitude, nor that water will refuse to run down hill at a foreigner’s request. Through their confidence in the uniformity of Nature’s laws, they feel it unnecessary to equip themselves for a campaign into chaos when they leave their native land, always presuming every corner of this planet, however remote from the illuminating centres of civi-

lisation, to be possessed of some of the elements of existence, such as air, fire, water, &c., which a traveller may spare himself the trouble of bringing from home in his trunk. With the latter class, kind reader, the author of the following notes deserves to be associated. He would require nothing but a valise to contain his outfit for a circumnavigation of the globe, and would include the moon in his circuit, if practicable, without materially enlarging his equipage, except, perhaps, by some device that would diminish the inconveniences of a rarefied atmosphere. This faith in the future, this trust in the resources which a mind of ordinary intelligence can always command under any sun and in any clime, sustained the writer in his determination, just fail, to visit some of the islands of the West India seas, almost without notice, and with scarcely more preparation than a domestic man would deem essential for an absence from home of a single week. The cork-legged merchant of Rotterdam did not commence his journeyings more unexpectedly to himself, nor less formidably panopied against the emergencies of his adventurous tour. To the writer's unpreparedness, a term which, in such cases, usually signifies freedom from anxiety, he feels indebted for most of the pleasure which this excursion has afforded him; and he has only cause to regret the want of more elaborate preparation, inasmuch as it may have deprived these pages of a portion of their interest and value."

Sisal, the place at which Mr. Norman disembarked, is the second port of the province, and during the prevalence of the northerly winds unsafe. It has about one thousand inhabitants, compounded of Indians and Mexicans. He left the second day after his arrival for Merida, the capital of the country, and thirty-six miles from Sisal. Of Merida he thus discourses:

"Merida, the capital of Yucatan, is situated about the twenty-first degree of north latitude, and is elevated some twenty-five feet above the level of the sea. The thermometer ranges at about eighty of Fahrenheit, and the maximum length of the days is nearly thirteen hours. The city was built upon the ruins of an Indian town, which was destroyed by the Spaniards in their superstitious zeal, so madly manifested in the destruction of everything throughout Mexico that was found belonging to the people whom they had conquered. The present population is calculated at twenty thousand, the ma-

jority of whom are Indians and half-breeds.

"The city was founded in 1542. From the few scattered facts which have been handed down to us by history, we gather that, prior to the Spanish conquest, there existed in Yucatan a people of an origin remote and unknown, who were under the subjection of rulers, with fixed principles of law and order; had passed through the ordinary vicissitudes of nations, and finished their career by losing, at once, their liberty and their dominions. The triumphant forces of the Spaniards having obtained full possession of the country, the church came in to execute its part; and their language, manners, customs, and religion, were disseminated by the steady and persevering arm of Catholic power and management. To complete the work, everything that had a tendency to remind the vanquished of the past, was obliterated, in accordance with the groveling policy of the blind fanaticism that marked the times. Ancient pictorial and hieroglyphical manuscripts were burnt; their idols, images, and planispheres, were destroyed, and their temples and cities were razed to the ground. It is melancholy to reflect that a chasm has thus been made in the early history of the country, which the historian must despair of ever seeing filled up.

"Merida, since it was rebuilt, has not rendered itself in anywise historical. Its remote and isolated position has prevented its participation, to any extent, in the political struggles which have marked the history of the city of Mexico; and the inhabitants appear to have availed themselves of their peace and political composure by a cultivation of letters, and general mental cultivation, to an extent certainly unsurpassed in any province of Mexico."

The author then speaks of the streets, the squares, which throughout the province are sadly neglected; the markets, the trade, the climate, the public buildings, &c. &c. Upon the subject of trade throughout Yucatan, he seems to have but one opinion, that it is trifling, and under the influence of the Yucatan climate and government, must continue trifling.

He illustrates the business activity of Merida, by stating that he has frequently in crossing the great public square, disturbed the buzzard and kill-deer at noon day. The trades and professions are mostly filled by half-breeds and Indians; and whenever an article is to be made to order, a portion—about

one half—of the purchase money must be paid in advance, that the contractor may be in funds to purchase stock. Men do the millinery and mantua-making work for the other sex, and ladies' dresses are suspended upon the door-ways of the houses, to attract a kind of custom which with us is wholly engrossed by the fairer sex. Manu-factories are nowhere to be seen; the clatter of the loom, or the noise of the hammer, never disturbs the streets of Merida.

“ Commercial transactions are limited to the supply of retail dealers in the city and country. The principal articles of trade are dry goods, imported from England and France, by the way of the Balize and Havana. The exportation of the products of the country is conducted through the same channel; but owing to the poverty of the soil, and the supineness of the people, it is likewise very circumscribed. On the whole, so far as my personal observation has yet extended, the land presents a barrenness of appearance which offers few of those inducements that have been held out for emigration, either to the husbandman or the mechanic.

“ The agricultural products of Yucatan are numerous. Corn, resembling that of New England, which constitutes one of the principal articles of food, and from which tortillas are prepared, is raised here in great abundance. Also black beans, so well known to travellers by the name of *frejoles*, constitute an agricultural staple of the country. Heniken is cultivated, and prepared for exportation, to a considerable extent. It is known in the United States as ‘Sisal hemp,’ and takes its name from the port whence it is shipped. It is indigenous, and grows upon a rocky and apparently barren soil to the height of about twelve feet, from a short rough trunk. It is cut at a certain period, and the fibres drawn out and dried, after which it is prepared and put up for the market. Sugar and cotton are raised in some of the eastern districts; but very little attention is paid to their cultivation beyond the small demand for the home consumption. Hats, from the leaf of the palm, are manufactured in the interior in large quantities for exportation, and are shipped at Campeachy. They are known in our market as the ‘Campeachy hat.’

“ Some idea of the wealth or poverty of a country may be formed from an acquaintance with its currency. Silver is the basis of the circulation of Yucatan, of which the Spanish sixpence is the small-

est. A fractional sort of change, however, is represented by the seeds of the *cacao*, two hundred and fifty grains of which are considered equal to sixpence. Of these, five grains constitute the smallest amount ever received in trade. In some of the provinces of the Mexican confederacy, pieces of soap pass as a circulating medium, and lose none of their estimated value for a few washings, provided the balance of exchange should not be such as to carry it out of the district where it is known. The great scarcity of money tends to reduce everything else in an equal ratio. Servants' wages are from three to five dollars a month, and those of mechanics are at a proportionate rate. Rents are almost a nominal charge. This is partially produced by the number of untenanted buildings that are decaying without occupants.”

Speaking of the church of Jesus, which is attached to a monastery of Jesuits, our traveller takes occasion to describe one of the ceremonies which is, we believe, peculiar to the church at Merida, but which might by some be thought worth propagating. It was at vespers; the congregation being composed mostly of Indians:

“ After the usual ceremonies were concluded, a large Indian prostrated himself upon the floor before the altar, carefully adjusted his limbs, and laid himself out, as if he were preparing for burial. Men, with coils of rope about their heads, representing crowns of thorns, dressed in loose garments, and bending under the weight of a heavy cross, then entered and tottered up the aisles. A cross and skull were then passed around; the bearer repeating in Latin as they were handed to be kissed, ‘This is the death, and this is the judgment!’ When this form had been concluded, we were all supplied with whips, (I declined to avail myself of their politeness), the lights were extinguished, and all was darkness. Nothing was visible but the gigantic windows, and the outlines of the stupendous arches and fretted walls above us. The chamber of death was never more silent than was that church for the moment. While I was speculating upon what would probably occur next in the order of exercises, my meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sounds of stripes rising and echoing through every part of the vast edifice. That there was whipping going on, I had no doubt; but whether each did his own whipping, or had it done by his neighbors, I was, for some time, unable to satisfy

myself; but I soon discovered that the former was the case, upon the presumption, doubtless, that each one knew how much his case required better than any one else. This penitential ceremony continued for the space of fifteen minutes, at least, without intermission. When it ceased, which was at the tinkling of a bell, the candles were relighted, and the assemblage slowly left the church, apparently perfectly satisfied that they had received no more than they deserved."

The Indians constitute the larger portion of the population of Yucatan, and to those who associate them with the architects of the ruins which are soon destined to make the plains of Chi-Chen, of Uxmal, and of Zayi classic ground, are by far the most interesting. The interest is, however, of a melancholy kind. Few of the lineaments of face or character remain which must have marked the aboriginal inhabitant of Yucatan. Mr. Norman seems to have partaken of the interest which all must feel in this unfortunate people, and thus anticipates our inquiries:

"A stranger, on his first arrival in this country, is at a loss where to place the Indian in the scale of social life. He sees him clean and well dressed, mingling with the whites, and without distinction. To have Indian blood is no reproach, and family groups, in many cases, show this most palpably. It is not unusual to hear mothers threaten to send their children home to their respective fathers, whenever their rudeness requires chiding. The Indian, however, performs the menial labor of the country—and there is an appearance of apathy in his looks and actions, which seems to carry with it the signs of a broken, or at least a subdued spirit—resting upon him like a melancholy vision, a dreamy remembrance, of better days. For, say what we please of him, he is the humble descendant of a once great and powerful people—the 'children of the sun,' who were lords of that soil on which their offspring are now held in humiliating vassalage. Though they wear the *outside* show of freedom, they have not even as much liberty as the most abject vassal of the middle ages. They are literally degraded to the position of serfs. They are always in debt, and are, consequently, at the mercy of their creditors, who, by the law of the country, have a lien upon their services until their debts are cancelled. This, together with the absence of nearly all the ordinary encouragements to exertion, com-

mon in a colder climate, and among a more progressive people, conspires to keep the Indian Yucatecos in a state of listless bondage, which they endure without a murmur, and we may add, from our own observation, without much of any positive suffering. Legalized slavery, as it is well known, does not exist in any part of Mexico.

"The dress of the Indian is of the most simple kind. His food principally consists of corn; which is prepared by parboiling, and crushing on a stone by means of a roller. When ready, it is made into balls; and, after being mixed with water, it is deemed fit to be eaten. Corn is broken in the same way, and made into cakes called tortillas, which is the favorite food of all classes of society in this province. The wages for Indian service is from one to four dollars per month; the largest portion of which, in very many cases, is expended for candles and other offerings to their chosen saint. They are an extremely mild and inoffensive people. Drinking is their most decided vice; but even this, as we have already remarked, cannot be called a prevailing one. They are a listless rather than indolent race, and never "think for the morrow." They have quite an amiable expression in their countenances, and their mode of conversation is pleasing. Their features remind one of those of the Asiatic more than of any other. Their stature is short, and thick set, leaving but little resemblance to that of the North American Indian. We looked in vain for their pastimes—they have none, except those connected with the church. They seldom dance or sing. They are wholly under the surveillance of the priests, and are the most zealous devotees to their rites and ceremonies. Their hours of leisure are passed in their hammocks, or else in silently squatting about the corners of the streets."

But we are doing our readers injustice in detaining them upon matters which in comparison with the rest of this work are of altogether secondary interest. We hasten with our author therefore to the Ruins. After a month's stay at Merida, Mr. Norman makes preparations for visiting the ruins of Chi-Chen, of which he accidentally heard while staying at Merida. He passes through Ticoxo, Calcachen, Tuncax, Sitax, and Valladolid, which places he describes with all the minuteness which they appear to have deserved.

He tells us, that he was the first visitor to the ruins of Chi-Chen, who has left the world any record of the visit-

He thus describes his sensations, when he for the first time finds himself in the presence of these time-defying memorials of antiquity :

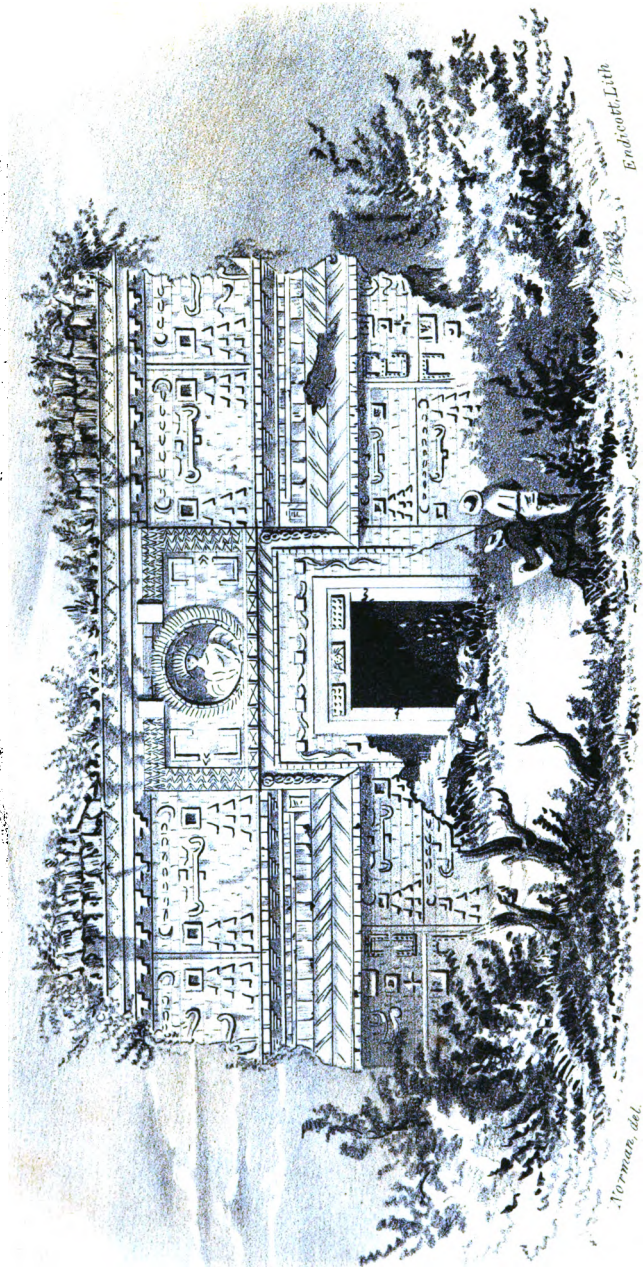
"It was on the morning of the 10th of February, that I directed my steps, for the first time, toward the ruins of the ancient city of Chi-Chen. On arriving in the immediate neighborhood, I was compelled to cut my way through an almost impermeable thicket of under-brush, interlaced and bound together with strong tendrils and vines; in which labor I was assisted by my diligent aid and companion, José. I was finally enabled to effect a passage; and, in the course of a few hours, found myself in the presence of the ruins which I sought. For five days did I wander up and down among these crumbling monuments of a city which, I hazard little in saying, must have been one of the largest the world has ever seen. I beheld before me, for a circuit of many miles in diameter, the walls of palaces and temples, and pyramids, more or less dilapidated. The earth was strewed, as far as the eye could distinguish, with columns, some broken and some nearly perfect, which seemed to have been planted there by the genius of desolation which presided over this awful solitude. Amid these solemn memorials of departed generations, who have died and left no marks but these, there were no indications of animated existence save from the bats, the lizards, and the reptiles which now and then emerged from the crevices of the tottering walls and crumbling stones that were strewed upon the ground at their base. No marks of human footsteps, no signs of previous visitors, were discernible; nor is there good reason to believe that any person, whose testimony of the fact has been given to the world, had ever before broken the silence which reigns over these sacred tombs of a departed civilisation. As I looked about me and indulged in these reflections, I felt awed into perfect silence. To speak then, had been profane. A revelation from heaven could not have impressed me more profoundly with the solemnity of its communication, than I was now impressed on finding myself the first, probably, of the present generation of civilized men walking the streets of this once mighty city, and amid

"Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

For a long time I was so distracted with the multitude of objects which crowded upon my mind, that I could take no note of them in detail. It was not until some hours had elapsed, that my curiosity was

sufficiently under control to enable me to examine them with any minuteness. The Indians for many leagues around, hearing of my arrival, came to visit me daily; but the object of my toil was quite beyond their comprehension. They watched my every motion, occasionally looking up to each other with an air of unfeigned astonishment; but whether to gather an explanation from the faces of their neighbors, or to express their contempt for my proceedings, I have permitted myself to remain in doubt up to this day. Of the builders or occupants of these edifices which were in ruins about them, they had not the slightest idea; nor did the question seem to have ever occurred to them before. After the most careful search, I could discover no traditions, no superstitions, nor legends of any kind. Time and foreign oppression had paralyzed, among this unfortunate people, those organs which have been ordained by the God of nations to transmute history into tradition. All communication with the past here seems to have been cut off. Nor did any allusion to their ancestry, or to the former occupants of these mighty palaces and monumental temples, produce the slightest thrill through the memories of even the oldest Indians in the vicinity. Defeated in my anticipations from this quarter, I addressed myself at once to the only course of procedure which was likely to give me any solution of the solemn mystery. I determined to devote myself to a careful examination of these ruins in detail.

Mr. Norman first visits the temple, of which only broken walls and pillars are now standing. It must have been originally about four hundred and fifty feet long, and built of carefully hewn stone. Within this building was a room fourteen feet long and six wide. The parts of it yet remaining "are finished with sculptured blocks of stone of about one foot square, representing Indian figures, with feather head-dresses, armed with bows and arrows, their noses ornamented with rings; carrying in one hand bows and arrows, and in the other a musical instrument, similar to those that are now used by the Indians of the country. These figures were interspersed with animals resembling the crocodile. "Near this room," he says, "I found a square pillar, only five feet of which remained above the ruins. It was carved on all sides with Indian figures, as large as life, and apparently in warlike attitudes. Fragments of a similar kind were scattered about in the vicinity." A few rods to the south



Front of
THE HOUSE OF THE CACIQUES.



THE COLLEGE BUILDING
at
THE COLLEGE

stands a pyramid, measuring five hundred and fifty feet at its base, gradually drawing in towards the summit, which presents a large platform, upon which is erected a square building, about twenty feet in height, making the whole of the structure one hundred and twenty feet high. This pyramid contained rooms, curiously constructed, and ornamented with rare carvings and architectural devices, which are detailed by our author with great minuteness.

About the centre of the city of Chichen is the Dome, a structure of beautiful proportions, though partially in ruins. "It rests upon a finished foundation, the interior of which contains three conic structures, one within the other, a space of six feet intervening; each cone communicating with the others by door-ways, the inner one forming the shaft. At the height of about ten feet the cones are united by means of transoms of *zuporte*. Around these cones are evidences of spiral stairs, leading to the summit."

But by far the most extraordinary ruin, as we judge from the author's description, that has yet been discovered in Central America, is the "House of the Caciques," a front view of which, through the kindness of the author, we have been permitted to present to our readers. The engraving represents merely the front of a portion of the main building. A view of the rest of this stupendous edifice, which may be found in the work, gives one the most exalted idea of the skill and wealth of its unknown architects. We do not hesitate to present Mr. Norman's description of these ruins at length:—

"Situated about three rods south-west of the ruins of the Dome, are those of the House of the Caciques. I cut my way through the thick growth of small wood to this sublime pile, and by the aid of my compass was enabled to reach the east front of the building. Here I felt the trees that hid it, and the whole front was opened to my view, presenting the most strange and incomprehensible pile of architecture that my eyes ever beheld—elaborate, elegant, stupendous, yet belonging to no order now known to us. The front of this wonderful edifice measures thirty-two feet, and its height twenty, extending to the main building fifty feet. Over the door-way, which favors the Egyptian style of architecture, is a heavy

lintel of stone, containing two double rows of hieroglyphics, with a sculptured ornament intervening. Above these are the remains of books carved in stone, with raised lines of drapery running through them, which, apparently, have been broken off by the falling of the heavy lintel from the top of the building, over which, surrounded by a variety of chaste and beautifully executed borders, encircled within a wreath, is a female figure in a sitting posture, in basso-relievo, having a headdress of feathers, cords, and tassels, and the neck ornamented. The angles of this building are tetrahedrally curved. The ornaments continue around the sides, which are divided into two compartments, different in their arrangement, though not in style. Attached to the angles are large projecting hooks, skillfully worked, and perfect rosettes and stars, with spears reversed, are put together with the utmost precision.

"The ornaments are composed of small square blocks of stone, cut to the depth of about one to one and a half inches, apparently with the most delicate instruments, and inserted by a shaft in the wall. The wall is made of large and uniformly square blocks of limestone, set in a mortar which appears to be as durable as the stone itself. In the ornamental borders of this building I could discover but little analogy with those known to me. The most striking were those of the cornice and entablature, *chacron* and the *cable* moulding, which are characteristic of the Norman architecture.

"The sides have three door-ways, each opening into small apartments, which are finished with smooth square blocks of stone; the floors of the same material, but have been covered with cement, which is now broken. The apartments are small, owing to the massive walls enclosing them, and the acute-angled arch, forming the ceiling. The working and laying of the stone are as perfect as they could have been under the directions of a modern architect.

"Contiguous to this front are two irregular buildings, as represented in the plan. The one on the right, situated some twenty-five feet from it, (about two feet off the right line), has a front of about thirty-five feet, its sides ten wide, and its height twenty feet, containing one room similar in its finish to those before described. The front of this building is elaborately sculptured with rosettes and borders, and ornamental lines; the rear is formed of finely cut stone, now much broken. Near by are numerous heaps of hewn and broken stones, sculptured work and pillars.

"The other building on the left is about eight feet from the principal front, measuring twenty-two feet in length, thirteen in width, and thirty-six in height. The top is quite broken, and has the appearance of having been much higher. The *agave Americana* was growing thriftily upon its level roof. On all sides of this building are carved figures, broken images, in sitting postures; rosettes and ornamental borders, laid off in compartments; each compartment having three carved hooks on each side and angle. This building contains but one room, similar to that on the right. A soil has collected on the tops or roofs of these structures to the depth of three or four feet, in which trees and other vegetation are flourishing.

"From these portions of the ruins I worked my way through the wild thicket, by which they are surrounded, to the north side of the main building, in the centre of which I found a flight of small stone steps, overgrown with bushes and vines, which I cut away, and made an ascent by pulling myself up to the summit, a distance of forty feet. This platform is an oblong square, one hundred by seventy-five feet. Here a range of rooms were found, occupying about two-thirds of the area; the residue of the space probably formed a promenade, which is now filled up with crumbling ruins, covered with trees and grass. These rooms varied in size; the smallest of which measured six by ten, and the largest six by twenty-two feet.

"The most of these rooms were plastered, or covered with a fine white cement, some of which was still quite perfect. By washing them, I discovered fresco paintings; but they were much obliterated. The subjects could not be distinguished. On the eastern end of these rooms is a hall running transversely, four feet wide, (having the high angular ceiling), one side of which is filled with a variety of sculptured work, principally rosettes and borders, with rows of small pilasters; having three square recesses, and a small room on either side. Over the doorways of each are stone lintels, three feet square, carved with hieroglyphics both on the front and under side. The western end of these rooms is in almost total ruins. The northern side has a flight of stone steps, but much dilapidated, leading to the top; which, probably, was a look-out place, but is now almost in total ruins. The southern range of rooms is much broken; the outside of which yet shows the elaborate work with which the whole building was finished.

"I vainly endeavored to find access to

the interior of the main building. I discovered two breaches, caused, probably, by the enormous weight of the pile, and in these apertures I made excavations; but could not discover anything like apartments of any description. It seemed to be one vast body of stone and mortar, kept together by the great solidity of the outer wall, which was built in a masterly manner, of well-formed materials. The angles were finished off with circular blocks of stones, of a large and uniform size."

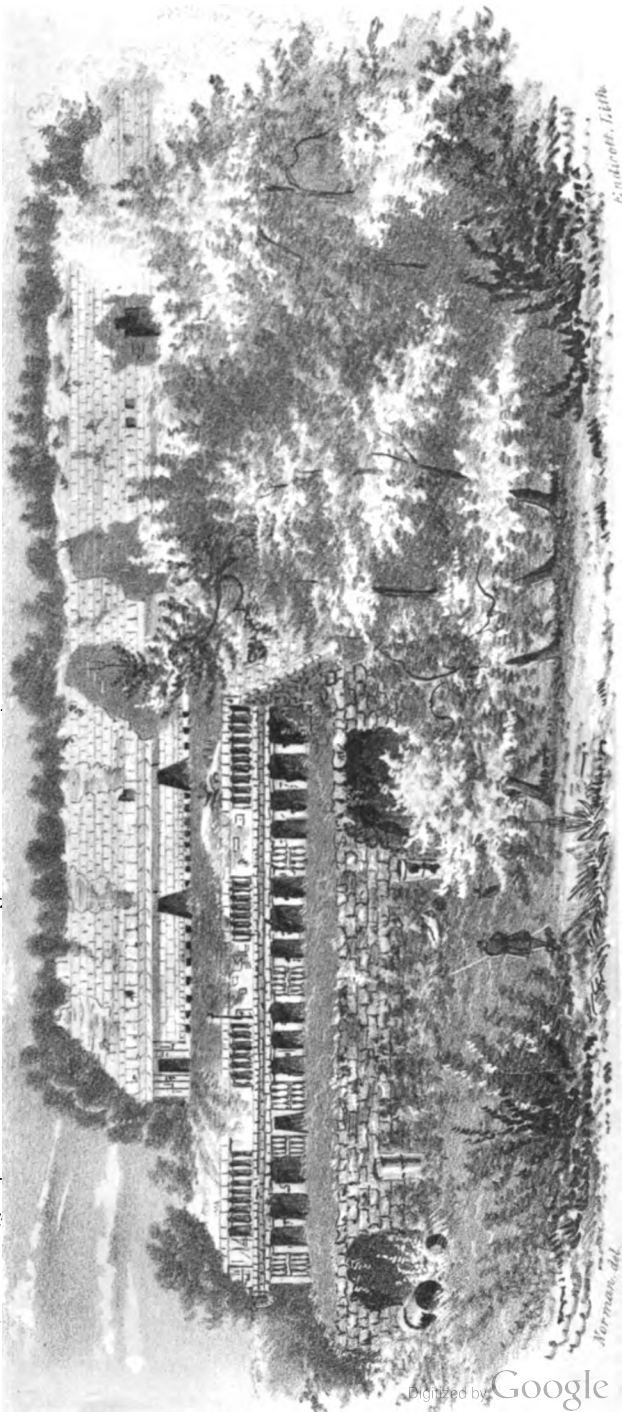
Mr. Norman subsequently visited the ruins of Ichmul, of Kabbah, Zayi, Nohcacab, Uxmal, and Campeachy—all of which are described with great fidelity. They are all more or less striking and indicative. We present to our readers a view of the ruins of Zayi, taken by our author, with his own description of them:

"The Ruins of Zayi are situated in the midst of a succession of beautiful hills, forming around them, on every side, an enchanting landscape.

"The principal one is composed of a single structure, an immense pile, facing the south, and standing upon a slight natural elevation. The first foundation is now so broken that its original form cannot be fully determined; but it probably was that of a parallelogram. Its front wall shows the remains of rooms and ceilings, with occasional pillars, which, no doubt, supported the corridors. The height of this wall is about twenty feet, and, as near as I was able to measure around its base, (owing to the accumulation of ruins), it was two hundred and sixty-eight feet long, and one hundred and sixteen wide.

"In the centre of this foundation stands the main building, the western half only remaining, with a portion of the steps, outside, leading to the top. This part shows a succession of corridors, occupying the whole front, each supported by two pillars, with plain square caps and plinths, and intervening spaces, filled with rows of small ornamented pillars. In the rear of these corridors are rooms of small dimensions and angular ceilings, without any light except that which the front affords. Over these corridors, or pillars, is a fine moulding finish, its angle ornamented with a hook similar to those of Chi-Chen."

Mr. Norman devotes a separate chapter at the conclusion of his detail of the ruins to answering the three ques-



ZAVY RUINS.

tions, by whom, for what purpose, and when were these ruined cities built. To the two first he professes to have no very definite opinions, but relies chiefly upon the authority of Waldeck, De Solis, Morton, Wirt, Priest, Ledyard, Bradford, and others who have speculated upon this subject. Upon the last question of their date he differs entirely from Mr. Stephens, and we presume from the current of opinion,—though we think for very plausible reasons,—in attributing to them as much as three thousand years of age. The ruins of Chi-Chen Mr. Norman thinks by far the oldest ruins that have yet been seen in Central America, and he bases his dissent principally upon his observations there. How far other travellers may be disposed to concur with him when they have visited Chi-Chen, and how far Mr. Stephens, who, we understand, subsequently went to these ruins, will see fit to modify his own previous impressions upon this subject, remains to be seen. So far as Mr. Stephens is concerned we are happy to add (*en parenthèse*) that this detention will not probably be long.

Which shall eventually prove the true theory we do not yet presume even to have an opinion. We have great respect for Mr. Norman's candor and fidelity. We grieve, however, for all that, that these people could not have left us something to mark time with—something the age of which we know, that we might have compared these ruins with it. As it is, we can only conjecture. We never before appreciated so fully the importance and extent of the poet's mission. There were more brave men than Horace ever thought of who lived before the time of Agamemnon,

“Sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.”

Mr. Norman appears to have but one opinion about the unfavorableness of the Yucatan climate to longevity. Nor does he recommend it to valetudinarians, under any circumstances. We regret that he had not extended his researches in this direction, for we think he might have found more unmistakable proof of the absurdity quite prevalent with us of looking to climates of uniform temperature for good

health. That such cannot be the case might, we think, be proved *à priori*, without a single experiment—that such is not the case has already been pretty clearly demonstrated by the inflexible logic of facts. The city of Guatemala is situated about five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and presents the unvarying temperature of spring from one year's end to another. The temperature is said never to oscillate more than eight or ten degrees. Add to this the country is visited by no fevers, or epidemics, or pestilential diseases; yet the people, says Dunn,—a very intelligent traveller in that country—the people are almost uniformly enervated both in body and in mind, and the average mortality is about one thirtieth annually.

The situation of the city of Lima has also been distinguished for the uniform temperature of its climate. Dr. Archibald Smith, who resided for a long period in that country, and published the result of his experience, in a book entitled “Peru as it is,” tells us that the effect of this equability of temperature was “to enervate and degrade.” Indeed the inhabitants of Lima seem to pride themselves upon the subjugating influence of their climate, claiming its influence as a part of their national discipline. A writer in “Blackwood,” speaking on this subject, says that when a European arrives among them in what is vulgarly called *rude health*—and rude it does certainly appear to the effeminate Limeno—they survey him with a smile, and a “Dejale; luego caerá,” which may be Englished in the words of the old song,

“Never mind him, let him be—
By and by he'll follow thee.”

When that ferocious and truculent old Viceroy Amat arrived in Lima, the following pasquinade was put up in the public square, “Aquí se amansan leones,” “Lions tamed here,” and it is said that they one day brought the matter to the test by throwing a line across the street where his carriage was waiting at the palace gates so as to stop his way. But how tame and how patient was the lion become! He merely ordered his coachman to turn around, and take the opposite direction.

In the city of Lima, says Mr. Smith, one twentieth of the population die annually—a most alarming average.

It is very rare that one encounters an aged native of any climate of an equable temperature. It is to be regretted that statistics upon this subject are at present so deficient.

In the second place, we have no doubt that such a climatic condition is equally adverse to the activity of the mental forces. For a glaring illustration of this, observe the population of the uniformly hot climates of Southern Asia and Central Africa, and unless they live upon islands, or near the sea, where the temperature undergoes variation, they are scarcely more intelligent than brutes. Or take the people residing in the polar regions, where the climate is uniformly cold. We look in vain in either of these quarters of the world for great thinkers, for invention, or for discovery. The reasons are so obvious that we could foretell the fact if it had not already passed into history. To say nothing of the debilitating effects of an unchanging temperature upon the physical energies, and thus indirectly upon the mind, making it indisposed to labor—the same variety of sensations, and therefore the same amount of experience, is not acquired by the inhabitant of such a climate as of one like ours, subject to frequent and severe changes. He does not acquire as much of that untaught knowledge which constitutes by far the largest portion of man's real learning. Every change should give us a new idea; but to remain for a long time before one class of objects, and subject to a single class of impressions, will inevitably debilitate some other faculties which are not provoked to activity. "*Adeo sentire semper idem, et non sentire, ad idem recidunt.*" says Hobbes. It is a familiar fact to the physiologist, that keeping a limb for a long time in one position will end in paralyzing it. It is precisely thus with the mind: unless the subjects of its activity are frequently changed it will become paralysed. Who shall pretend to measure the influence wrought upon our judgment, our tastes, our moral character, our wills, &c., by the frequent changes and annoyances of our uneven climate? One should be a very close student of the phenomena of his own nature that could detect any perceptible accretion to the volume of his

character from any single change of this kind, or who could attribute any new sensation, impression, or capability, to any such external accident in particular; but when we reflect how incessantly these influences are operating upon us by night and by day, at our labors or our amusements, sitting or walking, consciously and unconsciously to ourselves, it will be very obvious that these educational influences cannot be spared, and that their absence should be looked upon as a calamity.

The plates, of which there are some thirty or forty in this volume, do great credit to Mr. Norman, who sketched them himself upon the spot. They represent all the important ruins which the author visited—the city of Campeachy from the water—the port of Sisal, "the Dome" and "the Pyramid," at Chi-Chen, "the Governor's House," "the Pyramid," "the Pigeon Houses," at Uxmal, &c.

In referring to the plates we are reminded of one of the most interesting and valuable features of the work, which had nearly escaped us. While in Yucatan Mr. Norman informs us that he found a collection of twelve or fourteen idols, which he supposes to have been worshipped by the original inhabitants of this country. They were found among the ruins which he visited. They are composed of clay, apparently hardened by fire, and resemble the pottery of the present day. They are hollow, and contain little balls, about the size of a pea, which are supposed to have been formed of the ashes of victims sacrificed to the god they inhabit. Careful copies of these idols have been made, and will be found among the other engravings with which this work is illustrated.

We regret that we have no more space to devote to this very interesting work; but no adequate idea of the extent and magnificence of these ruins can be presented within the limited range of a magazine. It is a book which all will desire to read, and we should do injustice, both to the author and his readers, by dissipating the enjoyment which may be anticipated from a careful perusal of the "*Rambles in Yucatan.*"

PASSAGES FROM A POLITICIAN'S NOTE-BOOK.

"THE PALACE OF THE PRESIDENT."

WORDS are indeed things; and forms and shows are often most serious and substantive realities. A word recently escaped from an incautious pen, so pregnant with a true, though rarely confessed meaning, which has often been the subject of our reflections, that it at once arrested our eye, and shall constitute the *à propos* for discoursing briefly a few perhaps somewhat novel notions to which we have long felt desirous to invite the attention of our readers.

"Death in the *Palace* of the President!"—was the caption to an article in which the recognized newspaper organ of the present administration at Washington announced an event to which we cannot allude without an expression of sincere regret and sympathy. Yes, it is indeed a "palace"; and so little fitting do we think so stately and ostentatious a pile for the abode of the elected chief magistrate and representative of such a nation, the head of such a system of institutions, that we are half tempted to wish the British would come back again, so far as that building is concerned, and repeat and complete the demolition which they but partially effected in 1814. At any rate, if it should be thought too Websterian to speak so complacently of the enemy "thundering at the gates of the Capitol," we wish that the Slave of the Lamp would carry it off, on any dark night, and deposit it in the middle of Sahara—or, if he think proper, drop it on the way into the middle of the Atlantic.

What do we want of a "palace" for our plain republican Presidents?—simple citizens as they are of the great people before being honored with that noblest of public trusts—simple citizens when they lay it down—and simple citizens, too, after all, during the period of bearing its honor and its toil. "Palaces" are the dwellings of kings, and the homes of courts; they are wholly misplaced on the soil of a democratic republic. It may be meet and right to rear for a monarch's resi-

dence a pile of architecture, adapted in extent to the hosts of personal attendants composing the necessary *dramatis personæ* to the great farce of majesty. That in stately pride of art it should also be correspondingly distinguished from the dwellings proportioned to the far inferior condition of the highest of his subjects, is only in suitable harmony with the general political theory of which it is one of the expressions. But our Presidents are unencumbered by any other retinue than that ordinary private attendance for which their ordinary private residence fully suffices. The principles of our government forbid the idea of any such social elevation or distinction attaching to their persons and their families, as should require, for the sake of fitness or convenience, such a semi-regal residence, presenting a corresponding contrast of splendor and space to the usual style of residence of respectable American gentlemen. Why then, we repeat, why are our eyes and ears to be displeased by thus seeing and hearing of "the *Palace* of the President"?

The fact is, that the foundations of this most inconsistent of structures were laid in a generation yet strongly imbued with the spirit of past things. Ideas of a suitable state and show, of a proper pomp and parade, from the habits of thinking derived from time immemorial, were associated with that of high official position; and these external trappings of decoration were deemed the necessary concomitants and expressions of its dignity. The chief magistrates of other countries and other forms of government dwelt in palaces, and it was most erroneously deemed that ours should present to the world an exterior of a somewhat similar state. It is a well-known fact of history—nor need we in our day blush to remember it—that the monarchical spirit was present with a very powerful influence in the counsels which organized our system of government. The result finally adopted was

a compromise between it and the antagonist spirit of democratic equality and liberty;—and even this latter in that day felt compelled to restrain even the assertion of itself within such cautious and timid limits, that no party in the Convention of 1787 was willing to bear the imputation, which all now affect to glory in, of the name of *democratic*. This influence, although defeated in the full extent of its efforts, yet succeeded in investing the Presidency with a degree of political power, and of a certain semi-regal splendor, which afforded at least a tolerable approximation towards the character it would have preferred. The length of its official tenure, doubled by re-eligibility—the vast patronage involved in the power of nomination to, and removal from, all the important employments of honor and profit in the public service—together with the prerogative of the Veto, invaluable as a conservative popular check upon legislative abuse, yet still conferring on the office a vast amount of weight and force—have undoubtedly gone pretty far to create a result which the Hamiltonian school at its earlier period could scarcely have indulged themselves in even hoping for. And when to these substantial solids of political power, as secured by the Constitution, were added by legislation, under the pressure of the same influence, all this exterior of comparative social elevation, as involved in a “palace” of fourfold greater size and style than any private residence in the land, and in a salary fourfold greater than that of all the highest of the public officers stationed around him—we shall not be charged with an exaggeration of democratic severity when we avow a profound discontent with the present constitution of this department of our government; and a determination to make at least a strenuous effort to awaken the public mind to a sense of the growing necessity for a reform in those features in it of which we complain.

Why should there be so wide a distance, in point of recognized dignity and rank, between an Executive of the national sovereignty of the Union, and an Executive of one of the several State sovereignties of which it is composed?—of the great State in which we write, for instance; itself entitled by population to rank as a nation above

not a few of the minor kingdoms of Europe. We have never heard the question proposed before, but it is well worth asking and answering. In truth our State governments are far more important pieces of political machinery than that of the Federal Union. The legislation of the former is in general of a much higher and more interesting character than that of the latter. While the one deals with the few subjects of its action, having reference to the national character and External relations of the country,—the Appropriation Bills constituting the main bulk of its business,—the other works the whole machinery of government, in all its immediate bearing, through ten thousand ramifications, upon the whole fabric of society. The government of the country—nine-tenths of it at least—resides within the States. To any person who may entertain a higher ambition of usefulness and honor in a career of statesmanship, than the mere petty pursuit of the prizes of partizanship, a seat in the halls of the State legislation affords a far wider and a far nobler field of action than is to be found on the floors of Congress,—even were that body all that it ought to be, instead of all that it so unhappily has of late come to be. And even in the case of the respective Executives, we insist that as a magistrate, as a servant of the people, entrusted by them with high public duties and powers, the Governor of one of the great States occupies an official position which ought not to be regarded as in any sense inferior, in a just view of dignity and rank, to that of a President. And yet the Governor of New York resides in ordinary style of comfort and respectability, in a decent dwelling, which pretends to no superiority of style over a hundred neighbors; nor does the dignity of his high function suffer on the support of a salary not over one-sixth of that deemed necessary to the maintenance of a President.

The only show of reason that can be put forward in support of the object of our present criticism, is that the President is the representative of the collective Union, in its relations and intercourse with foreign governments, and that therefore he ought to appear, to their resident ministers or agents, in a style worthy of the national greatness he represents, and corresponding

somewhat to the social habits of those classes at home from which these personages of the "diplomatic corps" are usually chosen. A similar argument is derived from the idea of making a suitable show to the eyes of the foreign travellers who are naturally attracted to the federal centre, where they seek their first, and often, their last and only impressions, respecting the political system and genius of the country. [Now it is precisely from this consideration, that we derive one of our strongest objections to this "palace," in which these classes of persons are taken to see the Chief Magistrate and Representative of the great American Union of Republics. Nothing can be more absurd than this meagre and miserable attempt to ape a little, a humble little, of that style and state with which, under political systems pervaded by a spirit the very antagonist to ours, it is deemed necessary to invest the highest functionaries of government. The external apparatus of government ought not to be out of harmony and proportion with the principles of which its various parts are the instruments, and ought to be the illustrations. One of the leading words of our theory is equality. It discounts all other distinctions of man above man, than those of nature's own discrimination, based on the right indeed divine of moral and mental aristocracy. It refuses, alike to wealth, to office, and even to meritorious public service, any species of title or badge tending to create a classification of rank. It is hostile to all ostentatious display, or to any strongly marked assumption of superiority above the ordinary social average, growing out of the general popular diffusion of the wealth of the country, and the natural simplicity of republican habits. While it attaches a general honor to the proper performance of duty, in all or any of the thousand departments of public service, it does not elevate any of the functionaries by whom they are filled, a single hair's-breadth above the plain, common level of equal citizenship, and equal manhood, with the humblest of those upon whom their official action may be exerted. The externals of the presidential office, with its "palace," and meager stock of tinsel furniture, and its fourfold measure of salary, presumed to be applied

to those rich displays of social entertainment adapted to the style of high aristocratic habits,—the externals of the presidential office, we repeat, are surely far, very far from being in harmony with the theory of that political system of which it stands as the crowning apex.

[How much more suitable to the character of our people, how much worthier of our real national greatness, would be the spectacle presented to the eye of the foreigner, who, on inquiring for the Chief Magistrate of this great confederacy of democracies, should be pointed to a simple citizen, affecting no difference in his style of life from that surrounding him on all sides,—content with the moral dignity of his glorious position, and aiming to be a real and perfect representative of his country and countrymen, in a social and domestic point of view, as well as in his official political capacity! How eloquent such a rebuke, silent and simple as it would be, to all those ideas of royal or aristocratic magnificence, of whose essential absurdity that spectacle would make the transatlantic beholder for the first time fully conscious!

But, it may be objected, the building is there—to what other purpose shall it be applied? And though it may have been a folly originally to erect it for the purpose, yet there it must stand, and nothing would now be gained by abandoning it to the owls and bats. To this we would reply, in the first place, that our criticism of "the Palace of the President," has nothing to do with the dollar-and-cent aspect of the question. To put an end to the bad influence it is apt to exert on the mind of its inmate himself, as well as on the political and general society about him,—to contribute thus far toward the reform now become so necessary to lessen the importance and diminish the attractive splendors of the presidential office,—to restore it to that harmony with the general theory of our system and the genius of our people, upon which it now presents an incongruity which we wish were merely useless,—would well justify, we doubt not, the expense of carting its demolished materials down to the middle of the broad river which flows beneath its windows. But there occurs at this very period another appropriation which may be made of it, to which it is admirably

adapted, and for which it is urgently needed. Let it be applied to the use of the Smithsonian Institute. It will constitute a noble contribution on the part of our Government, toward the design of that noble bequest. Let the residence of the President be transferred to a more modest mansion, which may be made ample in space for all proper purposes, and which need not exhibit any externals of superiority, over those which should be also provided for the official residences of his chief cabinet officers. Let the salary of the office be somewhat more nearly equalized with those of the latter, either by lowering it to their level, or by distributing over them its present disproportionate ex-

cess. The present affords a favorable moment for such a change, not likely soon again to recur. The Smithsonian Institute wants precisely such a structure,—while the healthy purity of our system of government would be in no slight degree benefited by getting rid of it. The question is yet in suspense, who may be the next incumbent to whom the application of the proposed change would of course be made. Once practically attempted, it would be greeted with an all but unanimous public approval; and the only wonder would soon come to be, how in this country we could so long have tolerated to see and hear of “the *Palace* of the President.”

THE COUF-DE-GRACE.

HAS the reader ever seen a Spanish bull-fight? Probably not,—and he therefore will need some explanation to understand the name and duty of the *matador*, a functionary who comes in at the heel of the entertainment, to perform a part generally greeted with the loudest applause awarded to any of the performers in that brave though brutal pastime. The *matador*, then, is the person who, after the bull has afforded sufficient diversion to the spectators, in his encounters with the lances of the *pica-dores*, and the scarfs and fire-crackers and manifold torments wielded by the *bandilleros*, walks coolly into the arena, with a small red flag in one hand, and in the other the long shining steel of a sword of finest temper, which it is his office to plunge up to the hilt into the huge beast, as he encounters his charge in full career. The bull is always pretty well spent with his toils and wounds before he receives this compliment from a new acquaintance, which generally serves as a “finisher,” bringing him down lumbering and belching to the ground. Mr. Webster makes a capital *matador*.

It was, indeed, the *coup-de-grace*, the late Faneuil Hall speech. When a *post-mortem* examination shall be had of the dead body of the Whig Party, right through the ulcerated and corrupt mass which ought to be the heart will be found, we doubt not, the path of this last wound, struck home with steady aim and no feeble hand.

We have always known that there was very little love lost between Webster and Clay; nor have we ever doubted that if fortune should bring round an opportunity to the former to prove his remembrance of all the overbearing arrogance on the part of the latter, under which he has more than once had to quail on the floor of the Senate, he would show the world that there was at least one species of debt which he both could and would pay. Mr. Clay may now give him a receipt in full.

In the great case at issue between the Whig Party and Mr. Tyler, Mr. Webster has come up as a witness for the defence; and his testimony as against the prosecution is decisive and crushing. He is a witness who cannot be either disregarded or discredited by the Whigs. He has too long in their ranks almost shared with Mr. Clay himself the post of *primus inter primos*. He has too recently been the object of a devotion and homage on their part which could scarce be content to see him in any secondary post of honor within their gift. He is too fresh with the stamp of General Harrison's adoption and the universal Whig applause and delight. All these facts place it altogether out of the question for even the most violent fury of Clayism to attempt to break the force of Mr. Webster's testimony, by impeachment of his character as a witness in the case.

Mr. Webster stands by the President. He interposes all the seven thicknesses

of his Telamonian shield between him and the storm of abuse raining upon him from his *quondam* party. So far from regarding him as that monster of treachery and ingratitude which Clayism so fiercely execrates, Mr. Webster sees nothing in the past to forfeit for Mr. Tyler his high respect and warm gratitude and attachment. He is overcome almost to tears of tenderness at one passage in his reminiscences of their official intercourse. He virtually contradicts all the statements of the retiring Cabinet, respecting the bad faith imputed to the President in the business of the Bank bills. He throws upon the factious ambition and violence of the Clay dictatorship the responsibility of the dissensions which have so convulsed and destroyed the party which it was determined to rule or ruin. The war between the President and the Party has now reached a point at which the one or the other must fall, disgracefully and irretrievably. The one or the other must be outrageously, unpardonably wrong. Their second man—in the estimation of many their first—an authority beyond challenge by themselves—now declares for the President and *against* the Party. We accept his testimony, the public accepts it, as good and decisive of at least that issue.

It is clear that the game is now all up with the Whigs, proper and improper. The elections of the summer and fall have turned directly upon the main point on which they have staked their last cast, their whole organized existence—Clay. We cannot see a chance, a hope—a chance of a chance, or a hope of a hope—now left to them. Since the Ohio election we have been reminded of the contingent nature of Mr. Clay's acceptance of their nomination; and when the further evidence reaches him from New York of its utter desperation, it is difficult to imagine that he will continue much longer a struggle himself must feel to be worse than vain. And yet if Clay abandons them—as he might well say that they deserved for their abandonment of him in 1840—who is there to constitute any rallying point of leadership to their disorganized and dissolving masses? Webster stands now out of the question, after all the violence of feeling wrought up and brought out into every form of language and action

against the administration of which he has been a member, and of which he continues an adherent. Not till a bridge shall span the broad Atlantic, can possibility re-unite the still widening and deepening chasm which yawns between them and Tyler. Old Adams might serve again as a last resort of despair, but for the irreconcilable relations which the past few years have created between him and the united South. Can they hope to find any unworthy member of the Democratic Party available as an instrument of attempted division in our ranks? There is none such within our range of vision, of importance sufficient to be formidable, combined with laxity of principle to be within the reach of possible suspicion; and whoever should hazard the bad folly of such a treachery would quickly find his power for evil to perish on his hands in the very first act of using it. No; Clay can alone keep them together even as a minority Party; yet what the use of that attempt, even if he should be willing thus to sacrifice the lingering remnant of his old age for nothing—for so much worse than nothing!

Now we have a certain kind of sincere regard for the Whig Party. We are most unaffectedly anxious that they should hold together a year or two longer, if any process of art can rally the exhausted powers of nature. If we may borrow a pugilistic illustration, we would pick them up and hold them up on their feet a little while longer till they can be knocked down again, never again to attempt to rise. When the day at last comes when we shall have no common foe left standing in the field, as a point of union to the ponderous masses of our forces, we fear that elements enough of trouble exist within the very camp of victory, in the competing ambitions of so many worthy of its highest honors,—we have no desire to anticipate the arrival of that day. We, therefore, watch with some solicitude the course of these events, and should be glad to give the Whigs a world of good advice, if they would but believe in the sincerity of its kindness.

Meanwhile, where is Mr. Webster to go? He has himself asked that question,—and like Brutus he appears to "pause for a reply." Probably in our next, certainly in a very early Number, the answer will be given, which

it would not be difficult to anticipate. There can be no doubt that, so far as Mr. Tyler's administration is concerned, the farther he goes the better,—though

we suppose we must be content with a distance of about three thousand miles.

THE NEXT SESSION OF CONGRESS.

WE hope the Whigs will behave themselves quietly and sensibly at the approaching session,—that the last lingering hours of their ill-gotten power will be spent in decent repose, and penitent meditation on their fast approaching latter end. If the convulsions of partizan passion exhibited by them at the two past sessions of the same Congress were then revolting, the repetition of them now would be only ridiculous. The rage of struggling and threatening strength, so long as a certain degree of doubt may hang over the issue of a mighty strife, may be sublime; but the writhing spite of defeated and desperate impotence, even if it rise above the contemptible, can scarcely reach the level of the pitiable. We hope, therefore, that we shall see them submit with resignation, if not with a cheerful grace, to the inevitable decree of fate; and give the concluding three months of their existence, as a Congressional majority, to the quiet despatch of the necessary public business, and to a dutiful acquiescence in the will of the People, as expressed beyond misunderstanding in the general course of the elections of the year. No great party measure appears likely to arise, except the settlement of the fiscal system of the government. This it is to be hoped they will now be willing to leave in the hands of the Democratic Party in Congress, whom they must admit to constitute the true representation of the People. And in whatever measures may prove necessary to furnish the supplies of government and sustain its credit, we trust they will withhold any factious persecution of the administration, and leave to its friends the power, with the responsibility, of this branch of the legislation of the session. The Senate too, in the performance of its coördinate executive duties, is bound to yield to the recent emphatic utterance of the popular verdict, and to desist from the system pursued at the last session, of harassing and thwarting the President at every step through his nominations. As for

the tariff, that, we suppose, must be suffered to lie over undisturbed in its practical operation, till the assembling of the next Democratic Congress. By that time, it will have fully demonstrated the futility of the excuses alleged for it as a revenue measure. Its true prohibitory-protective character will stand confessed to the eyes of the blindest partizanship; and violently as its repeal will be contested, by some of the privileged classes for whose bloated benefit it is to tax and burthen the general interests of the country, a thorough revision of the bill will undoubtedly be made by the next Congress, which, we trust and doubt not, will bring it back to the legitimate standard of an honest and *bonâ fide* revenue bill.

One word of advice to Mr. Tyler respecting the fiscal system he may recommend at the opening of this approaching session. The influence of the Democratic reaction apparent over the whole extent of the country, ought not to be lost on him either. Let him accordingly harmonize his policy still more decidedly with this strong demonstration of the popular will. Let us hear nothing more of Banks of the United States in disguise; that is to say, of local banks for the District of Columbia nationalized by indirection, and legitimized by the assent, or by the absence of prohibition, of the different States within their respective limits. This idea which he once strove so earnestly to press into service, with a view to avert the gathering feud with Clay and Clayism, was one of the most unstatesmanlike evasions of a great principle ever put forward by a public man, in a high crisis of public affairs. Mr. Tyler will consult in vain the great "fathers of the Republican party," to learn how even the express consent of a State—still less, the omission of its negation—can infuse into an act of the federal government a constitutionality wanting to it "*per se*." It is a question of simple and very plain English, and his Latin does not at all mend his case. Congress has no right

—in a just and proper sense it has no power—so to use an admitted power, as to extend its reach to an unlawful end. If it cannot create a National Bank in the proper sense of the expression, it cannot, under the pretext of that local jurisdiction which it is bound to confine to local purposes, effect the same practical object by means of a District of Columbia charter, with a capital of national proportions and designed to be applied to national purposes. Mr. Tyler did himself no credit in the eyes of the Republican school, either for honesty or ability, by that puerile piece of constitutional quibbling. We trust he will teach us to forget it, by forgetting it himself.

It is to be hoped, too, that Mr. Webster's declarations at Faneuil Hall are not to be taken as an indication that the awkward and dangerous scheme—with its insidious capabilities of abuse—which was brought before the country at the commencement of the last session, as Mr. Ewing's Exchequer, is again to be urged on Congress as the measure of the Administration. The march of events since that day, the development of opinion, and the more distinct relative arrangement of parties, now not only justify but demand at Mr. Tyler's hands a measure more satisfactory than that bill, to the Democracy whose earnest preference is yet the Independent Treasury. We care comparatively little, either for the name or for the details of form, which may be deemed most suitable to reconcile yet unsatisfied prejudices,—though it would be no easy task to attempt to improve upon the work of the great minds which elaborated the admirable bill we refer to. All that the Democratic Party care for, is the security of those leading principles in it, of which few now continue seriously to dispute the wisdom and the truth. Thus they have a right to expect, and without this Mr. Tyler can have but little right to expect from them much of their confidence or support.

There is one measure which we feel unwilling to omit the occasion of advertent to, as one which now most imperatively claims the prompt and earnest attention of Congress,—the organization of the Smithsonian Institute. It is already a shame and a

scandal in the eyes of the civilized world, that we have so long neglected a duty, as interesting in itself as sacred in the nature and origin of its obligation. A basis of material already exists at Washington, on which, with the addition of the large pecuniary means afforded by this fund, a structure might easily be reared, the noblest boast of our country and time. The proceeds of the labors of the Exploring Expedition will constitute a Museum of Natural History, which, annually enriched with the peaceful spoils to be harvested by our navy over the whole surface of the globe, will ere long become one of the most splendid in the world. On another page a suggestion has been thrown out of a suitable building which should be devoted to it, without the heavy drain which would be made upon the fund by the erection of another. And why might not the hitherto unsuggested feature be added, of a grand national school of art?—an application of a portion of the fund perfectly within the scope of the true spirit of the bequest. At comparatively trifling cost a most glorious gallery could easily be established, both of casts of all the great sculptures existing in the world, and of copies of all the great paintings whose values are beyond the reach of expression in figures. By a competition held out for the best of such copies, not only would productions second only to the actual originals be secured; but also great numbers of others, of competing merit, would be introduced into the country and soon scattered over its whole extent—everywhere fruitful seeds of all those elevating moral influences, inseparable from the cultivation of the spirit of the Beautiful, the want of which is one of the most serious evils now sadly apparent in our national character. The galleries thus erected should be open to the world as a great free school of Art. On a future occasion this suggestion shall be developed with greater fulness; and we most devoutly trust that such an opportunity will not be suffered to pass unimproved, to secure one of the highest and most useful national treasures which could enrich the country and adorn its capital.

A DAY DREAM.

BY A BACHELOR.*

I HAVE a picture in my mental eye,
 A cherished sketch of self-taught phantasy,
 Which often, when the gloomy hour comes on,
 And the chilled heart mourns hope's departing sun,
 Has cheered the sadness of a midnight task,
 And given my spirit a strength which it could ask
 From nothing human else; and oft it seems
 That the same power that brings distempered dreams
 Upon the guilty soul, and to the cell
 Of the condemned wretch the shapes of hell,
 Will, to the patient heart and toiling mind,
 Be a most gentle guide, and helpmate ever kind.

Methinks I see the hearth's dear blaze illumine
 The modest ceiling of a quiet room,
 Whose closely curtained windows on the sight
 Reflect the radiance of the cheerful light;
 And with the flickering flames, upon the wall
 The dancing shadows, glimmering, rise and fall.
 The book-strawn table and the cushioned chair
 Tell comfort and the mind's best riches there;
 While every slight adornment, sweetly placed,
 Betrays the guardian hand of love and taste,
 And to the eye and heart, though dumb, will speak
 All that the heart can wish, the eye can seek.

Before that cheerful hearth, whose blaze by fits
 Shoots up in flashes o'er his form, there sits
 A thoughtful man, of high but furrowed brow,
 Which tells of cares long felt, nor idle now;
 For he, all day, has trod the busy street,
 And mingled in the crowd, where all that meet
 Are bound on selfish errand; he has wrought
 With hard stern natures, and perhaps has bought
 For generous act unjust return; or lost
 A hope which he had toiled for; or been tost
 On the mad waves of popular tumult high,
 While every storm-flash showed the breaker nigh;
 Yet quailed he not,—for far, through cloud and foam,
 One guiding lamp beamed high, his pharos-light of home.

* Every duty of gallantry commands the insertion of such a *tableau-vivant*, drawn and offered by so fair a hand, as that which here vainly seeks a disguise under the style and title of "*A Bachelor*." But as no one likes even to appear to be successfully imposed upon, we feel bound to accompany it with this intimation of the failure of the attempt in the present instance.—ED. D. R.

A lovely boy, upon his father's knee,
 Climbs with the licensed will of infancy
 His wonted seat,—and there, with stammering tongue,
 Essays the word he lisped the whole day long ;
 A fawn-like girl, his first-born joy and pride,
 Creeps fondly up, and nestles at his side,
 And folds her slender arm about his neck,
 And softly lays to his her dimpled cheek.
 That touch—that gentle pressure—it is felt
 Through every heart-rill, and the Man must melt
 To be the Father ;—see, upon his breast,
 With quickened throb the tender treasure pressed !
 With gentle touch he parts the clustered hair,
 And prints a kiss upon that forehead fair ;
 The father's kiss—how much of heaven above
 Dwells in that pledge of more than earthly love !

And one there is, the mother of the twain,
 Who knows that sweetest joy unmarred by pain,
 The joy that sees affection stronger prove
 By the sweet links that stretch the chain of love.
 In those soft lineaments the eye may trace
 The maiden's beauty in the matron's grace,
 The woman's tender heart, the lofty mind,
 The chastened temper, and the taste refined,
 And love, that, vine-like, round its object grown,
 Clings to one being, and to only one.
 'Tis she whose cheerful tones are first to greet
 His late return with welcome chidings sweet,
 Who soothes each care and anxious doubt away
 That soured his bosom through the busy day,
 Prevents the wish before the eye can ask,
 And shares, and aids, and lightens, every task,

And now, when by the hearth she sees the pair,
 The playful teaser and the daughter fair,
 Beguile the sadness from their father's breast,
 And knows the anxious cares of day at rest,
 With mild delight she views each childish wile,
 And meets his fond look with endearing smile.
 When gathering clouds his hope's blue skies deform,
 That smile is still his rainbow through the storm.

Such are the lines deep graved by fancy's art
 Upon the tablet of my secret heart.
 Through much of sorrow, and through much of care,
 Unchanged, unfaded, still the tints are there ;
 And aye my compass, wheresoe'er I roam,
 Points this dear haven of a blessed home.

Philadelphia, July, 1842.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

THE abundance of money now lying unemployed is very large, perhaps greater than ever before at this season of the year, which is, in New York, usually the most busy period. Notwithstanding the low prices of almost all merchantable articles there seems no disposition to embark in commercial enterprise; and the state of public opinion, in regard to most descriptions of paper securities, forbids any extensive investments in stocks. The federal government has yet been unable to obtain any money on its six per cent. stock, and has been able to continue along only by the assistance of small issues of Treasury notes to meet the most urgent claims upon it, leaving large debts unsatisfied. Although no disposition has been manifest to invest in the 6 per cent. stock, the Treasury notes bearing that rate of interest have been greatly in demand, and have commanded a small premium. They, by recent enactments, draw interest after their maturity, if not paid. Hence they partake of the nature of loans for an indefinite period, payable at the will, or rather, at the ability of the government. They form the most desirable means of investing money temporarily, or "at call," and have been freely purchased by banks and capitalists for that purpose. There is so little business doing which creates a demand for money, that the large houses in Wall street have had no inducement to receive money "at call," at 5 per cent., at which rate it has been offered in preference to stock investments at this juncture. In State stocks there has been but little doing; a small loan of \$250,000 New York 7 per cent., was taken rather slowly at par, the disposition being to wait the result of the coming election, for the reason that the State credit being so precariously situated, pivoted as it were on the mill tax of the last session, which the Whig party threaten to repeal should they obtain power, capitalists chose rather that their money should lie idle than to risk being involved in the utter ruin which must overtake holders of stock should the election possibly result in favor of that

party pledged to repeal the tax and increase the State debt. Discredit in New York would involve that of all other States to a greater degree than now exists. Many of the banks are large holders of the stocks, hence they are involved in the risk. This operates as a bar to the employment of money in that direction.

In commercial pursuits there is so little doing, and cash operations at low prices require so little money, that they offer but little opportunity for the employment of capital. The import business would of course be very small in such a state of things under any circumstances, but under the weight of the new tariff it is crushed. Packet ships now bring home freights scarcely 10 per cent. of those of former years. The import being thus small the existing demand for foreign bills of exchange, of course, is moderate. The prices touched their highest rates during the first week in October, when the heaviest remittances were made. Sterling bills then sold at 8 a 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ premium, and are now dull at 5 a 6 per cent. premium, city endorsement. The supply has been somewhat increased by Canada bills drawn against the new colonial loan guaranteed by the Imperial Parliament. In all the ports of the South, bills are under par. At New Orleans the rate is par a 2 nominal discount, which is really a discount of 9 a 10 per cent., consequently specie flows into that port from all quarters. On the 5th inst. \$50,000 in specie arrived there from Liverpool for the purchase of cotton, and was followed by larger sums; probably \$2,000,000 have reached there within a few weeks from all quarters, an operation by which $\frac{1}{4}$ cent. per lb. is saved instead of drawing bills. Inland bills, partaking of this general character, have fallen to very low rates, and give symptoms of turning in favor of the points of production rather than that of sale, New York bills being now actually at a discount of 5 a 6 per cent. in New Orleans. There seems to be little hope of a generally increased activity of trade until the country becomes replete with the con-

stitutional currency, an event which the present state of things will shortly bring about.

The decennial portion of the nineteenth century, which expired with the year 1840, was marked with the most violent and extraordinary changes in the financial and commercial world, chiefly affecting the three great nations of France, the United States, and the Empire of Great Britain. The period alluded to commenced under circumstances calculated to produce the happiest effects in promoting the commercial and social intercourse of the nations of the earth, on a basis productive of mutual benefit. These circumstances, taking their rise at the general cessation of hostilities in 1815, had developed the commercial principle in legislation, which gained strength in a period of fifteen years of profound peace, until in 1830 it exercised a powerful influence upon the governments of the respective nations. No country had made such rapid advances as France in the prosecution of the peaceful arts. Its results were seen in the revolution of 1830, which placed the "citizen king" upon the throne, and paved the way to liberal principles in commercial legislation. In the United States a revolution of a less violent character had taken place, and the democratic ascendancy in the Federal government had justly begun to exert its influence upon commercial regulations. The effect was speedily seen in the enactment of the compromise law, providing for a gradual return to unrestricted trade from the high protective tariff of 1828. In England a similar change had taken place, and the party avowing the most liberal doctrines on the subject of commercial intercourse had come into power. Thus it happened, that in the three leading nations of the earth, the progress of events had placed in power, simultaneously, the parties in each most inclined to favor national intercourse on the broad basis of mutual advantage. It was natural to suppose that such a combination of powerful leading causes should have produced effects extraordinary in themselves and of the greatest consequences to commerce at large. These results were only to be dreaded from the fact that the combined movement of all three countries in connection with that of the commercial world, revolved

round and pivoted upon the paper system of England;—a system which, vicious in itself, was originated in a period of the world when the commerce of mankind was not only very much inferior to what it now is, but was restricted and confined to comparatively small circles, by slowness of intercourse, by the barbarous restrictions imposed upon trade, and, above all, by the almost continual hostilities of the leading nations against each other. This system, which, on the restoration of peace in 1815, was revived and placed upon as good footing as possible, was yet so precarious in its nature that Mr. Huskisson stated at the time, that "the government did not contemplate the possibility of the Bank continuing to pay specie during a continuous large import of foreign corn." Such was the uncertain foundation for the extended operations of trade under the new order of things. This Bank was the centre of that system whose prosperity was speculation and extravagance, and whose reverse was ruin and want. Knowing no medium, it converted England and the commercial world into a species of stock exchange, where gambling establishes its empire with all its train of factitious emotions and excitements, and sudden rises and falls.

During the period subsequent to the great revulsion of 1825, the operations of the Bank in England, like that of the National Bank in the United States, continued remarkably steady. Undisturbed by violent fluctuations in the movements of the banks, the commercial classes in both countries were unusually prosperous. In 1830 the violent change in the French government caused a momentary loss of confidence and stagnation in business, which exhibited itself in an excess of the currency of England as compared with that of France. The consequence of that derangement was a continued diminution of the bullion held by the Bank of England from July, 1830, to the spring of 1832, when the gradual restoration of credit on the continent gave a favorable turn to the exchanges, which continued until 1833, when the Bank held £11,000,000 in bullion. At the time that the exchanges became favorable to England began the general extension of paper credits in all these countries. After the great

revulsion of 1825 in England, the Bank of England, at the suggestion of Lord Liverpool, then at the head of the government, established branches in different parts of England, as it was said, to control the issues of the private banks. At the same time provision was made by Parliament for the establishment of joint stock banks. During the season of steady prosperity which succeeded, up to 1832, however, that liberty was not much availed of, not more than twenty banks having been established. In 1832, however, seven banks went into operation, and up to 1837, one hundred and two new joint stock

banks were established, and one hundred and thirteen private banks were turned into joint stock concerns. In France there were many new banks established, principally under the influence of Lafitte, and the Bank of France established seven branches in different departments. In the United States the banking mania was still more apparent, and over three hundred new banks were established. The progress of these bank credits in the United States and England, where they were carried to the greatest height, may be seen in the following table:—

BANKING MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

	Securities Bank of England	Circulation Joint Stock Banks.	Joint Stock Banks established.	U. S. Bank Loans.	Loans Banks in U. S.
1828	22,300,000	987,000	6	33,682,905	200,451,214
1833	24,200,000	1,315,301	47	61,695,913	
1834	28,691,000	1,787,689	57	54,911,461	324,119,499
1835	29,269,000	2,799,551	68	51,808,739	365,163,834
1836	32,857,000	4,258,197	123	59,232,445	457,506,080
1837	32,098,000	4,540,230	130	57,393,709	525,115,702
1838	23,838,000	4,956,238	131	45,256,571	485,631,687
1839	25,936,000	4,665,000	108	41,618,637	492,278,015
1840	22,722,000	4,792,013	108	36,829,593	462,896,523

Here was an immense inflation of the currency of the two countries. In England, the National Bank expanded in eight years, from 1828 to 1836, fifty per cent., or near \$60,000,000. The National Bank of the United States, in the five years from 1828 to 1833, extended itself \$28,000,000, and other banks pushed out their loans \$257,000,000, from 1833 to 1836. The effect of this, was a gradual and immense rise of prices in both countries.

The rise in England is exhibited in the following table, which comprises the price of exchange on Paris, and on Hamburg, and the comparative price of wheat in England as compared with fifty other articles promiscuously taken. For instance in 1833, the price of wheat and the other articles are considered equal, and are represented by unity, 1. The variation from that figure shows the progressive rise or fall per cent. in each, as follows :

PRICES IN LONDON AND BULLION IN BANK.

	Bullion in Bank.	Exchange on Hamburg.	Exchange on Paris.	Comparative price of Wheat.	Fifty other Articles.
January, 1833	£8,983,000	13,14	25,95	1,000	1,000
August, "	11,078,000	13,13½	25,75	1,020	1,073
January, 1834	8,948,000	13,10½	25,40	0,916	1,109
August, "	8,598,000	13,11	25,32	0,899	1,110
January, 1835	6,741,000	13,10½	25,40	0,760	1,150
August, "	6,283,000	13,14½	25,60	0,785	1,169
January, 1836	7,076,000	13,14	25,65	0,666	1,255
August, "	6,325,000	13,12	25,40	0,938	1,346
January, 1837	4,287,000	13,12	25,55	1,095	1,268
August, "	5,754,000	13,14	25,55	1,116	1,133

This table gives a singular fluctuation in exchanges and a gradual rise in the prices of fifty leading articles, from

January, 1833, to August, 1836, to the enormous extent of 34 per cent. The figures show that, simultaneously with

this rise in prices, exchange on the continent fell 2 per cent., and that the bank lost \$25,000,000 in specie, which went to the continent in payment for goods imported directly into England, and also into the United States, and

paid for by bills drawn on American account against open credits in London. The imports into the United States were accelerated by a similar increase of prices arising from the same causes, as seen in the following table.

PRICES OF LEADING ARTICLES IN THE NEW YORK MARKET, FOR OCTOBER OF EACH YEAR.

	1832.	1833.	1834.	1835.	1836.	1837.	1838.	1839.	1840.	1841.	1842.
Hides, Rio	14	10	13	15	14	13	15½	14½	14	15	13
Copper, Pig	16	16	16	17	21	17	17½	18	18	17½	17½
Iron, "	41	40	40	42	60	40	38	40	35	34	28
English, Annealed Iron	71	70	70	70	96	82	80	82	72	61	57
Tea, Hyson	91	71	64	50	67	75	75	62	65	71	75
Coffee, Cuba	13	12½	11	14	12	11	10	11	9½	10	8½
Wool, Buenos Ayres	10	9	10	12	15	9	10	10	9	9	10
Indigo, Bengal	1,35	1,45	1,40	1,33	1,60	1,50	2,00	2,20	1,62	1,40	1,44
Cotton Bagging, Hemp	15	17	16	22	21	23	18	18	17	21	17½
Brandy, Otard	1,62	1,55	1,30	1,62	2,00	1,70	1,62	1,70	1,00	31	1,75
Molasses, Havana	27	33	23	32	37	32	34	28	1,65	1,55	15
Sugar, Cuba Brown	8	8	8	9	9	9	8	8	20½	17½	6
" " White	10	11	11	12	13	12	11½	12	7	6½	8½
Salt, Turks Island	49	47	33	36	42	41	50	40	8	8½	28
Raisins, Casks	8,00	5,75	3,50	7,50	8,00	3,12	5,25	4,12	3	28	4,12
Hemp, Russia	2,30	2,05	1,60	1,90	1,97	2,25	2,15	2,30	3,50	3,75	2,12½
Flour	6,25	5,50	5,25	5,50	9,50	8,75	8,50	6,25	2,05	2,35	4,50
Wheat	1,14	1,10	1,05	1,25	2,00	1,75	2,00	1,32	20	3,25	90
Aggregate rise				30	29		15		4,50	1,30	
" fall			16			25		22	1,00	7	8

Showing an aggregate advance of 59 per cent., in the years 1835 to 1836, and a nett advance of 49 per cent., from 1834 to 1839.

each country caused by this rise in prices up to 1837, is seen in the following table of the exports of each, with the customs revenue of each for the period under consideration.

The movement in the commerce of

EXPORTS AND CUSTOMS REVENUE OF FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES.

	ENGLAND.		FRANCE.		UNITED STATES.	
	Customs.	Exports.	Customs.	Exports.	Customs.	Exports.
1830	£36,184,707	£37,927,561	\$28,923,514	\$107,362,500	\$21,922,391	\$73,849,508
1831	32,810,296	36,839,738	28,088,971	115,893,750	24,224,441	81,310,583
1832	33,406,029	36,133,096	29,942,548	130,537,500	28,465,237	87,176,943
1833	32,732,652	39,331,413	30,225,105	143,681,250	29,032,508	90,140,433
1834	33,294,552	41,288,526	29,428,720	134,006,250	16,214,957	104,336,973
1835	33,615,273	47,020,658	30,440,946	156,450,000	19,591,310	121,693,577
1836	36,042,885	53,368,572	31,085,751	180,225,000	23,409,940	128,663,040
1837	34,560,064	42,136,840	31,490,663	142,148,750	11,169,290	117,419,376
1838	34,844,044	50,198,270	32,531,520	179,231,250	16,158,500	108,486,616
1839	36,424,196	53,840,230	31,600,114	188,118,750	23,137,924	121,028,416
1840	34,656,025	51,130,350	33,446,791	189,925,000	13,499,592	132,085,946

Such was the extension of trade by the three leading nations of the earth, for the period embraced in the table. The vast increase of bank credits, the consequent inflation of prices, promoting such extraordinary movements in commerce, all depended upon the winds and the weather of England, as they were favorable or otherwise, to the

growth of grain. The fictitious prosperity brought about by these means had rapidly increased the consumers of corn, and reduced the number of producers, both in England and the United States; a circumstance which greatly increased the danger to be apprehended from a failure of the crops in England, inasmuch as it would

make the deficiency to be supplied from abroad greater. However, from 1832 to 1838, no deficiency occurred, and in all that time the bubble rolled onwards. Although a revulsion occurred in the United States, in 1836-7, nothing transpired to shake the commerce of

all three countries, until the failure of the harvest of England in 1833.

The following table will show the import of wheat into England, and the import and export of grain into and from France and the United States, in each year.

IMPORT AND EXPORT OF GRAIN IN FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES.

	ENGLAND.		FRANCE.		UNITED STATES.	
	Bullion in Bank.	Impor. Wheat Bushels.	Imported Bushels	Exported Bushels.	Imported Bushels.	Exported Bushels.
1829	—	13,806,268	5,771,428	628,301	—	3,760,503
1830	—	13,306,104	6,614,285	658,371	—	5,246,500
1831	—	18,479,760	5,700,000	1,142,892	—	8,418,500
1832	—	3,757,216	13,528,571	1,471,476	—	4,114,570
1833	11,078,000	2,380,520	642,857	1,014,321	—	4,162,500
1834	8,598,000	1,410,568	528,571	1,059,450	1,225	4,176,760
1835	6,283,000	535,240	525,784	4,114,273	278,769	3,896,980
1836	7,076,000	1,933,944	4,571,428	3,913,574	583,898	2,527,000
1837	4,287,000	4,479,536	2,257,870	2,117,542	3,921,259	1,593,595
1838	10,126,000	10,975,656	2,284,326	3,098,000	894,536	2,440,805
1839	2,522,000	23,004,840	6,714,296	4,814,782	32,884	4,615,755
1840	4,318,000	19,462,120	7,785,717	2,779,546	593	9,487,505
1841	4,290,000	20,968,000	—	—	632	7,579,085
1842	8,883,000	19,700,338	—	—	—	—

In this table, in order the more easily to compare results, we have reduced the French litres and the English quarters to bushels, and given the equivalent in bushels of wheat for the American flour exported. This movement of wheat, then, was the key of not only all the commercial movements of nearly the whole world, but on it depended the wealth and prosperity of every man in Great Britain and the United States. In the years of full harvest in England, viz., from 1831 to 1838, the paper bubble in both hemispheres was immensely inflated. The concussion which took place in this country, consequent upon the withdrawal of the London credits in 1836-7, caused by the alarm of the Bank of England, growing out of the immense diminution of its bullion, which, as seen in the table, fell from £11,000,000, in 1833 to about £4,287,000 in 1837, would not have been serious had the harvest in the following year continued good. For we find in the table that the bank succeeded, by cutting off American credits, in getting back its bullion in the following year, when it again reached £10,126,000. The harvest was then, however, deficient, and 23,000,000 bushels of wheat were imported—an enormous quantity, equal to one fourth of the whole produce of the United

States in that year, according to the late census. The result is evident in the decrease of bullion held by the bank, which fell to £2,522,000 during the year 1839, and the stoppage of the bank in the fall of that year was averted only by the loan of £4,000,000 obtained from the Bank of France. Since then, until the present year, England has not had a sufficient harvest. The consequence has been that the Bank of England with the utmost exertion, could scarcely retain its bullion, even at the expense of the trade of the country. The large purchases of corn from abroad had enriched the continent, and furnished the means more actively to compete with the manufactures of England, and therefore to reduce the demand for them. Thus, simultaneously with high rates for food, the demand for labor was decreased, until the manufacturing districts of England were reduced to insurrection and anarchy. The whole country is enduring the penalties of its own excesses. It is infatuated with the idea that it is to manufacture for all the world, and, with glutted markets and prices for goods too low to pay, it continues to grind down the wages of its workmen, and to accelerate the ceaseless whirl of its machines, whose motive power are paper banks and joint-stock compa-

nies. Under the stimulus of their institution in 1835-6, it was estimated that the capital employed in manufacturing machinery in Lancashire was doubled, and a similar result was produced in all other sections. The whirlwind of a paper revulsion has now passed over it, and that description of property is comparatively valueless. Cotton-spinning establishments which were valued at £100,000, or \$500,000, have recently been com-

promised at one fourth that valuation, or £25,000. It is recorded in the London papers, as an instance of the value of machinery, that the stock in trade of a hand-loom weaver, which cost £20, was sold for 8s. for firewood. The decay of trade in the great iron district of South Staffordshire is represented in the following figures, showing the number of furnaces in blast at different periods:—

In	1839	there were in blast	120	furnaces, yielding pig iron, tons	8,400
January	1842	“ “	74	“ “ “	5,680
Sept.	1842	“ “	32	“ “ “	2,240
Sept. 24,	1842	“ “	17	“ “ “	1,321

Here was a branch of industry reduced to about 12 per cent. of its former magnitude, throwing hundreds and thousands of people out of the means of bread, by the compressing power of the Bank, joined to the scantiness of the harvest and the foreign competition in manufactures. In the United States the same cause has bankrupted individuals, destroyed a great proportion of the banks, and left many of the States indelibly stained with the disgrace of repudiation. In France there had been less paper expansion, and consequently less depression. The continent became enriched by the money extracted from the United States and England during the inflation, and therefore prepared more successfully to compete with the latter in future.

We have seen that the period of ten years—1830 to 1840—commenced under the happiest prospects and ended with the direst reverse. We have now entered upon a fresh term with a different order of things. In England, although the late ministry professed liberal principles of trade, they did nothing during the long period of apparent prosperity to change the existing regulations. A new ministry are now in power, and have been obliged by the prevailing distress to carry out the principles professed by their opponents, and have made bold strides towards free trade by the amelioration of the tariff. In the United States the reverse has taken place: the distresses

here wrought a temporary change in the Federal government, and the opportunity has been seized upon by the party in power to restore the oppressive tariff rates of former years. The credit system is, however, so far crippled by the effects of its own excesses as to be incapable of a speedy renovation. The aggregate real wealth of the country is however very great, and nothing seems to prevent a return of trade but faulty legislation. We have a large surplus of produce which, to be available, must find its way abroad, and the state of affairs in England is such as to lead to the hope that a large market will yet be found there. It has been an old policy with the government of England, whenever, by financial revulsion, the distresses of the people have driven them to insurrection, to call in the assistance of the Bank, which, by rendering money artificially abundant, gave a temporary relief and averted the storm. Never in the history of England has its danger from this cause been so great, deep-seated and wide-spread as now, and revolution seems to have been averted only by the chance of a good harvest giving the Bank power to make money lavishly abundant,—a power which she has not been slack in using during the past few weeks. The following is a table of that which constitutes the basis of the currency of England, viz. the circulation and bullion of the Bank at different periods:

MOVEMENT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND FROM JANUARY TO OCTOBER, 1842, WITH
THE CURRENT RATE OF INTEREST IN THE LONDON MARKET.

	January.	March.	May.	July.	September.
Bullion	4,799,000	5,687,000	7,032,000	7,818,000	9,177,000
Circulation	16,632,000	16,769,000	17,586,000	18,279,000	19,714,000
Deposites	7,948,000	8,954,000	8,045,000	8,565,000	9,833,000
Total	£29,379,000	31,410,000	32,663,000	34,662,000	38,724,000
Rate of int.	5½	4	3½	2½	2½

These figures present an augmentation of about 31 per cent. of that which constitutes the foundation of the English credit system, and an immense fall in the rate of interest. The best of bills were taken very cautiously in the London discount market in January at 5½ to 6 per cent., and now move briskly at 2 a 2½ per cent. This is an artificial abundance of money that could not have arisen from the mere operations of trade. The exchanges are still in favor of England, arising from the fact that prices of produce are yet too low to tempt large imports. The credits of most foreign governments, including the United States, are too bad to allow of their borrowing; and France and other nations, yet in good credit, have such an abundance of money at home as to make an ap-

peal to the English market unnecessary. Hence there is every probability that there will be no immediate check to the present flow of money in England. Under the new regulations it is estimated that corn will average 10s. per quarter lower than formerly, which, on Mr. Gladstone's estimate of a consumption of 22,000,000 quarters, will release £11,000,000 to be applied to other uses, and a similar amount will be liberated from other articles of food, making £22,000,000 in favor of trade. Hence the home markets of England may be expected to revive, should the general government succeed in keeping down the people for the present. This briskness may afford an outlet to the produce of the United States, which, from its abundance, is likely to be very low.

THE DEATH OF CHANNING.

BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

I HEAR a sound—but not of ebbing seas ;
 A wailing voice—but not of autumn woods :
 No Alleghany bows his aged knees
 In the Great Spirit's temple-solitudes.
 Manhood than these hath more and mightier moods ;
 Reports its sorrows wider than them all.
 Listen !—Earth, fear-struck, shudders with the fall !
 Look ! Look ! How yawns the desert air, for He
 Who shouldered with a mountain constancy
 Th' illimitable sky of calmest Truth—
 Who propped the sphere where sits in changeless youth
 The God-like Right:—the pillared majesty
 Of Peace, and Firm Intent, and large Humanity,
 Is fallen, and moulders, CHANNING ! in the grave with Thee !

Oct. 5, 1842.

MONTHLY LITERARY BULLETIN.

AMERICAN.

The Literary World, in both hemispheres, seems, at the present time, to be in a perfectly quiescent state: the principal forthcoming novelties will, undoubtedly, include the following publications from the press of our own publishers.

MR. NORMAN'S beautiful volume on the "*Antiquities of Yucatan*," copiously illustrated in a novel and striking manner, forming one handsome octavo volume. This work being elsewhere noticed in our pages, it only remains for us to announce its immediate publication.

MR. C. EDWARD LESTER'S new work "*The Condition and Fate of England*," is also just issued in two elegant volumes, illustrated by two exquisite engravings on steel from the designs of Chapman.

Another literary project, and an exceedingly useful one, is a new "*School Dictionary*," by Theo. Dwight, Jun., constructed on an ingenious and novel plan, which is designed to aid children in tracing the origin of words. By the method proposed, a knowledge may be acquired of numerous roots in the Latin and Greek, from which most of our English originals are derived, without additional labor; at the same time it imparts the primitive and etymological sense of a term by the easiest process imaginable. Any child by becoming acquainted with the original root, may, by the use of the ordinary prefixes and affixes, acquire the science of our language, without passing through the ordinary routine of studying its foreign sources. We regret our limits forbid a more detailed account, which shall, however, be rendered to the industry and ingenuity of the editor on the appearance of his work.

A new and beautifully executed volume is just about to appear, entitled "*The Scripture Floral Album*;" the object of which is to express, both by pictorial embellishment, and the all-but-vocal language of Flowers, incidents of Scripture history. These plates are exceedingly choice, and the ladies will doubtless highly applaud the immaculate taste of the publisher, (J. C. Riker, of this city.)

The same publisher is about to issue a new volume of Poetry for schools, entirely *American*, edited by Mr. GRISWOLD, whose critical skill, the beautiful

collection, "*The Poetry and Poets of America*," sufficiently attest.

J. S. REDFIELD has in press a curious work, translated from the French, entitled "*The Criminal History of the English Government, from the Massacre of the Irish to the Poisoning of the Chinese*," in one volume 12mo. A title of itself sufficient to awaken public curiosity. "*A Pictorial History of Virginia*," by a distinguished literary gentleman of that state; with a large number of elegant engravings from designs by J. G. Chapman, Esq., one volume octavo. We have seen a number of the illustrations for this work, and they are really beautiful.

MR. TUCKERMAN has, we hear, a Volume of Poems in press; his last "*Rambles and Reveries*" made a most delightful volume, with a strong spice of Hazlitt in them.

We give the following only as an *ad dit*, and regret we cannot learn the full particulars; we refer to the projected publication of a beautifully illustrated work on the "*Mammoth Cave of Kentucky*."

We observe Mr. BIRDSALL has issued a prospectus for publishing "*A History of the Loco-foco, or Equal Rights Party*," with sketches of its prominent men, &c. 1 vol. 12mo.

The following are just out, — "*The Conversion and Sufferings of Sarah Dogherty, illustrative of Poperly in Ireland*," &c. A new abridged edition of "*For's Book of Martyrs*," with plates, 12mo. Also a new edition of a valuable medical work, by M. RICHARD, "*A Practical Treatise on Venereal, and more especially on the History and Treatment of Canchre, &c.*" 1 vol. 8vo.

RADDE has just issued Hufeland's Manual of Practical Medicine, entitled, "*Enchiridion Medicum*." 1 vol. 12mo.; and **DR. HULL'S** edition of **EVEREST'S** "*Popular View of Homœopathy, &c.*"

We have also on our table, a copy of **SWETT'S** edition improved of "*Murray's English Grammar*," comprehending the principles and rules of the language, illustrated by appropriate exercises. This work proposes several essential points of improvement in the original compilation by Murray, and as far as we have had leisure to inspect it, the volume is deserving of the attention of those concerned in the education of youth.

The Library Companion and Guide to Knowledge.—Under this title a work is about to appear, of a very useful and comprehensive character, well calculated to supply a deficiency which every reader and purchaser of books must have frequently experienced. The contents of the work will be as follows:—

1. A brief sketch of the general nature and advantages of a systematic plan of study.
2. A classification of the various branches of human knowledge, each of them preceded by a view of its objects and relative value.
3. Copious and carefully selected lists of the most useful and important works in every branch of study, with critical opinions of their merits from respected authorities; accompanied also by suggestions as to the order in which the various subjects, and the works treating of them, should be studied, so that the object of inquiry, whether general or particular, may be attained in the readiest and surest manner.
4. A copious Literary Chronology, showing the progress of literature from the earliest to the present time, and so arranged as to exhibit the contemporaneous state of literature in the various nations of the world. There will also be appended, the necessary Indexes, together with the plan of an improved Common-Place Book, and several other features of great utility. From the peculiar resources of the Author, who has for many years devoted himself to the task, it is confidently anticipated that this work will fully accomplish the purpose contemplated, viz. that of supplying the student and general reader with a guide in their inquiries on which they may safely rely; and of enabling heads of families, schools, public libraries, lyceums, literary associations, &c., to make judicious selections in the formation of their libraries, whereby a large portion of the funds now wasted in the indiscriminate purchase of books may be appropriated to those of an enduring character, and whose value can never depreciate. For such a guide as this will doubtless prove, there daily becomes a more imperious necessity, from the multitude of books that are constantly issuing from the press; and from the consequent deterioration of taste in the neglect of those productions of by-gone times that have made English literature the pride and glory of the whole world.

This will be a work of infinite importance to the bookselling fraternity, as well as buyers of books, and possessors of private libraries.

A new Almanac, published by BUTLER, Philadelphia, entitled "*The United States Almanac for 1843*," comprising a prodigious amount of useful information, including the New Census, and other numerous statistics, &c.

JOHN S. TAYLOR & Co. have in press "*Line upon Line.*" A Series of the Earliest Religious Instruction the infant mind is capable of receiving. By the author of *The Peep of Day*. 1 vol. 18mo., pp. 250. Illustrated. "*Tales and Illustrations.*" Designed for the young. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. 1 vol. 18mo., pp. 228. Illustrated. "*Self Cultivation.*" By TRYON EDWARDS. Pocket edition. 32mo. "*The Christian's Pocket Companion.*" Selected from the works of PRESIDENT EDWARDS, JOHN ROGERS, DAVID BRAINERD, and others. 32mo.

Mrs. BROOKES, better known by her poetic signature, *Maria del Occidente*, has in press a new Poem, entitled "*Idomen, or the Vale of Yumuri.*" The works of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, complete in 4 vols. 8vo., are about to appear for the first time in an American guise. "*The Life and Adventures of Col. Leitenstorfer*" is also in press at St. Louis. The new publication by Mr. SEARS, entitled "*Wonders of the World*," illustrated by about 500 plates, including an exceedingly beautiful title-page, designed by Chapman, has just appeared. This work is about the cheapest specimen of bibliography yet produced, and it has even the more important additional recommendation in its favor—that of being an exceedingly useful and amusing book. No one who catches a glance of its brilliant exterior will deny himself the possession of a copy—and he cannot, forsooth, do a wiser thing than secure the prize.

ENGLISH.

The following are among the English Literary novelties, as we learn by our files, per the Britannia:—

A new work on the "*Natural Principles and Analogy of the Harmony of Form.*" By D. B. Day.

Dr. W. P. Allison's "*Outlines of Pathology and Practice of Medicine*," Part I.

"*Notes of a Traveller on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, &c.*" By S. Laing, author of a "*Tour in Norway*," &c.

Captain Marryat's "*Masterman Ready*," Part Third, will be published at Christmas.

- "*The Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots*," are just ready for publication, also "*A Narrative of the Expedition to China from the Commencement of the War to the Present Time*." By J. E. Bingham, 2 vols., plates.—"*Memoirs of the House of Commons from the Convention Parliament in 1688 to the Passing of the Reform Bill*." By W. C. Townsend.—Lord Londonderry's "*Letter on the Mines and Collieries*,"—"*The Literary Ladies of England*." By Mrs. Elwood.—"*Self-Devotion*." By the author of the "*Only Daughter*."—"*Nimrod Abroad*." By C. J. Apperley—and the Second Volume of Kohl's excellent work on "*Russia and the Russians*."
- MADAME D'ARBLAY'S DIARY.—The fifth volume of this delightful work, now in the press, will contain the completion of Miss Burney's Journal of her Residence at the Court of George the Third, and a portion of her Correspondence with a variety of distinguished personages with whom she was on habits of intimacy. It will be embellished with a portrait of General D'Arbly.
- "*Handley Cross; or, the Spa Hunt*," by the author of "*Jorrocks, Jonets, and Jollities*," will be published shortly. It will be illustrated by Phiz.
- The Part necessary to complete the Sixth and Seventh Editions of "*Turner's Chemistry*," edited by Professors Liebig and Gregory, was to have been published early in October.
- The Shakspeare Society are about to issue a fourth publication for this year's subscription, "*A Nest of Ninnies, simply without Compounds*." By Robert Armin, the celebrated Actor in Shakspeare's Plays. From the only known edition of 1608. With an Introduction, &c., by J. Payne Collier, Esq. This work contains anecdotes, in verse and prose, of various celebrated Fools and Jesters.
- Bentley announces as now ready, a new book of travel, by Mrs. Trollope, "*A Visit to Italy in 1841*." Also two works of fiction; "*William Langshawe, the Cotton Lord*," a story of Manchester in the present day. By Mrs. Stone; and "*Richard Savage*," a romance of real life. By Charles Whitehead, with plates; which latter originally appeared in Bentley's Miscellany.
- "*The Eastern and Western States of America*." By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. 3 handsome 8vo. volumes, with 15 Engravings on Steel.
- Rev. C. B. Tayler, author of "*Records of A Good Man's Life*," has just ready "*Dora Medler, a Story of Alsace*," a translation.
- A new work is announced from the pen of Capt. Medwin. "*Lyrics for Leisure Hours*," by Florence Wilson, and "*The Miser's Daughter*," complete, are to appear immediately. "*The Elliston Papers*," comprising his Correspondence and Facetie, will be commenced in Ainsworth's Magazine immediately.
- A beautiful little volume with 240 plates, has just been published from the pen of Lady Callcott, entitled "*A Scripture Herbal*," &c., and another little bijou similarly embellished, called "*Popular Conchology*."
- A new work has been commenced in monthly parts, on "*Ancient and Modern Architecture*," with fine plates, edited by M. Gailhabaud.
- "*Lays of Ancient Rome*," by the Right Hon. T. B. Macauley; "*Pereira's Treatise on Food and Diet*;" "*Louisa, or the Bride*," by J. H. Newman.
- Another cheap serial, likely to prove very acceptable to the scientific man, is called, "*Annals of Chemistry and Practical Pharmacy*."
- Another work on Architecture is also just published by Longman, entitled "*An Encyclopædia of Architecture, Historical, Theoretical and Practical*." By Joseph Gwilt. 1 large octavo, with 1000 wood cuts.
- Parts I. to III. are out of the "*History of Frederic the Great*," from the German of Kugler, with fine illustrations. Also, "*The Gardener and Practical Florist*," Part I., and "*Work and Wages*," another new juvenile. By Mary Howitt.
- A new work on Engineering, by Professor Mosely. 1 Vol.; Mr. Strutt's "*Domestic Residence in Switzerland*," with colored plates; Mr. A. J. Strutt's "*Pedestrian Tour through Calabria and Sicily*," with plates; "*The Parent's Hand Book; or Guide to the Choice of Professions, &c.*;" and a new novel by Miss Burdon, entitled "*The Pope and the Actor*."
- THE NAVAL CLUB.—Under this promising title the "*Old Sailor*" has in preparation a new work, the publication of which was expected in October.

GERMAN.

- "*Geschichte der Letzen 25 Jahre*"—a continuation of Rotteck's Universal History. By K. H. Hermes. 2 vols.
- "*Der Deutsche Oberrhein*." By C. de la Roche.
- "*Der Freie Deutsche Rhein*." By H. B. Oppenheim.

A small volume on the "*Law of Libel in England*" has recently appeared in Germany, which well deserves translation.

The following are in press:—"Antisthenis Fragmenta." Zum ersten mal herausgegeben von A. G. Winklemann.—Ennemoser, Dr. J., *Geschichte des Thierischen Magnetismus.*" 2te Auflage, 8vo.—König, H., *Deutsches Leben in Novellen.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMERICAN ATHENÆUM AT PARIS.—A new Literary Institution has lately been opened at Paris under the auspices of M. Vattemare, the American Consul, and other scientific gentlemen, which bids fair not only to become an ornament to the French capital, but which must eventually prove invaluable to the American tourist and resident in France. All persons disposed to befriend a plan so admirably adapted to cement the amicable relations of the Old World with the New, by donations of books, magazines, newspapers, specimens of American art, &c. (all of which would be gratefully and advantageously appropriated), are respectfully requested to forward their communications addressed to the care of Mr. W. B. Draper, 51 Beaver-street, New York. There is to be a similar society established at Cairo, for the use of European travellers.

RECENT DEATHS.—One of the great master spirits of the age, has, we regret to record, passed beyond the confines of time, and deprived the world of the benefits of a great and active intellect endowed with the most comprehensive benevolence and an ardor of feeling overtasking a form enfeebled by long indisposition. We allude to the demise of Dr. Channing, which occurred at Bennington, Vt., on the 2d October, in the sixty-third year of his age.—Baron Larrey, the far-famed surgeon of Napoleon, and highly celebrated both in the practical and theoretical knowledge of the science he professed, died recently at Lyons, on his return from a medical inspection in Algeria.—Letters from Copenhagen announce the sudden death, in that city, by apoplexy, at the age of sixty-one, of the learned Danish archæologist, M. Brøndsted, the author of many well-known works, most of them written in French, and published in Paris, where the author resided for the greatest portion of his life.—Dr. Ireland, Dean of Westminster, who died last September, aged eighty-one, was the author of several works, and a contributor to the "*Quarterly.*" He has left 20,000*l.* to learned societies.—The death of Sir William Ouseley, the laborious Oriental scholar and voluminous writer, has, we regret to observe, also recently occurred, adding another illustrious name to our records of mortality among the learned men of the age.

NOTE

TO ARTICLE NO. VI.

The reader will note the following correction of errors and omissions in the Sketch of Mr. Tyler, which came to the knowledge of the author after the article had passed through the press.

He was born on the 29th of March, 1790—instead of the 29th of April, as stated at page 503.

In page 504, it is stated that Mr. *Wise* addressed the President on the subject of a National Bank. The letter by the President thus alluded to was addressed to some citizens of Alleghany County, Pennsylvania, in reply to a communication received from them, but was forwarded to Mr. *Wise* in the manner, and for the object, stated in the sketch.

In page 503, it should be added that the father of Mr. Tyler entered most zealously into our revolutionary struggle; early in the contest was elected to the General Assembly, over which body he presided as its Speaker for several years; and enjoyed a close association with Patrick Henry and other distinguished Statesmen of that day.

He was the intimate friend of Thomas Jefferson—but not, as stated, his near neighbor.

In page 504, it should have been remarked that the President voted against the renewal of the Charter of the United States in 1832, and afterwards voted in support of General Jackson's veto of the Bill which had passed Congress.



Painted by G. B. S. P.

Engraved by A. Lincoln.

James Buchanan

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM 1630 TO 1800
BY
JOHN H. COOPER
VOL. I
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. LEECH, 15 NASSAU ST. N. Y.
1857

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[Faint, illegible handwritten signature or name]

THE
UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,
 AND
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XI.

DECEMBER, 1842.

No. LIV.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS SEVEN SHEETS, ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE PAGES.

THE
UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,
AND
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XI.

DECEMBER, 1842.

No. LIV.

THE DEATH OF DR. CHANNING.*

Of the Discourse from the perusal of which we have just risen, more cannot be said, and less ought not to be said, than that it is well worthy both of its occasion and theme, and of the rising and rapidly maturing promise of its accomplished author. Mr. Bellows speaks evidently from a mind deeply imbued with a sympathetic comprehension of what it was his noble though mournful task to describe. Earnest and conscientious, his sole aim seems to be to utter the true thought and the true feeling with which mind and heart are filled in the contemplation of the memory of the great dead, in an unaffected and unembellished manner,—a manner in harmony with the spirit of his subject, simple while solemn, strong while subdued, and alike free from ambition of eloquence and exaggeration of excited enthusiasm. If he glows, he does not seek to glitter. If he satisfies the reason, and calls out a full flow of the sympathies of his hearer or reader, he makes no attempt to charm his fancy or court his admiration. Or if ever his step betrays a tendency to stray from the line of a severer simplicity of style by which he evidently strives to walk, he promptly checks and recalls it, seeming to remember that the ground he treads upon is holy. If ever he indulges for a moment any rhetorical temptation, as when he exclaims—

“City of the Pilgrims! Eye and heart of New England! how art thou spoiled of thy beauty! As on one of thy battle-crowned hills rises at length to its capital

that proud column of freedom, which gives the traveller and the sun their earliest welcome and their last farewell, from another of thy heights suddenly falls a nobler and more costly pillar of thy glory and thy strength—visible beyond oceans, and a Pharos to the world!”—

—he is quick to perceive that his heightened voice is out of accord with the more subdued and sober tone of language and of mind appropriate to the occasion; and remarking that “this is not the way in which *he* would be spoken of,” he invites us to proceed with him to “more calmly contemplate the character of this great and good man.”

Dr. Channing passed from the present mode of existence on the afternoon of the second of October, of a typhus fever—at the same hour at which the calm glory of an unclouded Sabbath sunset seemed to be a reflection of that higher sublimity which it looked upon, in the departure from the earth of a still mightier, a still diviner light. In our present notice of this event we desire that no reader will connect our remarks with any reference to such opinions with which Dr. Channing stood identified, as are foreign to the general scope of this Review; and especially is it proper for us to disclaim allusion to the peculiar theology of which he was for many years the head and representative in this country. We refer to him as a great moralist, reformer, philanthropist, and Democrat. “A calamity,” says Mr. Bellows, “has befallen our faith, our country, the

* A Discourse occasioned by the Death of William Ellery Channing, D.D., pronounced before the Unitarian Societies of New York and Brooklyn, in the Church of the Messiah, October 13th, 1842. By Henry W. Bellows. Published by request. New York: Charles S. Francis and Company. 1842.

church, and the world." A calamity, we add, has befallen the cause of those great moral principles of freedom, progress, love, and truth, to which this Review has always declared its devotion; and which, more or less truly and efficiently, through all the movement and machinery of the politics of the times, it has always aimed to pursue. It is fitting and right, therefore, that we should not allow such an event to pass—the event of the year—without at least a brief record in these pages, and a brief tribute of the grateful and affectionate reverence due to the memory of such a man, from every friend of the high and holy truths which he wrote, wrought, lived, and was. In a future Number we will endeavor to give our readers an engraved portrait of Dr. Channing, believing that there will be found few among them, however widely separated from him on any particular points of opinion, for whom it will not possess an interest and value, to contemplate and preserve, second to none other within the whole range of contemporaneous selection.

More than any other individual writer, speaker, or actor of the age, Dr. Channing may, we think, be regarded as the highest embodiment, the most complete expression and organ, of its spirit,—we mean that spirit of a free, bold, hopeful, and progressive Humanity, which is now beginning to manifest itself, at the same time so deeply and so widely, in the new and growing civilisation of the epoch, the Christian-Democratic. We shall not attempt the impossible calculation of how far he ought to be regarded as an active influence and power in the creation of this young school of a new political and religious philosophy, whose impress is already to be seen marking itself so deeply upon the mould of the times; or how far rather himself a result and effect of the existence of its spirit, already widely distributed through the mass of the moral intelligence of the age, and working strongly upward, though scarcely yet to any great extent apparent on the surface until it embodied and uttered itself in him. We are not of those who are prone to exaggerate the relative power of individual minds over the collective mind of their time. Few among the "great men" of any epoch are, after all, *much* in advance of their age. If

the mountain summit is the first to catch the direct ray, there is already, even then, considerable light diffusing itself, through a common and all-pervading atmosphere, over the humblest depth of the valley, and presently the full flood of the heavenly radiance will be equally poured over all alike. The diadem that crowns the crest of the hill does not bring the light, though it may be the earliest manifestation and reflection of it, flaming across the plain, to the upturned eyes of men, as a signal of its coming, of its arrival already come. So, therefore, we do not agree with some whose enthusiasm would elevate Dr. Channing to a position above his rightful claim, as a creator and cause of that of which he was so glorious an effect and example. Had he not risen up in the midst of our assemblage, with his sweet voice of apostolic fervor and power, the same spirit that kindled its tones as with a coal from the altar, would have poured out the necessary, the irrepressible utterance of itself through other lips,—the cloven tongue of fire would have descended upon another head,—and there were many, doubtless, ripe and ready for its reception, and for the mission which Providence made his. So, too, do we differ from those whose sorrow exaggerates the importance of the loss we have sustained in him. He had spoken and acted himself out, with a completeness not often, it seems to us, to be declared of other men. He had done his work; all that he was allotted to do—all, probably, that he could do; and he has laid himself beside it to rest, in a venerable maturity of years. He had a word given him to speak, and he has spoken it over and over again; in many variations and applications. He might perhaps have continued to repeat it in other modes, and on fresh occasions as they might arise, but it would have been still the same thing. While in his writings his voice yet speaks to his age, as sweet and as strong as though it still issued from his living tongue.

That we should protest against being understood, in these remarks, in any sense at all depreciating to Dr. Channing's real power and influence, cannot be necessary. It is precisely because they were so great that many persons are apt now to run into the error of an exaggeration in their estimate of them.

We only desire to reduce it within the just bounds of reason and truth. He most undoubtedly did exert a vast though quiet power. He spoke the great ideas of the age so persuasively and so powerfully that men could not continue insensible to them; he illustrated them so beautifully in his own daily walk of life that we could not refuse to them our admiration and love; he exhibited in himself so pure and perfect a model of what they could and ought to make a man, that none who witnessed it could fail to become alike wiser and better by the contemplation of such example, and cheered by it to a more hopeful striving forward and upward along the shining track of his footsteps. Upon the rising generation particularly, the young men just now in the act of coming forward upon the broad stage of life, did this moral influence exerted by his life and writings operate most strongly. In his hopefulness, in his enthusiasm, in his faith in good and in God, he was as one of them. His word went direct to the deepest seat of all their best sympathies and noblest aspirations. Many such a one has he rescued from the spiritual perdition of doubt and despair. From before many a young eye has his hand rolled away the cloud of darkness which had begun to settle as a death-pall upon the harmony and grandeur of the moral creation around it. And many a young man, we doubt not, has been at once stimulated and strengthened by him to record the vow, at the inmost and holiest shrine of his own soul, to be, to make himself, a true man—not utterly unworthy of the glorious possibility of his own better semi-angelic nature; to cast from him with a noble scorn the fetters of selfishness and sensuality with which a false and bad society so basely enslaves us, and to devote himself, even though it yield him no other reward than the happiness of the martyr, to good, to truth, to liberty, and to love. Who, who, we repeat, can number the young souls, scattered through the length and breadth of the land,—already perhaps unconsciously and vaguely stirred with an undeveloped tendency toward this direction, derived from the spreading influence of the spirit of the age—which have been thus quickened and brought forth by him into the light of a new moral life, for which they ever after will recognize

an obligation due to him, as a spiritual parent, far outweighing the natural debt of gratitude for the mere boon of common existence?

But we wrong our readers in withholding from them such extracts as our limits permit, from Mr. Bellows's fine analysis of Dr. Channing's moral and mental character and life. Although it is not easy to make satisfactory selections from a production which we would strongly recommend in its entirety to the perusal of all within whose reach it may fall, we gladly enrich our pages—in preference to giving them to the reflections thronging on our own mind in association with the luminous name at their head—with all for which we are at present able to make room. The following present a comprehensive portrait of his personal history and private life, in which no others will see an exaggeration of coloring, but those who have not enjoyed the opportunity of seeing and knowing personally, that of which the recollection remains like one of the most precious of memories in the hearts of his friends:

“Of his personal history, there is little to be said. He is known to the world not by the variety of ways in which he has appeared upon the stage, not by having provoked incessant attention, or having acted upon many points, or published many books. He has neither run the usual career of a great preacher nor a great author, nor a great philanthropist. He has done what he has done, in the process of a calm, common, and uneventful life. He has been chiefly instrumental in great changes in public sentiment, without leading any party. He is the acknowledged head of a religious denomination, without ever having heartily cooperated with any organized sect. He has set thousands of minds into excited activity without a particle of bustle in his own life. For thirty years the unpretending pastor of a church in Boston, he devoted himself without any other intermission than feeble health demanded, to the teaching of Christian truth as he felt and knew it in his own heart, to the correction of erroneous theological views and opinions, which conflicted with the spiritual growth of his own people. Preaching rarely anywhere but at home, not seeking notoriety, nor anxious to widen, so he might deepen his influence, using no tricks of oratory to attract the

popular attention, and producing at no time any outward excitement, he led as retired and unassuming a career as his humbler brethren. His talents did not dazzle, his eloquence intoxicate, his peculiarities attract. His church, though usually full, was never thronged. There was nothing there to please the common ear, nor excite the popular passions. His ministry was not attended by showy results; his people as a people, were not specially spiritual, his society by no means the pattern society of the place. And yet at this very time, and on these unmarked occasions, and in this quiet way, he was saying that which went down deeper into the hearts open to his influence, than any word that had been uttered from the pulpit for centuries. In the patient and painful thoughtfulness of his secluded life, he was in high and close communion with God and his truth. And it was the light and life that were in his discourse that vivified and illuminated the best minds that approached him. He did not move or enlighten masses in his earlier life, but he mightily moved, and, as it were, recreated a few. . . . It is by the instruments he has created, that the palpable influence of Dr. Channing must be measured. He stands alone in the reverence and gratitude of many men, equal among themselves in ability and usefulness, and none of them second to any but *him*. He is a class by himself, both in the mode and the kind of his influence. It is of a higher order, and a more profound depth. It is nearer the centre of moral motion. It is this which accounts for the nature of his reputation, which is as great abroad as at home, and no greater, if as great in his own city, than wherever the English language is known. His influence is not diminished by distance, because its seat is the mind and soul of those who receive his spirit. There is no more enthusiasm about him, felt by those who know him, than by those who intelligently read him, because his greatness resides in the grandeur of the truth he embodies alike in his writings and his character. You do not need to see that he is what he preaches or writes. For the truths he reveals, the emotions he awakens, attest their own genuineness, and leave you not only without suspicion, but without thought of him. His presence neither disappoints nor heightens your idea of him. You expect to see a man of uniform elevation of mind, and dignified simplicity of manners, and such he is found. He converses about things always with reference to principles, and the same principles. His conversation is as great as his writings, and as if a part

of them. Both are simple, grand, and inspiring.

“Dr. Channing’s public character was his private character. He knew no distinction between public and private morality. As you saw him abroad, such he was at home, conducting the smallest details of his life upon the broadest and loftiest principles. His natural temper must have been sweet, for I cannot learn that it ever improved, and no one saw that it was capable of improvement. An undisturbed serenity reigned over his soul. He would not allow himself to read or hear the attacks that were sometimes made upon him, abroad and at home. He carried on public controversy with the same angelic temper with which he managed private and friendly discussions.

“His stature was small, and his frame slight. There seemed only enough body to anchor his soul among us. His health was extremely feeble, and he had led the life of an invalid for thirty years. This doubtless made him more contemplative than he might otherwise have been. It narrowed his activity in one kind only to widen it in another. Had he been better able to labor as a parochial minister, he might have been less a philanthropist and philosopher, and the world have lost what his people gained. The slenderness and debility of his frame gave an increased expressiveness to his character and discourse. His head was so full and finely turned, that no sense of diminutiveness disturbed you, and least of all in the pulpit. His countenance was surpassingly beautiful. Heavenly-mindedness, truth, compassion, love, and peace, reposed in his features. His voice, tremulous always, was melodious and melting beyond any parallel; and his articulation distinct and elegant, but simple, slow, and slightly delayed, had the effect of those notes in music which reluctantly give way to each other. His eloquence was persuasive, but not *he*, but truth and love took you captive. He had no peculiarities of manner. There was nothing oratorical in his discourses; for they read as well as they sounded, which can never be true of artificial eloquence. His gesture you neither minded nor missed. He left you full of the subject and not of himself. And if an occasional hearer only, you went from his discourse with a feeling that it was an era in your moral life. He was rarely heard by any aspiring mind without the inward thought, ‘I could not have done without that help, and it is by the special providence of God that I am

here, and that this is the topic of discourse.' ”

Of his literary character Mr. Bel-
lows thus speaks :

“ I have said that he did not run the common career of an author. Except an occasional sermon or review, he published nothing until a very few years, and not until after his general reputation was established. His literary fame grew out of a few essays, published at intervals in the *Christian Examiner*, which attracted the attention of the world. This is a remarkable instance of the immediate and wide recognition of intellectual greatness and entireness, in a few disconnected papers, neither addressed to fame, nor widely circulated. But the plain reason is, that everything this man writes is full of him; full of the great and glorious principles, with which he is now identified. He writes nothing that does not develop, enforce, or sustain the neglected and fundamental truths, which it is his mission to revive or freshen in the human heart. It matters not how secular his theme may be, he is never false to his own sacred views; never inconsistent with them; never even momentarily forgetful of them; nay, all that he has written in the way of criticism, biography, or politics, has been only in application of his religious or spiritual principles to the different phases of life. . . . There are few great writers, from whom so few splendid passages could be selected. His writings *press* rather than *strike*; they are pervaded by gravity, rather than charged with the electric fluid. His style is so transparent, and the writer himself so carefully withdrawn, that nothing but the naked truth appears in what he says. You think almost as little of the literary execution of his works, as in the case of the sacred writings. It is only when your attention is drawn to the subject, that you notice how faultless they are in this respect. It is impossible not to feel that the love of fame has not given birth to these productions. You see that it is not the literary world which is addressed. He does not enter into competition with other aspirants for reputation, before the tribunal of critics. He addresses man, and every man. He appeals to his brethren throughout the world. It is neither for money, nor reputation, nor amusement; for the sake of combatting this theory or that opinion; but to teach the world; to say what ought to be said upon a vital subject. He is not a literary man. He is a public teacher. He is not a scholar; he is a moral censor and guide.

He does not devote his life to books, or to authorship, but to doing good. He is a constant and laborious observer of the world, for the world's sake; a hearty and deep sympathiser in all human concerns; an anxious and earnest friend of man. His life and fortunes are identified with humanity; as that lives, so he lives. He is a writer only so far as he is a public thinker, and a guardian of the common weal. To correct public sentiment, to enlighten public ignorance, to arouse public insensibility, this is the sole object, and this is the measure of his writings. His works, therefore, are a part of his life; they are acts. He writes nothing abstract, nothing systematic, nothing learned, nothing merely tasteful, nothing for posterity. His writings are a part of the movement of the age in which he lives. They are for and to the present; they are all purely moral and spiritual, and relate to man's highest, immediate, and eternal welfare. They concern the right and wrong of practical opinions, institutions, judgments, actions. Based upon everlasting truths, or the exhibition of those truths themselves, they have nothing abstract in them. They concern every man in his practical views and conduct. Such are his writings. Have I not rightly said that he has not run the common career of an author ? ”

With the following, relating to the political character of this great teacher and moralist, we find ourselves compelled to conclude :

“ The greatness of human nature, resulting from man's likeness to God, inspired Dr. Channing with a strong faith in human progress. There is enough to be evolved in man,—there is material enough in him, for God is in him. There is no obscurity in the law of his progress. He is made to know God and to love him. All his sufferings come of his alienation from God. There is nothing to prevent a vast increase of happiness, a quite millennial beauty and excellence in society, but the ignorance, and sensuality, and selfishness of men; and from this there is a susceptibility of recovery in man, and means of grace in the gospel, which leaves no man as full of moral power and Christian experience, as he was, room to doubt of the certain triumph of human nature over its own weakness. All his hope for society, confident as it was, was placed upon Christianity operating through the individual souls of men, with its enlightening and sanctifying power. He had a boundless faith in the efficacy of truth, because it addressed a nature made after

that of truth's Author. His faith in God and in man were co-extensive. Human history and God's providence are synonymous expressions. Because God reigns, man shall not always be trampled under the foot of his brother, or beneath his own brutal passions. Earnest and prompt as his exertions were against, and strong as was his sense of, the evils of society, he was undismayed by them. He was not amazed and confounded by the sinfulness of the world, because he saw the sources of it, and knew that they were finite; because, too, he saw the remedy, and knew that it was infinite. Christianity enforcing reason and conscience against the animal and selfish passions of man, is like Michael wrestling with Satan—an invulnerable angel contending with a mortal enemy—the undying spirit against the doomed flesh."

"There is one word that covers every cause, to which Channing devoted his talents and his heart, and that word is Freedom. Liberty is the key of his religious, his political, his philanthropic principles. Free the slave, free the serf, free the ignorant, free the sinful. Let there be no chains upon the conscience, the intellect, the pursuits, or the persons of men. Free agency is the prime distinction and privilege of humanity. It is the first necessity of a moral being. Extinguish freedom, and you extinguish humanity. Tyranny is spiritual murder, as Sin is moral suicide. All infringements of liberty are to be regarded as belonging to the same class. Political oppression, restrictions upon education, religious thralldom, domestic slavery, the tyranny of public opinion, the rule of fashion and wealth, the domination of a strong mind over weak ones; all these he dreaded, and for the same reason. Therefore, he labored for no special sort of freedom. He was as eloquent a defender of free political institutions, as of religious liberty; of popular education, as of negro emancipation. So he denounced associations for their tyrannical influence. His whole religious teachings are directed towards freeing men from servitude to their passions, and appetites, and impulses. He would make every soul master of itself. The individual is weakened by dependence; he is enslaved by authority. Let him be his own master; act upon his own judgment and responsibility, and so have that root in himself, which alone gives worth to man. It was upon this principle, that Dr. Channing strove to dignify humble pursuits in the eyes of their followers. He would not have a man think meanly of himself, or his occupation. He would exalt toil by the spirit of independence

carried into it, and by the native dignity of the being it tasks. He frowned upon the silly pride which disdains labor. Without decrying or undervaluing social distinctions, he insisted most earnestly upon essential equality, and mutual respect. He would lift up the head of false abasement, and make the menial walk erect in the presence of the master; he would teach the lowly to respect nothing but worth, virtue, intelligence in their social superiors, and the proud to recognize goodness and enlightenment in the humblest walks of life. Few know how much this man has done to raise into self-respect and happiness, the mechanics and laborers of our country, who felt themselves ground down in spirit, under the assumptions and pride ascribed to the more privileged classes. I have seen the influence of that single tract of Dr. Channing's, styled 'Self Culture.' It has reconciled thousands to manual labor, satisfied them with their condition, by substituting their own respect, and the respect of God, for the condescension of riches and fashion, and taught them to look down upon ignorance and folly, even clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. And what is more, he taught social equality without Jacobinism and Agrarianism. The poor and humble were no *better*, but only as good as the rich and the proud. A man was a man in rags, but also a man in purple; the soiled hand of labor was still human, and so was the gloved hand of luxury. Toil needed to be taught what was respectable in affluence, as well as affluence what was venerable in toil. If there was pride, reserve, and contempt, in the high, there was envy, jealousy, and hatred, in the low. Therefore, if the rich respect the poor, the poor shall respect the rich. The less favored are bound to honor and submit to the constitution of society, if the more favored are bound to correct and adjust inequalities to the advantage of the unprivileged. In Dr. Channing's writings, attention is not fixed so much upon what is different, as upon what is the same in all men; mutual respect and love are based upon our common nature and destiny, upon our brotherhood and filial relation to one God and Father. Most radical as his spirit is in respect of human equality, there is nothing disorganizing in his writings. In this he imitates and resembles the spirit of the gospel, which, without violence or revolution, saps the strength of all abuses and errors, and by taking a higher or a deeper ground than existing institutions, obtains room and play for its own principles, without immediately or passionately displacing the customs or order which it yet dooms and finally destroys."

SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY.

BY O. A. BROWNSON.

I.

THE SUBJECT AND THE OBJECT.

PHILOSOPHY is the science of Life. Its problem is to find the Ultimate from which we may explain the origin of man and nature, determine the laws of their growth, obtain a presentiment of their destiny, and become inspired with a pure and noble zeal to live and die for the glory of God, and the progress of mankind.

There is and can be no higher problem than this,—none more worthy to engage the whole force of our minds and our hearts. It is the problem of problems; it includes all other problems; and on its solution depend all other problems for theirs. We have answered no question, whether of man or nature, of society, religion, or morals, till we have traced it to the Ultimate, beyond which there is no question to be asked, or to be answered.

But the Ultimate for ever escapes us. It recedes always in proportion as we advance; and is never seized save in a finite and relative form. The complete solution, therefore, transcends, and for ever must transcend, the reach of our powers. All that we can do, and all that we should attempt, is to obtain the solution that shall meet the wants and satisfy the heart of our own epoch. This solution, though it must one day needs be outgrown, as we outgrow the garments of our childhood, will, nevertheless, bring us a measure of peace, become the point of departure for new inquirers, and pave the way for new and more adequate solutions.

Philosophy is the creation of the human understanding, naturally or supernaturally enlarged and enlightened. All begins and ends with Thought, our only medium of knowledge, whatever its sphere or its degree. Thought is, for us, always ultimate. We cannot go before nor behind Thought; for

we have nothing but thought with which to go before or behind it. What, then, is Thought? What is its reach? What are its conditions? "For I thought," says Locke, "that the first step towards satisfying certain inquiries the mind of man was very apt to run into, was to take a survey of our own understandings, examine our powers, and see to what things they were adapted."

Thought implies both Subject and Object, that which thinks and that which is thought. What, then, is the Subject? What is the Object?

The SUBJECT is the me, that which I call myself, and express by the pronoun *I* in the phrases *I am*, *I think*, *I will*, *I love*; or by the pronoun *me*, when I say of some particular thing, it pleases me, grieves me, injures me, does me good.

I do not know myself by direct immediate knowledge; I come to a knowledge of myself only in the phenomenon, in which I see myself reflected as in a glass. I am never my own immediate object. "The understanding," Locke very properly remarks, "like the eye, whilst it makes us see and perceive all other things, takes no notice of itself; and it requires art and pains to set it at a distance, and make it its own object." This, if we substitute *no direct notice* for "no notice," is as true when affirmed of me, as when affirmed of my understanding. I never stand face to face with myself, looking into my own eyes. The Seer and the Seen, the Subject and the Object, are as distinct in psychology as they are in logic; and they are distinct in logic, because they are distinct in the nature of things.

Yet some modern psychologists, misapprehending the fact of consciousness, have questioned this statement, and

contended that the Subject may be its own object, and that I may know myself by direct, immediate knowledge. But if this were so, I could know at once, and prior to experience, all that I am, and all that I can do or become. I could know myself active without having acted; thinking without having thought; sentient without having felt. I should know beforehand the nature and the reach of the passions;—love without having ever loved; hatred without having ever hated; grief without having ever grieved. I should know at once all that I ever can know, whether of myself or of that which is not myself. But it is only God who can know himself by direct immediate knowledge; for only that which is independent, self-existent, and self-living, can contain in itself its own object.

No man knows thoroughly himself, or can say, till enlightened by experience, what he is able to do, or to become. Even they who best obey the injunction, "Know thyself," are but slight proficient in self-knowledge. The bulk of mankind are grossly ignorant of themselves. Moreover, we *advance* in the knowledge of ourselves. Every day reveals us to ourselves under some new aspect. The older we grow, the more varied our experience, severe our struggles, and trying the vicissitudes of life, the better do we come to know and comprehend ourselves. But did we know ourselves by direct, immediate knowledge, what room would there be for this progress? and how could this varied experience, and these struggles, trials, and vicissitudes, become the medium of advancing us in the knowledge of ourselves?

But, though I know not myself by direct, immediate knowledge, yet I know myself mediately, indirectly, through the medium of my acts. Whenever I think, I find myself as one of the elements of the thought. I never think without knowing that it is I and not another that thinks. This is the meaning of the "*Cogito, ergo sum*" of Descartes, "I think, therefore I am." Descartes did not offer in this, nor pretend to offer, as he himself expressly tells us, an argument for his existence; but merely stated the fact in which he found it. Not being able to see or to recognize myself in myself, to see, as

it were, my own eye, I should be to myself as if I were not, did I not think. When I do not think, I do not exist to my own apprehension. How know I then that I exist at all? I cannot prove my existence; but I have no need to prove it, for whenever I think, I always find myself in the thought as **THAT-WHICH-THINKS**. As certain as it is that I think, so certain is it then that I am; for, I always think myself as the subject of the thought.

I do not *infer* my existence from the fact of thinking. I do not infer it at all; but in the act of thinking I find it. My existence is never an inference, and logic has nothing to do with establishing it. I cannot prove my existence, neither can I deny it, nor doubt it. To doubt is to think. But I never think without finding myself as the one who thinks. Consequently, in doubting my existence I should find it. I cannot deny my own existence; not only because in denying it I should logically affirm it, by affirming the existence of the denier, but I should be conscious of myself, in the act of denying, as the one who makes the denial.

This finding of myself in the phenomenon, or as the one who thinks, is precisely what is meant by the term **CONSCIOUSNESS**. Consciousness is not a faculty, nor even an act of a peculiar sort. It is simply a higher degree of what philosophers call *perception*. As its name implies,—*cum scientia*,—it is something that goes along with knowledge, or something in addition to simple perception,—*ad-perceptio*, *apperception*,—and is easily comprehended. I think a rose. This is a simple phenomenon, or rather a single act of the mind; but, in addition to the perception of the rose, the object of the thought, I recognize, but as an integral part of the same phenomenon, myself as the agent thinking, or the one who perceives the rose. This recognition of myself is the consciousness. All acts in which I so recognize myself as actor or thinker, are called by Leibnitz **APPERCEPTIONS**. All thoughts are properly apperceptions, for they all include in the view of the thinker, both the subject thinking and the object thought.

But according to this, consciousness is not, as is sometimes supposed, the

immediate perception of myself in myself. I am conscious of myself only in the phenomenon, and even then only under the relation of its *subject*. I can speak, I can think, or even conceive of myself only as the subject of an act. I can define myself only by referring to my acts. I express myself, indeed, by the personal pronoun, but never without joining it to the verb. *I, me*, taken alone, without a verb, expressed or understood, means nothing. It must be always *I am, I do, I think, I will, I love, or I hate*. In my essence, save so far as my *being* is revealed in my *doing*, I never know or apprehend myself. I find myself never as pure essence, but always as cause, and as being only so far forth as cause; that is to say, I find myself, exist to myself, only in my efforts, productions, or phenomena. I am conscious, therefore, of

myself only under the relation of subject or cause; and, therefore, it is only under this relation of subject or cause, only as projected into the phenomenon, that I can be my own object, that I can study myself, and learn what I am and of what I am capable.

But the phenomenon is never the sole product of the subject. There is and can be no thought with a single term. It is impossible to think without thinking an OBJECT as well as a subject. I never think without encountering an object, and only in concurrence with the object. But in the act of thinking where I find myself, and where only I find myself, I always find myself as subject, never as OBJECT. I find the OBJECT always, invariably opposed to the subject, and, therefore, never as me, but ALWAYS AS NOT ME.

II.

REALITY OF THE OBJECT.

I RECOGNIZE myself, am conscious of my own existence, am able to affirm that I am, only in the act of thinking. But I can think only on condition of encountering in the phenomenon an object which, as opposed to the subject or me, must needs be not me. Then I can never find myself without finding at the same time, and in the same phenomenon, that which is not myself. But I do find myself in every thought. It follows, then, that both myself and that which is not myself, the me and the not me, are given in each and every thought, in the first and simplest, as well as in the last and most complex.

The highest degree of certainty I ever have or can aspire to, is that of my own existence. This is merely the certainty I have that in thinking I recognize myself as the subject of the thought. But the certainty I have, that in thinking I encounter an object, which is not me, is precisely equal to this. Consequently, the certainty I have of the existence of the Object, in all cases as not me, is precisely, objectively and subjectively, the certainty I have of my own existence, that is, my highest degree of certainty.

This conclusion is of immense reach

in philosophy. It settles the question so long agitated concerning the objective validity of human knowledge, and puts an end at once and for ever to all IDEALISM, and to all SKEPTICISM. The object is no creature of the subject; for it is as essential to the production of the phenomenon we term thought, as is the subject itself. Where there is no subject, of course there is no thought; where no object, equally no thought. Since the object precedes thought as one of its conditions, it cannot be a product of thought; since its existence is essential to the activity or to the manifestation of the subject, it must be independent of the subject, and therefore not me. If not me, it must be what I find it in the phenomenon; that is to say, it must be in itself what I think it, or what it enters for into the thought as one of its elements. For, if it were not what I think it; if it entered into the phenomenon for what it is not in itself, it would not be not me, but me; and therefore not object but subject, which were a contradiction in terms. Every thought contains an object; and this object, whatever it be, is therefore not me, but exists really out of me, and independent of me. The object I think then really is; and is, not because I

think it, but I think it because it is, and could not think it, if it were not. Whatever then I think exists, and independent of me. If I think an external world, then is there an external world; the finite, then is there the finite; the infinite, then is there the infinite; God, then God is.

This is no forced result. It is asserted when we assert that every thought contains an object, and that the object is in all cases not me. But if we accept this result, we are saved no little labor. The passage from the subjective to the objective ceases to be that long, circuitous way commonly imagined, and the great problem which has vexed philosophers in all ages, is found to be no problem at all.

The great problem with philosophers has always been to establish the objective validity of our knowledge; that is, the existence of the not me. We are conscious of our own feelings, beliefs, and convictions; but is there anything out of us, and independent of us, to respond to these subjective affections? How know I that God and nature are not mere modes or affections of my subjective life? How know I that aught exists beside this subject which I call myself? and how know I that the outward universe, with all its wondrous beauty and variety, is anything more than myself projected, or taken as my own object?

Here is the problem which has always in some form or other tormented the metaphysicians; and yet this is a problem that cannot be solved. There is no passage possible between the subjective and the objective. There is no possible equation between me and not me, by which one may be obtained from the other. It is impossible to conclude from my own existence to that of another. There is here no room for logic. Logic can operate only on data previously assumed or established; and it never does and never can operate with only a single factor. Unity multiplied by unity gives unity, and nothing more, is as true in logic as in arithmetic, which is only a special application of logic. With the me alone, or with the not me alone, logic can obtain no result. God, man, and nature, instead of being results lo-

gically obtained, are in fact the necessary bases of logic, and must be found, or assumed, before logic can commence its process of demonstrating them.

Nevertheless, the human race has contrived, some way or other, to open relations with the objective world. From the first day of its conscious existence, it has not ceased to believe itself in strict relation with a world out and independent of itself. God and nature have been and are realities to it, as much so as its own existence. Strange! The human race, the savage in his forest, the shepherd on his hillside, the rustic following his plough,—all believing what the metaphysicians have hitherto been unable to demonstrate, and what the more sober-minded among them contend cannot be demonstrated! This fact should have induced them to inquire, if, after all, they have not erred in assuming any demonstration to be necessary.

When Dr. Johnson was asked what answer he would use against those who denied the reality of the external universe, he replied by striking his foot against a stone. This reply was not logical, but it was philosophical and just. It recognized this fundamental fact, namely, that I find myself only in opposition to that which is not myself; and directed the inquirer to the simple fact in which originates all faith in external realities. In striking his foot against the stone, Dr. Johnson had as positive evidence that the stone was not himself, and therefore that it was in relation to him, an external reality, as he had that it was he and not another who performed the act of striking his foot against it; or that the act of striking his foot against it was followed by an affection of his sensibility.

The cause of this error of the metaphysicians, in seeking a passage where none can be found, and where none is possible or needed, must be looked for in their assumption of a false point of departure of philosophy. They have supposed that philosophy must begin either with the subject, that is, with the me; or with the object, that is, with the not me. But when we begin with the subject we can never get to the object, as Hume and all the skept-

tical philosophers but too easily demonstrate. When we so begin we necessarily end in Idealism. When we begin with the object, the not me, taking our point of sight in God, as do the larger part of theologians, we necessarily end in Pantheism, with Spinoza; or taking our point of sight in nature, the effect, we end necessarily in Atheism with Ephemere and D'Holbach; for it is as impossible to go from the object to the subject, as from the subject to the object.

The true point of departure of philosophy is never in BEING, in the ESSE, DAS REINE SEYN of the Hegelians, whether of the subject or of the object; but in LIFE, which is the manifestation of Being. And in LIFE, according to what we have established, THE SUBJECT AND OBJECT, ME AND NOT ME, ARE ONE AND INDISSOLUBLE.

To make this still plainer: Kant, in his Critique, has with masterly skill and wonderful exactness, drawn up a complete list of the categories of Reason. His analysis of Reason may be regarded as complete and final. Cousin has followed him, and, with true metaphysical sagacity, reduced these categories to two,—the category of SUBSTANCE, and that of CAUSE; or, as I prefer to say, the category of BEING and that of PHENOMENON. Whatever we conceive of, we must conceive of it existing either as being or as phenomenon. Being or substance, in itself, transcends the reach of the human mind: we can know it, can conceive of it, only in the phenomenon; or, as M. Cousin would say, only under the category, or relation of cause. I find myself, as we have already seen, only as the subject of the phenomenon; that is, only so far as I do something. In like manner do we know or conceive of nature never only under the relation of cause, only as it manifests, and therefore as that-which-manifests itself, in the phenomenon,—as the object which opposes or resists the subject. God is never seen or conceived of in himself. He is to us only in his DOING, only as cause, or creator; though as wise, holy, good, and all-powerful Cause or Creator. The category of substance is then conceivable only in the category of cause: that is, we know being only as cause, and only

so far forth as it is a cause. We seize it only in the phenomenon, the manifestation, not in itself.

The manifestation of being, that is, being putting itself forth in the phenomenon, is what I term LIFE; and when this life is so intense that the subject recognizes itself as well as that which is not itself, I term the phenomenon, THOUGHT, or apperception. Now Thought, and, as we shall hereafter see, all LIFE, is the JOINT PRODUCT of both subject and object. I know myself indeed as subject or cause; but never as able to cause or produce without the CONCURRENCE of that which is not myself. In other words, the subject, as we have seen, cannot manifest itself without an object; and the object cannot manifest itself without a subject, which, of course, relatively to it will be object. Now, as the phenomenon is single and indissoluble, and yet the joint product of both subject and object, it follows that both subject and object are, though distinct, one and inseparable in the phenomenon or fact of life. Here, in the phenomenal, in the fact of Life, where only we are able to seize either the subjective world or the objective world, the subject and object are given, not as separate, not one to be obtained from the other, but in an INDISSOLUBLE SYNTHESIS. This is wherefore I call philosophy not the science of BEING, but the science of LIFE; and also wherefore I add to it the epithet, SYNTHETIC.

If metaphysicians had begun in the fact of life, instead of trying to begin with pure being, the ESSE, the REINE SEYN, they would have found, as data already furnished to their hands, both the objective and the subjective; and finding them both in the indestructible synthesis of thought, they would never have conceived the problem—The one being given, how to obtain the other? In point of fact, this problem is really inconceivable, and philosophers have been for ages asking, not so much an unanswerable, as, if we may so speak, an unaskable question; for the one term is never found without the other, or conceived of, save in conjunction with the other. This is what we must mean when we say that we never find ourselves but as the subject of the phenomenon, and never as sub-

ject without finding ourselves in conjunction with that which is not ourselves, as object.

There has been no error in asserting the existence of God, man, and nature. We are not to arraign the faith of mankind in this three-fold existence, because philosophers have been unable to legitimate it. It needs no legitimating; and we have erred only in attempting to legitimate it. Mankind believe in God, in themselves, and in nature, for the best of all possible reasons, BECAUSE THEY THINK THEM, AND CANNOT THINK WITHOUT THINKING THEM. Here is the whole mystery of the matter. The profoundest philosophy can add nothing to this, and take nothing from it. All that philosophy is called upon to do in relation to it, is simply by reflection to place the fact that the me alone is incapable of generating a single phenomenon, in a light so clear that none can mistake it.

Taking this view, there ceases to be any discrepancy between philosophy and what is called common sense. Humanity is never a skeptic. Even the skeptical philosophers themselves, are practically no skeptics. Hume, notwithstanding his philosophical doubts, believes as firmly in God, nature, and the necessary connection between cause and effect, as his great opponent, Dr. Reid himself. Both admitted that the reality of this connection, and that of an external world, could not be demonstrated; both also contended that neither could be disbelieved. The only difference there was between the skeptic Hume, and the realist Reed, was that the former

thought the demonstration in question essential to a scientific belief, while the latter stoutly maintained, but without showing any great reason for so maintaining, that it was not.

There is much misconception about this matter of proving or demonstrating. Nothing is more absurd than to conclude that whatever cannot be *proved* true, must therefore be regarded as false. That which is less evident, is proved by that which is more evident. But when the fact alleged is of itself of the highest degree of evidence we can have, it is incapable of proof. What is more evident than the circular appearance of the sun? Yet how can I *prove* to myself or to another, that the sun appears to me of a circular form? But facts of this kind need no proof. EVERY FACT IS INCAPABLE OF PROOF JUST IN PROPORTION TO ITS CERTAINTY. A proposition is demonstrated by being resolved into another proposition more ultimate, or by being shown to be involved in another proposition held to be true. But when the proposition is itself ultimate, when there is no proposition more ultimate into which it can be resolved, or from which it can be obtained, it is, and must needs be, incapable of demonstration. But then it needs no demonstration. It is certain of itself, and one of the grounds of certainty in regard to other propositions. Now, the ground we assume is that both the me and the not me are ultimate, and both being found in the same phenomenon as the essential conditions of its production, are incapable of demonstration or of proof, but are sufficiently evident without either.

III.

RELATION OF SUBJECT AND OBJECT.

THE subject and object cannot meet in the fact of life without generating a result. Their shock one against the other cannot take place without an echo. This echo adds another to the elements of thought. Thought may therefore be defined to be a phenomenon with three indestructible elements, all equally essential to its production; no one of which can be abstracted without destroying thought and the possibility of thought.

These three elements are, 1. SUBJECT; 2. OBJECT; 3. FORM. The Subject is always ME; the Object always NOT ME; the FORM is the NOTION, or what the subject notes, in the act of thinking, of both subject and object.

Subject and object are the bases of thought, and necessarily precede the phenomenon. The subject must exist before it can think, the object before it can be thought. Neither then is pro-

duced by thought. Both do and must remain in themselves what they are, be the notion the mind takes of them, or the Form of the thought, what it may. The subject generates neither, nor determines the office of either in the generation of thought, for it cannot think without including both as the necessary conditions on which it thinks.

But with the FORM of the thought, or Notion, it is altogether different. This is the product of the subject; not indeed of the subject alone, as free, voluntary cause; but of the subject acting in conjunction with the object. It is the view which the subject takes of both itself and the object, and according to the conditions of thought cannot be produced without the presence, and so to speak, coöperation of the object or not me. But the intelligence that notes, views, or perceives, is the subject exclusively. The conjunction of subject and object can generate thought only on condition that the subject is intelligent. In thought there is always intelligence; as we have seen, always direct perception of the object, and a reflected perception of the subject. This intelligence is the subject. The form of the thought, being the notion which the subject takes of both subject and object, is therefore the product of the intelligence of the subject, only of the subject displaying itself in conjunction with the object.

The subject taking note of both subject and object, in the fact of life, is called the fact of consciousness. Consciousness is myself perceiving that which is not myself, and recognizing myself as the agent perceiving. It is not one thing to perceive, and another to be conscious. It is not correct to say that I am conscious of my perceptions. Consciousness is not a phenomenon separate or even distinguishable from perception, unless it be in the fact that it marks a certain degree or intenseness of perception. Both perception and consciousness are the subject displaying itself in conjunction with the object; both are manifestations of one and the same intelligent subject. In every fact of consciousness I perceive; though I am not *conscious* in every fact of perception. But those perceptions in which I am not conscious, differ from

those in which I am, that is, from my thoughts or apperceptions, only in being feebler, more confused, less marked or distinct. They, in like manner as thought, imply both subject and object, but in them the subject perceives the object, without any reflected perception of itself as the percipient agent. Not seeing itself in those perceptions, the subject is unable to give them form, or to note distinctly what they reveal of either subject or object. Add another degree of perception, render the perception sufficiently vivid and distinct to be what I call thought or apperception, and it is instantly clothed with a form; the mind notes, marks or distinguishes both itself and the object. It follows from this that the Form or Notion is merely that higher *degree* of intelligence which includes in one view both subject and object, and therefore is identical with the fact of consciousness.

The Form of the thought, or notion, is often taken for the whole of the phenomenon. Thought is indeed impossible without form, and where there is no notion of either subject or object, or of both, there is no thought; but if the form, or the notion, were the whole phenomenon, thought would be a mere empty form, a notion where nothing is noted. Locke called the form of the thought or notion, *Idea*, which would have been well enough, if he had not made ideas a sort of intermediary between the subject and the object. Locke does not teach that we perceive the object, but an idea or notion of the object. This was his fundamental error. We perceive the object itself, never a notion of it, for the notion, instead of being the immediate object of the perception, is simply what, in perceiving, we note of the subject and the object of perception, the form which by virtue of our intelligence we are able to give to the perception.

In the fact of consciousness, or under the form of the thought, are always, as has been said over and over again, both me and not me. Then under the form of every thought, even the simplest, the feeblest, lies always absolute truth. Me and not me, these two certainly embrace all reality. These both are essential to the production of the least conceivable thought. All reality lies

then under every notion as its conditions. God, man, and nature, all three conspire to produce each one of our thoughts, and each one of our thoughts reflects them all three. Without the combined activity of them all, no thought, nor even possibility of thought. How wonderful a creation then is thought! Of what inconceivable grandeur! Before it the wise stand in awe, or bow down and revere as before the transparent symbol of the Almighty.

But, if absolute truth enters into every thought as its basis, is essential to its production, yet no more of this truth is expressed by the form of the thought than comes within the scope of the intelligence of the subject. This intelligence, in the case of all beings but One, is and must be limited. Man is an intelligence, or else he could not think; but he is a finite intelligence. His light is a true light, as far as it is bright; but it is feeble and dim. It shines only a little way into the darkness, and even that little way merely as a sudden flash, permitting us to see that there are objects there, but vanishing too soon to enable us to see what they are. It cannot enlighten all reality. It can enlighten only that side of reality which is turned towards us; that turned from us it throws into shade. The smaller body can never illumine at once all sides of the larger body. Man, therefore, cannot comprehend the infinity which lies at the bottom of his thoughts. Always then must his NOTIONS, or views of that infinity, partake of his own feebleness, and be inadequate, dim, and partial.

With these dim, inadequate, partial, one-sided views, man constructs, and must construct, his systems of religion, morals, and politics. Compelled by the necessities of his nature, to con-

clude from the luminous to the dark, from the known to the unknown, the certain to the uncertain, error is the inevitable consequence, and his systems reared with honestest intention, and infinite pains, can be, even while they stand, little else than monuments to the wide disparity there is, and ever must be, between his ambition and his strength.

But this, while it may well humble pride, and check theoretic presumption, need not alarm or dishearten the inquirer. Thought, owing to the finiteness of the human intelligence, is always inadequate, and therefore has and must have its face of error; but since it necessarily includes under its form both the ME and NOT ME, and therefore the infinite, the absolute, it must also have always its face of truth.

Man, moreover, as will hereafter be demonstrated, is a progressive being. He stands indeed on the borders of a universe of darkness, hoping, trembling, half-longing, half-fearing to plunge in; and never will that universe wholly disappear; but it shall ever recoil from his glance, and leave a larger and a larger space within the circumference of his vision. Nature as a whole, and in its parts, is in a state of uninterrupted progress. Man goes on with it, and by its aid. His faculties are continually enlarging, by the successive growth of ages, and his whole being becomes elevated and expanded, enabling him to penetrate farther and yet farther into the darkness, to enlighten a larger and a larger portion of the infinite, and to give to his thoughts clearer and more adequate forms. The face of truth is thus ever becoming broader and more radiant, while that of error is continually diminishing.

IV.

FORMULA OF THE ME, OR SUBJECT.

I AM revealed to myself only as the subject of an act; that is, as agent or actor. We find ourselves only in acting, and only so far forth as we act. To act is to cause, create, or produce. The ME, then, since it acts, must be a cause, a creative or productive Force.

If a cause, it must be a real, substantive being. That which is not, cannot act. In order to do, it is necessary to be. Being necessarily precedes Doing; but it is only in Doing that Being is made known. In recognizing myself to be active, I necessarily recognize

myself to be a real existence—a limited, relative substance, no doubt; but still a substance capable of supporting accidents or phenomena; and, therefore, not myself a phenomenon, nor a collection of phenomena, whether of matter or of spirit.

The substantiality of the me affirms its UNITY. If I am substantial, I am *one* substance; for two substances would be two mes, instead of one. Moreover, I am always revealed to myself as one. My phenomena may vary, but I do not vary with them. They may pass away, but I survive. We never confound ourselves with our phenomena. We think, but are not the thought; are pleased, but are not the pleasure; are pained, but are not the pain; nor do we become it when pained. There is always unity of consciousness. The me that wills, knows, feels, is always one and the same me. The me, then, is a unity; that is, a simple substance, being, cause, or force.

But I am not a mere naked substance; that is, a mere abstraction. I am a living substance, clothed with attributes. I find myself in the act of thinking. But to think is to perceive, no less than to act. An unintelligent actor would not be a thinking actor. No being but an intelligent being can think. The ME, then, since it thinks, must be INTELLIGENT.

I am also capable of feeling. The naked conception of substance does not necessarily involve the power to feel; nor does it imply that of intelligence. The fact that I am intelligent is learned by experience, not deduced from the nature of being or substance, considered apart from its manifestations. There is no particular substance or being whose attributes or properties can be known, *à priori*. The naked idea of being—the *reine Seyn* of Hegel—is simply the idea of something which is, and does not necessarily suppose the being to possess any other quality, property, or attribute, than that of being able simply to be. From this idea, some philosophers have, indeed, attempted to deduce, logically, the universe, with all its infinite variety of phenomena. But from being, nothing but being can be obtained; and the universe con-

structed with this simple idea would be the veriest abstraction, and in the last analysis identical with no universe at all. The faculties of the particular being in question must always be learned empirically, and be taken as facts of experience, and not as facts of reasoning. It would not be difficult to conceive of beings created with the simple force or power of acting without thinking or feeling. But such a being is not man. We may add to force intelligence, and conceive of a being capable of acting and knowing, and yet incapable of feeling. Such a being is very conceivable; there may be, for aught we know, many such beings; but man is not one of them. He is capable of feeling. The sentiments, love, joy, grief, hope, pleasure, pain, are among those phenomena which nobody questions, for they are facts of every one's experience. Man, then, is not only a substance, but an intelligent and *sentient* substance,—a being that ACTS, KNOWS, and FEELS.

From this it follows that man has three faculties, which may be named,

1. Activity,
2. Intelligence,
3. Sensibility.

Activity is the power of acting; intelligence the power of knowing; sensibility the power of feeling. There may, for aught we know, be beings endowed with more than these three faculties; but these are all that we have found ourselves to possess, and all that we can conceive it possible for us or for any other being to possess.

But the me has already been shown to be a UNITY,—one and indivisible. This distinction of faculties, then, implies no division in its essence. There is not one part of it that acts, another part that knows, and still another part that feels. It is all and entire in each one of its faculties,—a simple substance, with the threefold power of acting, knowing, and feeling. It must then act in knowing and feeling; know in feeling and acting; feel in acting and knowing. This follows inevitably from the fact that I am in myself a cause. I find myself always as a cause, and never under any other character. I find myself in all my phenomena, in those of intelligence and sen-

sibility, no less than in those of activity. Then I find myself in them all as a cause. Then I am active in them. Since I am a unity, and therefore must act ever as a whole, in all my integrity, I must act in them all with my threefold power of acting, knowing, and feeling.

According to the Formula now obtained, man is a being that acts, knows, and feels, and ALL THESE IN THE SAME PHENOMENON, AND IN ALL HIS PHENOMENA. He is then a TRINITY, a living type of that sublime doctrine which lies at the bottom of all Christian theology, and not only the type, but in some sort the origin and basis.

Two facts here must never be lost sight of, the UNITY and TRIPPLICITY of the me. Man acts always as a unity, but with a threefold power of activity, or rather with a capacity of giving to his activity a threefold direction. We can discover in his nature the distinction of faculties, but no division of essence. There is a broad distinction between an action and a cognition, between a cognition and a feeling, and between a feeling and an action; but in actual life there is no separation. The faculties designated are essentially the ME, and the activity displayed in them is the activity of the one invariable and indivisible subject. We cannot say that activity acts, intelligence knows, and sensibility feels; for this would be to separate the faculties from the me, and to give them in some sort an independent existence. The intellectual phenomenon is always the product of the ME displaying itself in its unity and triplicity; therefore of the simultaneous and joint action—so to speak—of all the faculties.

This fact is important. Neglect of it has generated much confusion, and no little false philosophy. Psychologists have mistaken the facts of MEMORY for the facts of CONSCIOUSNESS. The facts of memory may be dissected, decomposed, and distributed into separate classes. As the soul has three faculties, and each of these faculties performs an office in generating the phenomena, we may detect the part of each, and distribute the phenomena into classes corresponding to the distinction of faculties. In the analysis

of these facts, activity will be found to give us *actions*, intelligence *cognitions*, and sensibility *sentiments* or feelings. We may distribute them, then, into actions or volitions, cognitions or ideas, and sentiments or feelings. But this distribution, however true it may be to me as studied in the products of my past life, will not be true to the me of actual life. In actual life all go together. There is no action which is not at the same time a cognition and a sentiment; no cognition not at the same time a sentiment and an action; no sentiment not at the same time an action and a cognition.

But, losing sight of this fact, psychologists not unfrequently transfer to actual life the classifications they obtain by studying our past life, and therefore destroy the me, by resolving it into its attributes. In the facts of memory there is no living unity. That living unity has left them behind, has passed on, and is now merely looking back upon them. That living unity is the ME itself, and being no longer in them, but merely contemplating them, as it were, at a distance, cannot, of course, find itself in them. They are to it what the dead body is to the living. There being, in fact, no unity in them, reflection cannot find it, any more than anatomy finds in dissecting the dead body the one vital principle which controlled all the functions and gave a common direction to all the activities of the living body. The me obtained by studying these facts exclusively is necessarily multiple and not simple. Taken, then, for the ME of actual life, it gives to the me of actual life no unity, separates it into parts, into independent beings, and, instead of a me that at once, by virtue of its own nature, acts, knows, and feels, gives us three separate, and in some sort independent mes,—a me that acts, another me that knows, and still another that feels, displaying themselves sometimes in concert, sometimes one after another, and sometimes, as it were, one in opposition to another. But the faculties do not exist independent of the me. There is not a me and by its side a power to act, a power to know, or a power to feel. The threefold power is the me, and the me is it. Activity does not act, I act because I am in my essence active; intelligence

does not know, I know because I am by my nature intelligent; sensibility does not feel, I feel because I am in myself sentient.

In consequence of transferring to the living subject the classifications we have obtained by studying the dead subject, or facts of memory, we have supposed that we could perform actions or generate phenomena which should not necessarily imply all our faculties. Thought, which expresses the highest activity of the soul, has been regarded as a purely intellectual act, and intellect has been defined to be the thinking faculty, as distinct from activity or sensibility. Thought is looked upon as something dry and cold; and a "man of thought" would designate a man without soul, without heart, destitute of love or sentiment, living only in abstractions. But there are no abstractions in actual life. A purely intellectual being may, as has been said, be conceived of, but such a being man is not. Such a being might indeed think, that is, know, but thinking and knowing in such a being could not and would not be what they are in us. Man is in his essence sentient. He cannot divest himself of his sensibility, for he cannot divest himself of himself. Always and everywhere, then, must he feel. When he acts, act where or to what end he will, he must feel. He can perform no dry, cold, intellectual act. Even the metaphysician, poring over his abstractions, withered and dry as he may seem, is still a man, and has a heart; and when, after days, weeks, months, and years of painful watching and laborious study, truth at last dawns on his soul, and he grasps the solution of the problem which had tortured his heart, he too is moved, and in a sort of rapture exclaims, "I have found it, I have found it!"

The me never acts as naked cause, as pure intelligence, nor as pure feeling. It acts as it is, and for what it is. Thought, then, since it implies the activity of the me, implies the me with all its essential attributes. It implies sentiment as well as cognition. The me, it has been shown, enters into every thought as subject. It enters then as a whole, for it cannot leave one half of itself behind, and go forth and act with the other half. Thought

then covers the whole phenomenon of actual life, and instead of being the product of pure intelligence, it is simultaneously and vitally action-cognition-sentiment.

The various distinctions introduced into the phenomena of actual life by psychologists, or rather psycho-anatomists, of facts of activity, facts of intelligence, facts of sensibility, facts of reason, facts of understanding, of a higher nature and a lower, of a moral nature and a religious, however convenient they may be for certain purposes, are really inadmissible, and while they recognize the multiplicity of the me, tend to make us lose sight of its unity. It is always the self-same me that acts, whatever the sphere of its activity, or tendency of its action. It has but one nature, and it is always by virtue of that one nature it does whatever it does. If a man be base and grovelling in his propensities, worthless or vicious in his life, it is not a lower nature that is at work within him, that is at fault, but the man himself misdirecting his activity; if he aspire to the generous and the heroic, to the pure and upright, it is not a higher nature, nor a nobler faculty of his nature displaying itself, but the man himself conducting with greater propriety and in stricter conformity to the will of his Maker.

All these distinctions go to destroy the unity of the soul, to perplex and mislead our judgments. The distinction which has latterly been contended for between the moral nature and the religious is unfounded. Man is not moral by virtue of one set of faculties, and religious by virtue of another set of faculties. The same faculties are active in both cases, and the only difference there is or can be between religion and morality is in the direction man gives to his activity. Nor is there any distinction between the faculty by which man knows what some call the truths of the *reason*, and what are termed truths of the *understanding*. There is not a reason taking cognizance of one class of objects, and an understanding taking cognizance of another. To know may indeed have various conditions, but it is always one and the same phenomenon, and by virtue of one and the same intellectual power. The whole me acts in know-

ing, let it know wherever it will. In knowing material objects it uses material organs, but the faculty by virtue of which I know through these organs is, as will hereafter be shown, the same as that by virtue of which I know in the bosom of consciousness itself. The pretence that sensibility is the faculty by which we know material objects, and reason the faculty by virtue of which we know spiritual objects, is arbitrary and without any just foundation in actual life. Without reason, our senses would be as the telescope without a seeing eye to look through it; without sensibility, we never do, if we ever could know, even spiritual truths. To raise men to a perception of what are called the higher truths, it is always necessary to purify and exalt sentiment. Beethoven carries us nearer to God, than Kant or Hegel. Without love man cannot soar; and without that exaltation, that enthusiasm which goes by the name of Inspiration, there are few truths of an elevated nature that are discoverable. Man acts ever with all his faculties, in the least as well as in the greatest of his actions.

RAPHAEL.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I SHALL not soon forget that sight:
The glow of Autumn's westering day,
A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,
On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,
The fair face of a musing boy;
Yet while I gazed a sense of awe
Was mingling with my joy.

A simple print:—the graceful flow
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,
And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow
Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose
I saw the inward spirit shine;
It was as if before me rose
The white veil of a shrine.

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,
The hidden life, the man within,
Dissevered from its frame and mould,
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,
The waving of that pictured hand?
Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished,—space
Broad, luminous, remained alone,
Through which all hues and shapes of grace
And beauty looked or shone.

* Suggested by a portrait of Raphael at the age of fifteen, in the possession of Thomas Tracy, of Newburyport.

Around the mighty master came
 The marvels which his pencil wrought,
 Those miracles of power whose fame
 Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,
 Oh Mother, beautiful and mild!
 Enfolding in one dear embrace
 Thy Saviour and thy Child!

The rapt brow of the Desert John;
 The awful glory of that day
 When all the Father's brightness shone
 Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst grey prophet forms, and wild
 Dark visions of the days of old,
 How sweetly woman's beauty smiled
 Through locks of brown and gold!

There Fornarina's fair young face
 Once more upon her lover shone,
 Whose model of an angel's grace
 He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,
 But not the lesson which it taught;
 The soft, calm shadows which it threw
 Still rested on my thought.

The truth, that painter, bard and sage,
 Even in Earth's cold and changeeful clime,
 Plant for their deathless heritage
 The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
 Of which the coming life is made,
 And fill our Future's atmosphere
 With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be
 We weave with colors all our own,
 And in the field of Destiny
 We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
 The shadows which it gathered here,
 And painted on the eternal wall
 The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
 On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
 Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
 Has vanished from his side?

Oh no!—We live our life again;
 Or warmly touched or coldly dim
 The pictures of the Past remain,—
 Man's works shall follow him!

POOR MARGARET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY NATHANIEL GREENE.

It was the regular custom of our family to repair every year, on Whitsun-eve, to a charming villa situated at a distance of two hours' ride from our city residence. Our father was, indeed, usually detained in the city by official affairs, which on week days seldom allowed him to make us a flying visit of an hour or two; but he came regularly every Saturday evening, remaining with us until Monday, and usually bringing with him as many guests as the vacant chambers of our fine old large house could accommodate. When our father was present, we children were compelled to be dressed in our best clothes, and put upon our best behavior: romping in the garden, the meadow, or the wood, was entirely out of the question. For which reason we were always right glad to see the long line of carriages roll away from the courtyard every Monday morning. We were then again at liberty to pursue our somewhat boisterous pastimes, and exult in the free use of our limbs in the open air.

Enjoying thus heartily the pleasures of country life, it is not strange that we desired above all others the arrival of the day which annually restored them to us, and counted Whitsun-eve among the most cherished of our festivals. The general commotion which came with the day, the hurrying to and fro, the packing and unpacking, gave us especial pleasure; and we made ourselves as busy in all these affairs as though we children were the persons principally concerned.

The day had come and gone, with all its hurry and bustle, all its pleasures and fatigues. We had safely arrived at our summer residence, all our play-things were unpacked and placed in order, we had run through the tolerably extensive garden, with its shady walks and terraces, announced our happy arrival to each of our favorite trees and play-grounds, and were now

idly considering what was best next to be done. Our mother, however, had yet many preparations to make for the next day's festival.

"Go and amuse yourselves out of doors a while, children; the evening is beautifully fair," said she, perceiving in our countenances the lassitude which naturally follows long-continued and unusual exertion. We did not wait for a repetition of such pleasant advice. Matilda and myself took the little six years' old Alexis between us, and proceeded merrily down the hill, away across the meadow, to the beautiful natural grove on whose borders we always delighted to seek for May flowers. We had no fear in venturing thus far, for I was already eleven years old, and my sister Matilda only one year younger than myself. My mother, moreover, was quite willing that we should play in the grove; for, with the aid of a large spy-glass placed in the hall, she could from time to time observe our movements, and thus keep us, as it were, under her eyes.

"What is that? Be not alarmed, Alexis!" suddenly exclaimed Matilda, just as we were entering the grove. I had at the moment turned aside to gather some forget-me-nots to present to my mother on our return. Turning my head, I saw a tall white figure arise from the turf-bank which had been elevated for us near the grove, and begin to advance slowly towards us. It was a woman, rather old, as I then thought, at least as old as my mother, whose two-and-thirtieth birthday we were next to celebrate. She did not appear to be exactly a lady, neither could she be a peasant, and was altogether so strangely dressed in white, that I could hardly tell what to make of her. Her face was as white as her dress, her large dark blue eyes smiled sadly upon us, and altogether she wore a mingled expression of sorrow and kindness. All that our old nurse had ever told me of elves and

fairies passed in a moment through my mind; and with Matilda it was not much better, as I learned by a few words she whispered to me over the shoulder of Alexis. I made, however, an effort to bear myself in a manner worthy of my position as the eldest of our party. "Nonsense!" I answered, "you know it is a long time since there have been any fairies; and even if there were any now, it would still be much better to meet them boldly and kindly than to appear afraid of them." Upon which I bravely, though with some trepidation, advanced toward the singular being who, when near, appeared far less fearful, and much handsomer, than at a distance. I gave her my hand, begged of her to sit down again, seated myself beside her, and motioned my sister to do the same.

The stranger glanced somewhat timidly at us, but spoke no word. She turned her face sideways, towards a brook that flowed near us, and followed it with her eyes to where it disappeared between two hills. Then, looking toward the heavens, she greeted with a smile the little rose-and-violet-colored summer clouds which, with golden fringes, gently followed the stream; she moved her lips, as if speaking to them, but I heard no sound. We children were at first very much intimidated by the singular deportment of the strange woman; but at length, as she seemed quiet and harmless, we gradually became accustomed to her manner, and began to amuse ourselves as usual by twining garlands of the yellow and white star-flowers which grew profusely in the grove. Before we were aware of it the woman was engaged in the same employment, and proved herself much more capable than ourselves, besides having the skill to find in our immediate vicinity much fairer flowers than any we had been able to collect. She also spoke to us occasionally, and her voice sounded soft and sweet as my mother's, when she used to sing to us under the lindens before our house door. She became constantly more and more gracious and communicative, and at last repeated little tales and histories, which we had never heard before,—of the flowers, and the brook, and the wild waterfall in the mountain, and of the clouds which float about in the heavens.

While she was speaking, it sometimes seemed as if they were all living beings, and again at last they became only flowers, and cloud, and brook and waterfall.

We listened so attentively to her singular yet beautiful narrations, that we never thought of the lateness of the hour, until we were reminded of it by the full moon, hanging directly over the stream. "We must go, we must go," I hastily cried; "mother will be very anxious about us." And now little Alexis began to weep, complained that he was tired and cold, and insisted on being carried home. But I could not venture to carry him, as mother had often forbade it. I became greatly embarrassed, and knew not what to do, until at length the strange woman took the boy in her arms. "Come, my dear child," said she, "thou art yet young, and must not be confided to feeble arms; the time full soon will come, when thou wilt have to make thy own path over pebble, rock, and mountain stream."

We were much alarmed at her speech and manner, and kept fast hold of her garments, one on either side, while she rapidly proceeded across the meadow with little Alexis. "The fox is bathing himself, as the people say," observed she, referring to a thick mist consequent upon the great heat of the departing day. "The people say so, but do not believe it, children: I know who there spreads out her fine veil to bleach in the moonbeams; I know her well, but I must not name her." With these words she increased her pace, and we soon reached the little lattice gate at the foot of the hill of which our house crowned the crest. She carefully placed Alexis upon the ground. "Farther I may not go," said she, "not to the splendid house: in the dark wood, where night prevails and the owl cries, there is my place, with the wild woodbird. You, however, will greet the red light. May God guard you." She turned and disappeared in the twilight.

Mother descended the hill to meet us; and with her came the aged Bridget, my mother's old nurse, who had taken care of her when she was yet a child, and who now remained, summer and winter, at our country residence. "You have remained long out, dear children," said she, "do not

so again. We should have become alarmed about you had I not, through the spy-glass, seen you quietly sitting on the turf-seat. Who was the woman that sat with you, and afterwards bore Alexis in her arms?"

"We do not know her name," I quickly answered, "but she is good and kind, has played with us, told us pretty tales, and wove us splendid garlands,—only see, how beautiful!"

"It must have been the sister of the new gamekeeper who came since Easter to reside there in the wood," observed Bridget: "she sits every evening until sunset upon that turf-seat. I know nothing more about her, for the gamekeeper's family come not much out of the wood, and people like us have not time to trouble ourselves about others; but she must have come from some far distant place, for she wears a singular dress, such as is never seen hereabouts. They seem, however, to be respectable people, and even this sister sits the whole day long at her bone-lace weaving cushion, as I hear. The lace she weaves is unequalled for beauty. And it must be good for such an industrious person to take the air a little, after having labored all day."

My father came on the following day, and brought with him a large number of invited guests. In those times they used to continue the celebration of Whitsuntide three days, during which all the guests remained with us, and we had to remain up stairs with the children whom many of them brought with them. During all this time we had no opportunity to visit our favorite grove; but, taking a look at it through the spy-glass one evening, I plainly discovered our unknown friend, sitting in the accustomed place, and I could not help thinking that she looked around her with a sad inquiring eye, as if in hope that we would come.

At length the guests departed, and we hastened to the grove as soon as evening came, congratulating ourselves in advance upon the beautiful garlands we should obtain, and the new stories we hoped to hear. But the seat was vacant; and we waited long in vain, not only on this but also on many following evenings: the strange woman was not to be seen. Next followed several rainy days, during which we

were not permitted to cross the damp meadow; then came Sunday again, on which day we must keep at home; at length we established a new play ground near the house, and almost forgot the grove and our stranger friend.

One afternoon, however, while the sun was yet tolerably high in the heavens, I happened to direct the glass towards the grove, and there to my great surprise and joy sat the stranger, in the old place. I instantly communicated the welcome intelligence to Matilda, and at once we hastened down the hill and over the meadow to the grove. Even Alexis we again took with us, for he promised to behave well, this time, and not make trouble as he did before.

We made all the haste we could, for we feared the woman might not stop long at that early hour; but it seemed that she thought not of going away; she was very pale, and so feeble that she could not rise from her seat to meet us; she indicated her pleasure at our coming, however, by a friendly salutation long before we reached her.

"I cannot gather flowers for you to-day, dear children," said she, "I am very weary, and have a long way before me—long! long!" She said this with a heavenly smile, but yet it sounded so sadly that we could not help weeping. We fell upon her neck and begged of her not to go away; we promised to come to the place of meeting every evening, to twine garlands, listen to her stories, and love her dearly.

"Love me!" she repeated, shaking her head with a melancholy smile. "Yes, that is it! therefore must I forth to my beautiful, high, golden house, which is far more light and lofty than yours. There poor Margaret will no longer remain in the dark shade, and there also will she be loved." While thus speaking she looked with her wonder-clear, radiant eyes, steadfastly towards the heavens, and at the conclusion became suddenly motionless, as if she had suddenly forgotten that we were there. Our anxiety and sympathy were excited to a degree which it is impossible to express. "We will bring the flowers to you, for we now know where they grow," I said at length, soothingly, "and you can weave them to-day, and tell us stories also, can you not?"

"Bring flowers, bring flowers, before they wither—it is time! go, go, bring flowers for the garland," said she, with unusual vehemence.

Running to the wood, we soon returned to her with an abundance of the fairest flowers. I, especially, had found some in a hitherto undiscovered recess, that were wholly unknown to me,—small delicate tufts with white, yellow, and slightly red flowerets, of which I brought my straw hat quite full.

"Thou hast plucked beautiful flowers, my child," said she, affectionately, "they never wither, they never change, they are the flowers of eternal truth. Give them to me for a wreath—I want such a wreath—and while I am twining it I will tell you the beautiful history of the Woodbird."

I gave her all the flowers, which, as I afterwards learned, are called *Immortals*, and then, seating ourselves by her, we prepared to listen to the tale of the Woodbird.

"In a deep-shaded wood lay many solitary huts," she began,—“poor people, colliers, wood-cutters, &c., dwelt in the dark green forest, scattered abroad in the neighborhood of poor Margaret's house. They were honest people, and lived happily in their peaceful poverty. Ah, it was a happy, blessed life, that we led in the dark green wood! Never shall we see the like again!

"Abroad, however, just beyond the skirts of the wood, stood a tall, spacious mansion, with an hundred windows which glowed as brilliantly as the sun itself, when the latter sank in the west. And when night came in her starry mantle, then from those windows the light of an hundred lamps shone far away over the land, piercing through the green branches even to our humble dwellings. The father of the wonderfully beautiful boy lived in the tall mansion, in pride and luxury, for he was great and powerful.

"The old people in the forest would shake their heads, from time to time, when the graceful boy so wildly and daringly leaped the ravines and mountain streams, or recklessly followed the chamois from rock to rock; but we younger ones took great pleasure in witnessing his daring activity, and as far as possible followed all his movements,—and above all, poor Margaret.

How often did the first ray of morning light find her waiting for him!—he, however, was always anywhere but where he was most expected. Oft when at eve he seemed to have vanished, when no anxious cry could reach him, no eye discover him, would poor Margaret weep herself almost blind, for fear that he had fallen from the rocks into some one of the fathomless ravines. But when the dawn again awakened the birds in the forest, then would she discover the beautiful boy sitting on the highest branches of the beech trees, or rocking himself in the tops of the loftiest pines, singing in emulation of the morning carols of the woodbirds. We children named him, therefore, the Woodbird, a name which he long bore, and in which he seemed to take great pleasure. Surely the name was appropriate; he had wings like a bird, although we could not see them,—or rather like the angels, who have wings, it is said.

"His figure was delicate as a dream, his eye was a clear star, and all his movements were pleasant and graceful. His imploring word penetrated softly yet powerfully to the heart,—and oh, yet more powerfully when his lips were closed, and his eye only spoke; then the true life in him seemed to burst forth,—then was he, wordless, more eloquent than others could be with a thousand tongues. Once, when he was sitting by poor Margaret in a quiet wood, she ventured to beg of him not to wander so far and so wildly, endangering a life that was not his alone, but hers also. But he told her of the terrific waterfall in the deep valley of cleft rocks, of its gigantic human head covered with floating snow-white curls, and how he loved this waterfall, and how in its vicinity always a name was ringing in his ears, which he could not understand, and how he was then irresistibly impelled to ascend higher and higher among the rocks, that he might avoid hearing the name, which, however, never ceased to follow him; and allure him over the blue waters of the lake, across the hills, to the borders of the forest which the sun loves so well,—and around which he hangs his royal purple mantle in the cool autumnal months,—further, always further, without rest.

"Years passed,—we grew older.

No more did he scale the high rocks, or ascend the tall trees;—he was more quiet, but also more friendly towards all.

“From afar would poor Margaret often see the dear form lose itself among the dark shadows, and, following, she would find him sitting by the mountain stream, whispering to its waves, speaking to the evening breeze, awakening echoes. When, at night, he wandered through the forest, a beautiful star moved by his side. Yet poor Margaret never dared approach when the dazzling light was with him. Once she begged, with tears, that he would tell her the name of that beautiful light;—she felt that she must know it, or her heart would break. ALMA, he whispered with a smile. A cold misty veil spread itself over Margaret’s eyes, and when it rolled, away he had disappeared.

“On her way home she saw him at a distance, sitting in the grass on the borders of the blue lake: he was listening to the little golden bees, and laughing with the dragon-flies that swarmed around, bringing him news of his star, of his Alma.”

Here the speaker suddenly broke off her narrative, and became still and earnest. The sun sank deeper, lighting only the little hill on which we sat;—the countless yellow star-flowers, strewn among the grass, began to stir with the evening breeze, gently waving back and forth on their almost invisibly fine stems, as if they had become living beings, and were joyfully dancing in the evening sunbeams.

“See you that? See you that?” again began the stranger,—“the lights are kindled, the festival begins, the elves are coming. Thus was it wont to be. The boy had, even at the time when we used to call him the wood-bird, fallen into the elf kingdom. For, mark it well, children, only the fleeting is beautiful. To the soldier, life blooms much fairer from the fact that he daily puts it at risk, daily takes leave of it. The rose is fairer, because we know that the west wind will soon scatter its delicate leaves in every direction. The rainbow, stretching down to the blooming earth, gives joy to the angels, because its lightly suspended arch endures only for a moment, and then, with all its brilliant colors, disappears. And echo loves the sound, be-

cause it can scarcely be repeated before it dies away. Therefore, also, do the elves love the children of men, because their short lives, in the view of immortal spirits, pass like the flight of a butterfly in the immeasurable blue of the heavens. And the boy yielded with gladness to the fairy’s love, forgetting all else that he had ever loved on earth as if he had never been.

“Alma was the daughter of the first vernal sunbeam;—the elf king was her grandfather, but her mother was a mortal, of humble condition like poor Margaret. Therefore did the fair child of the sun love poor weak mortals, and often came down into the dusky vallies with her father and helped him kiss the flowers awake. On one of these occasions she found the beautiful boy, whom we called the woodbird, asleep in the grass; and, mistaking him for a flower, awoke his heart with a kiss. And for this reason, long before she became visible to him, mingled her name, which then he knew not to pronounce, in all his dreams,—continually calling to him and alluring him from rock to rock, from waterfall to waterfall, through the dark green forest; and thus was he compelled always to seek what was to him as yet unknown. Fear of her severe grandfather deterred Alma from making himself visible to the dear boy, as yet. But she often concealed herself between the tiny waves, her playfellows, which danced upon the lake; sometimes she would hide in the deep calyx of the lily, or between the wings of a passing butterfly. She commanded all her servants to keep him in view, and all the messengers of spring brought her news of him. The buzzing bee, the slender dragon-fly, the little birds of the forest, all buzzed and whispered and sang her name to him; the May-flower repeated it in the vale, the auricula, the primrose, the star-flower, greeted him with rays from her eyes. Long before he saw, he knew her, and followed her footsteps with unextinguishable love. So grew the boy among his poor and humble playmates in the forest, until he became a tall youth,—yet continuing kind and gentle to all, even to poor Margaret.

“He was at length fully grown, and roamed about at pleasure; but the waves were silent, the air was hushed,

the bees had nothing more to say to him, and the singing of the forest birds was no longer understood. His heart was unspeakably sad, and he felt as if it would break with longing, when, suddenly, the long-sought form stood before him in the soft moonlight. He had never seen her; his heart, which had whispered her name to him, he did not understand, and he therefore asked her by what name he should call her. 'I am called Alma,' said the fair child of the sunbeam; and now he recognized the name and the sweet voice which, his whole life through, had led him over valley and mountain. He now knew that it was of Alma that wave and breeze, flower and bird, bee and butterfly, had always been whispering to him. When Alma's voice had resounded in his heart, it had taught him to understand the voice of nature, which also loved him because the daughter of the sunbeam was his friend; which for her sake had always held him fast enclosed in her arms, that he might suffer no injury in his boyish adventures,—that his steps might be guided with safety when he followed from rock to rock the dangerous leaps of the timid fawn. Nature gave him power over the wild beasts of the forests, over the tall oaks, over the waves of the lake, and also, alas, over the heart of poor Margaret.

"Alma now came and went without interruption, and his heart was always with her. When she tripped over the green grass by his side, the golden star-flowers on either hand would nod their little heads to her by way of greeting. He called her his forest star, and was happy. Every evening she wandered by his side through the vaulted halls of the green forest; when night wrapped her dark mantle around both dear forms, then shone Alma's yellow straw hat like a bright meteor through the darkness, surrounding her with a halo of light wherever she went. Poor Margaret saw this every night, from the little window of her chamber, in which she no longer sought for sleep. But she wept no more, the beauteous pair were so happy; and though her heart sometimes stood still, as if it were too weary to beat any longer, of what consequence was that?"

"The vernal season had now passed away, and Alma must follow her

stern grandfather to his distant and vaporous realm; but on the last and fairest day of that lovely season she contrived to escape from him, and was concealed, by her beloved, in a cave of the dark forest.

"Resigning all her fairy power, Alma became, and loved, like a mortal maiden,—for love is the mightiest of magicians, conquering all others, and Alma's heart was his throne. Ah, those were happy days,—beauteous, golden days,—that they then passed together! Poor Margaret often thought that her heart must break for joy, the loving couple were so happy!

"Summer followed, and autumn drew on apace. The waning power of the sunbeams warned the happy pair that they would soon be obscured by the rain-cloud, as love by sorrow; but they heeded it not. Ever more seldom, ever more dimly, ever later, returned the golden rays, and ever for a shorter time. The lovers noticed it not, nor did they see the constantly increasing intenseness of the mist. At length the forest became boisterous, the sturdy oaks crashed, the tops of the tall pines bowed themselves to the ground, the primeval beeches shivered in all their branches, the earth trembled, and the mighty king came in his dark cloud-car drawn by eight white steeds. The rocks heaved to their hoof-strokes, and, far and wide, the whole land was covered with the white flakes shaken from their feet;—the lovers must part.

"'Part!' commanded the angry king. He hated the youth who had won from him his grand-daughter, but he loved his own race, and would willingly have recovered and pardoned the fair child of the sunbeam. 'Leave him!' commanded he, 'and follow me to my distant realms. Obey me, or remain for ever excluded from my wide domains, to wander poor and miserable, like other mortals, upon the dusky earth;—to lose all resemblance to thy undying race;—to give up thy eternal youth, thy companions, thy friends;—for none of all these will follow thee into the desolate waste to which thou wilt be banished, and only one fleeting spring wilt thou be permitted to live through.'

"'And he?' asked Alma, with a sigh.

"'He dies with thee!' answered the austere judge.

“And if I leave him, and go with you?” asked the trembling daughter of the sunbeam.

“Ask not!” resounded from above.

“Wo, ah, wo is me!” sighed Alma. ‘Our destiny is decided. What could the earth give to requite him for the loss of me? So break, then, thou last band that has bound me to the realms of higher beings,—I go with thee, beloved, a mortal woman. Let my doom be pronounced. Thou, ever beloved, shalt die no painful death; my kiss awoke thee to a higher life, my kiss shall lull thee to that sleep from which there will be no awaking on earth.’

“Fearfully rolled the thunder, black clouds obscured the sun, a howling storm announced to the lovers from afar the anger of the hastening king. But, once more, in unspeakable loveliness descended the spring again upon earth. When the first sunbeam announced its coming, Alma kissed her beloved, and a gentle blissful sadness filled her heart.

“Then wept poor Margaret, but not alone,—tears glistened in the eyes of every flower.

“With the violets and the lily-bells, withered the life of the loving pair, as the vernal season approached its close. With its last day were they to cease to be.

“But no, no! they did not die!” cried Margaret in an elevated voice, rising with great vivacity from her seat: “no, they did not die; they are not with the dead! The people tried to make poor Margaret believe so, because they were no longer seen walking in the forest, after the storm. But Alma’s pure love-offering appeased the air-spirit; her relatives, the sunbeams, interceded for the affectionate pair. Down through the storm they sent their cloud messenger, who, wrapping the lovers in his broad gold-bordered mantle, bore them upward to the realms of eternal light. Nobody will believe poor Margaret, but she often sees them there above, peacefully floating in the ample folds of her beautiful veil, with the golden borders. When evening comes, and the sun takes leave of earth, they follow the undying light. Even now, see you not?—there, in the west, beyond the forest, see you not Alma’s gold and purple veil waving on high? See, there! there!”

Exhausted by her emotions, she

sank back upon her turf seat, but still continued pointing with her dazzlingly white trembling hand towards a little golden summer cloud which was floating just above the western horizon. At length her eyes closed as if in sleep, and we remained standing around her, in great embarrassment, not knowing what to do.

“Dear sister, dear Margaret!” spoke a manly voice near us; and immediately a tall, good-looking person, in a hunting dress, emerged from the forest and approached us. “Poor, dear sister!” he continued, carefully endeavoring to raise the sufferer, “we ought not to let you have your own way, to wander abroad, to come here;—but who can withstand your entreaties?—I cannot. Come, dearest Margaret, come into the house before the dew falls.”

Margaret slowly opened her eyes, and, with a look of tenderness and gratitude towards her brother, she sought the assistance of his friendly arm to rise; but her strength was gone, her knees smote together, and she sank again on the turf seat. “Poor, poor sister!” sighed the forester, and then remained some time lost in thought.

“My dear young ladies,” said he at length, “remain a short time with my sister, I beg of you. My house lies but a few hundred steps from here, in the wood; I will hasten for assistance, and be back again in a few moments.” He instantly disappeared among the bushes, while we remained standing with folded hands near the poor invalid. Pale, but beautiful as an angel, lay she there, her beaming eyes raised to the little clouds which, with increased brilliancy, still continued floating in the heavens. We were strangely affected with a feeling of mingled joy, sadness, and awe.

The forester now returned with two of his people, bearing a convenient, large arm-chair, into which poor Margaret was carefully raised and borne away.

Her eyes continued fixed upon the clouds; the wreath of immortals, which she had twined, was firmly clasped in her hand; but, just as she was borne into the wood, she gave us a parting look, smiled sweetly upon us, and waved the wreath as if in token of farewell.

Sad and silent returned we towards

the house. Mother and Bridget again came to meet us at the foot of the hill. Our unusual seriousness attracted attention, and my mother inquired if anything of an unpleasant nature had occurred. I answered that poor Margaret, with whom we had been sitting, and who had related to us a most beautiful story, had been suddenly taken so ill that she was obliged to be carried home.

"I have been long thinking of suggesting to your ladyship whether it would not be better to forbid the young ladies associating so much with Miss Margaret," said Bridget. "I have taken pains to inform myself respecting the gamekeeper's people. They are honest, gentle, and mannerly—that cannot be denied; perhaps they are a little too genteel for their condition,—they read much in books, yet that is too much the way of all the world now-a-days. But this Miss Margaret is not only sickly, the poor woman is not exactly in her right mind: that is the opinion of all who know her. She often speaks incomprehensibly, and she dresses so strangely that it may be seen at once that she is crazy. She may always have been as gentle and inoffensive as a lamb; but I always say that such poor disturbed beings are not to be trusted. Who can tell beforehand what she may do when suffering under an access of delirium?"

"Bridget, how can you talk so like the most stupid of the people?" cried I, with anger. "They who express such opinions either do not know Margaret, or are not themselves in their right minds. Certainly neither of them, nor even you, Bridget, could have told so beautiful a story as Margaret did to us this evening. She is very ill; that, alas, is too true—but not crazy. So soon as we are in the house, I will repeat to my mother the story which I have this night heard from poor Margaret, and she may judge for herself: it is all fresh in my memory."

My proposal was accepted, and as soon as we had, according to our usual custom, arranged ourselves around our mother's chair, I addressed myself to the fulfilment of my promise. My memory, which in my youth was somewhat remarkable, rendered me most excellent service on this occasion: not the most trifling circumstance was forgotten, and I succeeded in repeating,

almost word for word, and wholly in Margaret's manner, what I had received from her lips. My mother listened with great attention, and more than once I thought I saw tear-drops in her dear eyes. Bridget, who sat knitting in a corner, listened for a while, and then began to nod; Matilda, also, and Alexis, became sleepy, and were carried to bed; so that my mother and myself remained alone with the sleeping Bridget.

As I proceeded with the narration, my mother's tears increased to such a degree that they could no longer be concealed. This disturbed me so much that I would have discontinued the recital, but she would not suffer it. She insisted on my continuing, until I came to the place where the cloud-messenger bore the lovely pair up to heaven in his broad mantle. "No more, no more!" now cried my mother, "it is enough, Francesca; stop, my child." Pressing me to her bosom, she wept long and bitterly.

"You have narrated well, my daughter," said she at length, wiping her eyes, "nor need you be alarmed because the tale has made me weep; it has awakened in me remembrances of times and occurrences long since past, of which you yet know nothing, but of which it is now time you were informed. Margaret, however, we must visit early in the morning, for I have great reason to hope I shall find in her one of the friends of my youth. Bridget, do you remember Huber, the old gamekeeper at Lichtenhaus, and his two children, Anton and Margaret?"

Bridget, thus aroused from her slumber, picked up her knitting-work which had fallen from her lap, and after some reflection, came to the conclusion that the young gamekeeper and his sister Margaret could be no other than the children of the old gamekeeper at Lichtenhaus.

"How forgetful people do grow in their old age, to be sure," said she. "Who would have supposed that I, who was reared in the old Castle of Lichtenhaus from the day of my baptism, could have forgotten old Huber, or that I should not immediately have recognized his son Anton? Ah, my young lady Francesca, you should have seen the noble lord your grandfather's castle. That was a sight worth seeing. It stood upon the brow of the

mountain, and its windows commanded the finest views in the country for miles around. Below, from the foot of the mountain, stretched a noble and extensive forest, in which was a small hamlet, where Huber dwelt. Hundreds of times have I run down the rocky steep, to ask the gamekeeper's people for intelligence of young Theodore, when he remained out in the forest late at night. Ah, how much anxiety did he cause me in those days! He was truly a wild boy, but heavenly good and kind, and fair as an angel: and then to be taken from us so soon! But I will say no more about him, it grieves my lady."

"Heavenly good and kind, and fair as an angel," repeated my mother; "yes, so was he, so was my dear brother. Nor must you think, good Bridget, that I am unwilling to hear you speak of him. I often think of him when all is still, and would not forget him if I could. I have sufficient cause to honor his memory, and for that reason will I lose no time in visiting poor Margaret; I will receive her as a sister, for dearly did she love my brother, as he, also, did her. I will do all in my power to soothe and heal her poor wounded heart, and, with God's help, to restore her wandering mind. I should long since have sought her out, had it been possible to ascertain the place of her retreat. But she is now found, and I rejoice at it from the bottom of my heart. Good night, my dear Francesca, early in the morning will we both go on our errand of love to poor Margaret."

The sun had hardly risen when I awoke my mother, on the following day. As, arm in arm, we passed down the hill, she began to communicate to me the history of my uncle Theodore, which, she said, would teach me to distinguish the real from the imaginative world, although both were more nearly related than was generally supposed.

"My father's castle, Lichtenhaus," said she, "where I was born, and where the good Bridget bore me in her arms from the first day of my existence, was very much as Bridget last evening described it to you,—and Margaret, in her story, which in many respects is no fable, when she spoke of the tall house with many windows, in which the boy dwelt, could have al-

luded to none other than our castle. My brother was a year younger than myself, and of the same age with Margaret, the forester's daughter; her brother Anton, however, was six or seven years older, and was therefore less intimate with Theodore. Our father had early destined my brother to the huntsman's life, for he was himself passionately devoted to the chase and thoroughly experienced in the affairs of the forest; he moreover considered the fresh free life in the green wood, as the happiest on earth. For this reason he never left the country, as was customary with others of his rank, during any part of the year; we dwelt in winter, as in summer, at Lichtenhaus castle. My brother passed the greater part of his childhood in freely rambling about the woods, by which means the naturally delicate boy became strong and vigorous, and acquired such command and use of his limbs as was necessary for his intended profession. All times of day were alike to him, morning and evening, day and night. My father never evinced the least anxiety when he came home late, nor even when he remained out all night: he knew that all the people, far and near, loved his son, and watched to preserve him from harm. But more especially were all the children of the poor little forest hamlet attached to him, and always accompanied him in his ramblings. The gamekeeper's daughter, Margaret, followed him, in all his excursions, like his shadow, even in cases where the boldest of the boys dared not to follow, and was his favorite among them all. She was a beautiful, but singular child, and quite early distinguished herself by a certain sincerity and earnestness of character. Her judicious and intelligent father cultivated her remarkable intellectual faculties to a grade of improvement seldom met with in people of their condition; and Theodore, with proper deductions for her marvelous coloring, was very correctly described by Margaret. And I now remember that the children of the forest hamlet were in the habit of calling him the Woodbird, from his fondness for carolling forth his favorite songs from the tops of the tallest trees.

"As he became older, his way of life, indeed, took a more serious turn; he was provided with teachers, and

confined to study; he could no longer spend the whole day in wandering through the forest, as had been his wont. Margaret continued to be his favorite, but she also grew apace, and became a young maiden of singular, I may say, of affecting beauty; her whole being bore the impress of a pensive dreaminess, which imparted a deep and sad interest to her appearance,—but all her former cheerfulness and gaiety had disappeared.

“I was now eighteen years of age, was married, and removed with your father to this, to me, wholly unknown part of the country, far from my dear relatives. I heard from them but seldom; Theodore, indeed, wrote to me from time to time,—yet much in his letters seemed singularly obscure, as if some heavy and unaccountable secret weighed upon his heart. This continued a couple of years, and at length I became extremely anxious to obtain some more satisfactory information. An indescribable desire to see my relations, an inexplicable home-sickness, seized me, and threatened the prostration of my health. Under these circumstances, your good father thought it advisable to convey me to Lichtenhaus, that I might become convinced by personal observations, that all was well with my dear friends. The pleasant season was well nigh over, and winter was approaching with rapid strides,—but the disquiet of my heart would not allow me to await the coming of another spring. As soon as my husband’s permission was obtained, I instantly set out, totally unmindful of storm or cold.

“As might, perhaps, have been expected, I was overtaken by a storm of unusual severity, the day before my arrival at Lichtenhaus. The sturdiest trees were uprooted by its violence—it snowed and rained at the same moment—whilst the interlacing streams of lightning, which rent the heavy clouds, seemed to threaten the destruction of all created things. I was impressed with a deep conviction of approaching evil, of which I deemed this proar of the elements an omen. How throbbled my foreboding heart when I entered the castle! Yet how different did I find everything there, from what my excited imagination had anticipated!

“My father met me with an appear-

ance of unusual health and cheerfulness, Theodore’s countenance beamed with heartfelt happiness, my sisters pressed around me with shouts of joy. In this loved circle of well remembered faces I also discovered another, which was to me unknown; a being of such unearthly fairness, a form so winningly delicate, a face with such an expression of heavenly purity and goodness, had never before met my gaze. Theodore led her to me, laid her to my heart, and, begging of me to receive her as a sister, named her his Amelia, his betrothed bride. I was almost overwhelmed with the happiness which pressed in upon me from every side.

“I had never before seen my brother’s bride; she belonged to a family with which we had no intercourse, although their castle lay in a beautiful vale only two hours’ ride from ours. Amelia’s mother had received it as a present from the Crown Prince at the time of his marriage. Amelia was the daughter of the Prince, and much evil was spoken of her mother’s manner of life, so that all reputable people scrupulously avoided visiting at her house.

“The daughter, who possessed a noble nature, suffered sadly for her mother’s errors. She grieved that she could not honor her with that filial respect which a child’s heart so willingly pays. As she grew up, she found herself compelled to withdraw from the society which usually frequented her mother’s house, and at length took refuge in a distant wing of the building, where she lived in the deepest solitude. Sad and solitary walks in the adjacent forest, were her daily and only recreation. There had she and Theodore encountered each other, and from that time hardly a day passed in which they did not meet. No one knew the secret of these meetings but poor Margaret, and she kept it sacredly confined to her own breast; yet what her feelings were, can be known only to God, who counted her tears.

“My poor brother was not answerable for those tears. Entertaining for her, from first to last, the purest and tenderest fraternal regard, he never suspected the nature of her feelings towards him. But it was a very different love that he entertained for his Amelia—he loved her as his eyes, as

his life, as his hopes of heaven,—as poor Margaret loved him.

“The life led by Amelia’s mother had become so dissolute that the pure-minded daughter could endure it no longer. She not only suffered daily taunts and reproaches, but she also found herself beset with dangers of which your innocence, Francesca, incapacitates you from forming an idea. On one occasion Theodore found her in tears, and almost in despair. She informed him that she had determined to escape and flee as far as her limbs would bear her, and that she would sooner die than return to that abode of vice, in which there was no longer any safety for her. Theodore at once lifted her upon his horse, and conveyed her by circuitous routes, unseen by any eye, directly to his father’s house. The castle was spacious, and contained several suites of unoccupied rooms. In one of these could Theodore have easily kept her concealed for weeks and even for months; no one of the servants, whose assistance he might have needed, would have betrayed him to my father,—attached to him as they were by unlimited affection. And such was his first intention; he wanted to gain time that he might gradually make his father acquainted with his position in regard to Amelia, and obtain his approbation of his love. But Amelia rejected this plan. She had the strongest repugnance to all clandestine proceedings, and had already suffered enough in her mind, from being compelled by her unhappy situation to see my brother only in secret. She therefore insisted on being conducted immediately to my father, that she might implore his protection. My father was angry at first;—he said the step she had taken was inconsiderate and improper; but her touching beauty, her charming ingenuousness, her humble but earnest entreaties that he would not cast her off, disarmed him. He promised her his protection, gave her in charge to my aunt, who from the time of my mother’s early death had acted a mother’s part by myself and sisters, and took prompt measures to obtain information of Amelia’s mother and her way of life. What he learned respecting her, soon convinced him that Amelia had but too much reason for seeking refuge and safety, and he hastened to inform the Crown Prince, with

whom he was well acquainted, of all the circumstances in the case, and to ask directions to guide him in his future course with regard to her.

“Amelia’s princely father, occupied by other connexions and pursuits, had almost entirely forgotten the existence of his former mistress and his daughter; he was now first, for a long time, reminded of the latter, and in a way that excited a lively interest. He immediately ordered a great hunt in the forest of which my father was the royal keeper, and made that a pretence, under color of which he might visit Lichtenhaus, and become acquainted with a daughter whom he had scarcely ever seen. Amid the storm which had overtaken me on my way, and which was indeed of far more horrible portent than I could have anticipated, came the prince to Lichtenhaus. What farther shall I say, my daughter? Theodore’s pure and warm attachment, the meek resignation with which Amelia submitted the decision of her future destiny to the paternal will, prevailed over the many considerations which at first rendered both fathers adverse to their union. Theodore and Amelia were solemnly betrothed, measures were taken to place Amelia beyond the reach of her incensed mother’s pursuit, and the Crown Prince, followed by his children’s blessings, had left the house a few hours before my arrival.

“Blessed, blissful times followed now. Oh God, how unspeakably happy were we all! How free were our contented, joyful hearts, from any presentiment of impending evil!

“My brother’s marriage was appointed for St. John’s Day, on which he would complete his one-and-twentieth year. My husband gave me permission to remain with my beloved friends until that time, that I might be present at its celebration,—and at length the long-desired day arrived. In conformity with an old family usage the nuptial ceremony was to take place at midnight. Tents were erected in a large open space in the forest for the accommodation of ourselves and friends, when it was intended to hold a festival in honor of the joyful event. The sun was intensely hot, the air was sultry, and the bridal pair walked forth to enjoy the cool shade of the trees, leaving their assem-

bled friends in the tents. Suddenly a storm, which had long threatened in the distance, was by a change of wind brought directly over our heads. The rain poured; flash upon flash, peal on peal, followed. All at once the world seemed to become one entire sheet of flame, which almost paralyzed the trembling guests with terror. Then all was still, quite still. "The woods are on fire!" cried one of the huntsmen. The men, rushing out of the tents, immediately discovered that the lightning had struck one of the oldest and tallest oaks of the forest—alas, and more yet, far more than the noble tree! The young and beautiful bridal pair lay arm in arm at its foot. They had been stricken down in the brightest bloom of their happiness, and God had taken them to himself."

My mother said no more; she endeavored to dry the tears which had been slowly rolling down her cheeks, and silently continued her walk a few steps in advance of me. I clearly saw her efforts to suppress the painful recollections that were rising in her mind, and should have refrained from disturbing her with any remark of my own, had it been in my power. But the truth is, that I could not have spoken a word had I attempted it; sadness and awe deprived me of the power of utterance. In this manner we continued until we reached the gamekeeper's dwelling, a neat little cottage with green blinds, surrounded and partly covered with grape-vines, roses, and honeysuckles.

The gamekeeper, who was sitting before the door, respectfully rose to welcome us on our approach. My mother scanned his features a moment, and then, advancing, gave him her hand.

"Anton Huber," said she, "do you no longer recollect Clara and Lichtenhaus?"

"O my God, yes!" cried Anton with much feeling, "you are she, noble lady, you are herself, gracious and kind as you always were. Immediately on hearing you named I thought you must be our formerly loved and honored Miss Clara. More than twenty times I was on the point of calling upon you, but it was not so to be. And now you come yourself!—and today, too!" he added, with a half-suppressed sigh.

My mother sat down upon the bench before the house, and motioned the gamekeeper to seat himself beside her. She begged him to tell her something of Margaret, of her mode of life, and present situation, before she went in to see her. "My children," said she, "have already made her acquaintance, and, probably from a hereditary feeling, have become much attached to her. I hear that she was ill yesterday, how is she to-day?"

"Well; very well!" answered the gamekeeper with earnestness. Then, after a short pause, he added: "Her history, since that dreadful day, may be comprised in few words. Your ladyship may, perhaps, remember that for some time previous to that event Margaret was very pale and thin, a mere shadow of her former self, and finally became unable to leave her chamber, but without complaining of any particular illness. People said that her disease was in her mind; what they meant I do not precisely know, but from that time there seemed to be a deeper sense in all she said and did; and I am certain that she always remained gentle and good, although she was more melancholy, and occasionally said things that all did not understand. But I always understood her.

"That she should have been entirely prostrated by that most terrible event is no wonder. It almost cost my poor old father his life; he was a long time in recovering from the dreadful shock. You yourself, lady, were rendered so ill that fears were entertained for your life; and when we considered the melancholy situation of every one at the castle, we could not, after all, but think ourselves fortunate. From these circumstances it was quite natural that no one should have time to think of poor Margaret, who, meanwhile, lay motionless and helpless on her bed, wavering between life and death. After some months she recovered so far as to be able to go about the house, to oversee her little affairs, and resume her favorite employment of lace-netting; but no prayer, no question, no remonstrance could win a word from her lips. Deep-drawn sighs and glances expressive of inward wretchedness, remained her only utterance, while the deathlike pallor which overspread her countenance when first she learned the terrible result, never departed from

her face. Never since that day have I seen the least trace of that blooming color which formerly tinged her cheeks.

"That I might remove my sister from a place where every stone, every tree, must awaken in her the most melancholy recollections, I sought a situation as gamekeeper in another district. It was obtained, and my good Margaret followed me with the same willingness she has invariably shown whenever I have made a request. In my new place of residence, I married, —and my kind-hearted wife, who deeply sympathized with poor Margaret, relieved her of all household cares. God blessed our union with two fine children to enliven our small domestic circle, and their attractions, together with a change of scene, operated so favorably upon my poor sister that she again began to speak and manifest some interest in passing events. It is true that what she said sounded for the most part somewhat strangely. People who did not know her intimately, often said that she was not in her right mind; but I could easily understand her conversation, which indeed was not so confused as it seemed to those who did not, like myself, know her heart and the circumstances of her sad history. She often talked with the birds of the forest, and yet oftener with inanimate things, with the flowers and the clouds. That, however, she had always done from her childhood; for all nature seemed to her to be endowed with life, and she was in the habit of watching the growth of each flower, talking to it and loving it as a confidential friend. But this could not be understood by only general observers. For the rest, she was generally tranquil and I may say cheerful; but when a storm arose she would become wild with uncontrollable anguish. On these occasions her conduct was liable to misconstruction. I was offered the situation of forester here, where I could live a more solitary life, and I accepted it for the purpose of withdrawing her from

curious eyes and unfeeling remarks. I thought also that a warmer climate and fairer scenes than those to which she had been accustomed, might benefit poor Margaret's health, which was visibly suffering. But I little dreamed that by this movement we were to be brought so near your ladyship's residence."

"Enough, good Anton, hasten to your sister and prepare her for an interview with me," begged my mother; "I am impatient to see her again, but it may not be well to take her by surprise. I will weep with her, console her; I will love and cherish her as a sister."

"Your ladyship is very good," answered the forester with emotion. "You can see her,—for that no preparation is now needed," he slowly and tremulously added. "But, dear lady, you can never console poor Margaret more,—God has already consoled her,—she died at midnight."

He opened the door, and my mother with silent steps followed him into the house.—There lay Margaret, upon her snow-white bed, clothed as I had always seen her, with folded hands and closed eyes, with a heavenly smile upon her face, and beautiful as never before. The wreath of immortals, which she had twined the preceding evening, adorned her brow.

I wept aloud, and would have thrown myself upon the lifeless form, but Anton restrained me.

"Disturb not the sacred rest of the dead," said he. My mother drew me to her side, we knelt down by the bed, Anton also sank upon his knee, and thus prayed for the departed.

My mother caused a simple cross of white marble to be erected upon the turf-bank, her favorite resort, to Margaret's memory. It stands there now; —I often sit there of a summer evening, observe the light clouds floating above the forest, and think of poor Margaret, of my dear pious mother, and of the many loved ones who have preceded me to the tomb.

THE FUTURE.

BY W. H. ALLEN BUTLER.

“ Παντας μὴν ῥέλλει, καὶ ἐπίσχεται ἑνὸς ἰκάστῳ.”—*ODYSSEY*.

OH Life! the lessons of thine endless truth
 Wake in each breath, in every look are taught,
 From thy calm lips—sage in eternal youth—
 Flows their deep meaning to our inmost thought.
 Mysterious Power! the spirit knows thy voice,
 And bends in stillness its high words to hear;
 Now—each low whisper murmureth “Rejoice,”
 Now—at thy bidding, starts the bitter tear;
 For not the being of this hour alone,
 In its quick throbbing through the eager heart,
 But every moment that the soul hath known,
 Or that shall be,—lies in thy hidden art.
 Now the low music of the solemn Past
 Calls up bright scenes of long-forgotten days,
 Now wakes Remembrance with its trumpet blast,
 Rousing dark phantoms to the shuddering gaze.
 As came Alceste from the unquiet tomb,
 So start these spectral shapes in Memory’s dreams,
 Clad in the vestments of our final doom,
 While, yet in death, the cold existence beams,
 As through the Parian stone the fitful torchlight gleams,
 Something of life—for they were once of Earth—
 But more of death—for they have slumbered long;
 That wasted cheek has lost its glow of mirth,
 And those pale lips, the melody of song.
 But yet “Thrice Welcome” shall their greeting be,
 And pure the answer of the silent kiss,
 As the dim forms of those we loved to see,
 Come in their grace from that far land of bliss
 Breathing the lessons of their purity.
 And when we see their fading forms no more,
 We miss their presence in the silent soul;
 We stand in grief upon the solemn shore,
 And gaze far out where Death’s dark billows roll;
 And on the stillness of that midnight air,
 O’er the wide sea, to where, in doubt, we stand,
 Floats the kind answer to our earnest prayer,
 Like softest music from the Spirit Land—
 Wakes in our souls the harmony of Life,
 Paints brighter pictures for the tearful eyes;
 Nerves with new strength to bear the present strife,
 And points our faith to where the FUTURE lies!

Yes—o’er this gloom of doubt, this night of grief,
 Breathes the calm spirit of a high relief;
 In fearful gladness turns the trusting eye,
 Down the dark pathway of our Destiny—
 Timid in sight, yet strong in faith it turns
 To where the Altar of the Future burns.
 Far through the shadows of the restless Night
 It sees the dawning of the promised light,
 Sees the fair shrine in cloud-wrapt beauty rise,
 From the deep ocean to the deeper skies.

From her high resting-place,—her sunshine home—
 See the bright Angel of the Future come,—
 Her lovely form, half dawning on the sight,
 Half veiled in shadows of the cloudy light,
 Moves in its stillness through the soul's dark deep,
 And wakes high thoughts from their inglorious sleep ;
 Wipes from the brow the dampness of despair,
 Tinges with life the pallor of the cheek ;
 From the shut eyes lifts the cold weight of care,
 And bids the lips with new-born rapture speak.
 As from the Ocean halls fair Thetis came,
 Goddess and Mother joined in fondest One,
 Bearing the armor, bright from Etna's flame,
 To gird the valor of her matchless son—
 So comes the Future through the world's harsh din,
 Her sandals covered with its envious dust,
 Through the dark night in beauty glideth in,
 And brings the armor of our deathless Trust !

Thus comes the Future—her soft step is heard,
 And Joy leaps up to catch her first bright word ;
 Through the long day how oft her presence breathes,
 High words of Hope, and kindest greeting showers ;
 With dallying fingers, now, she gently wreathes
 Fresh tinted chaplets for the rosy Hours ;
 Wakes her pure smile in Morning's earliest blush,
 Falls her warm whisper in the Noontide flush ;
 Her silver fires outwatch the Evening sun,
 And shine unclouded when the day is done ;
 But, most of all, when the calm Night comes up,
 Breaks o'er the heart the starlit beam of Hope ;
 Chaldean-like we search the million rays,
 And cast the horoscope of coming days ;
 So climbed Endymion that Carian height,
 Seeking for Truth, that he might learn to live ;
 So stooped to him the gentle Queen of Night,
 With better teachings than those stars could give.
 Oh when we strive to read that burning scroll,
 Ofttimes how bright its joyous lessons prove,
 Waking anew within the falt'ring soul,
 The earnest radiance of its quenchless Love !

And yet again the Future comes, in visions bright and high,
 When buried in the arms of Sleep, all tranquilly we lie ;
 Wrapped in their garments pure and white they pass the Ivory gate,
 Those gentle Dreams—so calm and still—dim messengers of Fate ;
 They chase the doubts that hover thick around the restless soul,
 And o'er the silent sands of sleep the waves of joy they roll.
 Come when thou wilt—Oh Future!—Come, for ever thou art blest,
 But most of all I pray thee, come, when lost in sleep I rest,
 For then no more my spirit feels the heavy hand of Night,
 And when I wake—though thou art fled, I wake to morning light.

Oh tell me not this world is dark, nor say
 That cheerless Night waits on the gloomy day—
 Cold hours there are—deep conflicts—bitter strife,
 The stern realities that sadden Life ;
 For Crime walks often through the crowded street,
 Hand linked in hand with Innocence and Hope ;
 While Want and Plenty—Mirth and Misery meet—
 And drink together of Life's mingled cup.

Ofttimes cold answers chill the rising prayer,
 High hopes how oft with cruel doubts have strove;
 Instead of joy we reap long days of care,
 And meet with scorn where most we looked for love.
 But though the Past be gloom—the Present fear,
 The Future yet shall wipe away the tear.
 Long lies the soul in darkness and in doubt,
 Bears heavily the day of deepening gloom;
 And in the night time sadly gazes out,
 And only wishes that the morn were come.
 Watch on, Oh Spirit, in the darkest night,
 With prayers of faith thy trembling hopes revive;
 From out the darkness comes a gleam of light
 Lit by the Future, and she bids thee live.
 What though the breakers round thee roar?
 She heareth well thy fainting cry;
 “Not far beyond this desert shore,
 The peaceful meadows lie”—
 What though the sea be wild and dark,
 Far through the gath'ring mist look up,
 And from thy tempest-beaten bark,
 Send forth the messenger of Hope.
 Alas! in clouds her way is lost,
 Still on the wave thy life is tost,
 The waters do not cease—
 Sent once again, on drooping wings
 Speeds her lone flight, but see, she brings
 The Olive branch of Peace—
Once more—and lo! in forests blest
 She finds with joy her happy rest,
 To thee no more shall come;
 But see the bow of promise there
 Floats a bright banner in the air,
 And smiles thy welcome home!

What though thy gloomy pathway lies,
 Through scenes of darkness and of fear;
 Though stern the rugged mountains rise,
 And cold the barren wastes appear?
 The Future shall thy hopes inspire;
 Her cloudlike presence through the day,
 And in the night, her beacon fire
 Shall chase the dangers of the way.

From the mild Past a cheering brightness comes,
 The glorious deeds of those who slumber now,
 Speaking in wisdom from their spirit homes,
 To us who linger in the world below;
 The works they did—the thrilling words they spoke,
 Death strove to hide, but all his power was vain;
 From the cold ground in giant might they broke,
 And walk in freshness on the Earth again.
 O'er our dark souls shall flash these holy rays—
 These upward gleamings from the grave's cold sod,
 And in our breasts light up the glowing blaze,
 In which we read the hidden things of God.
 These kindred flames, both blended into one,
 Seek their fit union with the world above,
 And point our faith up to the living throne,
 Whence flows the radiance of Eternal love.

Oh not alone we tread these paths of gloom,
 In trusting faith our brother's hand we clasp;
 Together journey to the silent tomb,
 More dark the way—more firm our friendly grasp;
 And *Truth*, that slumbers in the soul so still,
 Our search shall find, though long, in doubt, 'tis sought;
 Then with its crystal waters shall we fill
 The golden cup of Thought.
 Its sparkling drops with eager thirst we drink,
 They give new strength to bear the toil and strife;
 Deep in the soul the silver streams shall sink,
 And flow for ever—healthful springs of Life.

The journey in the wilderness,
 Is ended now, thy toil is o'er;
 Already do thy footsteps press,
 The threshold of the promised shore.
 Faith opens wide the golden gate,
 That bars thee from thy joyful fate,
 And from its dimness echoes out,
 To still the world's tumultuous din,
 The answer of the welcome shout,
 "*Io Triumphe! Enter in!*"

ORESTES.

"I AM THY SON!" were the fearful words thundered in the ear of Clytemnestra, as, pierced by Orestes' sword, she sank expiring to the ground. The chorus broke in with their cry of horror, and a sympathetic shudder ran through the audience in the Opera house.

The curtain fell, and the burst of applause was tremendous. Innumerable shouts summoned the successful composer, whose new work had just been performed for the first time, that he might receive in person the congratulations and applause of the spectators. But he did not appear; and after several repetitions of the call, the Impresario directed one of the actors to go on the stage and announce, that "il compositore" had already left the theatre. When this announcement had been delivered, with a multitude of obeisances, the house became quiet, and the audience broke up; each party, as they returned to their homes, occupied in discussing the merits of the new opera and exchanging conjectures as to the composer, of whom nothing more was known than that he was a very young man, and a stranger in the city.

"A fair good even, gentlemen!" cried Domenico Paravesi—a celebrated Italian restaurateur, whose house was the resort of all the wit and talent of the capital—to three young men just entering. "Well,—how has it fallen out? Grand applause, eh? Magnificent success—plenty of money—rings and wreaths, eh?"

"Not so fast—good Domenico!" interrupted the eldest of the three. "Our distinguished companion has indeed met with great success, nor has applause been wanting. But he is not likely to reap great store of gold, for he has just given orders to the Impresario, not to repeat the performance of his opera. So you must give us fat cheer on the credit of the fame and not the money."

Domenico lifted up his hands and eyes, at hearing of the strange resolution of the composer, but not venturing just then on remonstrance, busied himself preparing supper; and the three were presently seated at a well furnished table, crowned with the Italian's best Burgundy.

"If it be true, Florestan," said another of the three, "that good cheer may not always be commanded by ap-

plause merely, the appetite of the artist is thereby increased to do justice to it."

"It is what he never despises, be he misanthropic as he may; or as our friend Theodore," with a glance at the young composer. "Artists are men; and the best and most gifted of them thrive upon the nourishment of praise. It is the ambrosia without which the loftiest heights of Olympus were tiresome places! I have a right to know, for I am a poet, and as sensitive and praise-loving as any of them. Let our Theodore say what he will, the same inspiration belongs to him."

"An instinct, rather," replied Florestan, who was court physician; "and remarkable in all the inferior animals as well as man. It is universal nature, as well as human nature."

"True, philosopher," said Lothaire, "and Theodore, *malgré* his misanthropy, is not above being a man. But now, friend, let me ask you, how you liked my text?"

"How did you like the music?" answered Theodore, slightly coloring.

"That is a strange question, after its unprecedented success! For me, it has opened a new world, full of mysterious delight. With the delight, however, mingles something wild, gloomy, nay, terrible—I know not how to define it, which pervaded every fibre of my frame. Where did you get that?"

"From your brioche, I suppose," answered Theodore, indifferently.

"Nay," interrupted Florestan, "I must withstand you there! Lothaire's text was good sense, but it had nothing wild; that belongs wholly to you. I was sensible of it myself throughout the piece."

"And at the close," resumed Lothaire, "when Orestes cries to Clytemnestra, as she is dying——"

A sudden look from Theodore prevented his friend from completing his sentence, but more than a minute elapsed before he spoke. "You are right, it belongs to me; every artist has an ideal before him, which he strives to embody, sometimes vainly, in each work he produces. This ideal is with me; it has long haunted me; it appears in this opera, and will in my subsequent works, supposing I ever write any more."

"What a supposition!" exclaimed Florestan. "Could you stop now, at the very beginning of your career of

fame! Now, when your first work has brought you such triumphant meed!"

Theodore sighed, but did not reply.

"It were indeed a pity," observed Lothaire, "should you stop now, or turn back——"

"Turn back!" repeated Theodore, in a suddenly elevated voice, while his eyes flashed fire. "No! forward—forward! You are right, the way is open before me; perhaps another way than you dream of, but forward! I will never turn back!"

His two friends looked at one another, as if startled at this sudden outbreak. Theodore filled his glass, and held it up, inviting them to join him.

"You are in a strange humor this evening," said Lothaire, and Florestan took his hand to feel his pulse.

"I am not indisposed," said Theodore, with a forced smile. "Drink, I beseech you, and dismiss your grave thoughts."

"Ay, drink, and be merry!" echoed old Domenico. "Here I have stood by half an hour, and small pleasure has your discourse given me. Where is the jovial laugh—where are the gems of wit, with which my saloon is wont to sparkle? I expect a host of other guests presently, and look to you for their good ensample. *Corpo*, I see the cause of all! 'tis the heavy Burgundy! Champagne is the thing for you."

"Bring it along, then," cried Lothaire; and the sparkling beverage was soon placed on the table.

"I am always merry over a glass of Champagne!" exclaimed Lothaire, "for it fills my head and heart with pleasant images. Let us pledge beauty; Viva Angela, say I! She merits her name, for she is truly an angel. There is no imagination in all the verses I have composed in her praise."

"What Angela do you mean?" asked Theodore.

"Whom, but the daughter of the Baroness of Wellan?"

"The Baroness—the mistress of the Duke?"

"You must not speak so loud; those are high personages——"

"It is true, then?"

"It has been said, not openly, however, that there is a left-handed marriage. His Highness is very popular, but severe in what concerns his honor

before the people; and the Baroness is haughty and vindictive. No more of them; Angela is an angel, and to you, I will whisper it, not insensible to the poet's love."

Here more guests came in; and while they made room for them, a page in a rich livery entered, and presented a note to Florestan.

"From the Baroness," he said in a low voice to his two companions; "She is indisposed, and summons my attendance," and giving Theodore his hand in adieu, he departed.

The composer also rose. "Stay with me, it is early!" remonstrated Lothaire, but saying that he had an engagement, and would see him tomorrow, Theodore left the house.

"All the world is grown melancholy, methinks!" cried the light-hearted poet. "All, except me and thee, Domic. *Allons*, keep me company at this flask!"

"Si, signore."

"And tell me stories of your own fair land, where the citron blooms, and the macaroni grows—the laud of the *dolce far niente!*"

"Si, signore."

The physician, Florestan, entered a richly furnished apartment, where reclined on a luxurious sofa the Baroness of Wellan, in an elegant undress of white silk. At his approach, she half rose, and languidly extending towards him her small white hand, said: "It is nothing serious, doctor; only a slight attack of nervousness and low spirits. But I wished to see you——"

She hesitated, Florestan waited some minutes for her ladyship to speak, but as she remained silent, ventured to ask what were her gracious commands.

The Baroness pressed her white handkerchief to her eyes, and spoke in a low and hesitating voice:—

"The new opera is a strange, but admirable work. I am told you are acquainted with the composer; how long have you known him?"

"From the day it was first announced for rehearsal," replied Florestan, "our mad poet, Lothaire, introduced me to him."

"Then Lothaire has known him longer than you?" asked the Baroness, earnestly.

"By a few weeks only. He fur-

nished him with the text for his music, and that caused an intimacy between them; I do not think he has any other friends in the city besides us two."

"He seems to be of a melancholy humor, to judge from his looks; I saw him on the stage."

"He is something of a misanthrope, I fear."

"And wherefore? It is not usual, so young, to be disgusted with the world."

"I know not, as he has not honored me with his confidence. He is a master in music; that appears from his work; whence he comes, I know not; who are his parents, no one can tell; he gave no account of himself to the Impresario. My own opinion is, that he is an enthusiast, and must be suffered to go on his own way, though in the end something great may be expected of him."

The Baroness drooped her head on her hand, and seemed lost in thought. "How strange," she murmured, "the likeness—that smile of his!" Then turning to the physician, she said: "Florestan, I am interested in your young friend. Bring him hither tomorrow, at an early hour; I wish to be acquainted with him."

Florestan bowed acquiescence, and having left a prescription for the lady's nervousness, withdrew. He repaired immediately to the lodgings of Theodore, whom he found pacing his chamber, and informed him, he was next morning to have the honor of being presented to the Baroness.

The physician supposed Theodore would seek to decline an introduction, but to his surprise he seemed highly pleased, and promised without fail to be ready at the appointed hour. Florestan expressed his thoughts, and rallied the artist on his apparent desire for court favor.

"You doubtless depend much on her ladyship's influence to build up your fortunes," said he, "and you are not far wrong; only be discreet, and presume not on favor shown. She is the most capricious and wilful of dames. You are acquainted with her history?"

"I am not, but have heard it is a common one."

"No—in truth."

"What is it, then?"

"It can be told in few words, and we are safe here. The lady Julia was

the wife of a distinguished person in office, and had the best of husbands and two lovely children. Her children's tutor was in the Duke's interest; he is now High Chamberlain, the Baron von Hilson. The Duke, he was then young and thoughtless, became enamored of Julia. Suffice it to say, that influenced by the persuasions of von Hilson, she abandoned her husband and children, and fled to his castle some miles from the city, where she received the visits of the young prince. This happened seventeen years since. Her husband was killed, some say, by the contrivance of Von Hilson, in battle, and what became of the children was never known. It is supposed they are dead."

"After all, a common history," said Theodore, with a laugh of unutterable scorn. "Good night; I shall be ready to accompany you to-morrow."

It was known ere long, both at court and among the lovers of music, that the unknown composer stood high in the favor of the Baroness von Wellan. This was a pledge of his rising fortune; and while some professed to condemn him for his willingness to avail himself of the patronage of such a woman, others paid court to him as one destined to the possession of wealth and renown. But what seemed unaccountable, he shunned society, and repulsed the advances of many whose acquaintance was worth securing; stranger than all, he had not been, nor seemed to wish to be, presented to the Duke. With Lothaire he was very intimate; spent a part of almost every day with him, and manifested much interest in the progress of the love affair which the young poet had confided to him. Florestan was always excluded in these confidential interviews.

"I am come," said Lothaire one day, as he entered his friend's apartment, "to ask both your congratulations and advice. Read this note." And he handed him a note from Angela.

"It is a beautiful hand," said Theodore, examining it critically.

"Aye, and how delightful her words! She consents to be mine, can we either elude her mother, or win her consent?"

"Have you attempted the last?"

"No,—nor shall I do so. What

would the Baroness of Wellan say to the proposal of an obscure poet, possessed only of his genius and a competence, to marry her daughter?"

"She might do worse," said Theodore gloomily.

"You, whom she has admitted to her intimacy, know well of her design to marry Angela to the nephew of the Grand Forester."

"And Angela loves you?"

"She prefers me to every man. She cares not for wealth or station."

"Who should? You shall wed Angela, Lothaire."

"Will you assist me?"

"I will; you shall carry her off. I will aid you, and myself stand the brunt of her mother's indignation."

"Nay, Theodore, she is the most vindictive of women. You shall accompany us in our flight."

"No, I stay behind. Fear nothing for me."

"Perhaps you know how to persuade her——"

Here Florestan joined them. "I come on the part of the Impresario—aye, and of half the city, Theodore, to ask for a second performance of your Opera. In truth, it was a mere caprice of yours to withdraw it."

"Perhaps I wanted to alter the music."

"How could you better it? Or perhaps it did not please your noble patroness."

"Would not that be reason enough for withholding it from the public? But you shall have it again."

"When?"

"Whenever you please. You can tell the Impresario to announce it."

Theodore then took leave of Florestan, and walked out with Lothaire.

The plan was speedily arranged between them, and they succeeded beyond even the hopes of the ardent Lothaire. Angela eloped with him; they were married; and having witnessed the ceremony, and bade adieu to the two whom he had made happy, Theodore returned to the Baroness, whom he found, after the news of her daughter's marriage, in a state bordering on frenzy. Angela was her darling, her only hope; the being in whom she had garnered up all that remained to her of pure and noble feeling. She had educated her at a distance from herself; for her conscience told her there

should be no communion between the guilty mother and the innocent daughter. Angela seemed to her the seraph whose smile was to win for her admission into the heaven her crimes had forfeited. She had longed for the hour to come when their intercourse could be more frequent; for in her she hoped to recall the long gone days of virtue and happiness.

Disappointed in these hopes, and baffled in the schemes of ambition she had for years been forming, the incensed Baroness now ardently desired revenge; and she resolved to make the young and unknown stranger her instrument.

"He is your friend; he can be easily induced to reveal to you the secret of his retreat," cried she to Theodore, with flushed cheek and flashing eye. "Before this flight is blown abroad, he must die—and by your hand."

Theodore stood silent, as if waiting the commands of his patroness.

"You hear me—you understand me!" exclaimed she quickly. "Wealth, unbounded wealth, shall be yours. I will secure it to you the instant you bring me news that—"

"I cannot play the assassin," muttered Theodore.

"Who asks it of you? But your arm is strong; for what do you wear a sword? Challenge him as my champion—defend the honor of my child whom he has basely allured, or, perhaps, forced to accompany him. I look to you to avenge me!"

"I will do it!" cried Theodore wildly, and rushed from the room.

The Baroness was walking backwards and forwards in her garden. The night had already fallen, and she was awaiting with impatience the issue of the duel she had so hastily commanded. She began to repent having urged the young stranger, whom she already regarded with something like affection, into the hazard of his life. But in whom else could she confide? How else should she re-obtain her Angela before the disgraceful news of her elopement should have spread over the city!

The Baroness looked, all beautiful as she was, more like a woman distraught than the lofty lady. Her cheeks were

crimsoned with excitement; a dark fire was in her eyes; her hair was disordered. If she stood still for a moment, the violent beating of her heart, and trembling of her limbs, were apparent. She heard the gate open; then a rustling among the foliage; and her figure became suddenly rigid, and her face blanched to deadly paleness. Theodore strode towards her; in the dim light she saw he was dreadfully agitated. He flung his bloody sword at her feet.

"Is he dealt upon?" asked she, faintly. "And Angela——"

"Angela is safe."

"Where is she? where is my child?"

"With Lothaire her husband, whom she loves above all the world; for whom she has willingly resigned her proud though hapless station. They must be by this time beyond the frontier."

"How! you have not fought with Lothaire? You did not kill him?"

"I am his friend. I aided him to carry off his bride."

"You——"

"Yet more—I counselled him to the act."

"Ungrateful wretch! base impostor! And you hope to escape my vengeance!"

"Another vengeance than yours is about to overtake me. But hear me yet a word. Seventeen years ago you had another daughter, fair as Angela! You had a husband—you had a son! Answer me—Where is your husband? Where are your children? Where is Emilie?"

Not a word came from the heart-stricken Baroness.

Theodore went on:—

"You cannot answer—you are speechless. But I can tell you! Your husband perished by treachery. Left to struggle unaided against his enemies—betrayed by one he had once esteemed his friend! Poor Emilie died in a hospital, the victim of want—having endured privations innumerable, yet happy in that she was taken in innocent childhood! She died—yes, while her guilty mother revelled in luxury and princely pomp! Fernando——"

A piercing shriek from the miserable woman interrupted him; but not yet was his awful mission fulfilled.

“Fernando saw his father expire; and after years of suffering is come to avenge his death! Not upon you, lady; for you it may be shame and anguish enough to know that I am your son!”

The tramp of feet and the sound of loud voices broke in upon the scene; the next moment Theodore was laid hold of by several officers, who arrested him in the Duke's name.

“For what?” gasped the Baroness.
“For the murder of the Lord High Chamberlain.”—The Baroness sank

lifeless on the ground. The officers, as they led the prisoner out, summoned the servants to attend their mistress.

Three days afterwards, the prisoner was executed. He had refused to apply for the Duke's mercy. The same evening was announced for performance at the Theatre—

ORESTES,

A Tragic Opera in five acts.

THE LOST CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

In yonder wood, at twilight hour,
As many an ancient legend tells,
From the lost Minster's hoary tower,
A peal of solemn music swells.
From age to age those sounds are heard
Borne on the breeze at twilight hour;
From age to age no foot hath found
A pathway to the Minster's tower!

Late, wandering in that ancient wood,
As onward through the gloom I trod,
From all the woes and wrongs of earth
My soul ascended to its God.
When, lo! in that hushed wilderness
I heard, far off, the Minster's bell;
Still heavenward as my spirit soared,
Wilder and sweeter rang the knell.

My brain all reeling with the sound,
I seemed from this dark world withdrawn,
And while in tranced slumber bound,
High through the silent heavens upborne.
Methought a thousand years had passed
While thus in solemn dream I lay,
When suddenly the parting clouds
Seemed opening wide and far away.

No mid-day sun its glory shed,
The stars were shrouded from my sight,
Yet, lo! majestic o'er my head,
A Minster shone in solemn light.
High through the lurid heavens it seemed
Aloft on cloudy wings to rise,
Till all its pointed turrets gleamed
Far flaming through the vaulted skies.

The bell, with full, resounding peal,
 Rang booming through the rocking tower,
 No hand had stirred its iron tongue,
 Slow swaying to the storm-wind's power!
 My bosom, beating like a bark
 Dashed by the surging ocean's foam,
 I trod with faltering, fearful joy,
 The mazes of the mighty dome.

A soft light through the oriel streamed,
 Like summer moonlight's golden gloom,
 Far through the dusky arches gleamed,
 And filled with glory all the room.
 Pale sculptures of the sainted dead
 Seemed waking from their icy thrall,
 And many a glory-circled head
 Smiled sadly from the storied wall.

Oppressed with wonder and with awe,
 I kneeled low by the altar stone,
 While, blazoned on the vaulted roof,
 All heaven's fiercest glories shone.
 Yet when I raised my eyes once more
 The blazoned vault itself was gone,
 Wide open was heaven's lofty door,
 And every cloudy veil withdrawn!

What visions burst upon my soul!
 What joys unutterable there
 In waves on waves for ever roll,
 Like music through the pulseless air!
 These never mortal tongue may tell;
 Let him who fain would prove their power,
 Pause when he hears that solemn bell
 At twilight from the Minster's tower.

SARAH H. WHITMAN.

LOVE'S PENALTY.

OfT in the summer morning's balmy prime,
 When rosy mist-wreaths on the hills uncoil,
 When lily bells ring out their matin chime,
 Calling the laboring wild bees to their toil,
 I learn a moral lesson from the flowers,
 In dewy wood-paths and dim garden bowers.

All passion-pale they stand, their patient eyes,
 That wept night long the absence of the sun,
 Raised through their dew-bent lashes to the skies,
 To seek the glance they soon may sadly shun.
 Perchance ere noon-tide fainting 'neath his rays,
 Parched with the fires to which they fondly turned;
 Like fabled Semelé in the fierce blaze
 Of her god-lover's fatal glories burned.
 Yet, madly, still we love—still through life's gloom,
 Court the fierce ray which flashes to consume!

SARAH H. WHITMAN.

ORIGIN AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE AMERICAN ABORIGINES.*

As Americans, no part of Anthropology, or the Natural History of Man, can be more interesting to us than that of our Aborigines. From time immemorial, the vast theatre of the western hemisphere has been thronged by numberless inhabitants. Whilst many tribes of these people have lived and died without leaving a trace of their sojourn on the face of the earth; others, as in tropical America, at the period of its Spanish discovery, were a polished and cultivated race, living in large and flourishing cities. There is a third class of Aborigines, still more ancient and more civilized, known only by their monumental antiquities, scattered over the United States, South America, and the intermediate region. The recent investigations of Stephens, Norman, and others, among the ruined cities of the southern states of North America, have revealed the monuments of a people, who constitute now perhaps the most interesting enigma in the history of the world.

In regard to the origin of the American nations, many theories have been advanced. In the present inquiry, however, the object of our author is not to trace their genealogy to Malays or Mongolians, to Jews, Hindoos, or Egyptians; but to prove from the most characteristic traits of this people, that, with the exception of the Esquimaux, they "*are of one race, and that this race is peculiar, and distinct from all others.*"

As any remarks on this topic by the author of "*Crania Americana*," with whom our readers have a prior acquaintance, cannot be without value, we propose to review somewhat in detail his five principal considerations, viz., the organic, moral, and intellectual characters of the American Indians, their mode of interment, and their maritime enterprise; together with such definite conclusions as our author deduces from these premises.

1. *Physical Characteristics.*—Upon

this point, Dr. Morton sums up in the following language:—

"Thus it is that the American Indian, from the southern extremity of the continent to the northern limit of his range, is the same exterior man. With somewhat variable stature and complexion, his distinctive features, though variously modified, are never effaced; and he stands isolated from the rest of mankind, identified at a glance in every locality, and under every variety of circumstances; and even his desiccated remains which have withstood the destroying hand of time, preserve the primeval type of his race, excepting only when art has interposed to pervert it."

In our Number for August last, (Art. I.,) we attempted to show that all the diverse races of man have descended from a single stock. In elucidation of the subject, we brought to our aid comparative physiology; and, on the presumption that the great diversity and the dispersion of the human race are regulated by some general plan, analogous to that observed among plants and inferior animals, the laws of the distribution and migration of the latter were also investigated.

In order to show that there is nothing in the relative position of America that forbids the supposition of an exotic origin of its Aborigines, we will here present at the outset the known facts in relation to the geographical distribution of man. The probable birth-place of mankind—the centre from which the tide of migration originally proceeded—has always been, on the assumption that the whole human race has descended from a single pair, a matter of speculation with many; and that this birth-place was situated in a region characterized by the reign of perpetual summer, and the consequent spontaneous production, throughout the year, of vegetable aliment adapted to the wants of man, has always been a favorite conjecture. From this point, with the progress of

* An Inquiry into the Distinctive Characteristics of the Aboriginal Race of America. Read at the annual meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, Wednesday, April 27, 1842. By Samuel George Morton, M. D., 8vo., pp. 37.

human population, men would naturally diffuse themselves over the adjacent regions of the temperate zone; and in proportion as new difficulties were thus encountered, the spirit of invention was gradually called into successful action. In the early stage of society—the hunter period—mankind from necessity spreads with the greatest rapidity; for 800 acres of hunting-ground, it has been calculated, do not produce more food than half an acre of arable land. Thus, even at a very early period, the least fertile parts of the earth may have become inhabited; and when, upon the partial exhaustion of game, the state of pasturage succeeded, mankind, already scattered in hunter tribes, may soon have multiplied to the extent compatible with the pastoral condition. In this manner may a continuous continent, in a comparatively short period, have become peopled; but even the smallest islands, however remote from continents, have, with very few exceptions, as for instance St. Helena, been invariably found inhabited by man,—a phenomenon susceptible of satisfactory explanation.

The often observed circumstance of the *drifting of canoes to vast distances*, affords without doubt an adequate explanation of the fact, (on the supposition that the human family has had one common source), that of the multitude of islets of coral and volcanic origin in the vast Pacific, capable of sustaining a few families of men, very few have been found untenanted. As navigators have often picked up frail boats in the ocean, containing people who had been driven five hundred, one thousand, and even one thousand five hundred miles from their homes, there is nothing in the geographical position of America that precludes the supposition of a trans-Atlantic or trans-Pacific origin of its aborigines. A number of such instances are related by Lyell, on the authority of Cook, Forster, Kotzebue, and Beechey. A Japanese junk, even so late as the year 1833, was wrecked on the northwest of America, at Cape Flattery, and several of the crew reached the shore safely. Numberless instances of this kind might be cited. In 1799, a small boat containing three men, which was driven out to sea by stress of weather from St. Helena, reached the coast of South America in a month—one of the

men having perished on the voyage. In 1797, twelve negroes escaping from a slave ship on the coast of Africa, who took to a boat, were drifted, after having been the sport of wind and wave for five weeks, ashore at Barbadoes. Three natives of Ulea reached one of the coral isles of Radack, having been driven, during a boisterous voyage of eight months, to the amazing distance of one thousand five hundred miles. The native missionaries travelling among the different Pacific insular groups, often meet their countrymen, who have been drifted in like manner.

“The space traversed in some of these instances,” says Lyell, “was so great, that similar accidents might suffice to transport canoes from various parts of Africa to the shores of South America, or from Spain to the Azores, and thence to North America; so that man, even in a rude state of society, is liable to be scattered involuntarily by the winds and waves over the globe, in a manner singularly analogous to that in which many plants and animals are diffused. We ought not, then, to wonder, that during the ages required for some tribes of the human race to attain that advanced stage of civilisation which empowers the navigator to cross the ocean in all directions with security, the whole earth should have become the abode of rude tribes of hunters and fishers. Were the whole of mankind now cut off, with the exception of one family, inhabiting the old or new continent, or Australia, or even some coral islet of the Pacific, we might expect their descendants, though they should never become more enlightened than the South Sea Islanders or Esquimaux, to spread in the course of ages over the whole earth, diffused partly by the tendency of population to increase, in a limited district, beyond the means of subsistence, and partly by the accidental drifting of canoes by tides and currents to distant shores.”

Thus has the earth been widely peopled in the earliest periods of society; and in later times, as some nations became maritime, important discoveries were made by accident. In the year 862, Iceland was discovered by some mariners bound for the Feroe Islands, who had been thrown out of their course by tempests. The discovery of America by the Northmen

was accidental, and so was the discovery of Brazil, in the year 1500, by a Portuguese fleet, which in its route to the East Indies departed so far from the African coast, in order to avoid certain winds, as to encounter the western continent.

But let us return to the opinion of Morton relative to the physical characteristics of the American Indian. That he "*stands isolated from the rest of mankind,*" is an opinion contrary to the whole tenor of our former remarks, in the Article above referred to, showing that the typical peculiarities of all races are so blended that an absolute line of demarcation among them is wholly impracticable. There is, in truth, a striking physiognomical resemblance between our aboriginals and the people of Eastern Asia, as has been frequently observed by the most competent judges. The Tunisian envoy to the United States in 1804, for example, on seeing the deputies of the Cherokees, Osages, and Miamis, assembled at Washington, was instantly struck with the strong resemblance between their physical characteristics and that of the Asiatic Tatars, with whose appearance he was familiar.

Let us, however, view this part of the subject somewhat more in detail. In the general classification of mankind it is seldom that two writers coincide. Thus, whilst Cuvier makes the distinction of three races, Malte-Brun has no less than sixteen. The division of Blumenbach, consisting of five varieties, is the one most generally adopted, the distinguishing characters of which were presented in our August Number. Although in the typical examples of these five primary divisions, a very marked difference is observable, yet we find them all running into each other by such nice and imperceptible gradations, that it is often impracticable to determine, independent of the individual's locality, to what family of the human race he belongs. The Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Ethiopian, may be considered the leading types of mankind, that is, they are merely typical examples of extreme diversity; and hence the American and Malay can be regarded as only intervening shades, the former holding a middle point between the Caucasian and Mongolian, and the latter maintaining a similar relation to the Cau-

casian and Ethiopian. This gradation, but in a less perceptible degree, is, indeed, evidenced in every quarter of the globe. Comparing, for instance, the inhabitants of New Zealand with the neighboring black Malayan tribes, a striking difference is presented, the superior castes of the former being tall, active, and well made, with a brown complexion and long black hair, sometimes straight and sometimes curling; and accompanying these advantages of person, there is a corresponding degree of intellect,—a relation which, as was satisfactorily shown, as we conceive, in our Number for August, is a permanent law of the human organization. The natives of the Friendly Islands are a still much superior race. Generally of the ordinary European stature, some are above six feet high; their color, like that of the New Zealanders, is a deep brown, verging in the better classes on a light olive; and their features, in some respects, approximate to those of the European. As a proof of their progress in civilisation and in intellectual development, it is only necessary to mention that they have terms to express numbers up to one hundred thousand. Among the Otahaitians, who have been long celebrated for their personal beauty, although the same brown tint pervades among the lower orders, yet it becomes so gradually lost in those of a superior caste that the skin in the higher ranks is nearly white, or at least but slightly tinged with brown: on the cheek of the women a blush may be readily observed. The usual color of the hair is black, but it is of a fine texture, and not unfrequently brown, flaxen, and even red. Of the natives of the Marquesas, it has been said that, "in form they are, perhaps, the finest in the world," and that their skin is naturally "very fair;" whilst in the color of their hair all the various shades found in the different tribes of the Caucasian race are exhibited.

It is thus seen that the white skin, the red cheek, and the color and texture of the hair, are merely typical characteristics of the Caucasian race,—a subject that we elucidated at considerable length in our former Article already referred to. Even among Caucasians of undoubtedly pure race, there are nations of a decidedly black complexion. As regards the hue of the skin, the same

diversities exist among the American variety. The usual designation of "copper-colored," is considered by Dr. McCulloch as wholly inapplicable to them as a race; and he proposes the term "*cinnamon-colored*." Dr. Morton, however, thinks that, taken collectively, they would be most correctly designated as the "*brown race*." "Although the Americans," he says, "possess a pervading and characteristic complexion, there are occasional and very remarkable deviations, including all the tints from a decided white to an unequivocally black skin." Hence it is obvious that all typical peculiarities become so modified, altered and evanescent, that to draw an absolute line of demarcation among five, or any other number of varieties of the human family, is totally impossible.

This, the *physical* consideration, is one of the premises upon which Dr. Morton bases his conclusion, that "*the American race is essentially separate and peculiar*," and that "*there are no direct or obvious links between the people of the old world and the new*. The only *distinctive* physical characteristic established by Dr. Morton, as pertaining to the American Indian, is, in our opinion, a "*peculiar physiognomy*;" but as this peculiarity belongs equally to every other nation, as the German, French, and English, of the Caucasian variety, or even to the various tribes composing the American variety, and, indeed, to the remote subdivisions of every people constituting families, we cannot yield to the opinion that, on this account, our Indian constitutes a race "*essentially separate and peculiar*."

Whilst on the subject of the physical characteristics of our Indian, reference may here be made to the sugar-loaf formation of the ancient Mexican and Peruvian skulls,—a conformation which led many to believe that these people constituted a race of mortals *sui generis*. That this cranial configuration is natural, was maintained by Gall, Cuvier, Morton, and other naturalists and anatomists, on the ground that the skulls do not present the lateral expansion found among other tribes who have this artificial formation,—an opinion that we earnestly combated in our previous article. And we now refer to it only to express our gratification, in seeing lately a renunciation by Dr. Morton, of the opinion that these

heads afford no evidence of mechanical compression. This frankness on the part of Dr. Morton does him infinite honor, proving that he is a philosopher in the true sense of the word.

"I was at one time," says Dr. Morton, "inclined to the opinion, that the ancient Peruvians, who inhabited the islands and confines of the Lake Titicaca, presented a congenital form of the head entirely different from that which characterizes the great American race; nor could I at first bring myself to believe that their wonderfully narrow and elongated crania resulted solely from artificial compression applied to the rounded head of the Indian. That such, however, is the fact, has been indisputably proved by the recent investigations of M. D'Orbigny. This distinguished naturalist passed many months on the table-land of the Andes, which embraces the region of these extraordinary people, and examined the desiccated remains of hundreds of individuals in the tombs where they have lain for centuries. M. D'Orbigny remarked, that while many of the heads were deformed in the manner to which we have adverted, others differed in nothing from the usual conformation. It was also observed that the flattened skulls were uniformly those of men, whilst those of the women remained unaltered; and again, that the most elongated heads were preserved in the largest and finest tombs, showing that this cranial deformity was a mark of distinction. But to do away with any remaining doubt on this subject, M. D'Orbigny ascertained that the descendants of these ancient Peruvians yet inhabit the land of their ancestors, and bear the name of Aymaras, which may have been their primitive designation; and lastly, the modern Aymaras resemble the common Quichua or Peruvian Indians in everything that relates to physical conformation, not even excepting the head, which, however, they have ceased to mould artificially."

As the mode of flattening heads pursued at the present day by the Indian tribes termed *Flat Heads*, inhabiting the lower part of the Columbia River, cannot but be interesting to the reader, the following description by Catlin, not however remarkable for perspicuity of language, is presented. The subject is a Chinook woman, with her infant in her arms undergoing the process of

flattening, "which is done by placing its back on a board or thick plank, to which it is lashed with thongs to a position from which it cannot escape, and the back of the head supported by a sort of pillow, made of moss or rabbit skins, with an inclined piece, as is seen in the drawing, resting on the forehead of the child; being every day drawn down a little tighter by means of a cord, which holds it in its place, until it at length touches the nose; thus forming a straight line from the crown of the head to the end of the nose."

Another mode described by the same observer consists in placing the child in a sort of cradle, "dug out of a log of wood, with a cavity just large enough to admit the body of the child, and the head also, giving it room to expand in width; while from the head of the cradle there is a sort of lever, with an elastic spring to it, that comes down on the forehead of the child, and produces the same effects as the one I have just described. The child is wrapped up in rabbits' skins, and placed in this little coffin-like looking cradle, from which it is not, in some instances, taken out for several weeks. The bandages over and about the lower limbs, and as high up as the breast, are loose, and repeatedly taken off in the same day, as the child may require cleansing; but the head and shoulders are kept strictly in the same position, and the breast given to the child by holding it up in the cradle, loosing the outer end of the lever that comes over the nose, and raising it up or turning it aside so as to allow the child to come at the breast, without moving its head. The length of time that the infants are generally carried in these cradles, is three, five, or eight weeks, until the bones are so formed as to keep their shapes, and preserve this singular appearance through life."*

An interesting description of the instrument and process by which the same tribes compress the skull, is also given by Morton. "Besides the depression of the head," he remarks, "the face is widened and projected forward by the process, so as materially to diminish the facial angle; the breadth between the parietal bones

is greatly augmented, and a striking irregularity of the two sides of the cranium almost invariably follows; yet the absolute internal capacity of the skull is not diminished, and, strange as it may seem, the intellectual faculties suffer nothing. The latter fact is proved by the concurrent testimony of all travelers who have written on the subject." An analogous fact may be afforded by the spine in case of hump-back; for, although distorted, it yet retains its functions.

2. *Moral Traits.* Upon this point the following extracts will convey a correct idea of our author's views:

"Among the most prominent of this series of mental operations is a sleepless caution, an untiring vigilance, which presides over every action and masks every motive. . . . The love of war is so general, so characteristic, that it scarcely calls for a comment or an illustration. One nation is in almost perpetual hostility with another, tribe against tribe, man against man; and with this ruling passion are linked a merciless revenge and an unsparring destructiveness. . . . If we turn now to the demi-civilized nations, we find the dawn of refinement coupled with those barbarous usages which characterize the Indian in his savage state. We see the Mexicans, like the later Romans, encouraging the most bloody and cruel rites, and these too in the name of religion, in order to inculcate the hatred of their enemies, familiarity with danger and contempt of death; and the moral effect of this system is manifest in their valorous though unsuccessful resistance to their Spanish conquerors. Among the Peruvians, however, the case was different. The inhabitants had been subjugated to the Incas by a combined moral and physical influence. . . . After the Inca power was destroyed, however, the dormant spirit of the people was again aroused in all the moral vehemence of their race, and the gentle and unoffending Peruvian was transformed into the wily and merciless savage."

Our author thus endeavors "to show that the same moral traits characterize all the aboriginal nations of this continent, from the humanized Peruvian to the rudest savage of the Brazilian forest."

As regards the moral traits of "a merciless revenge and an unsparring

* Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians, Vol. II., p. 110.

destructiveness," these characteristics can be considered merely as the extreme of passions common to all mankind, not only in the savage state, but, under certain circumstances, in the condition of the highest civilisation. Without referring to the barbarous excesses of nations equally uncivilized, behold Rome, even in her most palmy day, when she was wont to drag in chains her barbarian captives from the remotest frontier to swell the triumphal pomp of a successful general! Britain and Thrace thus yielded up their noblest spirits, that spurned the yoke in vain, to die for the amusement of Roman ladies! Compelled to enter the amphitheatre of wild beasts and the arena of the gladiator, the captives were—

"Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Behold next the historic page of not only *civilized* but *Christianized* man. Look at the bloody horrors of Murat's Spanish campaigns, or of the guerilla war in the same country, under Marshal Soult. The Frenchman crucifies the Spaniard by nailing him to a tree, and the Spaniard retaliates by nailing a Frenchman to the same tree, the dying groans of the one being the prelude to the fierce agonies of the other! Prisoners that fell into the hands of the French were subjected to military execution,—a measure retaliated by the Spanish with much barbarity. Villages that made opposition to the French were delivered up to the licentious fury of the soldiery, who spared neither age nor sex. It may be safely asserted that some of the wanton cruelties of modern civilisation are unparalleled by all the outrages on humanity ever committed by our children of the forest. The cannibal of the French Revolution not only tears asunder the limbs of his innocent fellow-citizen, but drinks the blood and eats the heart of his victim! Look at the bloody "massacres of September," during the Reign of Terror. Can it be believed that the same people of our own enlightened age,—men who pretended to wisdom and philosophy,—roasted alive, in heated ovens, the women and children of the Vendean insurgents; that they instituted modes of wholesale murder, termed "republican baptism," and "republican marriage;" and that they subjected the

Lyonnese to indiscriminate slaughter, until the very steel of the guillotine was blunted!

These moral convulsions, which tear up the elements of society, throw a fearful light on the ferocity of human nature, hidden under the arts and pleasures of civilized nations. They are like the convulsions of physical nature, which disclose volcanic fires beneath fertile and flowery fields.

But let us pursue this subject a little further. The most refined states among the ancients regarded strangers and enemies as nearly synonymous. The fleet of Athens was exceedingly addicted to piratical excursions. Among Greeks and Romans it was long held that prisoners taken in war had no rights, and might lawfully be put to death, or sold into perpetual slavery, with their wives and children. A purer system of public morals in regard to international law finally gained ground. The cruelties of Marius in the Jugurthine war, for example, are reprobated by Sallust as *contra jus belli*. In the latter ages of the Grecian and Roman empires, the law of nations became highly cultivated and adorned by philosophy and science; but the irruption of the northern tribes of Scythia and Germany swept away all sense of national obligation, and threw back society into that condition in which a stranger and an enemy are regarded as not dissimilar, destroying all commercial intercourse, and fostering eternal enmity among nations. The annals of Europe were again deformed by piracy, the murder of hostages, the custom of considering slavery a legitimate consequence of captivity, and selling shipwrecked strangers into bondage. As the great powers of Europe became gradually allied by similar institutions, manners, laws, and religion, the code of international law progressively improved, until Grotius finally reduced it to the certainty and precision of a regular science. Even after his time it was considered lawful by Christian powers to invade and subdue Mahometan and other pagan countries, merely for the propagation of the Christian faith, without other cause of hostility.

It is thus seen, contrary to the opinion of Morton, that the *cruelty* of our Indian is not without a parallel,—a remark that applies equally to his *love of vengeance*. A Scotch Highlander,

wronged by an individual of another clan, for example, retaliated on the first of the same tribe that fell into his power. The feuds of the Corsican become hereditary: vengeance is taken by one family upon another, the actors in which may have been unborn at the period of the original quarrel.

3. *Intellectual Faculties.*—"I venture here to repeat," says Morton, "my matured conviction that, as a race, they [the American variety] are decidedly inferior to the Mongolian stock. They are not only averse to the restraints of education, but seem for the most part incapable of a continued process of reasoning on abstract subjects. Their minds seize with avidity on simple truths, while they reject whatever requires investigation or analysis. Their proximity for more than two centuries to European communities has scarcely effected an appreciable change in their manner of life; and as to their social condition, they are, probably, in most respects the same as at the primitive epoch of their existence. . . . Such is the intellectual poverty of the barbarous tribes; but, contrasted with these, like an oasis in the desert, are the demi-civilized nations of the new world; a people whose attainments in the arts and sciences are a riddle in the history of the human mind. The Peruvians in the south, the Mexicans in the north, and the Muyscas of Bogota, between the two, formed these contemporary centres of civilisation, each independent of the other, and each equally skirted by wild and savage hordes. The mind dwells with surprise and admiration on their Cyclopean structures, which often rival those of Egypt in magnitude;—on their temples, which embrace almost every principle in architecture except the arch alone;—and on their statues and bas-reliefs, which, notwithstanding some conventional imperfections, are far above the rudimentary state of the arts."

As regards the *Intellectual Faculties* of our aboriginal race, the opinion of Morton partakes also of an ultra nature. The general inaptitude of Indian character to conform to new laws and customs, it has been shown by experience, presents no insuperable barrier to their gradual civilisation. The Choctaws and Cherokees, and the Creeks to a considerable extent, aban-

doning the venatic life, have become an agricultural people. Advancing in the useful arts, the acquisition of knowledge and property has gone hand in hand; and in proportion as mental cultivation has taught them the value of salutary and uniform laws, they have become capable of enjoying the blessings of free government. The Cherokees live under written laws, one feature of which is the trial by jury. The Choctaws are rapidly advancing in civilisation. In an agricultural point of view, their country resembles the new frontier of white settlements. They understand the value of money, and possess the comforts of domestic life, such as the common luxuries of tea, coffee, and sugar. They cultivate Indian corn and cotton, have large stocks of cattle, and have cotton-gins and mills of different kinds, as well as mechanical shops. In these three tribes, likewise, the rising generation have the advantage of schools, a portion of the annuity received from our government being appropriated to that purpose.

That the American aboriginal is susceptible of civilisation is proved by the single fact that three contemporary centres of civilisation, each independent of the other, existed in the tropical regions of our continent. The circumstance of each being skirted by wild and savage hordes, notwithstanding all are derived from a common stock, is not without ample analogies, as adduced by Morton himself, among the inhabitants of the old world. "No stronger example," he says, "need be adduced than that which presents itself in the great Arabian family; for the Saracens who established their kingdom in Spain, whose history is replete with romance and refinement, whose colleges were the centres of genius and learning for several centuries, and whose arts and sciences have been blended with those of every subsequent age;—these very Saracens belong not only to the race but to the same family with the Bedouins of the desert; those intractable barbarians who scorn all restraints which are not imposed by their own chief, and whose immemorial laws forbid them to sow corn, to plant fruit trees or to build houses, in order that nothing may conflict with those roving and predatory habits which have continued unaltered

through a period of three thousand years."

As regards this extraordinary intellectual disparity, and as farther proof that the American aboriginal race is susceptible of civilisation, it may be mentioned that the three American civilized states did not stand isolated from their barbarous neighbors; on the contrary, the two extremes gradually merge into each other, some nations in this gradation holding a place so completely intermediate as to render it difficult to classify them with either division. In this relation stood the Araucanians to the Peruvians; the Aztec rulers of Mexico at the period of the Spanish invasion, to the less fierce Toltecas, whose arts they had usurped; and still later, the Natchez tribes of the Mississippi exhibited, even among many of the rudest traits of savage life, some traces of the refinement of their Mexican progenitors. To what degree of civilisation the Mexicans and Peruvians would have attained, had America remained unknown to Europe, it is of course impossible to determine; but even had Mexico and Peru undergone intellectual degradation and gradual extinction from intrinsic causes, there would not be wanting analogous events in the history of the old world. Look upon the present state of Italy and Greece, and contrast them with the people who gave glory to the age of Augustus and Pericles! This state of things did in reality exist in America at the period of its discovery, as is proved by the three great groups of monumental antiquities in the United States, New Spain, and South America. Many of the ancient and cultivated nations had become extinct, or subjugated by the inroads of barbarous or semi-civilized tribes; and even in Mexico and Peru, the civilisation of earlier ages seems to have sunk into a state of decadence.

The Araucanians, just adverted to, are the most celebrated and powerful of the Chilian tribes. They are represented by Morton as highly susceptible of mental culture, but despising the restraints of civilisation. "Their vigilance," he says, "soon detected the value of the military discipline of the Spaniards, and especially the great importance of cavalry in an army; and they lost no time in adopting both these resources, to the dismay and discomfiture of their enemies. Thus, in

seventeen years after their first encounter with Europeans, they possessed several strong squadrons of horse, conducted their operations in military order, and, unlike the Americans generally, met their enemies in the open field."

Of all parts of America, the tropical portions are best adapted for awakening the savage man to a sense of his intellectual powers. That the civilisation of countries is greatly influenced by climate, physical features, and the relation of the interior to the coast, we endeavored to point out in our August Number. We there remarked that the cradles or nurseries of the first nations of which we have any historical records—the people in which the intellectual faculties were first awakened from the brutal sloth of savage life—appear to have been extensive plains or valleys, irrigated by fertilizing streams, and blessed with a mild climate. As the means of sustenance are in such localities easily obtained, the human mind, if man in this primitive state will reflect at all, is most apt to receive that impulse which leads to the cultivation and development of his nature. It is in such regions that we discover the most ancient centres of population; as, for example, the simple habits of wandering shepherds were exchanged by the Semitic nations for the splendor and luxury of Nineveh and Babylon; and in the fertile valley watered by the Nile, we also find the first foundation of cities, and the earliest establishment of political institutions; and here, too, were invented hieroglyphic literature and those arts which embellish human life. Thus has it, likewise, been in America; for the elevated lands within the tropics afford a delightful climate, the heats of summer and the rigors of winter being alike moderated; and here the earth yields its fruits almost spontaneously. Hence it was in this region that the American aboriginal first received the impulse of social improvement; here were laid the first foundation of cities; and here, too, as was just remarked of Egypt, "were invented hieroglyphic literature and those arts which embellish human life."

The subject of American antiquities has of late years received much attention; and from these researches, the following conclusions are, we think, fairly warranted.

The first seats of civilisation were

in tropical America, whence it was gradually diffused through both hemispheres. In the history of the civilized nations, two distinct epochs are observable, the first and most ancient having existed in unbroken tranquillity for a long and indeterminate period; the second being characterized by national changes brought about chiefly by the inroads of barbarous or semi-civilized tribes. The style and character peculiar to the monumental antiquities of the New World, prove that all have proceeded from branches of the same human family.

The relics and monuments found in the United States, which point for their origin towards Mexico, show that the ancient inhabitants had arrived at a considerable degree of civilisation,—that they were an agricultural people, lived in extensive cities, and under regular forms of government,—that they possessed a knowledge of the use of many metals, were skilled in the art of fortification, and were not unacquainted with astronomy and geometry; the last two, as well as a decided system of religion, being in the hands of the priesthood. At the period of the discovery of America these ancient and cultivated nations had become extinct within the present limits of the United States, with the exception of the Natchez tribes of the Mississippi, who still retained some traces of the civilisation of their Mexican progenitors. These extinct tribes followed but in the footsteps, if they did not precede them, of the ancient Egyptians and Phenicians, the latter being a branch of that widely extended race known by the common appellation of Semitic, which comprised the Hebrews and the Arabians, as well as the inhabitants of the wide plain between the northern waters of the Euphrates and Tigris. With the ancient inhabitants of the portion of North America lying south of the United States, we are better acquainted. Unlike the latter region, in which the prior existence of civilized communities became a question of inquiry to the antiquary, the former affords the most decisive evidence of having been occupied for many ages by civilized nations. Mexico, Guatemala, and Yucatan were found by the Spanish invaders occupied by populous nations, distributed in regularly organized states, partaking of the monarchical, aristocratical, and republican forms of government. Here

were immense cities, rivalling in the magnificence of their temples and edifices those of the old world,—a remark equally applicable to roads, aqueducts, and other public works. It has been well remarked that, as regards civilisation, these people were decidedly superior to the Spaniards themselves on their first intercourse with the Phenicians, or that of the Gauls when first known to the Greeks, or that of the Germans and Britons in their earliest communication with the Romans. Indeed, in the knowledge of some of the sciences, these aboriginal Americans equalled, if they did not surpass, that of their conquerors. They seem to have had a mental constitution adapted to scientific investigation. Their knowledge of arithmetic and astronomy was both extensive and accurate. In architecture and sculpture they had made great advances. The remains of aqueducts and canals for irrigation yet exist. They knew how to extract metals from ores; how to form images of gold and silver, hollow within; how to cut the hardest precious stones with the greatest nicety; how to dye cotton and wool, and to manufacture them into figured stuffs.

A description of the ancient cities and other ruins of the southern regions of North America would of itself fill a volume. Clavigero, who has collected much important testimony upon this subject, asserts, upon the authority of Cortez, that not only were their cities numerous, but that some of them contained from thirty to sixty thousand houses, and so populous were they in the vicinity of these towns, that “not a foot of the soil was left uncultivated.” The recent researches of Mr. Stephens among these ruined cities are an honor to that gentleman and to his country. He examined the gigantic remains of eight ruined cities, scattered over an extent of nearly three thousand miles; and these antiquities he represents as “strange in design, excellent in sculpture, rich in ornament, different from the works of any other people, their uses and purposes, their whole history, so entirely unknown, with hieroglyphics explaining all, but perfectly unintelligible.” At Copan, Palenque, and Uxmal, and doubtless at a score of other lost cities, the remains possess a most extraordinary character. Speaking of Uxmal, in Yucatan, Mr. Stephens remarks as follows:—“There

is no rudeness or barbarity in the designs or proportions; on the contrary, the whole wears an architectural air of symmetry and grandeur; and as the stranger ascends the steps and casts a bewildered eye along its open desolate doors, it is hard to believe that he sees before him the work of a race in whose epitaph, as written by historians, they are called ignorant of art, and said to have perished in the rudeness of savage life. *If it stood at this day on its grand artificial terrace, in Hyde Park or the Garden of the Tuileries, it would form a new order, I do not say equaling, but not unworthy to stand side by side with the remains of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman art.*"

In the recent work of Mr. Norman, entitled, "*Rambles in Yucatan*," the author, speaking of the ancient city of Chi-Chen, uses the following language:—

"For five days did I wander up and down among these crumbling monuments of a city which, I hazard little in saying, must have been one of the largest the world has ever seen. I beheld before me, for a circuit of many miles in diameter, the walls of palaces and temples, and pyramids, more or less dilapidated. The earth was strewed, as far as the eye could distinguish, with columns, some broken and some nearly perfect, which seemed to have been planted there by the genius of desolation which presided over this awful solitude. Amid these solemn memorials of departed generations, who have died and left no marks but these, there were no indications of animated existence, save from the bats, the lizards, and the reptiles, which now and then emerged from the crevices of the tottering walls, and crumbling stones that were strewed upon the ground at their base. No marks of human footsteps, no signs of previous visitors, were discernible; nor is there good reason to believe that any person, whose testimony of the fact has been given to the world, had ever before broke the silence which reigns over these sacred tombs of a departed civilisation. As I looked about me and indulged in these reflections, I felt awed into perfect silence. To speak then, had been profane. A revelation from heaven could not have impressed me more profoundly with the solemnity of its communication, than I was now impressed on finding myself the first, probably, of the present generation of civilized men walking the streets of this once mighty city, and amid

"Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous."

The stupendous pyramids, constituting the temples of our aboriginal race, are perhaps their most extraordinary monuments. The number of these in the Mexican empire, according to the estimate of Torquemada, is forty thousand, but Clavigero thinks the number was far greater. We have before us descriptions of many of these enormous structures. The ruins of the celebrated pyramid, sacred to Quetzalcoatl, the "God of the Air," supposed to have been the largest in all Mexico, still stand to the east of the holy city of Cholula. The area covered by its base is twice as great as that of the Egyptian pyramid of Cheops, having a length of one thousand four hundred and twenty-three feet, and its altitude, which is one hundred and seventy-seven feet, is ten feet greater than that of the pyramid of Mycerimus. Whilst some are formed of alternate layers of clay and unburnt brick, others are constructed of enormous masses of basalt, regularly cut and beautifully polished. Upon the elevated plain of Cuernavaca, at the altitude of nearly six thousand feet above the level of the sea, is situated Xochicalco, or the "House of Flowers." This pyramid was originally a hill, nearly three miles in circuit, cut into this artificial shape by human labor, the sides, which correspond with the cardinal points, being divided into four terraces. The slopes intermediate have bastions, platforms, rectangular elevations, &c., one above the other, all faced with large porphyry stones, cut with great precision, but united without cement. The perpendicular height is about three hundred and sixty feet. Here are to be seen many figures sculptured in relief, some representing hieroglyphics, some human figures seated cross-legged in the Asiatic manner, and others crocodiles spouting water.

Were it deemed necessary, a multitude of other facts equally extraordinary might be here presented, in illustration of the high degree of civilisation attained by this people. The reader may find many of these facts collected in Bradford's recent work on "American Antiquities."

Notwithstanding all these ruins are completely deserted, it is not probable that they are the relics of a people now extinct. By the Spanish conquerors the temples were found still devoted to their original sacred uses, and

the magnificent palaces were not without their princes. The finest temple of the city of Mexico was erected but a short period before the landing of Cortez; and this great "Teocalli," we are informed, was constructed after the model of the pyramids built by the Toltecs,—a people who preceded those found by the Spaniards, and to whom were ascribed by the Mexicans themselves all edifices of great antiquity. When the Europeans first arrived it is very probable that many cities, in consequence of the revolutions to which every government is subject, had already been deserted, perhaps for centuries. It is, however, true beyond doubt that the ancestors of the present Indians occupying that region were the authors of many of the existing antiquities indicative of a comparatively high state of civilisation. In view of these facts, the relics and monuments scattered over the United States, in connection with the uncivilized condition of its inhabitants when first discovered by Europeans, will the less excite our surprise. Like the "middle ages" of the old world, the new has had its still *darker* ones.

It yet remains to advert to the ancient monuments of South America. These also indicate a high degree of civilisation, which was not wholly confined to Peru. The tombs containing the preserved bodies of the ancient Peruvians of the upper provinces, we are told by Mr. Pentland, "are monuments of a grand species of design and architecture, resembling Cyclopean remains, and not unworthy of the arts of ancient Greece or Rome." By this people and some of the neighboring nations, cultivation of the soil was carried to a high state of perfection. Even the sides of the steepest mountains were converted, by the aid of stone walls and canals of irrigation, into productive fields. "Upon the sides of some of the mountains," says Mr. Temple, "were the remains of walls built in regular stages round them, from their base to their summits, forming terraces on which, or between which, the Indians, in days of yore, cultivated their crops." In many places, both in Peru and Chile, are still to be seen aqueducts often of great magnificence, constructed of earth and stone, and carried along the most precipitous mountains, with great labor and ingenuity, frequently to the dis-

tance of fifteen or twenty leagues—aqueducts that rival the boasted water-works of our own city. A striking resemblance to the aqueducts of Mexico is apparent in the circumstance that they consisted of two conduits running parallel, the larger being for general use, and the smaller to supply, whilst the other was being cleansed, the actual wants of the inhabitants. Many of these aqueducts were subterranean, there being at Lanasca a fountain supplied by such conduits, the source of which has never been traced. The very magnificence of some of these great works, the pipes being made of gold, was the cause of their destruction by the Spaniards, whose avaricious cupidity was thus excited. Many public works were constructed for the encouragement of agriculture. In the vicinity of Santiago, in Chile, for example, an artificial aqueduct, in order to irrigate the soil of the lower plain, was formed so as to draw off a portion of the waters of the river Mapocho. "They cut channels," says Graham in his "Chile," "through the granite rock from the Mapocho to the edge of the precipice, and made use of the natural fall of the ground to throw a considerable stream from the river into the vale below. This is divided into numerous channels, as is required, and the land so watered is some of the most productive in the neighborhood of the city." But many of these lands, thus maintained fertile and productive, are now sandy and arid wastes, scarcely capable of supporting the most scanty population.

Much might be said in regard to the ruins of ancient cities, fortresses, and edifices in South America, as well as the remains of baths and works of sculpture; but we must content ourselves with one or two extracts in reference to their great public roads, which, by no means confined to Peru, still reveal their vestiges in remote regions far beyond the domain of the Inca power. "We were surprised," says Humboldt, in his journey across the plains of Assuary, "to find in this place, and at heights which greatly surpass the top of the Peak of Teneriffe, the magnificent remains of a road constructed by the Incas of Peru. This causeway, lined with freestone, may be compared to the finest Roman roads I have seen in Italy, France, or Spain.

It is perfectly straight, and keeps the same direction for six or eight thousand metres. We observed the continuation of this road near Caxamarca, one hundred and twenty leagues to the south of Assuary, and it is believed in the country that it led as far as the city of Cuzco." Another writer, (*Long, Polynesian Nation*, p. 78,) remarks, that "at a time when a public highway was either a relic of Roman greatness, or a sort of nonentity in England, there were roads fifteen hundred miles in length in the empire of Peru. The feudal system was as firmly established in these transatlantic kingdoms as in France. The Peruvians were ignorant of the art of forming an arch, but they had constructed suspension bridges over frightful ravines; they had no implements of iron, but their forefathers could move blocks of stone as huge as the Sphinxes and Memnons of Egypt."

In this region, as in Mexico, the ancient monuments indicate two epochs of the arts, one of remote antiquity, and the other of a more modern period. The sacred lake of Titicaca constitutes probably the most ancient locality of South American civilisation; but to suppose that all the civilized tribes were comprised within the limits of the Peruvian empire, were an error of no small magnitude. The enterprise and ingenuity of the Peruvian sovereigns, when they established their extensive empire, were always ready to adopt, and reproduce on an enlarged scale, the inventions they found existing, as, for instance, the ancient structures of Tiahuanaco, which were, according to their own admission, the models of those erected by them in their own dominions.

From the foregoing facts, then, it would seem to follow conclusively, that the American native is susceptible of civilisation. It has been a disputed point, whether the ancient Mexicans or Peruvians possessed the knowledge of hieroglyphic writing; but this question, as regards the advancement of their mental powers, is no longer of much importance; for even within the present age, in a tribe recently the

most uncultivated, a second Cadmus has arisen in the person of an uneducated Cherokee, ignorant of every language but his own. The name of this Indian who invented a system of "talking Cherokee upon paper," is Sequayah, or George Guess; and as we had the pleasure, during the removal of that tribe west of the Mississippi, in 1838,* to become acquainted with a son of this Cadmus the Second, who was in the public service as a "lingster" or interpreter, we are enabled to state the circumstances which gave rise to this important discovery, as repeatedly related to us by the son. The thoughts of Guess were first directed into this channel by observing his nephew, who had just returned from a distant school, spelling some words, whereupon he immediately exclaimed that he could effect the same in his vernacular tongue. Building a hut in a retired spot, and thus secluding himself in a great measure from his people, he devoted himself exclusively to this great labor. His fellow-countrymen, superstitious by education, grew suspicious of his object, as they viewed him in his solitary study surrounded by his cabalistic figures. Believing that he was engaged in the art of conjuration, peradventure in concocting some diabolical plan to blow up the nation, the populace succeeded in drawing him from his hermitage, when they burned up his cabin, hieroglyphics and all. But our second Cadmus returned to his supposed black-art; and he was soon fortunate enough to exhibit to his people one of the greatest wonders of modern times. Thus having, after two years' labor, completed his system, and instructed his daughter in the signification of the characters used, he invited his old friends, the head men and warriors of the nation, to assemble at his house to witness the result. Having explained to them the principles of his system, he then wrote down whatever was suggested by any of the visitors; and now calling in his daughter, she read it off unhesitatingly to the wonder-stricken assembly. His old friends, after repeating this several times to

* Attached to the medical staff of the army, the author of this Article spent upwards of two years among the Cherokees, Creeks, and Seminoles; and during twelve months of this period, whilst serving in the interior of East Florida, never saw a house, (save a block-house), or a white woman.

guard against imposition, were seized with mingled feelings of terror and amazement. One called him "*Skigusta*," (God, or a very great man); another, "*Unantaha*," (God Almighty); and a third, "*Agagheha*," (Jesus Christ).

Like Pallas from the brain of Jove, the system sprang at once before the world complete in all its parts. A newspaper in the Cherokee language was soon published, and the greater portion of the New Testament and Watts' Hymns was translated and printed; and had not the Georgians, in a spirit of Vandalism, destroyed their printing establishment, the whole Bible might for years past have been read in the Cherokee tongue.

The elements of this written language consist of eighty-five characters, six of which represent vowels and the rest syllables. The language is not, like the ancient Egyptian, *idiographic*, that is, conveying ideas to the mind by pictures and resemblances, or metaphorical figures; nor is it, like the Chinese, *lexigraphic*, that is, representing the words of the language; but it consists of vowels and syllables, the various combinations of which have been found to embrace every word in the tongue. For a native to learn to read requires no longer a period, than the time requisite to become acquainted with the characters. The word Cherokee, for example, pronounced by the natives *Tselogé*, is represented by three characters, equivalent to *tse*, *lo*, and *ge*. This may be considered a *syllabic* alphabet, being intermediate to the European and Chinese languages, the characters of the former expressing elementary sounds, and those of the latter designating elementary objects, that is, expressing those ideas required in the infancy of knowledge, a combination of these forming additional words.

George Guess now resides with his nation west of the Mississippi, little distinguished above his neighbors for acuteness of intellect. His mind at least was not, in the language of our author, "incapable of a continued process of reasoning on abstract subjects, nor did it reject whatever requires investigation or analysis." Although a stranger to the honors of the world, the name of George Guess is destined for immortality.

Continuing the consideration of Dr. Morton's distinctive characteristics of our aboriginal race, the next subject is—

4. *Maritime Enterprise*.—"One of the most characteristic traits of all civilized and many barbarous communities," says Morton, "is the progress of maritime adventure. The Caucasian nations of every age present a striking illustration of this fact: their sails are spread on every ocean, and the fabled voyage of the Argonauts is but a type of their achievements from remote antiquity to the present time. Hence their undisputed dominion of the sea, and their successful colonization of every quarter of the globe." This aptitude for the ocean is evinced in a much less degree by the Malay, the Moogolian, and the Ethiopian; "and far behind all these," says Morton, "is the man of America." He refers in illustration to a curious fact mentioned by De Azara, who says that when the Rio de la Plata was discovered by his countrymen, its shores were found inhabited by two distinct Indian nations, between whom, notwithstanding the restless nature of this people, no communication had ever taken place, simply because they had neither boats nor canoes. Even those causes which are calculated to develop any latent nautical propensity, as in the case of Cuba, which is the centre of a great archipelago, seem to have excited no maritime enterprise among our Aborigines. "When Cortez approached in his ships in the Mexican harbor of Tobasco," says Morton, "he was astonished to find even there, the seaport, as it were, of a mighty empire, the same primitive model in the many vessels that skimmed the sea before him. Let us follow this conqueror to the imperial city itself, surrounded by lakes, and possessed of warlike defences superior to those of any other American people. The Spanish commander, foreseeing that to possess the lake would be to hold the keys of the city, had fifteen brigantines built at Tlascalca; and these being subsequently taken to pieces, were borne on men's shoulders to the lake of Mexico, and there re-constructed and launched. The war thus commenced as a naval contest; and the Spanish historians, while they eulogize the valor of the Mexicans, are constrained to admit the

utter futility of their aquatic defences; for although the subjects of Montezuma, knowing and anticipating the nature of the attack, came forth from the city in several thousand boats, these were so feebly constructed, and managed with so little dexterity, that in a few hours they were all destroyed, dispersed, or taken by the enemy."

In surveying the nations of the globe, this inaptitude for nautical enterprise evinced by the American Indian, can scarcely be regarded as a "*distinctive characteristic.*" The naval contest between the Mexicans and Spaniards finds a parallel case in the present warfare between the British and Chinese; and this latter people, who date back a national existence for thousands of years, have even now, in the nineteenth century, no flag in a foreign port. The fact that the navigation of the American aboriginal, since his long contact with European arts, has not been extended beyond rivers and lakes, finds an explanation in his natural inaptitude to conform to new customs and habits, as well as in his deficiency in mechanical invention. Even the Chinese, with advantages incalculably greater, are now in precisely the same condition; nor have they, at any time, evinced more nautical skill than did the persevering Incas, who, with log canoes and rafts of reeds, subdued the fierce islanders of Titicaca.

5. *Manner of Interment.*—"Veneration for the dead," says Morton, "is a sentiment natural to man, whether civilized or savage: but the manners of expressing it, and performing the rites of sepulture, differ widely in different nations. No offence excites greater exasperation in the breast of an Indian than the violation of the graves of his people; and he has even been known to disinter the bones of his ancestors, and bear them with him to a great distance, when circumstances have compelled him to make a permanent change of residence."

On the other hand, the Indian, obeying the dictates of his vindictive spirit, never loses an opportunity of exhuming the body of an enemy. So frequently did this occur in the recent Florida contest, as we several times ourselves witnessed, that the whites finally adopted the practice either of building large fires over graves, or

running the wagon-train over them, as a means of concealment.

But the *manner* of inhumation practised among the American natives, that is, placing the dead in a *sitting posture*, seems wholly peculiar. The legs are flexed upon the abdomen, and the chin is supported on the palms of the hands. To this conventional rite, all the American tribes, including the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, with occasional exceptions, conform. The Peruvians, however, did not inhume their dead, but placed them in a sitting posture, sowed up in sacks, on the floors of their tombs. But a most extraordinary exception to the custom in question has prevailed among various tribes throughout the whole extent of the two Americas, the body being dissected before interment, and the bones alone being deposited in the earth; but even in these instances, the custom of the sitting attitude, as the bones are often held together by their natural connections, may be still maintained. This practice, however, has been observed by some navigators among the Polynesian islands.

Having considered the leading characteristics of the American race, Dr. Morton next inquires whether they denote an exotic origin, or warrant the conclusion that this race is as strictly aboriginal to America, as the Mongolian is to Asia, or the Negro to Africa. After adverting to the various theories in regard to the origin of our Indian population, which generally trace them to an Asiatic source, he thus states his own conclusion:—

"In fine, our own conclusion, long ago deduced from a partial examination of the facts thus briefly and inadequately stated, is, that the American race is essentially separate and peculiar, whether we regard it in its physical, its moral, or its intellectual relations. To us there are no direct or obvious links between the people of the old world and the new; for, even admitting the seeming analogies to which we have alluded, these are so few in number, and evidently so casual, as not to invalidate the main position: and even should it be hereafter shown, that the arts, sciences, and religion of America, can be traced to an exotic source, I maintain that the organic characters of the people themselves, through all their endless ramifications of tribes and nations,

prove them to belong to one and the same race, and that this race is distinct from all others."

The Esquimaux, however, in accordance with general opinion, are excluded, as belonging to the Mongolian race. They "obviously belong," says Morton, "to the Polar family of Asia, pass insensibly into the American race, and thus form the connecting link between the two." On the western coast of America, in consequence of its proximity to Asia, the Esquimaux are much more numerous, and extend much farther south than on the eastern coast. "A redundant population," says our author, "has even forced some of them back to the parent hive, whither they have carried a dialect derived from the cognate tribes of America. Such are the Tutchchi, who thus form a link between the polar nations of the two continents." These Indians of Mongolian origin have become more or less blended with what are more strictly aboriginal tribes.

Morton shows very satisfactorily that the peopling of America cannot be referred to regular emigration from Asia, whether, as some suppose, the Mongols arrived in large ships with all the appliances of war, or, in the opinion of others, that the whole population of America has been derived from the northwest angle, on the supposition of a continued chain of colonies during a long succession of ages, extending from Prince William's Sound to the extremity of Terra del Fuego, a distance of eight thousand miles. That civilized nations should have found their way from Central Asia to Central America through the cold and remote regions of Behring's Straits, whose austere climate has reduced its inhabitants to the lowest stage of humanity, seems beyond the range of all probability. Equally untenable is the Jewish theory, (strongly advocated by the late Lord Kingsborough, author of *Mexican Antiquities*), which refers the entire native American population to the ten lost tribes of Israel carried away by Salmanazar, King of Assyria. The difference of physical organization alone is, however, sufficient to set this question at rest for ever; but, independent of this, can it be supposed that the Jews, who, notwithstanding

scattered over every region of the globe, have ever remained a people so peculiar as to need no argument to prove their lineage, should, after having wandered into the new world, have lost every memorial of their history, language, laws, and religion? The hypothesis is too absurd to merit a serious examination. Besides, it has been recently announced to the world that the remains of the lost tribes have been discovered still existing in Asia.

It does not, however, hence follow that our aboriginal race is indigenous to the soil. On the contrary, it was shown, when on the subject of the geographical distribution of man, that, like plants and inferior animals, he becomes naturally diffused over the surface of the earth. It is well remarked by Lyell, whose language is previously quoted, that if all mankind were now cut off, with the exception of one family, we might expect their descendants, let this family be placed in the old or the new world, or even on a coral islet of the Pacific, to spread, notwithstanding they should never become more enlightened than the Esquimaux, over the whole earth in the course of ages. Experience, indeed, proves that whole families might drift on our northwest coast from Asia, or upon the shores of South America from Africa, or from Spain to the Azores and thence to North America. "The general prevalence of easterly winds," says Morton, "is adverse to the colonization of America from the islands of the Pacific;" but this observation is not borne out by facts, as on the western coast of Mexico, between the eighth and twenty-second degrees of north latitude, there is a complete inversion of the trade-wind. Here, where we should expect a prevalent easterly wind, we find an almost permanent westerly current.

"To us," says Morton, as just quoted, "there are no direct or obvious links between the people of the old world and the new." Are we, then, to conclude that man has had distinct centres or foci of creation? This we presume is not the opinion of our author, but merely that the American Indian is as strictly aboriginal to the soil as the Mongolian is to Asia, or the Negro to Africa. But as there is no difficulty in explaining the geographical distribution of man from a single point,

and as all ethnographic researches, as we attempted to show in our August Number, prove the various races of man to constitute a single species, the position advanced above is the merest postulate. "Once for all, I repeat my conviction," says Morton, "that the study of physical conformation alone excludes every branch of the Caucasian race from an obvious participation in the peopling of this continent." Now if the principles developed in the Article just adverted to, are founded in nature, viz., that there is an intimate connection between physical features and moral and intellectual character, both of which are influenced by local causes, then does this last conclusion prove an utter fallacy. Time was, no doubt, when the present distinction of races did not obtain; and hence, at the period when man, in his gradual diffusion, reached America, the Caucasian race may scarcely have been known as a distinct variety.

The following extract from the "Library of Useful Knowledge" coincides, so far as accidental varieties in man are concerned, with our own views:—

"The peculiarities which arose in the human species at a remote and unknown period, have become the characteristic marks of large nations; whereas those which have made their appearance in later times have, in general, extended very little beyond the individuals in whom they first showed themselves, and certainly have never attained to anything like a prevalence throughout whole communities. But this is a circumstance which it does not seem difficult to explain; if we consider that ever since the population of the world has been of large amount, the possessors of any peculiar organization have borne such a very small numerical proportion to the nation to which they belonged, that it is no ways surprising that they should soon have been lost in the general mass; still less that they should have failed to impress it with their own peculiar characters. In the early period of the world, when mankind, few in numbers, were beginning to disperse themselves in detached bodies over the face of the earth, the case was altogether different; and we can easily understand how, if any varieties of color, form, or structure, then originated in the human race, they would naturally, as society multiplied, become the characteristics of a whole nation."

"This idea [the American race be-

ing essentially separate and peculiar] may, at first view," says Morton, "seem incompatible with the history of man, as recorded in the Sacred Writings. Such, however, is not the fact. Where others can see nothing but chance, we can perceive a wise and obvious design displayed in the original adaptation of the several races of men to those varied circumstances of climate and locality, which, while congenial to the one, are destructive to the other." Much research and erudition have been employed by anthropological writers to establish the unity of the human family; but as difficulties, regarded as insuperable, have been encountered in tracing back the diverse varieties of mankind to the same single pair, some have cut the Gordian knot by calling in the aid of supernatural agency. Thus Morton, like others before him, thinks it, as expressed in his *Crania Americana*, "consistent with the known government of the universe to suppose that the same omnipotence that created man would adapt him at once to the physical as well as to the moral circumstances in which he was to dwell upon the earth." Now this supposed miracle did not, of course, occur until the dispersion of Babel; and, inasmuch as man is endowed with a pliability of functions, by which he is rendered a cosmopolite,—a faculty possessed in the highest degree by the inhabitants of the middle latitudes,—there is not the slightest ground for the belief that it ever did occur, simply because no such special adaptation was demanded. The chief characteristics which distinguish the several varieties of man, viz., the comparative development of the moral feelings and intellectual powers, require no particular adaptation to external causes. Least of all, could the American race have been endowed with an "original adaptation," "to the varied circumstances of climate and locality," inasmuch as the region inhabited by them embraces every zone of the earth through a distance of one hundred and fifty degrees of latitude.

It is thus seen that the attempt to obviate the difficulties encountered in the endeavor to trace back to the same Adam and Eve, the Caucasian and the Ethiopian races, by the assertion that "each race was adapted from he be-

ginning (by an all-wise Providence) to its peculiar destination," is the merest postulate, and unsustained by the shadow of proof. The opinion of Morton, however, seems, *at first view*, to derive some support from the following statement by Dr. Caldwell:—"According to accredited dates, it is four thousand one hundred and seventy-nine years since Noah and his family came out of the ark. They are believed to have been of the Caucasian race; and the correctness of the belief there is no ground to question. . . . Three thousand four hundred and forty-five years ago, a nation of Ethiopians is known to have existed. Their skins of course were dark, and they differed widely from Caucasians in many other particulars. They migrated from a remote country, and took up their residence in the neighborhood of Egypt. Supposing that people to have been of the stock of Noah, the change must have been completed, and a new race formed in seven hundred and thirty-three years, and probably in a much shorter period."* Than this kind of reasoning none can be more illogical. The whole rests on the *belief* that Noah and his family, consisting of "his sons and his wife, and his sons' wives," belonged to the Caucasian race; but as there are in reality no *distinct* races, the five varieties, generally admitted, being merely *typical* examples of extreme diversity, the variations of which run imperceptibly into each other, it follows that, as regards the physical features of Noah, our knowledge is extremely limited. But admitting that Noah and his sons had features resembling the present Caucasian variety, another insuperable objection still remains; for as the Caucasian and the Ethiopian were in close proximity more than three thousand years ago in Egypt, the existence of different varieties of the human race at the era of the flood is no ways improbable. Now as one of the three sons of Noah, Ham for example, may have had, on entering the ark, a wife belonging to a variety of mankind even further removed from him than the difference now existing between the Caucasian and the Ethiopian, it follows that their descendants may be the present negro race of Africa, which,

by the way, are generally attributed to this source. We are, however, no believers in this theory, but merely adduce it to show that those who seek for a solution of this question in Holy Writ, must go back to the time of Adam.

In view of the preceding facts, and of a host of others, did our space permit their introduction, it follows as an irresistible conclusion that all our aborigines, with the exception of the Esquimaux, have the same descent and origin. The monumental antiquities extending from Canada to the southern part of Chile, present, in their style and character, indications of having proceeded from branches of the same primitive family. This conclusion is also confirmed by the uniformity of their mental, moral, and physical characteristics, under every variety of circumstances, and from universal analogies in their language, religion, methods of interring the dead, and certain other arbitrary customs. The emigration of the Esquimaux tribes from Asia is of a comparatively recent date, as is evidenced by their Mongolian features, whilst the period of the arrival of what are considered our aboriginal race dates back to the earliest ages of mankind. This inference was long since drawn by Mr. Gallatin, who has bestowed great learning and research upon the Indian languages. "Whilst the unity of structure and of grammatical forms," he says, "proves a common origin, it may be inferred from this, combined with the great diversity and entire difference in the words of the several languages of America, that this continent received its first inhabitants at a very remote period, probably not much posterior to that of the dispersion of mankind." A further confirmation is afforded in the little affinity between the four hundred dialects of America and the various languages of the old world. The entire number of common words is said to be one hundred and eighty-seven, of which one hundred and four are common to the languages of Asia and Australia, forty-three to those of Europe, and forty to those of Africa. At the same time, some of these analogies may be reasonably explained on the ground of mere coincidences; and others, as well as any sameness in arts

* *Thoughts on the Unity of the Human Species.* Philadelphia: 1830.

and usages, may be fairly ascribed, in some degree, to the casual appearance of shipwrecked strangers. These scanty analogies, however, look towards Asia as the point of migration of our aborigines.

But, notwithstanding the very remote period at which man, in his gradual diffusion, reached our continent, his eastern origin is sufficiently apparent in his physical characteristics. Although this point has been already adverted to, yet we will here adduce the evidence of several competent judges. "The American race," says Humboldt, "has a striking resemblance to the Mongol nations, which include those formerly called Huns, Kulans, and Kalmucks."—"We observed," says Barrow, speaking of the Brazilian Indians, "the Tartar or Chinese features, particularly the eye, strongly marked in the countenances of these Indians." Of the Chiriguano, a Peruvian tribe, Mr. Temple speaks thus:—"Had I seen them in Europe, I should have supposed them to be Chinese, so closely do they resemble those people in their features." The testimony of many others equally decisive might be presented, but we will content ourselves with one more, viz., Mr. Ledyard, who speaks from extensive personal knowledge. Writing from Siberia to Mr. Jefferson, he says, "I shall never be able, without seeing you in person, and perhaps not then, to inform you how universally and circumstantially the *Tartars resemble the aborigines of America*. They are the same people—the most ancient and the most numerous of any other; and had not a small sea divided them, they would all have been still known by the same name."

A primitive branch of the human family, the American aboriginal race cannot be said to be derived from any nation *now existing*; but they are assimilated by so many analogies to the most ancient types of civilisation in the eastern hemisphere, that the character of their civilisation cannot be regarded as wholly indigenous. This uniformity is apparent in the monuments of these nations, whose temples were pyramids, and whose traditions are interwoven with cosmogonical fables, retaining the relics of primitive history. It thus appears that the same arts, cus-

toms, religion, and institutions, carried, in the earliest ages of man's diffusion, into various parts of the globe, as for instance Egypt, China, Hindostan, and America, were subsequently so modified in each under the influence of causes the most diverse, that we can now discover only an approximation in their general features; and to the agency of these same local causes is to be ascribed, in a great degree, the modification of physical features and of moral and intellectual character, by which the leading varieties of mankind are distinguished.

The civilisation of the American nations may be considered as truly indigenous as that of Egypt. The ruined cities of Copan, Uxmal, Palenque, &c., point to an epoch that may be regarded as the primal seat of American civilisation; and from this centre, the march of mental culture extended south as far as Chile, and north to the borders of Canada, as indicated by the mounds and mural remains found in the region of the United States. These civilized nations, as already shown, were rich, populous, and agricultural; they were skilled in the arts of pottery, of dyeing cotton and wool, and manufacturing them into figured stuffs, and in the more refined knowledge of metallurgy and of sculpture. Their constructive talent is conspicuous in their extensive cities and fortifications; in their pyramids and temples, which are not exceeded by those of Egypt; and in their roads and aqueducts, which rival those of the Romans. They had a mental constitution adapted to scientific investigation, as indicated by their extensive and accurate mathematical and astronomical knowledge; and they were associated under regular forms of government, with a national religion under the direction of a priesthood.

Although American civilisation survived that of ancient Egypt, Phœnicia, and other Semitic nations, as illustrated in the splendor and luxury of Nineveh and Babylon; yet, like them, the day of its glory is no more. Throughout nature, the law of change is everywhere apparent. Even nations appear to have a period of growth, acmé, and decay. In this ceaseless mutation, the time would seem to have arrived, when the aboriginal of the American

soil is destined to be supplanted by a different variety of the human race,—one which exceeds all others in its aptitude to accommodate itself to the most extraordinary diversity of circumstances. It is melancholy to reflect that, judging from the past, no future event seems more certain than the speedy disappearance of the American aboriginal race, when these now broken, scattered, and degraded remnants of a primitive and once cultivated branch of the human family, will be scarcely

remembered, save in poetry and tradition.

We have thus ventured to criticize the writings of Dr. Morton in a spirit of freedom; but our differences, it will be observed, refer merely to opinions and inferences. The industrious research bestowed upon this subject by our author, has completely identified his name with it,—a fame which will be as undying as the history of anthropological science itself.

POLITICAL SATIRE AND SATIRISTS.

THE most marked trait in the finest political writing is its personality. It is very plausible to reiterate the hackneyed maxim, "principles not men," but it is next to impossible to separate the two. An intimate connection necessarily subsists between principles and those who hold them, as between a man and his dress, a book and its author. Certain abstract philosophers (a very small class) may be enabled by long practice and dint of study, to disabuse their minds of favorite prejudices, and set up a species of claim to impartiality and fairness; yet such thinkers are seldom actors on the great stage, but rather spectators of the stirring contests in the actual arena of politics. They may write philosophical treatises on Government, the Wealth of Nations, or the Spirit of Laws, but they make inefficient "*working-members*." Even Burke was a partisan, and such have the ablest and honestest politicians of all ages been. There is unquestionably truth mingled with error in every party; yet a man of decided character will find more truth and less error on one side, than on the other. Many partisans have been hypocrites, but by no manner of means all. It is rather (unless there exist natural suspicions of interested motives or palpable deficiency) an argument in a man's favor that he is a zealous partisan; for in its integrity, such a character supposes vigor, earnestness, and fidelity, the three manly qualities by pre-eminence. Among the many reasons that incline

a man to join this party or that, may be enumerated,—hereditary tendencies, peculiarities, of mental or moral constitution, personal gratitude, the influence of a superior mind, chance, or prejudice. We are apt to consider that this last cause is much more defensible than is generally supposed. Viewed in a certain light, some of the noblest virtues are no more than prejudices. Compared with the universal spirit of philanthropy, patriotism shrinks into a narrow passion; the worthy father makes by no means so distinguished a figure, as the humane citizen of the world. Religion, too, in its most important article, impresses a refined selfishness at the same time that it teaches charity and general benevolence. For we must be most solicitous for our own souls; no man can stand in our place, nor can we become the substitute for another. So in the field of politics, a nobler contest than that of the "tented field," a man must take his side, and stand or fall with it. Middle men become indifferent, if originally honest and well-meaning, or mere trimmers, if the reverse; and it is difficult to determine which is the more despicable character. Imperceptibly, too, a man's principles become identified with himself, and by a natural consequence, if we have faith in the one, we learn to love the other. In the wisest men, we see every day the force of political attachments, which sometimes exhibit a devotion almost heroic. And this is right. One who

hazards all for a great principle, a master-doctrine, should be strongly supported. A politician needs his backers as well as a pugilist, to give him heart and constancy. We never could understand the separation, upon which many insist, between the characters of the statesman and the private individual. We cannot distinguish the two different characters of the same person. A single mind impresses an unity of design upon all its performances, and an upright man should be governed by the same law of right and sense of duty, in his official position, that control his domestic and familiar actions. If we admire ability and trust to the unbiassed exercise of it, if we believe in the same creed and favor the same principles, how can we refrain from embracing the possessor of such talents, and the advocate of such doctrines, as a personal friend?

To come back to our text. *Personality* we affirm to be the most striking trait of the most brilliant political writing. Party spirit begets political satire. Along with its evident advantages, partisanship includes a spirit of bigotry that displays its worst features. "Party spirit incites people to attack with rashness, and to defend without sincerity. Violent partisans are apt to treat a political opponent in such a manner, when they argue with him, as to make the question quite personal, as if he had been present as it were, and a chief agent in all the crimes which they attribute to his party. Nor does the accused hesitate to take the matter upon himself, and in fancied self-defence, to justify things which otherwise he would not hesitate, for one moment, to condemn."* Exact statements and precise deductions can hardly be expected when a man is making the most of his materials, and defending what he believes to be the true view, though it may have weak spots. From an article that has appeared elsewhere, we quote a few sentences that we are not sure could be better rewritten at present. "It is true that satirists have sometimes transcended the proper limits of truth and discretion; have calumniated where they should have calmly censured, and have written a libel instead

of a criticism. The most piquant satire is necessarily one-sided, and carried to the extreme verge of truth; at times overpassing it. Epigrams lose in point where they approach the truth. A moderate thinker is rarely to be found among professed wits. For, when a man comes to ponder and weigh opposite qualities and conflicting statements, to admit this excuse and allow that apology, when circumstance and occasion are considered, and, in a word, when we endeavor to strike a just balance of the actions and characters of men, he rarely can escape a trite conclusion or a mediocrity of argument. . . . It is only where a point is driven home with force, when, to paint one trait vividly, the rest of the features are thrown into the shade, that brilliancy is attained at the expense of fidelity and a liberal construction."

In politics, as in most things, the most striking arguments are those *ad hominem* and *ad absurdum*. Ridicule serves too often for a test of truth; and though this delicate instrument may be perverted to great injury, yet we all know very well how many people can be laughed out of notions which could not be removed by the fairest and most conclusive argumentation. A laugh is the best logic for these. How many subjects, too, of no little detriment to a cause, though in themselves of diminutive importance, cannot be appropriately treated except in the way of jesting and raillery. The littleness of some men is far beneath aught but the levity of a squib or a pun; whereas the specific gravity (or, in plain terms, stolid presumption) of others, requires merely a superficial exposition, to make them ridiculous for ever.

There are other considerations that tend to confirm the usefulness of political satire. Much may be done indirectly that we cannot openly face and attack. An allegorical narrative may include real characters, which it might be imprudent to depict in express language. Bold, bad men, in power, may be scourged with impunity and poetic justice, by the dramatist and novel writer, when a faithful picture of them by a chronicler of the times would, in other days and lands than our own,

* From an admirable Essay on Party Spirit,—vide "Essays written in the intervals of business."—Pickering, London.

send him into duress. Existing public abuses which, from their intangible and irresponsible character, cannot always be publicly met, may still be so described in a work of fiction, as in time to effect a thorough popular reformation of them. Thus much at present for the value of the argument *ad absurdum*, of which we shall have something in the way of illustration to furnish before we conclude.

The argument *ad hominem* affects a man's interest, and appeals to his pride or excites his indignation, and moves his feelings. It is the most effective argument to be used with the majority of men, and when enlivened by comic ridicule, or exaggerated into something like vituperative eloquence by the presence of a Juvenal tone of sarcastic rebuke, it displays the perfection of political satire, and such as we find it in the most eminent instances.

The finest and most permanent satire, whether religious or political, has been conveyed in works of imagination, which, falling into the hands of the greatest number of readers, have consequently at the same time obtained universal reputation, and exercised the widest influence. Of this nature, especially, are the immortal works of Swift, "Gulliver's Travels," and "The Tale of a Tub," the most admirable union of exquisite satire and allegory. These may be most appropriately styled allegorical satires, to which may be added Arbuthnot's "John Bull," and our Paulding's imitation of it. The extravagance of unmitigated burlesque, however, does not in all respects become the true character of able political writing, which, when it does admit of satire, invariably demands that the wit be based on vigorous sense and logic, and that it appear rather in the form of great intellectual acuteness, sharpened by exercise, than in the guise of pure pleasantry or jesting without an aim. And here we may remark, that not a single political writer is to be mentioned, of any eminence, and who has a reputation for wit or humor, whose wit and humor is not founded upon great strength of understanding, shrewdness, and knowledge of mankind. Political wit admits of little play of fancy, and few or no imaginative excursions. In fact, it is only a livelier mode of stating an argument.

It is reasoning by pointed analogies or happy illustrations, a species of epigrammatic logic. This is the wit of Junius, of Horne Tooke, of Tom Paine, and of William Hazlitt. They sought to reach the *reductio ad absurdum* by the argument *ad hominem*. The accumulation of ridiculous traits of character made up a comic picture, and demonstrated practical absurdities in conduct at the same time. On the other hand, by a process of exhaustive analysis, they *precipitated* (as a chemist would say) the ludicrous points of a subject. Cobbett's wit consisted in calling nicknames with an original air. Satire is a prosaic talent, yet it has been exercised by some of the first poets in the second class of great poets, the most distinguished of whom we will refer to soon. It handles topics essentially unpoetical, and in a way that would deprive them of what poetical qualities they might possess. For satire tends to diminish and degrade, whereas true poetry aims to exalt and refine. Satire deals with the vices, the crimes of the worst part of mankind, or the levities and follies of the most insignificant. Much political satire exaggerates both, but that is the original sin and inherent defect of all satire. The value of satire in a practical point of view is great: it is the only curb upon many, and no ineffectual check upon the best. Next to religion, it exerts a happier and a wider influence than anything else, whether law, custom, or policy. Such is forcible and well-directed satire in the worthiest hands. It is a true manly style of writing, but it admits of wide aberrations from this standard, and may become hurtful and dangerous. It exposes hypocrisy and encourages an open, frank, fearless spirit; yet this very openness (in base natures) will run into recklessness and a contempt of authority, a neglect of propriety, and a rash avowal of lawless and foul doctrines. It may convert liberty into licentiousness. Then, again, satire is often unfair, morally unjust, or historically false. The acute perception of Butler, which, aided by his learned wit and matchless versification, saw with exactness, and has transmitted to us with picturesque fidelity, the mere canting, controversial, corrupt Presbyterians of his day, failed to recognize

the sturdy vigor of the Independent, and the sublime fanaticism of even the wildest of the Fifth Monarchy men. Even Scott, though he came much closer to the truth in his pictures, unconsciously distorted and caricatured some of the noblest features of the Puritans. That stern race of robust men has hardly yet met with its true historian.

A too frequent consequence of successful satire, we have left for our last objection to its usefulness. It tends to beget a spirit of indifference. Men, looking on the excesses of either side with an eye of philosophic temperance, are too apt to conclude that there is nothing worth contending for; they become disgusted with what they (in their short-sightedness) esteem fruitless struggles, and give over all desire of victory. They become indifferent spectators of a stirring scene, and might as well, for all good purposes, be altogether removed from it.

In a former paper we promised to lay before the reader a *catalogue raisonné* of those poets who had been deeply concerned in contemporary politics, and whose writings had given an impulse to the parties they had respectively espoused. At present we can offer to occupy but a slight portion of this very wide general subject. Of this portion, even, we can present but a sort

of profile sketch, a mere outline. Hereafter we hope to enlarge our plan and enter more into detail.

From the time of Chaucer, English Poetry has been the firm friend and fast ally of Freedom. "The Mountain Nymph, Sweet Liberty," has inhaled the melodious airs and caught the musical breezes that float on "Parnassus" hill, and Truth has become the associate of Fancy. But it is only at a comparatively late period that an eminent example occurred of a partizan poet, of a political pamphleteer in verse. Perhaps Dryden may be placed at the head of this class, in point of time as well as in degree of excellence. Butler's mock heroic had more the tone of a general satire, though "of the court, courtly," the text book of the witty king and his lively courtiers. "Glorious John," however, was the first poetical special pleader and rhyming controversialist we can refer to, who was a master in his department. In Church or State, he was almost equally at home.* His most celebrated satire, Absalom and Achitophel, is a masterpiece, and contains three characters, Absalom, (the Duke of Monmouth), Achitophel (the Earl of Shaftesbury), and Zimri, (the Duke of Buckingham), superior to the classic portraits of Pope.† It includes, besides these, vigorous reasoning, occasional fanciful imagery, pointed re-

* *Vide*, Absalom and Achitophel, and the Hind and Panther.

† We transcribe the two last:—

"Of these the false *Achitophel* was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace;
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the plummy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
*A daring pilot in extremity:
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves rose high,
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too near the sand to show his wit.*"

Buckingham has been drawn and painted by a variety of hands, and by master limners. Yet in Dryden we find united his Reynolds and Vandyke; a painter, whose expressive skill was marked by the elegance and vivacity of the first Master, with "the soft precision of the clear Vandyke." Pope, in his third Epistle on the Use of Riches, had afterwards sketched with admirable fidelity and brilliancy—

"That life of reason, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,—
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king"—

the brilliant, thoughtless, inconstant, acute, imprudent, intriguing, prodigal, Villiers,

flections, and a style completely adapted to the subject, full, rich, varied, sufficiently harmonious to give a gusto to the finest thoughts, and so musical and dignified as to exalt even commonplace conceptions to the rank of heroic sentiment.

The poem just alluded to was the most popular of the day; and Dr. Johnson informs us, in his *Life of Dryden*, of the fact obtained on his father's authority, that more copies were sold of it than of any new book except *Sacheverell's Trial*.

Dryden comprised a school in himself. His imitators were so vastly inferior to him as to have sunk beneath general regard. He is the English Juvenal, (in his satires), as Pope was the English Horace, and exhibits the manly indignation and eloquent invective of the first writer without any of the ease and sprightliness of the second. Saturnine and silent as he has described himself, he could ill let himself down from his position of censor and critic, into the light gaiety of a familiar companion. He is in earnest, and wants humor to trifle with profound meaning like Swift, or Sterne, or Charles Lamb. A sage and serious moralist, he has little or nothing of the wit about him, and in this respect is totally unlike all the later political versifiers in English that we can recollect.

Swift's best satire was directed against pretenders of all sorts, in the *Tale of a Tub* (a satire on ecclesiastical abuses, in its primary intention,) and in his *Gulliver*, against government

and politics. His most decidedly political tracts, the *Conduct of the Allies*, and the *Draper's Letters*, we never could relish as we ought, though they both are still highly admired, and at the time of their first publication produced very palpable effects. In the Dean's verse almost every political allusion is handled by way of badinage, and expressive of no decided bias or party feeling. The copy of verses by Swift that contains the nearest approach to poetry, (of which few readers can accuse the witty Dean of *Laracor* of often committing), and which also conveys an impression of his political preference, is his address

" TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROW,

"Who commanded the British Forces in Spain.

*"Mordanto fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.*

*"In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast;*

*"Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.*

*"From Paris, gazette à-la-main,
This day arrived, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.*

*"A messenger comes all a-reeck,
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.*

Duke of Buckingham. But he had been described by Dryden before, in that inimitable picture, which later writers may envy, yet despair of ever equalling:—

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking,
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,
Nothing went unrewarded but desert,
Resard'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For spite of him the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

"Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn :
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn,

"Mordanto gallops on alone ;
The roads are with his followers strewn ;
This breaks a girth, and that a bone.

"His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

"A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigor,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

"So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

"Shines in all climates like a star,
In senates bold, and fierce in war,
A land commander and a tar.

"Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be matched in modern reading
But by his name-sake Charles of Sweden."

This was that Earl of Peterborough, the friend of Pope, (who left his watch to the poet as a daily remembrancer of him), and associate of the Tory wits, one of the most gallant, accomplished, romantic, and eccentric characters of his time. It was he of whom Spencer relates, that being in the company of Fenelon, with whose sweet, attractive graces he was charmed, the skeptical lord exclaimed, that he was "so delicious a creature, that he must get away from him, else he would convert him."

We committed an error, when we said above, that Dryden's imitators were beneath regard ; we forgot Churchill. Churchill is now little better than a name ; a past notoriety, a once fashionable satirist. Byron's brilliant lines upon him, have strengthened this general impression (with the majority of readers a true impression), of his present obscurity. But the author of the *Rosciad*, the first pupil in the school of Dryden, the model of Cowper, the friend of Colman and Lloyd, and Bonnell Thornton, and the staunch associate of the notorious John Wilkes, cannot be so easily forgotten, in a list of the truly classic reputations of English Literature. In Southey's late life of Cowper, we find the most impartial account of Churchill, whose errors, and in some instances, whose vices grew out of imprudence and of a

reckless scorn, induced by the temporary oblivion of the claims of conscience and morality. "The comet of a season," the star of Churchill's glory set in melancholy and gloom. At war with the world, he beamed restless and dissatisfied with himself ; and this mental anxiety, added to a cutting sense of disgrace and moral desperation, hurried him into the hasty execution of poems, that, polished by study and refined by art, might have stood the test of ages, instead of being thrown as lumber into Time's receptacle for vigorous curiosities and unfinished poetical studies. Churchill had two qualities which he never lost sight of, nor omitted to exercise, manliness and generosity. He was direct, open, unwavering, and sincere. A hater and severe lasher of hypocrisy, his defects lay rather in an excess of freedom ; and though just and generous to an extraordinary degree, he was not always delicate and fastidious enough for the refinement of modern days. Hazlitt has drawn his portrait in a line:—"Churchill is a fine, rough satirist ; he had wit, eloquence, and honesty." Except his *Rosciad*, all his satirical poems, and he wrote nothing but satire, are directed to political subjects. The *Prophecy of Famine* (one of the finest), contains some capital hits at the Scotch ; which the author of *Table Talk* must have relished hugely. He was a firm adherent of Wilkes, and thought him the purest of patriots, as he used to speak of Churchill as the noblest of poets. There was, unquestionably, a strong natural sympathy between them. Cowper, who is thought to have taken Churchill for his model in moral satire, entertained an equally exalted opinion of the poet's abilities. "It is a great thing," writes the former, "to be indeed a poet, and does not happen to more than one man in a century ; but *Churchill*, the *great Churchill*, deserves that name." This is a noble eulogium from the puritanical Cowper, of the impetuous Churchill. With anecdotes, both of Churchill's generosity and manliness, we might worthily fill a page or two, but the dark side of the picture we feel no desire to exhibit, and content ourselves with a reference to the work just mentioned. His verse is characterized by spirit, indignant fire, vigorous sense, and a masculine melody peculiar to

himself. He had much of Dryden's talent for portrait and impassioned declamation, with a more dashing manner, and defects, arising from carelessness and haste. Perhaps Churchill's best production, after all, was his *Rosciad*, a purely theatrical criticism in verse. This may be considered the metrical pendant or corollary to Cibber's *Autobiography*, which contains the theatrical portraits of the age of Pope; as this, of the age of Johnson. We quote these faithful daguerreotypes of Foote and Miss Pope,

"By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries,
struts, and scrapes;
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, band, parson, auctioneer.
His strokes of humor, and his bursts of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word,—distorte.

With all the native vigor of sixteen,
Among the merry troupe conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance on jig and trip,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humor just, yet new.
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more."

Pope might have written these lines, and would by no means have disdained the reputation of them. Churchill is in the main just, yet rather hard upon the author of *The Mayor of Garratt*. His predictions as to Miss Pope were entirely verified. This lady and fine performer, afterwards attracted the regard of the author of *Elia*, (the most delicate of theatrical critics), who writes of her, in one of his admirable essays, "charming, natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman, as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy."

As we descend to our own days, we find the bitter personality of political satire has left verse, in a great measure, for the public speech and the editorials of the newspaper. Modern satire is gay and trifling, instead of being weighty and severe. Tom Moore and Peter Pindar are the cleverest in their peculiar style, we remember; Moore the parlor wit, and Wolcott, the wit of the alehouse. Genteel badinage and ele-

gant raillery, is the forte of the first; as a certain coarse vigor and copious humor is of the last. We give the dictum of the finest poetical critic of the age, on these writers. Of Moore, "he has wit at will, and of the first quality. His satirical and burlesque poetry is his best—it is first-rate. His Two-penny Post-bag is a perfect 'nest of spicery;' where the Cayenne is not spared. The politician here sharpens the poet's pen. In this, too, our bard resembles the bee; he has its honey and its sting." As this lively *jeu-d'esprit* is not so much read now as formerly, and least of all amongst us, we have thought our readers might not be disinclined to a reference to a few of the cleverest passages.

Here is a choice *morçeau* from an imaginary Letter of Y. R., to the E—— of Y——; written the day after a dinner, given by the M—— of H—d—t.

"We missed you last night at the 'hoary old sinner's,
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners;
His soups scientific—his fishes quite prime—
His patés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E——gh,
Who set to, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaimed, between mouthfuls, 'A He-cook, of course!
While you live—(what's there, under that cover, pray look,)
While you live—(I'll just taste it),—ne'er keep a she-cook.
'Tis a sound Salic law—(a small bit of that toast),
Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast;
For cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—
Like masonry, never found out by a woman!"

A certain Countess Dowager, on the eve of issuing five hundred cards "for a snug little rout," writes thus to a lady intimate, in her zeal to catch a Lion for the evening display:—

"But in short, my dear, names like Wintzschitstopshinzoudstroff,
Are the only things now make an ev'ning go smooth off—

So get me a Russian—'till death I'm your debtor—

If he brings the whole alphabet, so much the better ;

And—Lord ! if he would but *in character* sup

Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up !

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—

Little Gunter has brought me the liqueurs to taste.

“ POSTSCRIPT.

“ By-the-bye, have you found any friend that can construe

That Latin account t'other day of a Monster ?

If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin

Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.”

Among other capital things is a Letter of a fashionable publishing house, to an author, enclosing his rejected manuscripts :

“ Per Post, Sir, we send your manuscript, —look'd it thro'—

Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twould not do.

Clever work, sir ! would 'get up' prodigiously well,

Its only defect is—it never would sell !

And though *statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,

In an *author*, we think, sir, that's *rather* a fault.

Hard times, sir,—most books are too dear to be read,

Though the *gold* of good sense and wit's *small change* are fled,

Yet the *paper* we publishers pass in their stead,

Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it,)

Not even such names as F—tzg—r—d's can sink it.

However, sir, if you are for trying again, And at something that's readable—we are your men.”

With professional courtesy the writer ventures to point out more vendible somethings, in the way of authorship, as Travels, Tracts against the Catholics, East India Pamphlets, Reviews, and finally hits upon a master thought of its kind:—

“ Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,

We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt, you must know,

(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the Row,*)

Having quitted the borders to seek new renown,

Is coming by long quarto stages, to town ; And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay),

Means to *do* all the gentlemen's seats on the way.

Now the scheme is (though some of our hackneys can beat him)

To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to meet him,

Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—

May do a few villas, before Sc—tt approaches.

Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby, He'll reach without found'ring, at least Woburn Abbey.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,

'Tis a match ! and we'll put you *in training* next week ;

At present no more—in reply to this letter, a

Line will oblige very much

“ Yours, et cetera.

“ Temple of the Muses.”

Nothing can surpass, for exquisite pleasantry, sharp satire, and the finest wit, this brilliant gem ; unless it be the following letter, which will be relished vastly by those who are familiar with the domestic history of the then Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., with which we must conclude our extracts, though there is more than as much again, of equal lustre.

“ EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

“ *Wednesday.*

“ Through M—nch—st—r-square took a canter just now—

Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow,

This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,

But got such a look—oh, 'twas black as the devil !

How unlucky !—*incog.* he was trav'ling about,

And I, like a noodle, must go find him out ! *Mem.*—When next by the old yellow chariot I ride,

To remember there is nothing Princely inside.

“ *Thursday.*

“ At levee to-day made another sad blunder—

What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder !

* Paternoster-row.

The P—e was as cheerful as if, all his
 life,
 He had never been troubled with friends
 or a wife.
 'Fine weather,' says he—to which I, who
must prate,
 Answered, 'Yes, sir, but *changeable* rather
 of late.'
 He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat
 gruff,
 And handled his new pair of whiskers so
 rough,
 That before all the courtiers I fear'd
 they'd come off,
 And then, Lord, how Geramb would tri-
 umphantly scoff!
Mem.—To buy for son Dicky some un-
 guent or lotion
 To nourish his whiskers,—sure road to
 promotion.

“ Saturday.

“ Last night a Concert—vastly gay—
 Given by Lady C—stl—r—gh.
 My Lord loves music, and, we know,
 Has two strings always to his bow.
 In choosing songs, the R—g—t nam'd
 ‘Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd.’
 While gentle H—rtf—d begg'd and pray'd
 For ‘*Yours I am, and sore afraid.*’”

“ Peter Pindar,” says the writer from
 whom we have already quoted in refer-
 ence to Moore, “the historian of Sir Jo-
 seph Banks and the Emperor of Mo-
 rocco, of the Pilgrims and the Peas, of
 the Royal Academy, and of Mr. Whit-
 bread's brewing vat, the bard in whom
 the nation and the king delighted, is old
 and blind,* but still merry and wise;
 —remembering how he has made the
 world laugh in his time, and not re-
 penting of the mirth he has given; with
 an involuntary smile lighted up at the
 mad pranks of his Muse, and the lucky
 hits of his pen—‘faint picture of those
 flashes of his spirit, that were wont to
 set the table in a roar;’ like his own
 Expiring Taper, bright and fitful to the
 last; tagging a rhyme or conning his
 own epitaph; and waiting for the last
 summons, grateful and contented!”

Previous to the period when these
 authors flourished, and during the era
 of our great national struggle, appeared
 our first essays at the union of politics
 and poetry, chiefly in the form of poli-
 tical satire. Trumbull's Hudibrastic
 poem is a spirited copy of the admir-
 able original. A Frenchman, of more
 politeness than critical sagacity, wrote
 of it as *superior* (!) to Hudibras: but

such praise was *hyper*-Hudibrastic in
 itself. Our epic poet Barlow is said to
 be the best known abroad (or rather
 was the best known) of our national
 bards, a fact that tends to injure the
 true poetical fame of our genuine sons
 of song. As a burlesque writer, Barlow
 deserves considerable praise. Dwight,
 Humphreys, Hopkins, Freneau, T.
 Paine, and a few of equal rank and
 ability, have long since been forgotten.
 It is a little singular that our earliest
 writers of verse should have been fol-
 lowers of Pope, and destitute of any
 spirit of intellectual independence.
 With Bryant and Dana, true pupils of
 Wordsworth and nature, commences
 our poetical history. Bryant is, both
 in point of time and genius, our first
 poet, and a devoted advocate of free-
 dom. One of his latest effusions, “The
 Antiquity of Freedom,” is a noble
 poem, worthy of the author of “The
 Seasons,” and not unworthy of the
 author of “The Excursion.” The spi-
 rited ode has been revived by Drake †
 and Holmes, ‡ who have written, per-
 haps, our two finest *national* lyrics.
 The Pindaric odes, by Croaker and
 Co., are piquant satires, well known to
 the readers of the Evening Post in the
 year 1819.

In England we recollect nothing of
 the Anti-Jacobin wits superior to the
 Croaker effusions. Canning, the best of
 the writers, was neat and elegant in
 his verse as in his oratory, and rarely
 rose above a classical correctness and
 gentlemanly smartness.

The last satirical *jeu d'esprit* in Eng-
 land that time has made classical,
 (upon which we can at present lay our
 hands), was a joint production of Cole-
 ridge and Southey, that appeared in
 the Morning Post some years ago.
 Since that time epigrams and verses
 numberless have, doubtless, been pro-
 duced, but nothing comparable to the
 following, with which we shall bring
 our rambling lucubrations to a close:

“ THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

“ From his brimstone bed, at break of
 day,

A walking the *Devil* is gone,
 To visit his little snug farm of the earth,
 And see how his stock went on.

“ Over the hill and over the dale,
 And he went over the plain,

* This was written previous to his death.

† The American Flag.

‡ The Constitution.

And backwards and forwards he swish'd
his long tail,
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

"And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best,
His jacket was red and his breeches were
blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came
through.

"He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On a dung-heap beside his stable,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in
mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

"A 'pothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocations,
And the Devil thought of his old Friend,
Death in the Revelations.

"He saw a cottage with a double coach-
house,
A cottage of gentility!
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is the pride that apes humility.

"He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he, 'We are both of one college;
For I myself sat like a cormorant once,
Fast by the tree of knowledge.'

"Down the river there plied with wind
and tide,
A pig with vast celerity;
And the Devil looked wise as he saw how
the while,
It cut its own throat. 'There!' quoth
he with a smile,
'Goes "England's commercial pros-
perity."'

"As he went through Cold-Bath-Fields
he saw,
A solitary cell,
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave
him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

"General ——'s burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did he take,
For the Devil thought, by a slight mis-
take,
It was *general* conflagration.*"

TECUMSEH.*

THIS volume is entitled to a higher degree of attention than fortune seems to have yet awarded to it, at the hands of the public criticism of the country. Its publishers, we believe, have little reason to complain, the first edition having "gone off" at a very satisfactory rate, scattered from their shelves to take a welcome place on a thousand drawing-room tables. But for the poet—the young poet, an author for the first time—though that testimony to the merits of his production which is borne by the ledger of his bookseller, is by no means an immaterial point, yet to his ardent and aspiring soul, athirst for praise, for sympathy and love, there is but small satisfaction in such

reward, if the higher meed toward which he has chiefly aimed, is withheld, or unkindly and ungraciously stinted.

The appearance of an American poem in nine cantos, forming a volume of about three hundred pages, is not such an every-day phenomenon, as to be entitled to no more notice than the passing recognition of the fact, among the fifty others to which each hour gives birth, and of which the ephemeral thought does not outlive the day. And especially a work so peculiarly national in its character, and the evident product of so gallant an ambition and enthusiasm on the part of its author, deserves and demands at least a

* The history of the above production is interesting, and is related at length in the late London edition of Southey's *Poetical Works*. It appears the authorship was quite a matter of discussion—Porson, the famous Greek scholar, being named among other claimants. In point of fact, however, whatever merit the piece possesses is chiefly due to Southey, who contributed the longer and livelier portion. In the edition of Coleridge, from which we extracted it, the poem is no longer than we have given: but later editions present it tripled in length, though hardly in piquancy.

* *Tecumseh, or the West Thirty Years Since. A Poem.* By George H. Colton. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1842.

more respectful attention, if not a more generous reward of praise and encouragement, than Mr. Colton's "Tecumseh" has yet received. We take some fault to ourselves, as well as imputing it to others, for what may have seemed a cold and chilling neglect of a meritorious contribution to our national literature; and, determined not to allow procrastination to cross the turning point of a new year and volume, shall proceed to impart to our readers some acquaintance with its contents and character.

"Tecumseh" is a tale in verse, of forest life and adventure, at the period of the war of 1812, with a *dramatis personæ* divided between Indians and whites. The main thread of narrative along which all the incidents arrange themselves, relates to the fortunes of two lovers, of the latter race,—the maiden being in the possession of her Indian captors, while her betrothed roams the wilds of the west, far and wide, in quest of her. Its action embraces two years, and besides the personal adventures of the characters of the poem, some of the most prominent public events of the period are described at great extent,—such as the efforts made by the great aboriginal hero who gives name to the work, to effect a general Indian league of extermination against the whites, the battle of the Wabash, Perry's victory on Lake Erie, and the battle of the Thames.

The scene opens thus, on an autumnal day, on the banks of the Ohio :

"A few years gone, the western star
On his lone evening watch surveyed
Through all his silent reign afar
But one interminable shade,
From precipice and mountain brown
And tangled forest darkling thrown;
Save where, the blue lakes, inland seas,
Kissed lightly by the creeping breeze,
His beams, beyond unnumbered isles,
Glanced quivering o'er their dimpling
smiles;
Or where, no tree or summit seen,
Unbrokenly a sea of green,
That wild, low shores eternal laved,
The Prairie's billowy verdure waved.
Nor ever might a sound be heard,
Save warbling of the wild-wood bird,
Or some lone streamlet's sullen dash
In the deep forest, or the crash
Of ruined rock, chance-hurled from high,
Or swarthy Indian's battle cry,

Whooped for revenge and victory.
And through the wilderness of green,
Low banks or beetling rock between,
Through rough and smooth, through fair
and wild,

The still strange scenery of a dream,
By its enchanting power beguiled,
Birth of the rock, the mountain's child,
Th' Ohio rolled his sleepless stream,
From morn till evening, day by day,
Urging his solitary way.
No nobler stream did ever glide
From fountain head to Ocean's tide.

Between the banks that face to face
Gaze on each other's brows for ever,
And hold within their deep embrace
A lengthened reach of that broad river,
The autumn sun's last lingering rays,
Shot long and low, did trembling rest
Level upon its watery breast.
Beneath those burnished arrows rolled,
The waters seemed like molten gold,
Unless some jutting rock from high,
Or tree, hung midway in the air,
Catching them ere they quivered by,
Its dark form threw distinctly there;
Or light, through frost-changed foliage
streaming,
As to the eyes of childhood dreaming,
A mingling of all colors made,
From morning's flush to twilight's shade.

Upon a broad stone, which the flood,
With ceaseless murmurings, softly laved,
While high o'er head gray rocks arose,
And green trees mid their ruins waved,
Like granite statue in repose,
Unmoved and stern a warrior stood.
Not his the arms, the garb, the mien,
That in chivalric days were seen,
When rushed from hall and lady's bower
Gay knights with spear and shield,
To reap in one tempestuous hour
Glory on Death's own field.
Yet were his form and features high
Of Nature's own nobility;
And though upon his face of stone
No ray of quick expression shone,
Within his keenly glancing eye
Gleamed the fierce light of victory.
The beaded moccasins he wore
Were redder dyed in crimson gore;
The eagle's feather in his hair—
Drops of the bloody rain were there;
And on his wampum belt arrayed
Three scalps, sad trophies! were displayed:
An aged man's—the shrivelled skin
Still showed a few locks white and thin;
A woman's next—the tresses gray
Upon his thigh dishevelled lay;
And third, of all the saddest sight,
A child's fair curls in amber light
Hung trembling to the breeze of night.

The soft wind shakes their dewy
wreath—

Alas! 'tis not a mother's breath!
A beam of light upon them lies—
It is not from a mother's eyes!"

The Indian thus introduced, fresh from the murder of a settler's family, is an Ottawa, named Ken-hàt-ta-wa. He is accompanied by his younger brother,—a young maiden, the daughter of the massacred prisoner, whom he is bearing off captive,—and an English white man, the great villain of the story, named De Vere, who had instigated the act, and whose motive had been a double one, hatred against the father of the maiden, and love of Mary herself. We learn from an episode introduced shortly after this *tableau vivant* of the solitary Indian figure, that she had formerly dwelt on the banks of the Connecticut, where she had bestowed her love upon a youth named Moray, and had spurned De Vere, who had there sought to possess himself dishonorably of her charms. The latter vowing vengeance upon her and hers, had reduced her father by his arts to poverty, and had then sought to buy the daughter for his bride, with offers which were rejected with scorn. The ruined family had then migrated westward.

"And in her home a thousand miles
From that which won her infant smiles,
And charmed her childhood into tears,
And fed with thought her growing years,
Fair Mary dwelt 'mid scenes, might well
Beguile with their Elysian spell
The dreams of her loved native dell.
Where dark Miami's rushing stream
Through willows wild did dimly gleam,
Their simple, lowly cottage rose,
Bosomed in Eden's sweet repose.
At distance from the rest removed,
It was by her the better loved,
Before it swept the voiceful river,
Communing with the winds for ever;
Behind a gentle slope displayed
Some scattered trees of friendly shade,
In Nature's negligence arrayed;
And near, a fount, with slumbrous sound,
Diffused a dewy coolness round.
The wild-rose bloomed beside the door,
The wild-vine wreathed the windows o'er,
And thousand flowers all lonely grew,
Ne'er blushing to the human view
Till Mary came with fairer hue,
Nor wooed but by the wild-wood bird
Till Mary came with softer word.
And ever as the Sabbath sun
On those rude dwellings calmly shone,

Though no cathedral towards the sky
Its gloomy turrets lifted high,
Yet echoed with the voice of prayer
The many-pillared temple there—
The dim, the still, the solemn wood—

For rightly deemed that pilgrim band,
HE was the God of solitude,
As of a peopled land!"

But they are ere long pursued there both by love and hate. De Vere possesses himself of the person of Mary in the mode already mentioned; and Moray, her lover, following their migration, reaches their cottage by the Miami only in time to witness the desolation just made there.

"At last one autumn morn he stood,
Within the hoar, unbreathing wood,
Above her home. His soul became
So feeble as a dying flame:—
Suspense in bosoms stout and brave
Will make the stillness of the grave!
Through faded leaves the early sun
Upon the cottage coldly shone.
All there was silent.—Did they sleep?—
He felt life's curdling currents creep
Back to his heart with shuddering chill;
He hurried down—but all was still,
Except the dog's low plaintive whine,
Or wind that sighed through rustling vine.
He knocked—he paused in doubt and
dread—

He saw the threshold stained and red—
He burst the door—O God! the sight
Had seared a seraph's eyes of light!
All pale and scalpless on the floor,

With eyes from which the soul was
flown,
Stilled pulse, and hearts that beat no
more,

Lay mother, sire, and gentle son,
Whom few brief years had smiled upon.
Death had been there—and in their blood
The faithful dog beside them stood,
Moaning to them most piteously—
It was a fearful sight to see!"

He plunges into the forest in pursuit of the murderers, and for the rescue of their captive. The narrative returns to the latter party dropping down the Ohio in the chieftain's canoe, under the cover of the night; when, as the young and gentler brother of Ken-hàt-ta-wa is chaunting a song of Indian tenderness over the exhausted and sleeping girl, the pale "lily-of-the-water," a shot rings from Moray's rifle, and its bullet is sped on a mistaken errand to the bosom of the youth,—who promised to become a very respectable

character if he had lived. The chief is dissuaded by De Vere from his first impulse to add his prisoner's scalp to the three already at his belt; and the canoe passing beyond shot to the other bank of the river, pursues its rapid and silent way:

"Through the dim stillness on they sped,
Like fabied spirits of the dead,
In shadow borne, and silence lone,
Along the lake of Acheron."

The Second Canto thus introduces the great chieftain who is the hero of the poem, in conference with his brother, well known to history as "the Prophet:"

"It was an Autumn morn: the sun
Wearily rose his race to run—
He came but late, as an aged one;
The cold, gray mists, like flags unfurled,
Around the sleeping earth were curled;
On prairie, river, lake and wood,
Lay the deep dream of solitude.
Lone rising, in the midst was seen
One mighty mound, with mosses green—
Save where, by winds of autumn blown,
The pale and withered leaves were strown,
A huge rude pile, built up of old
By hands long since forgot and cold.
Time spares their tombs alone:—what
name

Their darkly mouldering dust can claim!
And as the mists were rolled away,
Before, outspread the eye beneath,
A prairie's boundless prospect lay
Like solemn Ocean, as the breath
Of morning swept its surface o'er,
With long, slow waves, from shore to
shore—
There only rose not Ocean's roar;
While all behind it stretched a range
Of varied forest, fading sere,
Touched with the spirit of a change,
That falleth with the changing year;
And there, by swell or grassy glade,
Unscared the antlered wild-deer strayed,
Or fed along the prairie's verge
Vast herds, that never felt the scourge,
Or dashed o'er valley, plain and hill,
Lords of their own unbounded will,
As ocean billows shoreward press,
The proud steeds of the wilderness.

"Upon that mound's most silent height,
Ere dewless fell the morning's light,
With step the hare had scarcely heard,
Two warriors of the wood appeared.
By his broad brow of care and thought,
By his most regal mien and tread,
By robes with richest wampum wrought,
And eagle's plume upon his head,

The one should be a chief of power,
And ruler of the battle's hour;
Nor e'er did eye a form behold
At once more finished, firm and bold.
Of larger mould and loftier mien
Than oft in hall or bower is seen,
And with a browner hue than seems
To pale maid fair, or lights her dreams,
He yet revealed a symmetry
Had charmed the Grecian sculptor's eye,
A massive brow, a kindled face,
Limbs chiselled to a faultless grace,
Beauty and strength in every feature,

While in his eyes there lived the light
Of a great soul's transcendent might—
Hereditary lord by nature!
As stood he there, the stern, unmoved,
Except his eagle glance that roved,
And darkly limned against the sky
Upon that mound so lone and high,
He looked the sculptured God of Wars,
Great Odin, or Egyptian Mars,
By crafty hand, from dusky stone,
Immortal wrought in ages gone,
And on some silent desert cast,
Memorial of the mighty Past!
And yet, though firm, though proud his
glance,
There was in his countenance
That settled shade, which oft in life
Mounts upward from the spirit's strife,
As if upon his soul there lay
Some grief which would not pass away.

"The other's lineaments and air
Revealed him plainly brother born
Of him, who on that summit bare
So sad, yet proudly, met the morn:
But, lighter built, his slender frame
Far less of grace, as strength, could
claim;
And, with an eye that, sharp and
fierce,
Would seem the gazer's breast to
pierce,
And low'ring visage, aye the while,
Inwrought of subtlety and guile,
Whose every glance, that darkly stole,
Bespoke the crafty, cruel soul,
There was from all his presence shed
A power, a chill, mysterious dread,
Which made him of those beings seem,
That shake us in the midnight dream.
Yet were his features, too, o'ercast
With mournfulness, as if the past
Had been one vigil, painful, deep and
long.
Of hushed Revenge still brooding over
wrong."

In this conference, brooding fiercely over the wrongs of their race, Tecumseh announces to the Prophet his design of forming a general Indian league for the expulsion of the pale-

faces from the continent, and leaves it in charge with him to prevent any outbreak, or betrayal of this purpose, till his return from the mission on which he proposes immediately to depart. The scene is transferred to an Indian camp, distant from the mound of this meeting, where the Ottawa band is awaiting the return of their chief Ken-hàt-ta-wa—together with a band of the Shawnee tribe, to which Tecumseh and the Prophet belonged :

“ A motley scene the camp displayed.
 Their simple wigwams, loosely made
 Of skins and bark, and rudely graced
 With sylvan honors of the chase,
 At scattered intervals were placed
 Beneath majestic trees—the race
 Of other years; while, statelier reared,
 Alone and in their midst appeared
 The lodge of council, honored most,
 Yet unadorned with care or cost.
 Their beaded leggins closely bound,
 Their blankets wreathed their loins
 around,
 Whence rose each neck and brawny
 breast
 Like bust of bronze with tufted crest,
 Around, the forest-lords were seen—
 Some, old, with grave and guarded
 mien
 High converse holding in the shade—
 Some idly on the green turf laid,
 Or, girt with arms of varied name,
 Repairing them for strife or game;
 Their dusky wives, from birth the while
 Inured to care and silent toil,
 Prepared the venison’s savory food
 And yellow corn, in sullen mood,
 Or sweetly to their infants sung,
 So light in wicker-cradles swung
 Upon the breeze-rocked boughs; in play
 Lithe urchins did their skill essay,
 Beneath some chief’s approving eye,
 To launch the feathered arrow high,
 The hatchet hurl, or through the air
 Send the shrill whoop; half robed or
 bare,
 The youth would act war’s mimic game,
 Or strove their wild-born steeds to tame—
 Perchance their captives scarce a day—
 Themselves untamed and wild as they;
 While sat beneath the green leaves
 fading
 Young maids, their chequered baskets
 braiding,
 Whose merry laugh or silvery call
 Oft rang most sweet and musical,
 Whose glancing black eyes often stole
 To view the worshipped of their soul:
 And ever in th’ invisible breeze
 Waved solemnly those tall old trees,

And fleecy clouds, above the prairies
 flying,
 Led the light shadows, chasing, chased
 and dying.”

Mary, refusing her life on the condition of accepting the love of De Vere, is on the point of being put to death, when another prisoner is brought in, and Ken-hàt-ta-wa exults to learn that the slayer of his brother, whose death an inferior victim was about to expiate, has fallen into his hands. Moray and Mary rush into each other’s arms, with so much pleasure, that the reader cannot but regret the very unpleasant circumstances which attend their meeting. They are, of course, very soon brought back to “ a sense of their situation;” and the maiden having fainted, the Indians speedily prepare an ordeal through which the youth would have found some difficulty to pass in safety :

“ Those words received th’ excited crowd,
 With frantic gestures—shoutings loud;
 And seizing in their tawny hands
 Knives, hatchets, clubs, or smoking
 brands,
 They ranged in two long lines, to greet
 With death the captive’s faltering feet,
 As tortured demons, grim and fell,
 Conduct a lost soul down to hell.”

However, he has no idea of indulging their benevolent intentions; and, with a most unreasonable perverseness, as soon as he is released and posted to begin the sport, he snatches a tomahawk from a huge warrior at his side, cleaves his brain at a blow, and is off at right angles, amidst a shower of spears and arrows, the whole legion of red devils streaming after him across the plain. His practised powers of limb come here into good play. The chase is described with much vigor and spirit. He dashes into the high prairie grass,—where, after a toilsome mile of progress had been made, a still more formidable foe comes to face him in front, in the form of a prairie fire! This passage was quoted on a different occasion in our pages, in illustration of a corresponding one of Catlin’s prose, (*Dem. Review* for July, 1842), to which the reader is referred. Moray escapes from the pursuit in his rear—the Indians being driven back by the still fiercer element, and the spear of their chief alone singing past him as he plunges into the advancing flame.

After staggering on among the burning roots and glowing coals, he falls into safety and a deep pit, which the author has most opportunely dug there for his rescue,—

“Wherein the greener grass that grew,
And reeds, yet moist with rain or dew,
Were scathed not by the fiery scourge,
That rolled above its rapid surge.”

By the time the baffled warriors return from this chace, their other captive has recovered from her swoon. She continues to spurn the suit of De Vere; is tied to a tree; and after being for some time the mark on which the red wretches practise their dexterity in grazing her cheek and bosom with their spears and tomahawks, Ken-hät-ta-wa is about to despatch her with his club, just swung back for the blow, when in bounds Tecumseh—reproaches their cowardly ferocity—and deprecating any act of this kind, calculated to provoke a premature collision with the whites, cuts the captive's bonds, and delivers her to the kinder cares of his Shawnee maidens, with the intention of eventually having her sent back to the white settlements. And so ends the Second Canto.

The Third, after introducing Tecumseh, by the side of his father's grave, in a lonely spot on the banks of the Mississippi, describes his tour, lasting from autumn till spring, among the Indian tribes westward of that river and along the Gulf. He first visits all the tribes along the Missouri and its tributaries as far as the Platte; thence turns southward, and again reaching the Mississippi, crosses it, and traverses the region of the Gulf and the rivers flowing into it; returns and crosses the great Father of Waters again at a still lower point; pushes up along the base of the Rocky Mountains and among the Black Hills; again recrosses the Mississippi, this time near its source, and reaches Lake Superior in the spring. This is, in our opinion, the best part of the poem. Mr. Colton is very felicitous in his treatment of the names and geography of the countless tribes through which he carries his magnificent hero. We can afford room for only the following specimens:

“And all along Missouri's shores,
Till Konzas his dark tribute pours,

And farther yet, where Platte still brings
Wide offering from his thousand springs,
And—countless reared from varied base,
Memorials of a vanished race—
Old mounds arise, dwelt, fiery-souled,
Brave tribes, as Nature uncontrolled.
'Twas theirs to go and come at will,
Chance fruits to eat, and drink the rill,
To chase the game through pathless
wood

Or track the flying feet of blood,
To shift, so slight their rude abodes,
From place to place their household gods,
To live and die in tameless pride,
Ev'n as their fathers lived and died:
For they not yet, so far removed,
The stranger's fatal gifts had proved,
That, from his nobler nature weaned,
But make the savage all a fiend.

“Tecumseh in their midst appeared
And by their council-fires was heard.
Sioux of fierce, forbidding gaze,
Saucs, Foxes, restless I-o-ways,
O-toes and roving O-ma-has,
And Weas, and wild Peorias,
Were thrilled through utmost soul and
sense,

As, with a mournful eloquence,
He told of mighty tribes that reared
Their wigwams once by eastern waves,
But now, where they had disappeared,
Remained but violated graves—
Then, with a voice of clarion, bade
Themselves in battle be arrayed;
For better, crushed by trampling Fate,
Than exiled, scorned and desolate.
He paused—but still their souls were
stirred,
As hearing still each earnest word,
And armed its might each warrior hand,
To strive for their beloved land.

“No rest was his. With tireless pace
Towards the far south he turned his face,
To pass by woods and prairies wild,
With their own solitude beguiled;
By plains, where, since the birth of things,
Gray Time hath waved his weary wings
Through silence vast; by lonely streams
More mighty than of old the themes
Of mightiest bards—Euphrates, held
Most ancient of the floods of Eld,
By primal Eden—Nilus hoar,
Far honored with his mystic lore—
Hydaspes of the fabled shore—
Indus, that barred the conquering bands,
Or Ganges of the golden sands.
No compass with its quivering ray
Was guide upon his pathless way;
But journeying sun, and moving stars,
Seen glimmering through the forest spars,
Or green and gray moss, ages grown
On rock or tree or boulder stone,

Declared his course, by day and night,
Director than the arrow's flight."

"So crossed he nameless streams, that
bear
Their breasts through scenery stern or fair,
To meet Missouri's deep embrace.
The wandering Kick-a-poe-an race,
The Shew-an-nas by Konzas' tide,
The Osages, that dwell beside
Arkansas' mountain-fostered pride,
Qua-paws, of spirit fierce and wild,
As ever fired the Desert's child—
To these he told the same sad story
Of present woes—of ancient glory.
They heard : strange thoughts their souls
possessed,
A fire was kindled in each breast,
And often in their troubled rest
Dark dreams of vengeance came :
They heard the yell and battle-cry,
Saw knives and hatchets gleaming high,
And maidens pale and women fly
From dwellings wrapped in flame ;
And in the chace they wandered o'er
The grounds their kindred roamed of yore.

"Through hoary woods and solemn
wastes,
Hoarse-dashing, aye unwearied hastes
The great Arkansas—gloomy river,
Borne on in wildered dream for ever !
Along its course Tecumseh passed.
Whether he toils through lowlands,
massed
With vegetation rank and vast,
Whereof th' enormous trees are wound,
O'er trunk and limb, around and round,
With monstrous vines, whose serpent-folds
Strangle their giant life ; or holds
A rapid course, with freer feet,
Where elk and wild deer bounded fleet,
O'er open plains ; or ruined steep
Ascending, sees the landscape sleep,
Stream, prairie, hill and forest deep,
In beauty of a thousand lights
Or from the loftier azure heights
Of Ozark's mountain range, surveys
The whole strange world beneath his
gaze—
Still on his silent way he pressed,
With thoughts, as steps, that would not
rest."

In the meantime a great force from varied tribes had gathered about the Prophet ; who, in accordance with the injunctions of Tecumseh, labors to restrain them from their impatient desire to attack the friendly troops of Harrison, then in their near vicinity. A Huron chief, named Oneirah, scoffs at the Prophet's supernatural pretensions, and our old friend the Ottawa, Ken-hat-ta-wa, now at feud with the absent

Tecumseh, is determined not to be restrained. The Prophet induces the Indians to burn Oneirah for a false and malign wizard, but he cannot restrain the fierce thirst of his followers for the fight, and he accordingly promises them, on the strength of his spells, safety from the enemy's weapons. De Vere reappears on the scene, and bribes the Prophet to make him the escort of the captive white maiden whom Tecumseh's commands required to be sent back ; but the Ottawa chieftain steps in, and wrests her from his hands, refusing to allow the captive who had been torn from him to be now sold by another, and determines to carry off "the bruised and faded flower—

"To share in peace, by Huron's water,
The wigwam of the Ottawa's daughter ;
That never he, while suns shall set,
Tecumseh and revenge forget."

The Fourth Canto is devoted chiefly to the battle of the Wabash. Moray, on recovering from his swoon at the bottom of the pit where we last left him, departs to seek the means of rescuing or avenging his mistress, whom he had parted from, it must be confessed, rather unceremoniously. Finding that Harrison's army had set out for the Indian country, he follows on its track. Before overtaking it, the adventure occurs to him of meeting an old squaw, and a young Indian boy, her son, who is dying of wounds and the exhaustion of a long flight from pursuit. He was the son of the Huron chieftain roasted so recently by Elsk-watáwa, the Prophet,—at whom he had, at the moment of his father's fate, hurled a weapon, which drew upon himself a hot pursuit. Moray revives him, bearing him to a fountain, and thence for about a league to his mother's wigwam, which his failing feet had been unable to reach. Owaola is the name of the youth whose life his kindness thus saves, and from whom he entitles himself to a gratitude never withheld by the Indian, and very serviceable in the subsequent course of the story. He afterwards joins Harrison's army, which is surprised by night in its encampment ; and in a hand to hand encounter with De Vere, his impetuous fury causes him to fall before the deadlier coolness of the latter, so that he is left there for dead among the heaps that strewed that fatal field.

At the opening of the Fifth Canto Moray lies a prisoner on a couch of fever, from his wounds, in the hut of an old woodman who had picked him up while engaged in looking for the bodies of three of his own sons who had fallen in the same disaster. The winter passes, and it is not till the spring that his strength returns with the re-awakening life of the season. He is then joined by Owaola, the Huron youth whose life he had saved and they set out on an expedition to the Ottawa country, in quest of Mary.

On the same day which thus witnesses their departure from the cabin of the old woodman by the banks of the Wabash, the reader is thus afforded a glimpse of the distant spot, in the Ottawa country, in the northern part of Michigan, which is to be the goal of a long and arduous wandering on their part :

“ ’Twas on the same bright day in spring,

Where Huron’s billows slowly swing,
To meet the lifted wave that falls
Round Mackinaw’s primeval walls,
Beside a brook, that wound along
Green trees and flowery knolls among,
A maiden of the forest stood.
Oft on the smoothly gliding flood,
While twining wreaths of blossoms wild,
She bent her beaming eyes, and smiled
To see her face, so soft and fair,
With answering beauty imaged there ;
Save when a sadness o’er her stole,
As pouring forth a sorrowing soul,
With broken notes, yet sweet and clear,
She heard her comrade singing near,
Whose form was hid by foliage green—
Though through the waving boughs ’twas
seen,

By glimpses of her pallid face,
She was not of the red man’s race.

“ What though a daughter of the Sun,
And rather of the twilight born
Than of the flushed and rosy morn,
That maid with dusk complexion shone ;
Yet was its hue as purely clear
As heaven, when first the stars appear ;
And all her form had Nature’s art
So moulded light, that every part
From Naiad foot to chiselled face,
Seemed conscious of a perfect grace ;
While her untaught, untainted soul,
Informed, inspired, illumed the whole,
And flowed through eyes as darkly bright,
As e’er were lit with heavenly light
At Beauty’s triumph, Love’s fond hour,
In court or cottage, hall or bower.
And well her simple Indian dress

Became that airy loveliness.
The fawn-skin frock, so softly dressed,
Close folded o’er her swelling breast,
And gently bound her waist about,
By belt with purple wampum wrought,
Thence falling short, in graceful ease,
Like Highland kirtle, to her knees ;
And, well the rounded limb that graced,
Her crimson-broidered leggins, laced
The beaded moccasins to meet
Upon those fairy-fashioned feet—
These soothingly of a youth had told,
Of delicate and maiden mould,
But that the smooth and raven tresses,
Descending low in soft caresses,
And rising breast, howe’er concealed,
That form a maiden true revealed.
As on her arm there hung a bow,
Of polished length and ebon glow,
She might have seemed, that forest child,
An Indian Dian, chaste and wild !”

And here we recover the long lost trail of the proper hero of the poem, who has just reached the waters of Superior, on his return from his western tour. Coming suddenly upon the beautiful Omeena, who is the daughter of our old Ottawa friend, he falls in love with her at sight ; and introducing himself as the great Tecumseh, a very few minutes suffice for his wooing and winning, —her answer, after very brief parley, being in the following pretty style of figurative consent :

“ ‘ Chieftain !’ exclaimed she, pointing high,
‘ See yonder cloud climb up the sky.
And hark ! the song birds will not sing :
They cower in fear each shivering wing.
But lo ! yon eagle’s rising form !
He hastens alone to meet the storm.
He cares not for his eyrie past,
So he may ride the rolling blast.
Go, warrior ; when the sky is clear
The Ottawa maid will meet him here.
Go—when the pale-face dwells no more
By Wabash tide or Huron’s shore,
Then to her mother’s grave she’ll bring
Young flowers, her last sweet offering,
And in the eagle’s eyrie sing !”

But it is not alone among civilized Christians, that private arrangements of this nature are sometimes very provokingly interfered with by objections on the part of the family. Ken-hàt-tawa suddenly stands before them, without considering how entirely *de trop* his presence is at the moment. We are sadly afraid he has condescended, as other papas have done before him, to

play the part of an eavesdropper. He orders Omeena home, and his deportment to Tecumseh is decidedly deficient in politeness. The latter, however, will not, at present at least, quarrel with him, but after some high words, with a running accompaniment of thunder and lightning from the heavens, he takes his leave.

We then return to Moray and his grateful and devoted guide. Owaola picks up a rusty tomahawk on the field of the Wabash fight.

"Thence crossed they many a forest stream,

Lone wandering in its shadowy dream—
And passed full many a fount and rill,
In Nature's ear that murmurs still—
And saw in many a glassy lake
Their glancing forms dark shadows make.
But none of these fed Moray's sight
With wonder, and his soul with light,
Like those fair plains of varied dress,
The gardens of the wilderness
From old, the true Hesperian named,
And lovelier than the ancient famed—
The boundless prairies. Far and nigh
Vast rolling carpets met his eye,
Of vernal verdure wrought with flowers
More gay than bloom in eastern bowers—
The jessamine and desert-rose,
Sweet honey-suckles' urn-like blows,
The wild pink and the golden-rod,

And nameless more, of gentle hue,
That from their tremulous bells of dew
Breathed ceaseless incense up to God.
Oft rose into the silent air
Those ancient mounds, so still and bare,
That seemed as ever brooding o'er
The annals of a race no more;
While here and there were single trees,
Conversing with the voiceful breeze,
That through departed centuries
Had guarded, with their sceptres green,
The regal realms that lay between,
And in their gay dominion seen
The wild beasts come and pass away,
And wilder tribes of men decay;
And all throughout were living things
On nimble feet or glittering wings—
The wild bull, with his shaggy hide,
The mining gopher, seldom spied,
The humming-bird on opening flower,
The eagle high of kingly power."

Passing by the St. Joseph, the Kalamazoo, the Grande, the Shiawasse, the Saganaw, they reach the shores of Lake Huron. Here they visit an ancient Huron tomb, two centuries old; and while there, themselves concealed, witness the meeting of Tecumseh and the Prophet. The former very prop-

erly asks, "is Elskwatáwa well?"—though he afterwards reproaches him severely for his mismanagement during his absence. The young Huron foregoes this opportunity of avenging his father's murder on the Prophet, only because the impulse is repressed by the spell of the noble presence of Tecumseh, "whom all the red men's minds revere." They reach the country of the Ottawas,—but only to learn, as they do through the inquiries of Owaola, that the chief had conveyed his daughter and his captive much further north and westward to the shores of Superior, for the alleged purpose of security in the coming war, but in reality to remove the former from the love of Tecumseh. On, of course.

The Sixth Canto relates their continued wandering on their quest. Moray's Indian guide proves himself a dexterous ship-builder, two days sufficing for the completion of the labor thus described:

"Within a green secluded vale,
That opened out upon the deep,
By rippling lake and breathing gale
And rustling foliage lulled to sleep,
To bear them o'er the waters blue,
The Huron built his light canoe
With hatchet, ever borne for use,
He hewed him bending roots of spruce;
Around their smooth, opposing bows,
In graceful curvature that rose,
Long, slender rods he lightly drew,
Of cedar red and springy yew;
From many a trunk, left white and stark,
Peeled wide and thin the birchen bark,
Which lapped and folded close around
The jointed frame, and firmly bound
In plaited edges o'er the rim,
He sewed with fibrous wattap slim,
And pitched, along each seem and line,
With resin of the gummy pine;
Then, last, adorned with skilful eye
Its sides, and endings curving high,
With chequered quills and varied paint,
In all devices queer and quaint—
Bright snakes, and birds of many a hue,
And forms that Fancy's fingers drew."

In the conveyance thus extemporized, they embark on the waters of the Lake, (Huron), at Saganaw Bay, we presume, for their voyage up to Superior. The glorious scenery through which their adventurous route lay, is described with so much spirit by Mr. Colton, that we cannot omit to quote some passages. The first important object on their way is Mackinaw:

“ And now their feet the waters lave,
 Now o'er the brightly lifted wave
 Their birchen vessel lightly flies,
 As o'er the deep the sea-mew hies,
 That only cleaves, with gleaming breast,
 The white foam of each billow's crest.
 Now rising out the way they saw
 The morn-kissed cliffs of Mackinaw,
 With chalky crags, and fortress white,
 And green-wood crowning every height,
 Bathed in the day-burst's dewy light,
 While many a mile upon the deep
 Their dark, broad shadows lay asleep;
 And now they eastward glanced around
 Below the very walls that frowned,
 Sheer thrice a hundred feet in air,
 With beetling brows and bosom bare;
 And now they see the island grow
 Faint in the distance dim—and now
 The farewell gaze is backward cast,
 St. Martin's Isles are quickly passed,
 And all the day, while round them lie
 All glorious things 'twixt earth and sky,
 Gleams on the bark from swell to swell,
 As doth the nautilus' pearly shell,
 Till loud along the broken shore
 They hear the northern billows roar,
 And, gliding round, encamp secure
 Beyond the cape of wild Detour.”

They sweep on through the St. Mary's along the British coast, and at length greet the celebrated opening view of the great inland ocean :

“ And thus along St. Mary's river—
 That, darkly flowing, hastes for ever,
 Nor lingers, though a hundred isles
 Entice to stay with tears and smiles,
 Hearing afar the call of ocean—
 They made their way with ceaseless motion,

Glanced by St. Joseph's sombre shore,
 Low De-la-Crosse, with countless more,
 Till, where the windings first unclose,
 The rushing Rapids whitening rose,
 With loveliest isles in green repose
 Amid their snowy foam;
 Where, isle or shore, the forests seem
 The strange commingling of a dream—
 The elm, the ash, the pine supreme,
 The willow bending to the stream,
 Mixed with the maple's changeeful gleam,

And hemlock's living gloom;
 While, slumbering in their dreamy hue,
 The distant mountains catch the view.
 Such vision to the wanderer's eyes
 Around the world may rarely rise!

“ Again sweet Morn awakes. The world
 Yet sleeps beneath her flag unfurled,
 And ere in glowing life it shines,
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Passed is the sable Point of Pines,
 At every stroke some fairer scene
 Appearing than before had been,
 Till, when all boundless falls the sheen,
 Where steep, high headlands frown
 apart,
 They glide, and—hush thy voice, thy heart,
 Thou gazer! to thine eye is given
 The mirror of eternal heaven!
 No more they moved: their being grew
 A part of that abiding view,
 Which in the moveless heavens' embrace
 Seemed to absorb all time and space.
 Stern guardians of the entrance wide,
 Like Titans rose on either side
 Le Gros and pine-shagged Iroquois,
 Aye brooding o'er their gloomy joys;
 Thence northward, far along the coast,
 Their giant forms a mountain host
 Fraternal reared, enrobed in blue

Of wave beneath and heaven on high,
 Till in the distance lost to view,
 Where melted lake and bending sky
 Into each other; westward stood
 A kindred rocky brotherhood,
 That stretch afar, unmoved sublime,
 Dim with the shadows of all time:
 And, guarded thus, between them lay,
 Clear, limitless, as realms of day
 Spread over them in blue expanse,
 The waters in their mighty trance;
 While over all—the heavens, the height
 Of the far mountains, and upon
 Th' eternal deep, the early sun
 Flung the broad splendor of his living light
 Illuming there Earth's purest heaven-lit glass,
 Wherein great Nature views her glorious face!”

Turning westward they skim along the southern shore of the Lake. This brings them to the Pictured Rocks :

“ On, on they fled. At last a scene
 Rose lovelier than in dreams hath been,
 Where many a mile, from wave to skies,
 Sublime the Pictured Rocks arise,
 And gain from years of sun and storms
 But added glories, brighter forms.
 Oh! idle all are words to tell
 How fair, as sunset on them fell!
 At first a lower range appeared,
 With gray breast o'er the waters reared,
 And many a cave deep, dark, and rounded,
 Wherein the eternal billows sounded,
 That with the roll and thunder-shock
 In terror quaked th' eternal rock.
 Thence towering rose they, cleft and veined,
 Until the very clouds were gained;
 While on their surface, smooth or rent,
 In thousand shapes were brightly blent

The thousand hues of earth and air,
Through varied pictures, rich and rare,
Structure and landscape, flame and smoke,
As painted by the pencil's stroke,
And forms which Fancy draws at will
With all her fair, capricious skill.

" Amidst all these so strangely given,
Long worn by waves, or seamed and riven
By time and tempest, from the rock
Stood forth all shapes the eye to mock.
Old fortresses and castles towered,
Whose battlements and bastions lower
Dilapidated, desolate,
Where Ruin holds his regal state;
Wide grottoes, smoothly scooped, far down
Beneath the lucid waters shone;
And, reared in majesty alone,
Columnar rising from the wave,
Or sunk below with polished pave,
Where eddies aye with gurgling sound
Circle the chiselled shafts around,
Were solemn temples, simply grand,
Hewn not by any mortal hand.
Hark! through their ancient aisles and
dim,

And sounding nave, the choral hymn
Goes up to Jove!—Nay! 'tis the roar
Of waters rolling evermore
Among the massy pillars there,
With anthems and the voice of prayer,
That, rising to His far abode,
For ever fill the ear of God!
And still beside them, deep and low,
Pierced darkly, whither none may know,
Yawn mighty caverns, wherein go
The smothered billows, to and fro;
While over all, in sullen frown,
Huge precipices darken down,
With trees on all their winding verge,
Green waving o'er the foamy surge.
Chaos of splendors! It would seem
As Nature, known in skill supreme,
Had chosen, at some idle hour,
To mock vain man's mimetic power,
And on that solitary shore,
Ere broke its wave the Indian's oar,
Displayed with her almighty hand
The mortal works of every land,
And o'er the whole assemblage strown,
Strange lovely fancies all her own!"

On the eighth day, while in the act of crossing a broad bay, they are overtaken by a terrific tempest, by which their frail bark is wrecked, though they are cast up by the billows in safety, high if not dry, on the shore. Making their way through the woods, they soon light upon the beautiful Indian maiden Omeena, in a situation of extreme peril, whom Moray rescues from the rage of a cataract with great gallantry. She takes him to see a cap-

tive white maiden, in whom we of course expect to find the object of our long wandering by forest and flood,—but behold, the provoking poet is only tantalizing both his hero and his reader. It is, after all, another person,—in whom he discovers a Scottish maiden, broken-hearted for the death of a kinsman of his own, who had fallen in battle in France. The coincidence is certainly a very extraordinary one, but we fear that all the paths attached by the author to her case is lost upon the reader in his disappointment at her unwelcome intrusion into another's more proper place. All we can learn about the latter individual is the following:

" 'What speak'st thou of another maid?
There was with us,' Omeena said,
'Long since, most sorrowful and fair,
Like this a moon-lit form of air.
But she one night was stole away!'"

If this is not treating a confiding and sympathizing public in a very aggravating manner, we should like to know what would have been better entitled to the designation. But there is scant time afforded for complaint. The father of Omeena re-appears. Moray's gallantry in saving the life of the daughter now saves him from the immediate vengeance of the Ottawa. The latter gives him and his Huron friend a day's start in flight, together with a couple of bows and supply of arrows. The last thin thread that bound the Scottish maiden to life snaps with his departure. They celebrate her simple obsequies, Omeena singing her lament over the vanished "foam of the waters"—the melted "snow-wreath of winter"—the departed "cloudlet of summer."

The Seventh Canto carries our friends still further off into the far savagery of the wild. They fall into the hands of another tribe of Indians—Chippewas; between whom and the pursuing Ottawas a fierce conflict takes place, resulting in the escape of a small number, including Moray and Owaola, in a canoe on the lake. His new captors strike across the lake, and his journeyings end only on the shores of the Lake of Storms, where his life is spared only on the condition of his adoption into the tribe, as the son of a worthy old Saehem named Nidi-Wyan. During

the ensuing summer and winter, he hunts with his tribe over the whole range of wilderness from the Lake of the Woods to the head waters of the Missouri. At last Tecumseh re-appears, to bind again the ligaments of his great league; and a vow of exterminating war against the whites being circulated among all the warriors of the tribe, Moray's refusal to unite in it would have cost him his life, but that his adopted father effects his discharge from the tribe and safe departure homeward. They again see Omeena on their way; and learn from her that Mary had been heard of as dwelling on the eastern shore of Superior, among the Mississagues, during the absence of De Vere, by whom she had been stolen off by night, the latter being on a mission as a bearer of British presents through distant tribes. She furnishes him a guide to her, and, as a passport of protection, she gives him a shell which she had received as a pledge of memory from Tecumseh. He is quickly conducted to her, and as quickly carries her off, and "all is merry as a marriage bell,"—of which we half fancy that we hear the distant sound; when, behold, pursuit appears in their rear—a chase down the river St. Mary's, the fugitives in one canoe, and De Vere and a hostile band in another—a plunge into the Rapids—a backward shot by Moray which misses its chief aim, and only tumbles one of De Vere's companions into the water—a shock of the canoe against a hidden rock—a triumphant whoop of his pursuers—a last glimpse of Mary "borne down amid the foam and whirl"—and there certainly seems a final end to our unlucky friend at last! But he is saved from drowning, to find himself in the hands of De Vere and the British troops, to whom the former denounces him as a hostile agent long engaged in tampering with the British tribes beyond Superior. Being injured, however, that his mistress was drowned, of course he cares now very little what may become of himself.

But in this belief he was very much mistaken, as we learn from the Eighth Canto, Mary being confined in another apartment of the same fort, but equally supposing her lover to have perished beneath the wave of St. Mary's Rapids. Moray contrives to convey his shell to Tecumseh, who thereupon rescues him

from his confinement, and conducts him to Perry's fleet lying on the Detroit river, opposite to Malden,—for the relief of which place he had overheard that the British fleet was about to proceed. But our author has no idea yet of letting him off so easily. A boat is lying off apparently for his reception; but as they approach the shore, behold from behind a prostrate tree starts up a band of hostile Indians,—under his old persecutor the Ottawa chief, of course. Tecumseh and Ken-hat-ta-wa engage in a fierce grapple, during which Moray and Owaola dash through the interception before them, and plunging into the water, reach the boat in safety, though through a rain of bullets from the baffled ambuscade. The struggle between the two Indian chieftains is thus vigorously painted:

“ But fearful now became the strife
Those chieftains urged for death and
life,
With fiercer might and vaster frame
Ken-hat-ta-wa to conflict came;
But, if more grace around them clung,
Tecumseh's every limb was strung
With tireless nerves, and calmness
gave
More lasting strength than wrath can
have.
Wreathing their corded arms com-
pressed
Around each painted slippery breast,
And striving, hand and teeth, to tear
And throttle neck and bosom bare,
The while their bony knees to bring
And crush beneath the vital spring,
In serpent coilings, fold in fold,
They rose and struggled, writhed and
rolled,
Till from their mouths and nostrils wide,
Gushed the dark blood in mingled tide,
And each strained sinew seemed from flesh
to part,
And each wild eye-ball from its socket
start.

“ Yet neither might the advantage gain,
And fainter grew their desperate strain,
When, where their slippery blood was
shed,
Tecumseh fell, with struggling tread,
Beneath the giant Ottawa borne;
Who then in triumph, rage, and scorn,
Shook from his eyes the clotted hair,
And raised his glittering knife in air,
And grimly frowned Hate's darkest frown,
As came his arm in vengeance down.
That blow had sent the hero's soul
Fast fleeing from its mortal goal,

But that, with motion as of thought,
 A youthful savage sprang and caught
 Th' uplifted hand :—the keen blade found
 Its deep sheath in th' insensate ground.
 By quick and desperate effort turned,
 His baffled foe the Shawnee spurned,
 And burst away : in madness' might,
 That foe, like whirlwind of the night,
 Pursued, o'ertook, the sudden flight.
 Upon the river's crumbling brink
 Again in deadly close they sink ;
 And now beneath the Ottawa fell,
 And now the dusky frown of Hell
 A moment on Tecumseh's brow
 Lowered storm-like, and a mortal blow
 He lifted high—why strikes he not ?
 There passed his soul some flash of
 thought—

Perchance, of that great cause, which then
 That blow would wound—perchance,
 again,

Of her, a father's mourning daughter.
 In wordless scorn upon the water
 He hurled the chief, and, rushing past,
 Himself into its billows cast,
 And breasted high their swelling flood,
 Till on an isle's green verge he stood.”

Next follows an account of the battle
 of Lake Erie,—with so much nautical
 detail, that we even hear Perry's orders
 on boarding the Niagara :

“ ‘ Back with your topsails ! Up helm,
 ho !

Yon trysail closely brail !
 Square yards, and fast upon the foe
 Bear down before the gale ! ”

And when he had got the ship into
 position, in the midst of the broken
 English line :

“ ‘ Now,’ cried Perry, ‘ fire ! ’ ”

From on board one of the English
 ships, the Charlotte, we presume, a
 maiden's voice is heard through all the
 din of the fight, calling to her country-
 men to “ do or die,”—an incident
 which Mr. Cooper has overlooked in
 his Naval History,—and Moray catches
 a glimpse of his Mary's form through
 the smoke. But it is of no use. He
 sees her fall ; and at the opening of the
 Ninth Canto we learn that a light
 canoe had been seen to leave the yield-
 ing ship,—

“ A maiden's form into it thrown,
 While two beside her spring, and ply
 Swift oars, as who from peril fly :

And when at last, the conflict o'er,
 Their shroud enwrapped the wrecks no
 more,
 A boat far out, with hasty sweep,
 Seemed pressing shoreward o'er the deep,
 Unknown, nor seen to reach the coast,
 So soon through deepening distance lost.”

After the battle he and his trusty
fidus Achates follow in its direction—
 find the abandoned boat and the trail of
 the fugitives,—

“ Which then they traced as sure and
 fleet
 As bloodhounds track the murderer's
 feet,”

An Indian encampment—a council
 respecting war or peace with the
 United States, in which the eloquence
 of Tecumseh for war sweeps the pas-
 sions of the wild assemblage with him
 —the entrance of a white captive found
 near, Moray of course—a fierce demand
 for his death and torture by De Vere
 and Ken-hàt-ta-wa, overpowering Te-
 cumseh's influence in his favor—and
 our persecuted friend is bound to the
 stake, and the blue wreaths of the
 smoke begin to ascend round him !
 Suddenly—

“ Lo ! like the moon through midnight
 cloud,

There struggled through that dusky crowd
 A pale, fair girl. Her wildered gaze
 Beheld him bound. Through smoke and
 blaze

She sprang before those daggers bare,
 And stood beside the victim there,
 As if an angel from above
 Should come to save her martyred love ! ”

Tecumseh bounds in like a tempest
 —scatters the brands—releases the
 victims—and, before the tormentors
 around can recover from their astonish-
 ment, has borne them off, in some un-
 explained way, to safety.

The scene changes then to the banks
 of the Thames. Omeena appears, and
 a parting interview takes place be-
 tween her and Tecumseh before the
 battle about to be fought. In this en-
 gagement all the characters of the story,
 except our two lovers, are disposed of.
 The battle being lost, Ken-hàt-ta-wa
 aims a blow at Tecumseh, which,
 missing him, despatches old Nidi-
 Wyan. Tecumseh thereupon plunges

his knife up to the hilt in the bosom of the Ottawa, and then himself falls by the pistol of Colonel Johnson, and thus is settled, not only the hero, but a long-disputed point of history. What is left of life in him is despatched by the last effort of the blade of Ken-hàt-ta-wa. De Vere, somehow or other, seizes Mary, and, flinging her on horseback with him, is about to bear her off again, when she is rescued by Moray; and the fate of that worthy individual is, that, after receiving one or two blows from Moray, he is dashed to pieces by the maddened flight of the horse, his foot clinging to the stirrup, and his head trailed very uncomfortably along the ground. Owaola falls in the battle. Omeena, after singing a lament over her father and lover, follows them to the Spirit Land, by plunging into her own heart the knife which had wreaked the vengeance of the former on the latter,—and the poem thus closes, at the tomb of the great Indian hero:

“By Thames’s darkly wandering
wave

There is a rude and humble grave.
In place of mausoleum high,
The hoar trees arch their canopy;
Instead of storied marble shining,
Are loose gray stones, in moss reclining,

And, ages laid along its side
One chieftain oak in all its pride.
No evil thing, ’tis said, hath birth,
Or grows, within that lowly earth,
Or, if they may, with reverent love
Do Indian hands the harm remove;
But there the wild vine greenly
wreathes,

And there the wild rose sweetly
breathes,

And willows in eternal gloom,
Are mourning round the lonely tomb.
And oft, at morn or evening gray,
As fondly Indian legends say,

Nor such be theme for scorn,
Slow arching round on dusky wing,
Or on that huge oak hovering,
With plumage stained and torn,

A solitary eagle there appears,
Watching that silent tomb, as pass the
cloudy years.”

We have thus rendered Mr. Colton’s poem the most satisfactory justice in our power, by presenting a detailed analysis of its narrative, illustrated by copious and favorable specimens of the verse in which it is clothed. Its merits as well as its faults lie sufficiently ap-

parent on the surface, to supersede any necessity of our attempting to point them out. It contains many passages which abundantly prove its youthful author capable of something much beyond itself. The descriptions of scenery are always good, sometimes exquisite; and the delineations of sentiment and passion afford not a few passages of a high degree of beauty and vigor; while in general the narration flows smoothly and gracefully. Our praise will find a sufficient proof and illustration in the liberal extracts which we have made for the purpose. On the other hand, the merits of the poem as a whole are sadly weakened by expansion,—the Castalian drops too much diluted with commoner admixture. The “fatal facility” of his measure, combined with the exuberance of a young fancy, and a rich copiousness of language, unchecked by that calm, reflective severity of self-judgment and taste, which is a faculty yet to be cultivated by our author, has led him into a flight of greater length, and perhaps bolder soaring, than the unpractised strength of his pinion could adequately sustain. His volume is evidently the production of a few months’ rapid and easy writing; and, forgetful of the Horatian precept, he has been in too great a hurry to print it,—too impatient to awake one morning, like Byron, and find himself famous. When Scott was asked by a sagacious friend, why he had not written his *Life of Napoleon* in three volumes, instead of nine, his answer conveyed a literary moral which, with an affectionate kindness, we commend to our young poet’s pondering—“*I had not time.*” Tecumseh would have been a more valuable and a more valued contribution to that national literature which Mr. Colton exhibits so patriotic an ardor to adorn, if he had bestowed thrice the time it has cost him, upon the process of reducing it to one-third of its present length. The old sibyl who asked of Tarquin the same price for three of her books as she had demanded for the original nine, understood the philosophy of this thing; and only committed one mistake, in not asking *more* than at first.

We desire to speak encouragingly with a view to the future efforts of our author, though perhaps the sensitiveness natural to the poetic temperament may feel an unwelcome severity in the

general whole of our criticism upon the present one. Mr. Colton has the Poet in him, and he can yet make all the world confess the divine presence. Let him persevere. Let him labor—write, re-write, condense, polish, and above all freely blot and burn. Let him forget Scott, if he can, and sign a total abstinence pledge against the octosyllabic. Let him *think* for himself—as hard as he can—and forswear the old common-places of modern poetasting. Let him choose, moreover, themes in truer harmony with the genius of his age, as it is beginning more and more sensibly to make itself manifest. The trump of martial glory has long lost the power it once possessed to rouse and thrill our spirits with its splendid rage, and the true poetry of the age has virtually cast it aside, as no longer a fit instrument for the utterance of its nobler breathings; let him not take it up, to attempt to sound upon it again a note

to which no sympathy will respond. And it may yet perhaps be legitimate in the literature of college compositions to inflate and embellish up to the dignity of the heroic the barren and brutal barbarism of savage character and life, but Mr. Colton has made a mistake which we hope he will not repeat, in regarding it as a suitable theme for poetry to move the heart or satisfy the mind of the grown world of civilisation. Let Mr. Colton choose a better theme for his main basis of interest, and write in a spirit more akin to the young progressive and aspiring spirit of his time,—and above all let him write with a deeper concentration of thought and labor within less limits of space and larger limits of time,—and we are greatly mistaken in his present tokens of promise, if he is not destined yet to take a high place in the Pantheon of the literature of his country.

A THOUGHT BY THE SEA-SHORE.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

BURY me by the sea,
 When on my heart the hand of death is pressed!
 If the soul lingereth ere she join the blest,
 And haunts awhile her clay,
 Then 'mid the forest shades I would not lie,
 For the green leaves like me would droop and die.

Nor 'mid the homes of men,
 The haunts of busy life, would I be laid;
 There ever was I lone, and my vexed shade
 Would sleep unquiet then;
 The surging tide of life might overwhelm
 The shadowy boundaries of the silent realm.

No sculptured marble pile
 To bear my name be reared upon my breast,
 Beneath its weight my free soul would not rest;
 But let the blue sky smile,
 The changeless stars look lovingly on me,
 And let me sleep beside this sounding Sea!

This ever-beating heart
 Of the great universe. Here would the soul
 Plume her soiled pinions for her final goal,
 Ere she should thence depart;
 Here would she fit her for the high abode;
 Here, by the Sea, she would be nearer God.

I feel his presence now,
 Thou mightiest of his vassals, as I stand
 And watch beside thee, on the sparkling sand,
 Thy crested billows bow;—
 And as thy solemn chaunt swells through the air,
 My spirit bows and joins thy ceaseless prayer.

Life's fitful fever o'er,
 Here, then, would I repose, majestic Sea;
 E'en now faint glimpses of Eternity
 Come o'er me on thy shore;
 My thoughts from thee to highest themes are given,
 As thy deep, distant blue is lost in heaven.

LINES,

TO ONE WHO WISHED TO READ SOME LINES I HAD WRITTEN.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

NAY, read it not, thou wouldst not know
 What lives within my heart;
 For from that fount it dares not flow,—
 'Tis but the voice of Art.

I ne'er could bid my proud heart speak
 Before the idle throng;
 Rather in silence would it break
 With its full tide of song.

Yes, rather would it break, than bare
 To cold and careless eyes,
 The hallowed dreams that linger there,
 The tears and agonies.

My lyre is skilful to repress
 Each deep, impassioned tone;
 Its gushing springs of tenderness
 Would flow for one alone.

The rock that to the parching sand
 Would yield no dewy drop,
 Touched by the pilgrim prophet's hand,
 Gave all its treasures up.

My heart then is my only lyre;
 The Prophet hath not spoken,
 Or warmed it with celestial fire,
 So let its chords be broken.

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I would not thou should'st hear those lays,
 Though harsh they might not be,
 Though thou perchance might'st hear and praise,
 They would not speak of me.

Providence, R. I.

A PROTEST

OF FOURIERISM AGAINST THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW* :—In the article on Brook Farm, in the last Number of the Democratic Review, Mr. Brownson has preferred charges against Fourier's doctrine of Association, which are not only unjust and ungenerous, but which, coming from the able and distinguished source they do, and being widely spread through the columns of a work so influential and respectable, are calculated to excite the most unjust and injurious prejudices against Fourier and his sublime discovery. As Mr. Brownson confesses that he "has not as yet been able to submit to the drudgery of fully mastering the system of Fourier," I might feel justified in simply remarking, in the place of argument, that it is then highly unfair on the part of any writer to undertake to criticise facts of which he avows the deficiency of his own knowledge. Indeed, I shall not take this opportunity of *proving* to Mr. Brownson the unfairness and utter groundlessness of his charges against Fourier: I shall do so in a work on *Swedenborg and Fourier*, which I intend to publish in a short time, in which the attempt will be made to demonstrate to all the defamers of Fourier's great System of Association, that "Fourierism," instead of being "practical atheism," is living Christianity. For the present I must content myself with giving Mr. Brownson's and all similar charges against Fourier's doctrine of Association a full and unqualified denial. What, sir, is it possible that misguided brilliancy of intellect should err so far as to accuse of atheism a man who, solitary and alone, has dared to proclaim to his dis-

tracted and wretched fellow men, that God's providence rules all things, even the minutest particulars of man's domestic affairs? Has it come to this, that the man whose life has been a life of the noblest charity, and of intense communion with the Spirit of Truth and Holiness,—that the man who gloried in his discovery of the only true doctrine of Association, for no other reason but because he *knew* and *felt* that the ultimate result of its realisation will be "love to God and charity to man,"—is it possible, I ask, that such a martyr of true Christianity should be thus branded with atheism by men who advance a claim, extensively recognized by the higher intelligence of the day, as philosophers and philanthropists? I am unwilling to speak of the injustice of which I complain, in terms equivalent to my own strong and earnest sense of it. If Mr. Brownson errs in regard to the scientific portion of Fourier's system,—if, after a careful investigation of the *facts* of the system, Mr. Brownson feels authorized to consider it in a different light from the disciples of Fourier, they will be prepared to meet him, or any opponent of kindred worth and powers, in fair and legitimate argument. If, from the little acquaintance he seems to possess with Fourier's system, Mr. Brownson feels authorized to infer that Fourier denies the progress of humanity, I take much pleasure in assuring him, and every reader influenced by his statement, that he is entirely mistaken. Fourier and his disciples show with mathematical precision that without the moral and intellectual development of humanity, such

* Although contrary to a rule rarely if ever departed from, of not making the pages of this Review a mere arena for the controversies of antagonist theories, strangers to its editorial control, yet, under the peculiar circumstances in which the justice is requested at our hands of publishing this Protest, or remonstrance against incorrect imputations, proceeding from a respectable school of opinion, feeling itself aggrieved and injured, we have not felt at liberty to decline its insertion. We deem it unnecessary to point out the particulars in which the writer misapprehends the proper meaning and scope of the remarks of which he complains, as our readers are in full possession of all the means of judgment for themselves.—ED. D. R.

as has taken place, and is taking place up to the present moment, the doctrine of Association could not have been discovered, and could still less be realized. If Mr. Brownson understands by Progress a continuation of our present incoherent and complicated system of society, he is perfectly right in asserting that Fourier and his disciples deny *that* Progress. If, however, he understands by Progress a movement onward towards the realisation of universal education, justice, liberty, and truth—in one word, of universal and practical Christianity—he and Fourier agree perfectly in their ideas; and all that the disciples of the latter pretend is nothing more nor less than that the doctrine of Association teaches, in a positive and scientific manner, how *that only true Progress* can be realized. As to the perfection of human nature, Fourier simply pretends to have discovered (and at a future period I hope to prove to Mr. Brownson's satisfaction the correctness of that discovery) that every human soul is a *passional organism*, a complex of twelve impulses which Fourier terms Passions; of the five Sensitive Passions—the five senses; the four Affective Passions—Love, Friendship, Ambition, and Paternity; and of the three Regulating Passions—Alternation, Emulation, and Enthusiasm; all of which Passions are ramifications of one common Pivot, called Unityism or Religion. According to Fourier those twelve passions are constantly stimulating man to action, and will sooner or later arrange the social world harmoniously to their natures and their relations to each other. Until this result is accomplished, the isolated development of a single passion will lead man to material and spiritual disorder. Religion, without the cheering influence of Love, Friendship, and Ambition, will degenerate into cold and despicable egotism; Ambition, without Religion and Love, will engender the selfish desire of dominion; Love and Friendship, without Ambition, will lead to the petty spirit of the family caste. Alternation, or the desire of change, will lead to fickleness; isolated Enthusiasm will engender fanaticism and rash and violent deeds; and Emulation, without her sister passions, will realize that competitive spirit of civilisation which is the warfare of satanic spirits upon earth. But by

the collective and simultaneous development of those seven divine tendencies, which constitute the *Essential* life of the soul, the passions would be equilibrated among themselves, and the excessive expansion of each would be checked, as it were, by a mutual agreement, and without infringing upon the absolute liberty of any. The harmonious and continual development of the twelve passions constitutes the true, the *essential* freedom of man. Bossuet has given an analysis of the passions, but it is incomplete on the face of it; Fourier's analysis is true; it dethrones all metaphysical sophisms and the fawning and lying *bel esprit* of Civilisation. Does Mr. Brownson identify Progress with the hollow metaphysics of the established schools, the shallow speeches of politicians, and the exuberant verbiage and high-sounding nonsense of the hired and fawning orators of the day?

As to Mr. Brownson's remarks on woman, they only prove so entire a want of acquaintance with Fourier's views of her nature and true position in society, that I can only commend, both him and the readers of the Democratic Review, to the sources in which they can easily possess themselves of the information necessary to form a judgment entitled to either his own confidence or that of the public.

And what signify those questions in regard to determining and compensating the degrees of skill in a "Phalanx?" Does Mr. Brownson mean to argue against facts by pleading ignorant of them? I would repeat the recommendation to study the works of Fourier and his disciples, and all these questions will be found categorically answered. It will there also be learned that Fourier justifies the use of superior skill on the part of any man only so far as he uses it for the benefit of his fellow-creatures; and that, on their part, it is perfectly just and natural that they should consider the man who devotes his skill to bettering their condition and increasing their moral comforts, as a messenger from heaven, and that they should love and respect him more than they love and respect themselves.

One more remark and I have done. If Fourier presents his system as a "scheme of world-reform and of social organization," he does it for good and

substantial reasons. If one single Phalanx exist somewhere on this globe, it will be universally imitated with rapidity and success. Either will the necessity of realizing economies or of procuring good investments for capital, compel men to form Associations; or men will be induced to form similar combined households by the desire of enjoying as much happiness as the members of that first Association; or if such an Association launch upon the market of a city its fourfold increased produce, of the highest beauty, and at twofold reduced prices, the mechanics and cultivators in and around that city will be induced to enter into such associations, by the superior advantages of such an immensely productive power, and the work of reform will go on peaceably, joyfully, and to the universal satisfaction of humanity.

As to the mode in which the transition from Civilisation to Association is to be best effected, the disciples of Fourier, at the same time that they entertain no doubt of the truth of his discovery, yet do not all agree. And while we most respectfully, though not without some feeling of regret and indignation, protest against the unjust treatment here complained of, we invite Mr. Brownson to bring his bold, free, and noble intellect to aid us in discussing this first step towards a realisation of our doctrine; to investigate with us the means best calculated to secure the final triumph of the magnificent and universal philanthropy which, however feebly and unworthily, we do our best to advocate and promote.

C. J. H.

New York, Nov. 10, 1842.

TO A MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

FAIR stream of the mountain! with musical flow,
On, on to the ocean thy bright waters go!
Through dark mountain rift, and through evergreen glade,
Now smiling in sunshine, now singing in shade,
Ever foaming and rushing and leaping along,
Thou fillest the glens with thy echoing song!

Ah, well do I love, when some mild autumn day
Invites me along by thy borders to stray,
To seek the green depths of these wilderness shades,
Whose dreamy repose no intruder invades,
Save when some lone bird cometh hither to perch
On the dark waving alders or whispering birch,
Then startle the glen with her long piercing cry,
As she wheels in slow circles far up in the sky!
Here, forgetting the world and its cares and its toil,
Its jarring pursuits and its busy turmoil,
How oft have I lingered long hours by thy side,
To hear the deep voice of thy murmuring tide,
And watch the wild flowers that I flung on thy wave,
Till they vanished, engulfed in that watery grave;
While I thought, "Thus the hopes of our youth's sunny day
By the dark waves of time are swept coldly away!"

Wild, beautiful torrent! the shadows that rest,
In tremulous shapes, on thy turbulent breast,
Are cast by the same grand, old primeval wood,
That ages ago on thy lone bosom stood;—

Ere thy course by the white man was traced, or among
 These forests the axe of the emigrant rung !
 Yet their boughs are still green, and their trunks are as sound,
 As firmly their roots are enchained to the ground,
 As in those vanished days when the Indian maid
 Beneath their broad arms with her wild lover strayed,—
 When the bold, dauntless red man, unconquered and free,
 Was lord of these lands from the mount to the sea !
 But, alas, for that race !—we now seek them in vain,
 In their favorite haunts by the stream and the plain,
 They are gone—they are lost—and from mountain to shore,
 The track of their footsteps will meet us no more !

But, ha ! what strange vision is this I behold !
 Methinks from mine eyes a dark curtain hath rolled !
 A thin, wavy mist, an impalpable cloud,
 Steals over the glen like a tremulous shroud ;
 And, lo ! the pale dead of long centuries, seem
 To rise on my sight like the shapes of a dream !
 They come from their beds by the stream and the fount,
 From the dark waving forest, and wild craggy mount ;
 They come, the dusk maiden with long raven hair,
 And childhood whose breast is a stranger to care !
 Yet sad is the brow, and reproachful the eye,
 I meet as each shade glideth silently by !
 But who are those grim, frowning phantoms, that stand
 Glaring on me with upraised and menacing hand ?
 I know them !—stern sons of that race swept away,
 Whose bones the rude ploughman turns up to the day !
 They have come back, wild unquiet spirits, once more
 To gaze on the fields where they hunted of yore !
 They seek their old homes 'mid the wilderness shade,
 Where their glad, laughing children in infancy played ;
 They look for the smoke curling over the wood,
 Which told where their wigwams in quietude stood,
 Where the dusky wife toiled her rude feast to prepare,
 And dress for her hunter the haunch of the bear !
 But the wigwam hath vanished, the children no more
 Are found in the haunts where they gambolled of yore,
 And e'en on the site of their forefathers' graves,
 Springs the tall, tasseled broom, and the yellow corn waves !
 They turn—their eyes burning with wrath and despair,
 And pale, gleaming tomahawks flashing in air,
 A yell—a swift bound—they are circling my head,
 I shriek—I implore—and the vision is fled !

Where am I ?—how strangely yon pine branches wave !
 Methought I had passed the cold bounds of the grave !
 Away !—let me fly from this fearful ravine,
 Where visions so dread, so appalling are seen !
 Away ! lest yon steeps, that far up in the skies
 Like giants embattled, on either hand rise,
 Close o'er me, and leave me a prey to the wrath
 Of the spirits of vengeance that circle my path !
 Swift !—swift !—I am free ! I emerge from the dell !
 Farewell, thou wild torrent ! for ever farewell !

POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

No. XXXV.

JAMES BUCHANAN,

OF PENNSYLVANIA,

(With a fine Engraving on Steel.)

DISAPPOINTED in our expectation of receiving the necessary materials for a biographical memoir of the great Pennsylvanian statesman and senator, we are compelled to give the engraved portrait which constitutes the embellishment of the present Number without that usual accompaniment. An acquaintance with the features and countenance of one so eminent, alike for his commanding powers, and for the valuable services they have yielded on a thousand fields of political struggle, cannot fail to be highly acceptable to all of our Democratic readers; while even those among our subscribers, whose partisan loyalty requires them in general to skip our politics, will not be displeased to be introduced to the personal appearance of a foe so able, so courteous, and so warmly esteemed and respected on both sides of that high legislative hall, of which all recognize in him one of the most distinguished ornaments.

The portrait from which the present engraving is derived, was painted just before Mr. Buchanan's departure for his mission to Russia. The years which have elapsed since that period, have not impaired the fidelity of its resemblance, and all who have either enjoyed the opportunity of private acquaintance, or seen him in his public place in the Senate, will be struck with its characteristic truth. In that body, Mr. Buchanan has always held, and well maintained, a place among the very front few to whom general consent always assigns the first rank, as *primos inter pares*—fitly representing a State, which occupies in the confederacy so high a prominence in population and power, as Pennsylvania, long established as the "Keystone" of the democratic arch. We have indeed

frankly to confess, that there is one subject upon which we should rejoice to recognize a closer identity, between the views of Mr. Buchanan and those which we are accustomed to regard as one of the most essential doctrines of our own political faith and character,—it is scarcely necessary to say, that we refer to the great question of Free Trade. Pennsylvania is less ripe and right in public opinion on this subject, than any other of the Democratic States; and Mr. Buchanan, dutifully and necessarily, doubtless—and at the late session of Congress under instructions from its Legislature,—has therefore had to maintain by his votes a corresponding position. Mr. Buchanan's attachment, however, to the State-Rights theory of our political system, is so decided and enlightened,—some of his speeches having presented expositions of its truth and wisdom second to none in ability,—as to afford a safe guarantee against any danger of his being found, when not under an imperative duty imposed by the instructions of his State, in opposition to what we regard as the pervading and growing sentiment of the Democracy of the Union, on this subject.

Mr. Buchanan is a remarkably prudent and practical man; and if perhaps more prone to moderate views and measures, and less averse to bold ultraisms, in anticipation of existing maturity of public opinion, than always, we confess, harmonizes exactly with the inclination of our own mind, yet he is undoubtedly one of the most useful and reliable in counsel, as he is one of the most strenuous and powerful in action, of all our leading political chiefs. He stands steady and strong in his position in public life, as the object of an intelligent confidence and respect on the

part of the great body of the Democracy of the country, of which the last crowning evidence is no less surely destined to be brought round by the due course of time, than it is certain that the staunch integrity of his character, and the eminent value of his services in their cause, will most ripely and richly merit it. To the unjust and absurd prejudices which may continue to cling to the minds of some, from the fact that the accidents of circumstance threw Mr. Buchanan in his youth on the Federal tide of the party division of the time, it is scarcely necessary for us to refer. Promptly breaking loose from the trammels of those early influences, as soon as his mind had attained its full stature and the independence of matured years and judgment, he has ever since been as true and consistent, as one of the foremost supporters and champions of the Republican party, as we are well assured he will always continue to prove himself. And we are by no means certain that this circumstance ought not rather to constitute an additional

ground of confidence, both in the strength of his natural democratic bias of character, and in the enlightened clearness and soundness of his principles,—even as it is only through the stumbling portal of early doubt, that the inner temple of the highest and firmest faith is to be reached.

As a speaker, Mr. Buchanan is one of the most effective in the Senate. Calm, clear, and strong in argument, as he is chaste and elegant in rhetorical style, and courteous in all personal deportment, he is always listened to with the greatest attention and respect; and in every debate in which he takes part, his speech never fails to deal one of the most ponderous blows brought to bear upon the question from his side of the discussion. And few have contributed so much as this distinguished statesman, to guide aright the public opinion of the country, during the great struggle of parties and principles of the past ten or twelve years, towards that matured consummation of judgment upon which, after a brief vacillation, it is now seen to be fast settling down.

COLT'S CASE.

THE annals of criminal jurisprudence present few cases involving a combination of circumstances so tragic and so thrilling, as have marked this sad business from its bloody commencement to its bloody close. The deed—the place and the hour—the great tide of humanity flooding round the awful spot, almost within sound of the crash of the blows—the lonely horrors of the ensuing night—the circumstances of discovery—the long protracted trial—that hideous resurrection of the dead in the midst of the dense throng of shuddering life—the successive snapping of all the several cords of hope to which agonizing instinct yet clings—the slow, cold relentlessness with which vengeance day after day tightens more and more crushingly its tremendous grasp around its writhing victim—the solemn protestations of innocence, unwavering and consistent from the first

moment to the last, equally in the confidence of the relation between counsel and client, and of that between priest and penitent—the agonies of human affections concentrated into those intense moments of last farewell—that ghastly bridal which is to know no nuptial couch but the bloody bier of suicide—the lurid writhing of the flames which break out almost at the very moment, towering high above the massive and frowning horrors of that dread abode of crime and wretchedness, conspicuous to the countless thousands whose gaze centres there in a spell-bound intensity of various excitement, against that calm and cloudless blue, from which looks down like an Eye the large white ray of one single star, long, as it seemed, in advance of its wonted hour—where, where is to be found recorded, where imagined, a case which can parallel,

in all its parts, the fearful features which must for ever stamp this one so deeply on the memories of all who have been witnesses to its course and its consummation?

Well, it is now all over. The social vengeance has been glutted to the full. For that act of a mad moment—even if it were not one of justifiable self-defence—the soul of its wretched author has been wrung with long tortures, a thousand-fold keener than all the physical pangs which make the demoniac ecstasy of the Indian sacrifice. He has been gradually hemmed in—pressed closer and closer up to the very verge of the eternal and immeasurable chasm,—and has at last been plunged off into that dread darkness from which no ray nor echo returns to reveal to us the perhaps infinite consequences of our awful act. All this has been done, and it is to be hoped that those whose doing it has been are now satisfied—satisfied in the vindictive spirit which has animated the proceedings whose result has been thus consummated; satisfied in that moral sense of justice which requires the most clear and unwavering conviction of the guilt, whose punishment is at once so fearful and so irremediable.

But does this satisfaction exist? Most unequivocally, No!

“Ah, gentlemen,” is the language of Beranger, in the French Chamber of Deputies, in 1831, “what a day of mourning that, when a simple suspicion arises respecting the guilt of a man who has perished by this last fatal doom! What sense of horror seizes the mass of society! What remorse! What eternal regrets fill the soul of the judges! What uncertainty is for a long time cast upon the decisions of the public justice, upon the respect due to them, upon the confidence which it is necessary that they should inspire! The heart cannot harden itself against such a calamity—it pierces to the core—the mistake is irreparable!”

Now, not only does this “simple suspicion” exist, but the belief is very widely prevalent—according to our observation is decidedly preponderant among the most enlightened classes—that he certainly did *not* commit that degree of crime to which even this bloody law awards the sentence of which he was the victim; to say nothing of the vast numbers whose con-

science and reason alike revolt against the useless, the worse than useless barbarity of that law itself. It is very certain, that the opinion of the main body of the Bar is, and has throughout been, adverse to the verdict of the jury. Few have ventured to differ from the universal remark which was to be heard during the pendency of the long uncertainty as to his fate, that on a new trial there would not exist, on the same evidence, the least chance of the same verdict. In every direction we see men of the highest authority of character and judgment emphatic in their disapproval—even among those who, after the judicial determination of the case, justify the unyielding sternness with which the execution of the law was carried out by all connected with its dread duties. And this is independent of the subsequent rays of probable light which have been cast upon the transaction—to which it may still not be useless here to advert.

In the first place, is the offered testimony of a witness of unimpeachable respectability, going to sustain Colt's statement on a point on which it was contradicted, and which became one of not immaterial moment during the course of the trial, although its importance was not perceived in its earlier stage, by the counsel who rejected it as unnecessary, and thus caused the witness to absent himself from the city. Colt's version of the affair ascribed the bruised marks on his neck, to Adams's throttling clutch in their encounter; and he denied having personally assisted in carrying down the stairs the box which was heavy with those hideous contents. The prosecution ascribed those marks to the latter cause; and not only justified the presumption, but at the same time, successfully impeached the veracity of his whole story, and thus deeply darkened the whole aspect of the case against him, by contradicting this statement by the testimony of the man employed about the premises, to the effect that Colt *did* himself carry it down. Now, not only did that unhappy man himself, in all his assurances to his counsel, relatives, and friends, insist upon the mistake committed by this witness on that point, and upon the truth of his own statement, but he is fully sustained in doing so, by testimony subsequently appearing, which

places the matter beyond all doubt. The materiality of the point in question may be a matter for difference of opinion. It is certain that, directly or indirectly, it told very hard against him at the time of the trial.

In the second place, a very remarkable document was laid before the Governor, prepared by a physician of great respectability and intelligence, and confirmed and endorsed by a number of others entitled to very high consideration. This document (published in the *New York Sun* of Nov. 14) analyzes the situation and direction of all the wounds on the head of the *least unfortunate* of the two men who now sleep with equal soundness in their bloody repose. We could not, without the quotation of the whole, give an idea of the close and keen minuteness of demonstration by which it establishes the inference, as at least a very strong probability, that the blows causing them must have been given in the relative postures and circumstances stated in Colt's version of the matter, and in a manner irreconcilable with the idea of murder, in the proper sense of the term. It is well worthy of an attentive perusal, and we have yet to hear a justification of the entire disregard with which all mention of it is omitted, in the published documents emanating from the Executive, in defence of his refusal either to change the punishment or to allow the chance of the order of a new trial by the court of last resort.

In the third place, we refer to the steady uniformity with which he insisted upon the version he gave, from the hour of his arrest to that of his death, and under all the circumstances of confidence calculated to afford the strongest guarantees of truth. So was it to his counsel—whose prohibition alone restrained the strong desire expressed by himself of making a full public statement. And from the account published since his death by the reverend gentleman who ministered to his last hours—an account replete with most interesting evidence of an earnest religious spirit awakened under the pressure of the horrors of his position—we extract the following passages, of which the perusal can scarcely fail to strike a chill through the blood of the sternest and the hardest of heart of those who have urged through this

wretched affair. In the third interview of Dr. Anthon with Mr. Colt, on the day but one before the last:

"After some farther conversation on these topics, I turned it to a point on which I was aware the community felt, as I did myself, a deep interest, and where they had a right for information if it could be obtained.

"The Episcopal Church, in the office for the 'Visitation of Prisoners,' requires her ministers, after an examination of the individual concerning his faith and repentance, to exhort him to a particular confession of the sin for which he is condemned. I called Mr. Colt's attention to the rubric on this subject, and found that he was aware of its requirements. Reminding him then of the circumstances under which we had first met, and the character and results of our interview, I appealed to him in the strongest and kindest terms I was master of, for the manifestation, on his part, of farther confidence. He met the appeal as it was meant. He solemnly declared that he committed the act in self-defence.

"'I have said so,' said he, 'again and again, but where is the use? They will not believe it, they will not believe it.' His face was covered with his handkerchief, and he wept bitterly. His manner and words affected me deeply. I asked him after a pause several questions. Among others this:—'Will you carry this as your confession to the bar of God?' He assured me solemnly that he was prepared so to do, and not to die with a lie upon his lips. I inquired of him, 'Taking your own account then to be the truth, do you think God has dealt harshly with you, under present circumstances?' 'No,' said he, 'God has not done it. Man has done it.' I inquired of him farther: 'You declare that you acted in self-defence. Still must you not feel deep sorrow and distress for having hurried a fellow creature without a moment's preparation into the presence of his God, and brought such woe upon his family?' He assented with much emotion. I told him that I was constrained to believe he spoke the truth."

On the next day:

"Before I reached his cell he had been informed by some friends of the Governor's renewed refusal to interfere. He grasped my hand as I entered, and we were both too much overcome to say a word. I prayed at his side for some time, both audibly and silently, and he remained on his knees for some minutes after I had concluded. His acknowledgments of his

sinfulness and of his hope that he would find mercy at his Heavenly Father's hand for his Saviour's sake, came unprompted, and were humble and fervent. . . . Inexpressibly painful as this interview was, before it closed I implored him and adjured him as well as I was able, to tell me once more whether he would stand by his acknowledgments of yesterday touching the sad act for which he was to suffer, as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. 'O, yes—yes,' was his reply. 'Can you, my dear sir,' I asked, 'throw any more light upon what passed? If so, confide in me. I will do what I can to have justice done to your memory.' 'No,' said he, 'I have nothing more to add to what these letters contain,' handing me at the same time a printed copy, in an envelope, of a paper, called, 'Extra Tattler, Oct. 23, 1842.' When the sheriff and another gentleman (I believe Mr. Hart's brother) entered the cell to announce, as it was their painful duty, his approaching end, 'O Mr. Hart, may God forgive you,' I think was the exclamation of the unfortunate man, as he threw himself upon his face on his bed and wept."

And again on the following day—that whose sunset he knew he was not to be allowed to behold:

"One of the first I struck upon was the 15th of St. Luke. I dwelt for a time upon the first seven verses—the joy in Heaven over a repenting sinner. I tried him again here; and I distinctly recollect, in the course of my remarks, touching upon the situation of one in his terrible circumstances, having a conscience clear from wilful blood-guiltiness, and asking him again (as I was sitting directly in front of him,) if it was so with himself; his protestations were the same as they had been."

When we view all these points in their connexion together; when we add to them the absence of motive, and the fact of the unexpected occasion of Adams's visit; the evidence sufficiently adduced of the irritating and insulting deportment habitual to the latter under such circumstances; and the extreme improbability of the wilful commission of such an act by such a man as Colt at a place and time so insanely dangerous—we do not see how the conclusion can be resisted, if not of the decidedly probable truth of his whole version, yet at least of the decidedly certain absence of any sufficient

evidence of "wilful murder" to justify the infliction of such a penalty.

But the verdict of the jury, we are gravely told, is to be taken as conclusive on this point, beyond further question or criticism. Not so, indeed. Nothing is more uncertain than the action of juries. In the present case, the defence had unfortunately been conducted with so much fatal error of judgment, that at its close a sensible prejudice and irritation against the prisoner was its necessary consequence. Instead of from the outset directing its efforts to give to the act the milder character of manslaughter, the fact of the homicide was for several days stubbornly contested by the defence,—so that the main question engaging men's minds was, not whether the act was a wilful murder, or a passionate and possibly excusable manslaughter, but whether the prisoner was or was not guilty of the murder, the hideous horrors of which from day to day were painted by the testimony in still deepening shades of color to the imagination. And when at the close, the impossibility of any longer denying the fact extorted from the counsel the *impromptu* expedient of laying before the jury the confession which had been in their possession throughout the whole weary week of trial, the natural impulse of indignation, on the part of the jury, at the mode in which their time, feelings and the public justice had been thus trifled with, must have deprived their advocacy of all moral weight, and have very seriously injured the prisoner's chances. And again, it should be borne in mind that under the present fatally mistaken system of Capital Punishment, the action of juries is usually thus irregular and unjust. After a long course of extreme leniency, growing out of repugnance to the nature of the punishment, the pendulum is seen to oscillate back in one or two instances to the opposite extreme. Alarmed by the occurrence of some dreadful case, which is ascribed to the long prevailing impunity, the excited public resentment and panic, of which the jury partake with the community at large, demand a victim, who is very likely to be sacrificed on evidence which may be very far from satisfactory, as in this instance, to a just and proper discrimination. Soon again the oscillating reac-

tion in the other direction will doubtless begin to make itself apparent again.

A fatality of misfortune seems to have attended the case from the commencement. All the subsequent department of the prisoner has been judged from the point of view of his assumed guilt, and not from that of his own version of the unhappy encounter, with which it has been entirely in harmony, down to the last solemn moment of his parting assurances of the truth he had spoken. It has thus ministered to a feeling of vindictive indignation against him, of which the influence is very apparent in the later proceedings of the case. In the strong predisposition against him existing in the public mind, the subsequent disposal of the body of the fallen man has been made to sustain inferences of his probable guilt of the worst form of the homicide, altogether unsustained by justice,—to put all consideration of human charity out of view. There were obviously abundant reasons existing to lead a man of his character to strain every nerve to bury in eternal secrecy the awful fact. His explanation of his motive and promptings is so perfectly natural and probable, that we look in vain for any of those self-betraying flaws which falsehood never can avoid leaving open to the searching penetration of justice. It was unfortunate for him, too, that immediately prior to his application for some degree of judicial or executive indulgence, had been published an article in a foreign Review, to which great attention was attracted; and, in which, amidst much general abuse of America and American institutions, the alleged impunity of crime was strongly criticised, and the very pending case of Colt referred to in illustration of the certainty with which influence and exertion could rescue the most atrocious guilt from punishment. It is not going further than a respectful intimation that the high public functionaries referred to were simply human, to suggest that this cause was not

without some degree of effect in knitting more fixedly the firmness of that official frown which was bent so unremittingly on all their efforts, whether for a writ of error, commutation or respite.

We regret sincerely the mode of his death, though it is impossible to see in it, under the circumstances, any ground for harsh severity of condemnation. In its proper sense, of the guilty abbreviation of the natural term of life, the word suicide is scarcely, perhaps, applicable to the act. It was adopted by him only at the last moment, when the last shadow of a shade of chance had departed, and when it was a simple choice of modes of death; and for obvious reasons, with reference to the future feelings of a child, as well as of other relations, the presence of which on a mind surrounded by all the struggling agonies of his position might well excuse a departure from that higher rectitude of moral vision and judgment, as well as of religious duty, which would have arrested the hand that did its fearful work so fearfully well. Had he submitted, however, to the last injustice of the law, against which this act was his final protest, the sentiment which the whole dreadful tragedy would have aided to strengthen against the bloody and bad barbarity of the Gallows, in the midst of a Christian civilisation, would have been much stronger than even now it already manifestly is. At any rate, thank God! it cannot stand much longer; and even though he may have perished undeservedly—as he certainly has on no sufficient and satisfactory evidence of the guilt imputed to him—the fate of this unhappy man will probably ere long be recognized to have rendered indirectly in this mode a far greater amount of benefit to the society to whose wrath he was a victim, than his original act inflicted of injury, or than any length of years would have enabled him to render of good.

MONTHLY FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL ARTICLE.

In our last number, we remarked upon the abundance of money then apparent in the market, and also upon the progress of that movement of specie from this city to New Orleans, and thence throughout the western country, the commencement of which we recorded in our article of September. The latter movement has now in some degree changed the first feature. That is to say, the activity of specie has caused the banks to renew that caution in their investments, which the accumulation of specie in their vaults had begun to lull into security. Large sums of specie have been received into the city of New York, and still larger sums have sought, in pursuance of the

laws of trade, those channels of circulation vacated by the winding up of broken and discredited banks. The specie of the New York banks was so large a few weeks since, as to be burdensome, and has been diminished by this process of shipment nearly \$2,000,000. The rates of the inland exchanges are very low, and generally in favor of the leading points of the south and west. At Cincinnati, sales of sight bills on New York were made at one-half per cent. discount. At the same time, the foreign exchanges are greatly in favor of all the ports of the United States. The following is a table of the leading rates of domestic bills, as compared with former dates :

RATES OF DOMESTIC BILLS IN NEW YORK.

	1841.			1842.					
	April.	Sept.	Dec.	March.	May.	August.	Sept.	Nov.	
Boston,	1/2 a - 1/2	1/2 a - 1/2	1/2 a - 1/2	1/2 a - 1/2	1/2 a - 1/2	1/2 a - 1/2	par a 1/2	par a 1/2	
Philadelphia,	3/4 a 4	3/4 a 4 1/2	5/8 a 6	- a 4	par a - 1/2	par a 1/2 dis.	" a 1/2	" a 1/2	
Baltimore,	3/4 a 4	- a 2	4 a 4 1/2	1/2 a - 3/4	1/2 a - 1/2	" a 1/2	" a 1/2	" a 1/2	
Richmond,	- a 4 1/2	3/4 a 3 1/2	6/8 a 6 1/2	8/8 a 9	7/8 a 7 1/2	2 1/2 a 2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	
N. Carolina,	- a 4 1/2	3/4 a 3 1/2	5/8 a 5 1/2	4/8 a 5	3 a 3 1/2	2 1/2 a 3	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	
Charleston,	1 1/2 a 2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	
Savannah,	3 1/2 a 4	3 1/2 a 3 1/2	2 1/2 a 3	2 a 2 1/2	1 1/2 a 2	2 a 2 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	1 1/2 a 1 1/2	
Mobile,	10 a 11	8 a 8 1/2	17 a 17 1/2	20 a 30	15 a 16	40 a 42	28 a 30	18 a 20	
N. Orleans,	5 1/2 a 6	4 a 6	9 1/2 a 9 1/2	6 a 6 1/2	6 a 6 1/2	par a - 1/2 prem.	par a 1/2	1/2 a 1 pr.	
Nashville,	15 a 16	10 1/2 a 10 1/2	15 a 16	17 a 18	17 a 18	6 a 7 disc.	5 a 6	4 a 5 dis.	
Louisville,	6 a 7	6 1/2 a 7	11 a 11 1/2	7 1/2 a 8	4 a 5	2 1/2 a 3	2 a 2 1/2	2 a 2 1/2	
Cincinnati,	9 1/2 a 10	8 1/2 a 9	13 1/2 a 14	11 a 15	8 a 9	4 1/2 a 5	3 a 4	2 a 2 1/2	

This table presents a continuation of that amelioration and equalisation of exchanges, which in a former number we pointed out, as the result of the progressive appreciation of the currency in all sections of the union, as the insolvent and suspended banks

were swept away, and their depreciated bills ceased to be available as a currency. The following table shows the reduction in banking, which has taken place in eight of the leading agricultural States since January, 1841 :

CURRENCY OF THE SOUTHWESTERN AND WESTERN BANKS.

	January, 1841.		1842.	
	Capital.	Circulation.	Capital.	Circulation.
Illinois, . . .	4,044,025	3,105,415	—	—
Louisiana, . .	41,711,214	6,443,785	5,852,015	250,000
Mississippi, .	30,379,403	15,100,000	1,780,000	225,000
Michigan, . .	1,000,000	568,177	500,000	225,000
Ohio,	8,103,243	3,584,341	1,000,000	300,000
Arkansas, . .	3,532,706	905,905	1,502,706	340,000
Florida, . . .	4,040,775	476,706	—	—
Total,	\$92,811,366	\$30,184,329	\$10,634,721	\$1,340,000

The two banks of Illinois no longer furnish a currency. Two or three of those of Louisiana suspended, may resume, but they now furnish but a small part of the currency. In Michigan, the two banks furnish but very little towards the immense agricultural wealth with which that prolific state abounds. In Ohio, the circulation has fallen off from near \$10,000,000 in 1836, to about 1,174,000 now, and the charters of nearly all the banks which issue that small amount expire in a few months; hence we have inserted only the capital and circulation of those which will remain. In

Arkansas one bank is in liquidation, and the bills of the remaining one are so depreciated, that they scarcely answer the purposes of a circulating medium. In Florida the banks have ceased to exist. The reduction of circulation in other sections where the banking institutions still go on, is probably as much more. At the same time, the quantity of exchangeable values was never so great as now. The following is a table of the quantities of the leading articles of produce, exported from New Orleans, in 1836-7, and in 1842:

EXPORTS OF LEADING ARTICLES FROM NEW ORLEANS, IN 1836, AND 1842.

	Bank Circulation.	Cotton Bales.	Tobacco.	Sugar Hhds.	Molasses Hhds.
1836-7,	7,909,788	490,495	35,821	25,168	6,256
1842,	1,679,038	748,267	68,058	29,334	9,314
Increase,	—	257,772	32,237	4,166	3,058
Decrease,	6,230,750	—	—	—	—

This gives a singular discrepancy between the supply of currency and the volume of products, the interchange of which, it is in its province to effect. The same features are presented between the quantity of the products of the Western States and the valley of the Mississippi, arriving at New Or-

leans, and the currency of the states producing them. The following table shows the paper circulation of Mississippi, Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio, in 1836-7, and in 1842, also the quantity of their products arriving at New Orleans:

	1836-7.	1842.	Value in 1842.	In. in quantity per cent.
Western Circulation. . . .	\$22,324,128	3,125,000		
Cotton, bales	605,813	740,155	\$24,425,115	23 p'ct.
Flour, bbls.	253,500	439,688	2,198,440	73 "
Lard, kegs	203,825	366,394	916,735	80 "
Lead, pigs	260,223	472,556	1,039,623	80 "
Oats, bbls.	32,180	63,281	337,669	82 "
Pork, bbls.	115,580	244,442	1,422,252	111 "
Tobacco, hhds.	28,501	66,855	3,636,645	135 "
Whiskey, bbls.	44,790	63,345	360,070	41 "
Wheat, bbls. & sacks	6,422	134,886	337,215	2,100 "
Bagging, pieces	30,477	60,307	783,991	96 "
Bale rope, coils	21,256	63,308	443,149	197 "
Other articles,	—	—	9,815,141	—
Total value 1842.	—	—	\$45,716,045	—

Showing an average increase in the whole quantity of receipts of 368 per cent., at the same time the currency

decreased 85 per cent. in the producing states, and 87 per cent. at the point of receipts. Such a state of affairs could

not fail to produce the present state of affairs as exhibited in a stagnation of trade, and exceedingly low prices, disabling the agricultural classes from purchasing goods, as well from the absence of profit on their sales, as from the want of that circulating medium, which idly filled the vaults of the Atlantic banks, while irredeemable paper was tolerated as a currency, and is now finding its way into the channels of

circulation. The quantities of produce to come forward the ensuing year, will greatly exceed those of the past; and as the specie of the Atlantic cities is seeking the interior in exchange for the produce, so are the precious metals of Europe finding their way here for its purchase. The following is a table of sterling bills at all the Atlantic ports, as compared with the same period last year.

RATES OF STERLING BILLS IN THE UNITED STATES, NOV. 15.

	November 15, 1841.	November, 1842.
New York	10½ a 10½ per ct., or 4.90 a 4.91	5½ a 6 pm., or \$4.68 a 4.71 the £.
N. Orleans	13 a 13½ " 5.02 a 5.03	1½ a 2 dis. " 4.38 a 4.36 "
Mobile	16 a 17 " 5.15 a 5.19	14 a 14½ pm., " 5.06 a 5.08 "
Savannah	8½ a 8½ " 4.81 a 4.82	3½ a 4 " " 4.60 a 4.62 "
Charleston	8½ a 9½ " 4.83 a 4.86	4½ a 5 " " 4.64 a 4.66 "
Baltimore	12½ a 13 " 5.50 a 5.02	5½ a 6½ " " 4.68 a 4.72 "
Philadelphia	14 a 15 " 5.06 a 5.01	5½ a 6 " " 4.70 a 4.71 "
Boston	10 a 10½ " 4.88 a 4.91	5½ a 6 " " 4.70 a 4.71 "

Most of the quotations in 1841 were in the depreciated paper of the banks then suspended. Such is the case this year at Mobile only, where sterling being at 14 premium and specie 16 for

currency, gives an actual exchange of 2 discount. The comparison produces the following results, in the average rates of bills in the United States in 1841 and in 1842:—

Average rates of sterling bills, Nov. 1841,	\$4.96½	PAR.	\$4.85	2 per cent. advance.
" " " " 1842,	4.51		4.85	8 per cent. dis.
Difference,			0.45½ cts. the £, or 10 per cent.	

The average rate now being 8 per cent. less than par, gives more than 4 per cent. in favor of importing specie.

The present low rates of bills are the effect of great supply and the absence of demand. This latter circumstance is likely to continue for many reasons, principally the absence of credit in effecting sales of imported goods and the low prices of the produce leaving little or no surplus wherewith to make cash purchases of goods, and the operation of the late tariff, which prohibits the import of the most valuable goods, even if circumstances would favor their sale. Hence the importing merchants have no occasion to remit. At the same time many of the States, banks, and companies, which formerly remitted large sums as dividends to foreign stockholders, have become delinquent, and have no longer anything to remit. This last item probably amounts to \$5,000,000. The imports of foreign

goods may be reduced \$40,000,000, all of which will constitute a sum equal to \$45,000,000, to the extent of which the demand for foreign bills will be diminished, simultaneous with the increased supply. When the rate falls to a figure admitting of the import of specie, a new demand is created from the importers of coin, which is now the case to some extent, both here and at New Orleans, where this new demand has raised the rate of sterling from 2 dis. to 1 prem.

The demand for money for business purposes will of course lessen the disposition to invest in stocks, or confine it to the choicest descriptions. Since the favorable result of the New York elections quite a demand has sprung up for the State Fives, Sixes, and Sevens, the former have improved 2½ a 3 per cent., and the latter 1 a 1½ per cent., already. In other stocks there has been but little change, with the

exception of Ohio Sixes, which have improved 3 per cent. New York city Seven per cents. have been in demand at 4 a 5 prem. The Six per cent. stock of the Federal Government has been entirely neglected, and the movement of specie having restricted the investments of the banks, Treasury notes have fallen to par, at which a large amount could not be disposed of. The voice of the people of New York through the ballot-boxes, proclaiming their determination to adhere to the mill tax of last session, and to discountenance any further increase of the State, cannot but exert the best influence not only upon State credit but upon that of the whole United States. The New York election is the first instance where contending parties have gone to the people on the direct question of taxation to discharge debts. The Whig party, on the one hand, used every possible art to tempt the cupidity of the people by endeavoring to show the uselessness of the imposition, and to convince the people that, independent of that tax, the resources of the State were ample not only to meet present claims, but to admit of a further considerable increase of the debt. Governor Seward, in his message of January last, intimated that \$17,000,000 of additional debt might all be discharged before 1855. The Democratic party, relying solely on the intelligence and integrity of the people, have been supported by a response more clear, distinct, and unanimous than ever came from a free people. The influence of this result, not only upon the market value of the stock of New York, but upon the motions of the delinquent States, is already perceptible. Illinois, which was one of the first to repudiate, from alleged inability to pay, is, under her new Democratic rulers, already making active exertions towards a settlement. The precise amount of her outstanding liabilities cannot be clearly ascertained; but, after cancelling the bank bonds, will not be far from \$10,000,000, which has been expended for public improvements. Those improvements are in an unfinished state; consequently yield no revenue. The Illinois canal, it has been estimated, will require about \$1,500,000 to complete it, when it is thought that it will yield sufficient to meet the annual liabilities of the State.

Some of the influential citizens of that State have recently been in New York, and procured the subscriptions of some of the leading capitalists to a sum nearly sufficient to put the canal in working order, on the condition that the Legislature, about to meet, will levy a tax of three mills on every dollar of valuation, to be appropriated towards paying the interest on the debt. The revenues of the canal, when in order, to be placed in the hands of trustees, for the benefit of the bondholders, provided some compromise can be made with them. This is the first step towards renovating the credit of the Western States, and it is to be hoped that it will be carried out—always with the understanding that there is to be no more borrowing.

The regular session of Congress is now rapidly approaching, and, during its continuance, many measures of the highest importance to the commercial and financial world will be discussed, and perhaps perfected. Among them the most prominent are the Exchequer projects, the warehousing system, as connected with the tariff, and the existing commercial treaties with foreign nations. Of these different topics the Exchequer is the most interesting, because it involves the most important consequences. Some recognized system for the government finances is undoubtedly necessary, yet none has been in existence since, at the extra session of Congress, the party in power abolished the Sub-Treasury plan before any new scheme was adopted. The destruction of that system may have been one cause for the present disgraceful condition of the government finances; but, bad as they now are, they are in much better plight than would have been the case had the monstrous scheme proposed as its successor been adopted. Since then the contending factions have been unable to agree upon any project. The state of public opinion, created by the experience of the past four years, renders a National Bank of the old stamp entirely out of the question, and, although a large number of commercial men of both parties cling to the idea that some facility may be given to the movement of exchanges, or more particularly to the settlement of the balances between different sections by governmental interference; yet it seems to be pretty generally admitted that

that object is desirable only if unaccompanied by a paper or expansive currency. Taking advantage of this vague idea floating abroad, in relation to the facilitating of the exchanges, politicians and designing men have brought forward many schemes professing either honestly or ignorantly to obtain the desired result without any feature of expansion or borrowing. Of this class were the three projects submitted to Congress last winter — one by the Secretary of the Treasury, and one each by the chairman of the Senate and House committees. These projects we commented on in our April Number, and it will be remembered that the Hon. C. Cushing addressed a letter, which appeared in the May Number, in answer to our strictures on his bill, denying that it contained any feature of expansion, and yet that bill contained permission to purchase the bills of individuals with government paper, to a restricted amount it is true, but it was not the less an interchange of credits between the government and individuals. Furthermore, it allowed of the emission of two sets of paper on the same amount of specie. It was to receive specie on deposit from individuals, and to issue certificates therefor, and it might also pay out certificates or specie to government creditors at their option;—the certificates so issued not to exceed the specie on hand. So, if \$10,000,000 were paid in by individuals, and they received certificates therefor, the department could issue to the creditors a like amount of \$10,000,000. Thus there would be \$20,000,000 of paper outstanding for \$10,000,000 specie in hand, and the proportion of paper might be increased through the receipts of coin for bills of exchange sold. Again, if the government creditor did not choose to take paper, there is nothing in the bill to prevent the department from paying to him the specie received on individual deposit, leaving nothing to represent the certificates issued in exchange for it. There are many other incongruities in that bill, but we refer to those features now only to illustrate the manner in which the expansive feature is concealed under an appearance of utter hostility to it. The bill of the Senate's committee was less disguised in its expansive policy, and ad-

mitted a very dangerous inflation of the currency. The plan of the Secretary was of the ultra paper school, so much as to call forth general disapprobation, and was so promptly condemned by public opinion as to meet with but little discussion. That plan has, however, of late, received additional importance in consequence of the declarations of the Hon. Daniel Webster in his recent speech at Boston, wherein he not only asserted that that plan had obtained the unanimous sanction of the cabinet, but that it is his own favorite measure; and on the successful working of which he pledges his own financial reputation. Such being the position of the bill, it may be worth while to enumerate its leading features. The bill loosely provides for the receiving, safe-keeping, and disbursing of the public money in the hands of the exchequer as the fiscal agent of the government. In these particulars it is infinitely inferior to the abused sub-Treasury. It does not admit of discounting notes, but it proposes the establishment of a national paper currency of denominations from \$5 to \$1,000 on the credit of the government. The basis of the issues is one-third of the amount in specie, derived from the revenue of the government and the deposits of individuals. Besides these notes, two other kinds of paper may be issued, viz., certificates of deposits and bills of exchange, all of which may be issued to an amount each equal to the specie forming the basis of the notes issued in the proportion of one to three. Thus, if \$5,000,000 in specie are paid in from the revenues, \$2,500,000 from individual deposits, and \$2,500,000 derived from the sale of bills, there will then be \$10,000,000 in the Treasury, for which \$30,000,000 of notes may be issued, \$2,500,000 of certificates, and \$2,500,000 of inland bills, making \$35,000,000 of paper based on specie, one-half of which may be withdrawn at any moment. It is true the issues of notes are limited to \$15,000,000, at the discretion of Congress, but would doubtless be enlarged at the first cry of distress. The bill also authorizes the employment of banks as agents whenever deemed expedient. The certificates to be issued at a charge not exceeding half per cent., and the bills to be sold at not more than 2 per cent. pre-

mium: the Treasury notes to be paid out to the government creditors and in the purchase of bills of exchange drawn on places more than five hundred miles distant in another State. These features of the bill are sufficient to make the deposit part of it utterly impracticable, because depositors would not place their specie in the charge of the department, knowing that it would immediately become the basis of general issues in the proportion of one to three. The great feature of this bill is that it authorizes the issue of a large amount of paper money on the credit of the government. The exchange features are nothing more than the means of getting that paper into circulation. The object of the bill seems to be political altogether. Its financial operation is so palpably at war with the best interests of commerce, that it leads to the conviction that it is designed, first, to supply the pressing and immediate wants of a government, whose credit is unequal to the borrowing of a few millions on a six per cent. stock, by giving it the power of paying out 40 to \$50,000,000 of paper money to its creditors, without the means of redeeming it; and, second, to give a temporary *éclat* to the party in power by stimulating a sudden speculation in business and a rise in prices, accompanied by a short-lived prosperity, to be succeeded by revulsion, disaster, and national disgrace in the bankruptcy of the Federal government.

In our last article we adverted to the policy of the English government, in connection with the Bank of England, which averted present political embarrassments, growing out of general distress, by stimulating business through an artificial abundance of paper money. Something akin to this policy seems to be that which urges in this country the emission of paper money in unlimited amounts.

We have not thus gone into the merits of the proposed scheme because we imagine that there is any danger of its adoption, but merely to indicate the plans for expanding the currency at the will of individuals, which are built upon the desideratum of effecting the settlement of balances by some process more easy, safe, and cheap, than the removal of cumbrous masses of specie on individual account, for this is

all that commercial men mean by "facilitating the exchanges." The value of commodities which change hands in the course of a year in the United States, may be estimated at not short of \$2,000,000,000. This immense amount of transactions is effected by the use of individual bills almost altogether, and will ever continue to be so effected. Bills are drawn and redrawn from one end of the Union to the other with the utmost facility, and without risk of loss when the medium in which the bills are payable is uniformly specie. It is only toward the close of the agricultural year, when actual balances are to be paid according to the excess of sale or purchase, that inconvenience is experienced. A process similar to this is now going on in the shipment of specie from this city to New Orleans, in the manner indicated in our September number. This flow of specie is now, not a settlement of balances, but the process by which the country is becoming filled with a specie medium of circulation to supply the place of the bank bills withdrawn; but the movement will serve to explain the difficulty which is sought to be overcome. It is estimated that there is now on the way to New Orleans, \$750,000 in specie. The actual expense in sending specie to New Orleans is about 3 per cent., and the delay thirty days, with the risk, through shipwreck, of a total loss to the world of the whole amount. This risk is so great that the insurance officers on a recent occasion refused to take any further risks until part had arrived out. Now, we will suppose that the country has received its full supply of the precious metals, and, business being in steady operation, a balance falls due at New Orleans. This is indicated, first, by a fall in bills there and a rise here, which continues until the rate slightly exceeds the cost of sending the specie, which then goes forward. The advice of the fall in bills comes through in seven days, but it will take thirty days for the coin to arrive out; in all which time the market is in an uncertain state. The shipment of the specie at New York depletes the market here, but the currency at New Orleans is not augmented until thirty days afterwards. This depletion of the market at the indebted point, and repleting it at the point of indebtedness, is the settlement

of balances by which the exchanges become restored, in the healthy course of trade. The operation of the United States Bank was always directly the reverse of this. If, for instance, bills on New Orleans become scarce and high in New York, the branch here would draw any amount against the credit of the bank there, and would discount notes to the same amount, by which process no necessary depletion ever took place at the indebted point. Now, to obtain the desideratum of settling the balance without the risk, delay, and expense of transmitting the specie, it has been proposed, on the restoration of the Sub-Treasury law, to engraft upon it a system by which the desired end may be obtained. The provisions in relation to receiving, safe-keeping, and distribution of the public moneys, are sufficiently well; but it is proposed to establish in the same buildings distinct sets of books and officers, with a separate vault. These shall be empowered to receive from individuals any amount of gold and silver for which they may draw or accept bills of exchange to the same amount, on any other Treasury office, at a charge of say half per cent., the specie in the vault invariably to correspond with the amount of bills drawn. It is supposed that in the regular course of trade the quantity of specie on hand at each office would regulate itself, so that it would seldom be necessary to move it. By this process the specie now going to New Orleans would be deposited in the vault at New York, depleting the currency to the same extent, and the bills drawn for an equivalent, arriving there in the course of mail, would release the same sum from the New Orleans office, and throw it into the market. The settlement of the balance would thus be effected in seven days instead of thirty, at a charge of half per cent. instead of three per cent., and the exchanges restored to their equilibrium. In the revolution of a few months the process would be reversed, and the specie

restored to the vaults of New Orleans and released at New York. This would require a far less amount of specie to lie idle in the Treasury vaults than is now locked up in those of the banks. It would be a constant check upon the price of bills as well as upon bank issues, while it precludes all borrowing or lending, expansion or inflation of any kind. The only trust would be, that the specie would remain in the vaults where placed until drawn in the regular course of business, and for this the faith of the government would be pledged.

We have thus gone into the various projects which are likely to engage the attention of Congress and the public during the ensuing few months, because it is a matter of the highest importance to the future welfare of the whole country, as well as of the commercial classes. Should a system be adopted by which the door will be opened to borrowing and inflation on the credit of the Federal government, the bubble will be great, wide-spread, and may involve in its inevitable explosion the liberties as well as the fortunes of the people.

We trust that our Democratic friends in Congress, at the coming session, will adhere firmly to the principles of the Independent-Treasury policy, and will not for a moment tolerate the idea of any falling short of them. They have the country with them; and, as it is extremely unlikely that any considerable number of the Whigs can be induced to go for any of the Tylerisms in finance which may be proposed, there is no probability of the Exchequer scheme being forced on them against their consent. The existing state of the law will work tolerably enough for a year longer if necessary, after which the vessel of state will once more be in deep water and plain sailing—not soon again, we are very sure, likely to get itself entangled amidst the treacherous quicksands and the hidden rocks of Whig ascendency.

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, &c., an American Refugee in England, from 1775 to 1784, comprising Remarks on the prominent Men and Measures of that Period. To which are added Biographical Notices of many American Loyalists and other eminent Persons. By GEORGE ATKINSON WARD, Member of the New York Historical Society. New York: C. S. Francis and Co., 252 Broadway; Boston: J. H. Francis, 128 Washington-street. 1842. 8vo. pp. 550.

This is the second contribution of a most interesting and valuable character made within a few months to our Revolutionary history—the former being the *Memoirs of Peter Van Schnack*, also an eminent loyalist during that period, who sought refuge in England from the republican excitement prevailing at home, and who afterwards returned, to close a tranquil old age, amidst the esteem and respect of former and still continued friends—under the shadow of the new institutions established in the country they had never ceased to love, at the same time that they had deplored and opposed a rebellion, whose mission they had not understood, and whose glorious success they had not foreseen. The popular resentment raged very strongly against this class of men at that period; and it is not to be denied that on some occasions it ran into an unjust harshness of persecution, scarcely in harmony with the principles of freedom in whose name it acted. The ashes of those old animosities have long since become cold; and there is no difficulty now in looking back with a generous and respectful appreciation of the motives of men, who then followed in one direction the sincere promptings of their sense of right, as the greater and higher spirits of the time obeyed the truer duty which led them in the opposite. The spirit out of which proceeded that opposition to the scheme and movement of the Revolution, is rife enough still among us, in many persons and classes eminently entitled to our personal respect. Those among us who now are seen to look with so much weak and senile dread upon every new step of progress made by the great Principle of Democracy; who see the approaching dissolution of the whole system of social order, in every successive relaxation of the fetters of tight restraining government upon the giant limbs of the People; who are always eager to cling to

the accustomed quiet of existing authority, in a vague dread of taking the first step in a path of innovation which may end they know not where,—this class of persons, the uniform conservatives of every successive stage of progress, the constant drag upon every revolution of the wheel of movement, would have been found in the class of which this volume exhibits to us one of the most respectable specimens. Far be it from us to pass any harsh judgment against the class of minds we refer to. They do their duty, and fulfil their proper function in society, as those of a different instinct and mission perform theirs. The one are perhaps as useful and necessary as the other. The centripetal is as essential as the centrifugal force to the harmony of the universe. We are well aware that we may offer this candid tribute of respect to the spirit of conservatism, without the least danger of being suspected of too strong a tendency in that direction ourselves, as we certainly can do so with entire truth and sincerity.

Judge Curwen, the subject of this *Memoir*, was already far advanced in years at the time of the breaking out of the troubles between the colonies and the mother-country, having been born in 1715. He had also long held such an official relation with the existing government, as would be likely naturally to incline the bias of his mind in the direction of loyalty to its authority, having been for thirty years in the commission of the peace, and at the time of the breaking out of the Revolution a Judge of Admiralty, in which office he was succeeded by Timothy Pickering, the patriot, who afterwards so ably filled distinguished offices in the army, in the cabinet of Washington, and the councils of our country. As an honest man, in obedience to his convictions, Judge Curwen made so open and manly a manifestation of his opposition to the incipient revolution, that he could not have remained in his native place, Salem, otherwise than as an object of such reproach and unpopularity as he could not suffer without much personal pain; and he accordingly retired before the impending storm, and embarked for England in May, 1775. The feelings with which he never ceased to regard his country, even during an exile of so painful a character, are sufficiently shown in the following extract from a letter to a friend remaining at home, written from Bristol, Jan. 10, 1780, which is taken as a motto to the title-page of the volume:—
“For my native country I feel a filial

fondness; her follies I lament; her misfortunes I pity; her good I ardently wish, and to be restored to her embraces is the warmest of my desires." Judge Curwen returned after the close of the war, in September, 1784, his pecuniary affairs, indeed, sunk in irretrievable ruin, yet to have the gratification of being able to write to a friend in England, that "not a man, woman, or child, but expressed a satisfaction at seeing me, and welcomed me back." He lived in his native place till his death in the year 1802.

The Editor of this volume deserves well the reward which he can scarcely fail to receive from the public satisfaction with his intelligent and useful labors. The documents with which he has enriched it add a valuable illustration to the history of the time, as well as to the personal memoir of its subject; while the biographical notices of so large a number of respectable individuals, chiefly loyalists, closely connected with existing families, especially in New England, constitute a feature alone meriting praise for the industry which has collected them, and thanks for the pains taken thus to embody and preserve them. Its typographical execution also is fully worthy of the place to which its contents so well entitle it in the American library.

The Hand-Book of Needlework. By Miss LAMBERT. With Numerous Illustrations engraved by J. J. Butler. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1842. 8vo. pp. 263.

Far from us the presumption of pretending to pass a critical judgment upon anything in this beautiful volume, beyond the faultless elegance of its externals! We have ventured with timid and reverential hand to turn over a few of its pages; and at the same time that we perceive that it is none of our business, it is equally apparent that it leaves little to be added, on the subject of which it treats, for those whose gentle ministry presides over that very important department of human affairs. Dedicated by the publishers to "The Ladies of the United States," the offering will, we doubt not, receive at their hands a most gracious and liberal welcome, alike for its richness and beauty as an ornament to the drawing-room, and for its substantial utility as a companion to the work-table. In the history of the art it is profoundly learned, going back to the times of Moses and the Egyptians, as well as of the Greeks and Romans, and the more modern antiquities of the middle ages. It appears to include a full account of every species of work to which 'the little shining steel' is, or ever has been,

applied,—except only that of steering ships across oceans, though whole clouds of canvass for other purposes figure largely through its pages. Interspersing a certain dash of poetry, even through all the practical details of the art to which it is devoted, the volume reminds us of one of the many fair owners who will soon doubtless, during the approaching season of such gifts, rejoice in its possession, singing over the graceful industry of her useful though modest labors; and in proceeding to the necessary duty of noticing the remaining books on our table, we pass from the one with something of the reluctance with which we should part from the other.

Natural History of New York. By Authority. New York: D. Appleton & Co., and Wiley & Putnam. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. Albany: Thurlow Weed, Printer to the State. 1840.

This is the first volume of the Report of the great "Geological Survey," which has been in progress for a number of years in the State, under the superintendence of a board of gentlemen of eminent scientific qualifications for the duty. The publication of the whole Report will not probably be completed in less than ten volumes of similar size to the present ample and beautifully printed quarto; in which is given only the first part of the Zoology of the State, or the New York Fauna, by James E. De Kay, under whose charge was that department of the general work. The department of Botany is under that of Dr. Torrey; that of Mineralogy under that of Professor Lewis C. Beck; and that of Geology and Palæontology under that of Messrs. Mather, Emmons, Vanuxem, and Hall. When completed, this will constitute the most splendid and liberal work of this nature published by the authority of any country, and a just subject of pride to the great State under whose auspices it is issued. It is illustrated by between thirty and forty plates, representing the various animals described, which are generally spirited in drawing and beautiful in execution. Of Dr. De Kay's Report itself, we shall omit to speak more particularly, until the publication of the whole of that section of the work is completed, the present portion being confined to the class Mammalia.

The Governor has prefixed to the Report an Introduction of nearly a couple of hundred pages; which certainly, under the circumstances attending its preparation, entitles him to the thanks of the people of his State in particular, and to great credit for the activity, zeal and ability which

have alone enabled him to effect it. Having conceived the idea, only a few weeks before the meeting of the Legislature before which the work was to be laid in printed form, of accompanying it with a general review of the advance of civilisation and refinement within the State, Gov. Seward devoted himself to the voluntary task with that energetic industry which finds in difficulties only new subjects for triumph. Addressing himself for materials and aid to a number of gentlemen in various parts of the State, he has succeeded in amassing a large accumulation of facts, for the most part of a most interesting and valuable character, relating to education, the press, the theological, medical, and legal professions, political history and jurisprudence, agriculture, horticulture, antiquities, Indian history, literature, science, arts, internal improvements, &c. An account of the rise and condition of the celebrated Penitentiary system, which the example of this State is diffusing over the civilized nations of the globe, is added as a Note to the Introduction—having apparently been received too late for insertion in another place. Of the contributions thus furnished from various quarters, some are adopted by Governor Seward substantially in the form in which received from their authors, little labor, as he states, having been bestowed upon them beyond that of compilation. There is necessarily of course a certain degree of want of symmetry and proportion in the arrangement of so heterogeneous a mass of materials thus hastily thrown together, which under the circumstances alluded to ought scarcely to be regarded as justly amenable to criticism. On the whole its execution is so able, as its design was bold and its results are valuable, that we wish we could accord equal praise to all the other public acts of Governor Seward, as to that to which he has so handsomely entitled himself in this.

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The Condition and Fate of England. By the author of "The Glory and Shame of England." In 2 vols. 12mo. New York: J. & H. G. Langley, 57 Chatham street. 1843.

This is a most thrilling and harrowing book, and cannot but make a deep impression on the public mind. It is a better one than Mr. Lester's former work, which, however, itself contained such features of merit, as more than counterbalanced the defects apparent on its surface. It develops, with a hand of strong vigor, prompted by a heart swelling with earnest feeling, a fearful account of all the sufferings and oppressions which have been inflicted upon England, and upon Ireland,

by the political system with which those countries have been and yet are cursed. If other readers, in perusing the still darkening pages of the sad record it presents, can always restrain the convulsive burst of feeling, of sympathy and indignation, to which it must give rise, such an exercise of self-command is more than we have been able to perform.

One feature in this work claims particular notice; we refer to the accumulation of evidence, which Mr. Lester is in general anxious to quote from English authorities themselves, in support of all his strong statements—statements otherwise, probably, scarcely likely to be believed as possible. Altogether, it is a very remarkable book, and we shall take an early occasion to bestow upon its contents a more elaborate notice than here is in our power. It is very neatly printed, and is illustrated by two beautiful engraved title-pages by Dick, from designs by Chapman—the one in the first volume representing a gallant ship, in the full glory of its pride and power, careering over the deep under the flag of England; the second, exhibiting the same ship a shattered wreck, in the act of going down beneath the waves over which it rode so magnificently. The meaning of the two it is unnecessary for us to point out.

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The Wing-and-Wing, or Le Feu-Follet; a Tale, by the Author of the "Pilot," "Red Rover," "Two Admirals," "Homeward Bound," &c., &c. In 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1842.

This is another of Cooper's sea stories, and a capital one. The scene being thrown upon seas and shores unvisited before by any of his imaginary sails, an air of variety and novelty is given to it, as though it were not the seventh progeny of the same prolific source. The *Feu-Follet* (French for the *Jack o' Lantern*) is a privateer lugger in the commission of the French Republic, about the year 1798 or '9, possessing wondrous powers of nautical performance, and commanded by one of Cooper's thorough-bred impersonations of the naval hero. The scene is about the Island of Elba and the Bay of Naples, and the main thread of the story relates to the various efforts made by an English frigate, officered by a fine set of fellows, to capture the tantalizing little wasp of a corsair and her splendid young commander. Raoul Yvard's chief business on the coast, about which he hovers with the perseverance of the moth around the candle, is to urge his love-suit to a beautiful young Italian, between whom and her infidel lover religion alone draws an impassable

line. Ghita is a very lovely creature, though, like all our author's female characters, drawn in rather dim outline and watery coloring. A specimen of Yankeeism in one of its least amiable forms figures largely in the story, in the person of Ithuel Bolt, who, having served formerly as an impressed seaman on board the Proserpine, affords a pretty good illustration of the spirit which stimulated our late war with England. Two ludicrous characters are afforded in the persons of the civic dignitaries of a New England town; while a dash of the highest duty of history is thrown in, in that of Nelson. A powerful picture is incidentally presented of the celebrated execution of Caraccioli. These materials afford an abundant wherewithal to our great naval novelist to construct one of the most successful and interesting of all his fictions,—which he intersperses by the way occasionally with a few sly hits that look to other objects than the immediate ones of his plot, such as the following at our present amiable and distinguished Minister at the court of Madrid :

"It is very seldom that a man of mere letters is qualified for public life; and yet there is an affection, in all governments, most especially in those which care so little for literature in general as to render some professions of respect for it necessary to their own characters, where the laws are so indifferent as to the rights and interests of men of this class, as to subject them to costs and penalties, in the prosecution of their ordinary labors, that no other Christian nation dreams of exacting, we hear high-sounding pretensions to this species of liberality; although the system of rewards and punishments that prevails, usually requires that its beneficiary should first *rat*, in order to prove his adaptation to the duty."

This is the first time that one of Cooper's novels has been published in the present mode, at only *fifty cents* for the two volumes, and is a very good consequence of the new system of cheap publications recently come into vogue. This price permits it to be printed with a satisfactory degree of neatness for a work of this description, and we doubt not that a larger return of profit, to both publisher and author, is to be reaped from that mode of publication, than from the old fashion of thrice or four times the present price.

The Career of Puffer Hopkins. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS, author of "The Motley Book," "Behemoth," "Wakondah," &c. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 1842.

We have here the completion of the serial story begun with much vivacity in the excellent Magazine, *Arcturus*, of which its author was one of the editors, and which was discontinued to the no

small regret of its readers. "Puffer Hopkins" is the creation of a pen capable of much better things than itself. It has not a few passages and points of high merit, though a large part of the work is in a vein in which we do not think that Mr. Mathews's *forte* resides,—we refer to that style of serio-comic caricature, and of witty burlesque, sarcastic while kindly, and humorous while pathetic, of which Dickens has set the example, unconsciously in the eye of the author of "Puffer Hopkins." But there are some capital scenes, and the poor tailor, Fob, would redeem more faults than this book has to answer for. There is also a certain manliness of spirit about it, and a just and kindly tone of sentiment, which go far to attach the sympathies of the reader to the author; and, combined with the power of his pen as displayed in a somewhat disjointed and fragmentary manner in his pages, to make us hope for a further and better acquaintance with him.

The Complete Poetical Works of William Cowper, Esq., &c., &c., with a Memoir of the Author. By the REV. H. STEBBING, A. M. In 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 416, 405. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1843.

The Complete Works of Robert Burns, with Explanatory and Glossarial Notes, and a Life of the Author. By JAMES CURRIE, M. D., abridged. The first complete American Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1842. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 575.

There are other editions of Burns in the American market, though none, like this, complete. Of Cowper there are none to our knowledge; and the publishers have rendered a welcome service to true taste in poetry, and true sentiment in morals and religion, in supplying the deficiency with the present neat and compact volumes. Of course there can be no occasion for us to do more than direct attention to the fact of their publication. Burns never grows old—any more than does ever nature or love; and though there have been so many before, a cheap and pretty edition of his complete poetical works, like the present one, is always secure of liberal sale. And though the melancholy moralist may be less of a favorite than the immortal peasant poet, yet he too, thus agreeably presented, cannot fail to find an audience which, though fit, will not be few.